

# INTO THE ROSE GARDEN

## Vol. 1 Chapter 9.1 - Not this time

Klopp's visits had become less frequent. His daily life passed idly. Now that he couldn't play chess anymore, he immersed himself in gardening. He felt like Klopp would be angry if he saw this too, but he couldn't bear not having something to occupy himself with.

Every morning, Aelock woke up and took painkillers while recollecting memories of the few gardening books that he had read before. Following what he remembered from the book, he transplanted flowers that bloomed in abundance nearby and also collected some seeds. He trimmed branches and occasionally picked flowers, putting them in a bucket, to decorate the cabin. The yellow daffodils and colorful tulips scattered around the cabin were originally planted by Aelock's mother.

Although he could barely remember her now, he remembered that his mother's hobby was gardening, and she had skills comparable to an expert. The estate's pride and joy, the rose garden, was once unremarkable, but her mother made it so colorful and beautiful. His mother had bought all kinds of rare rose seedlings and decorated the garden sophisticatedly. The garden was most beautiful in early summer, that's why his father always invited people over for tea parties in early summer. Although it was also out of his aristocratic obligation, it was probably also with the purpose of showing off his mother's rose garden.

Someday, Aelock hoped to visit the garden again, in the early summer when thousands of roses bloomed in different colors. It was the only trace of his mother left for Aelock.

One day, as he was going about his day as usual.

Aelock suddenly heard a child's voice. Aelock had just transplanted the daffodils when he raised his head up and heard the sound of tiny footsteps across the cypress trees. He also heard a burst of high-pitched laughter. He stood up and fixed his gaze on the small creature that seemed to be the source of the sound. After a moment, a child suddenly appeared from the cypress tree path leading to the cabin.

The child looked to be about four years old, and his blonde hair was sparkling in the sunlight. His pale face was as pretty as a doll crafted by a skilled artisan. Most of all, his eyes, more clear and blue than the sky, were extremely lovely. The child was surprised when he saw Aelock and froze in his tracks, staring at him with wide eyes. Without any words, Aelock knew at that moment.

The child was his firstborn. The omega boy, born to Aelock.

Suddenly, his heart started beating loudly. He felt like he should say something, but he had no idea what to say. Aelock stiffened up, then without even realizing it, he smiled. The child saw it and responded with a smile of his own. He saw a smile from the most beautiful flower ever in the world.

He thought he would really get killed this time if Klopp found out, but Aelock couldn't resist approaching the child and touching him. The child, who seemed to be raised well with love, was very healthy and exuded confidence. When Aelock grasped the child's shoulders with his trembling hands, the child did not seem afraid at all. Aelock was so surprised that he didn't even think to put

down the yellow daffodil he was holding. The child reached out with his small hand and took the flower.

“What...what’s your name?”

He asked in a shaky voice as he handed him the daffodil and the child giggled in amusement. Just as those cherry-like lips were about to open, Aelock heard an urgent male voice calling out from the other side, “Rayfiel!”

“Daddy!”

The child, Rayfiel, quickly turned back and ran. Klopp appeared from behind a huge tree, like a parent who had lost their child and was rushing to find them. Klopp ran over and picked up Rayfiel’s small body in his arms. It was the first time Aelock had seen him look so worried. Klopp ran his hands over Rayfiel’s tiny hands and legs to make sure he was okay, then he took a deep sigh of relief and kissed his forehead. He then looked at his son with a slightly stern gaze.

“What were you doing here?”

Despite the stern words, Rayfiel did not cower.

“I met him. He gave me this.”

Rayfiel pointed at Aelock with a bright expression and then held out the daffodil he was holding. Aelock kept staring blankly at Rayfiel. This was the first time he had seen him from this close, so he wanted to remember every detail. But the child's other parent didn't seem to feel the same way. With the little blonde boy in his arms, Klopp was about to leave. Aelock quickly called out to him.

"Excuse me, Klopp?"

"I'll talk to you later."

The familiar cold response came back. But the look in his eyes was a little strange. Recently, he had been full of sneers and disgust, but now he glared at Aelock with a newfound fury. Aelock couldn't find words to say anymore. Soon, Klopp turned his body and blocked his son's gaze, then took him away quickly. Aelock continued to follow them as far as he was allowed with quick steps, trying to catch a glimpse of the blond hair a little longer. The child, who was being held by his father, looked at Aelock and waved his hand. Aelock waved back, his heart feeling full.

Rayfiel.

It was common for the first omega child to take their mother's name. It was a name that suited the lovely omega child very well.

Klopp came to the cabin at late night. Aelock, who had been waiting for him without doing anything, got up as soon as the tall man entered the cabin. He spoke with a bit of expectation, "Um, during the day, about the child." Aelock

was so nervous and his heart was pounding so much that he couldn't even look at Klopp properly.

"So his name was Rayfiel. He's very pretty."

He wanted to know more, even just a little bit. There was no specific reason. It was only natural for Aelock to be curious. He wasn't asking Klopp to let him meet the child. He just hoped that Klopp would show a little mercy and tell him anything about Rayfiel, even small things would do. But when Aelock looked up at him with expectations, all he got was a rage that seemed like it could explode at any moment.

"Are you done talking?"

Unlike his anger, his voice sounded calm, and Aelock was confused. Klopp grabbed Aelock's collar and slammed him to the ground. His light body hit the floor hard. Before he could even understand the situation and stand up properly, Klopp's hand flew towards him.

Slap.

He covered his throbbing cheek with one hand and turned his head to face Klopp.

Klopp tossed his undone cufflink onto the table. As it made a clattering sound, Aelock's body was paralyzed with fear of the impending hit. When he saw the

man approaching with his sleeves rolled up, slowly casting a shadow over him, he immediately closed his eyes.

He didn't know how many times he was hit. It was much more painful than when he had torn his clothes and raped him. Instinctively, Aelock curled into a fetal position. Every time Klopp lost his breath and gave him a brief break from hitting, he would spit out the coagulated blood in his mouth. It was painful just to breathe as if his spine and ribs had been injured. His cheeks were already swollen and burning from the repeated hits by the large hand. Cold drops of water fell on his cheeks. He barely managed to open his eyes

Ah.

What was harder to bear than the pain was the clear tears that fell from Klopp's eyes, which were filled with anger. Klopp, whose fists were completely covered with red and blue bruises, shouted with furiousness.

"Never again! Don't you dare ever again! Never touch my Rayfiel with your dirty hands! Or I'll burn you alive!"

He sounded from the bottom of his heart. Aelock could only nod, unable to speak. Eventually, Klopp was exhausted and staggered to his feet. Even until the end, tears of sorrow flowed from his eyes. Aelock was the proof of the person he couldn't have.

Left alone, Aelock barely fainted. Shards of his, once innocent, soul shattered, dripping down the irreparable wound on his red cheek.

Klopp would often visit and beat Aelock mercilessly, his eyes filled with hatred, carrying memories of wailing over his pitiful wife's corpse. It seemed as though the meeting with the child had opened up his old wounds. When he got tired of beating him, sometimes, they would have sex.

It was far too rough and painful to be called sex, but at the end of it, Aelock could feel a slight sense of pleasure. Then, he would go into heat and become pregnant again. Only then were the beatings stopped. Aelock was relieved that he didn't have to get beaten anymore. When Klopp heard that Aelock was pregnant, he could only stop hitting him, his fists trembling. Aelock almost thought Klopp would slap him like before, but he didn't.

The pregnancy this time was extremely difficult. Aelock couldn't easily swallow his food. He wasn't being beaten, but sometimes he would feel so much pain that he had to take painkillers. He even came close to miscarrying multiple times. Barely filling the whole 9 months, Aelock gave birth to a very small omega son.

After returning to the cabin, in two years, Aelock gave birth to two more children. Although Aelock had given birth to four children now, Klopp had never properly told him their names. The one name he knew only constantly reminded him of his own sin.

## Vol. 1 Chapter 9.2 - Not this time

Aelock groaned as he curled up in pain. His weakened body couldn't endure the repeated births and he rapidly became frail. He couldn't stand a moment without painkillers. Aelock struggled to stand up and ate some vegetable porridge, which he could cook well now, and leftover meat from when he was pregnant. But soon vomited everything out. He couldn't digest anything. He continued to have intermittent bleeding and his fever kept rising.

Every time he laid his creaking body down at night, he felt like he was lying down in a shabby coffin. Sometimes he wished to close his eyes and never open them again. It hurt too much. But even that wasn't easy. In the pitch-black darkness where he couldn't distinguish between dream and reality, he would have the desire to see the man, who rarely appeared out of nowhere and looked down at him, just one more time.

He wished the man would look at him and smile, just once. Then maybe he would leave so the man's sorrow would disappear. *Yeah. As you said, I am a blue-blooded demon. I could just let you go, but I am greedy and clinging to something that you won't allow even until the end.* Regardless of how much pain it caused the man to have.

Now, he couldn't even tell how much time had passed. How long had he passed out?

Today, the bed was unusually cozy. And his body didn't feel any pain. It was strange. His body should have hurt in the chilly air, something warm was tightly wrapped around me.

*What is this?*

When he opened my eyes, he saw not the dull walls of the cabin, but someone's arms. He blinked his eyes, trying to focus. A familiar nape. It was Klopp.



His quiet heart began to race. Why was he sleeping here? Did something happen? Or was he trying to bring him back alive again, like before when he was dying?

Honestly, none of that mattered. It just felt so nice. Being held in Klopp's arms, he wished time would stop, even for a moment.

Afraid that he would wake up and leave him, Aelock held his breath and breathed in Klopp's scent. It made him dizzy, like inhaling a strong anaesthetic more powerful than any painkiller. Now, he felt completely like an omega. No, he was an omega who had given birth to his children. But just smelling Klopp's scent made his body and soul relieved of pain, and he felt peaceful. Even though Klopp wouldn't allow his desire, his body had recognized him as his alpha since a long time ago.

How did it become this way? Just what was so good about Klopp? He was merely a half-aristocrat from the countryside. Aelock smiled a little. If he knew it would turn out this way, he wouldn't have done such a thing. What use was it to be curious about him now?

Aelock cautiously rested his forehead on Klopp's chest.

Thump thump.

He could feel his heart beating powerfully close to him. He wished he could just die and disappear like this, but that was impossible. Soon, Klopp would open his eyes and sneer at him with contempt. See, I was right.

“What makes you all happy and smiley?”

“I don’t know either.”

“Crazy bastard.”

Klopp muttered dismissively and shoved Aelock away. As their heated bodies separated, a chill ran down Aelock’s spine. Aelock curled up against him, hoping to hold onto the warmth even just a little bit longer. Meanwhile, Klopp sat up on the bed. He grumbled with annoyance and let out a small stream of curses, clearly unhappy with the situation.

While lying down and looking at Klopp, Aelock suddenly noticed that Klopp had an erection. It was clearly a morning wood, as he was still a young alpha in his prime. Even though Klopp spoke to him with contempt, Aelock felt like it wasn’t as harsh. Was it because he wasn’t fully awake yet? Feeling his heart racing in his chest, unknowingly, Aelock blurted out.

“Do you want to have sex?”

Klopp quickly turned his head and glared at him.

Aelock spewed out that nonsense without thinking, influenced by his own alpha scent. He remembered asking the same thing before and getting called a vulgar aristocrat for it. He expected to hear Klopp call him crazy, but surprisingly, Klopp didn’t say anything. Instead, he climbed onto the bed with a twisted smile.

For the first time, Aelock understood why people say sex is sweet. It was only once, but he felt like he was melting like candy. If he was in his heat, he was sure that he would have conceived twins. He also realized that there was a sweet poison to it.

“Do you like this so much, you devil.”

“Ah...hmm...Klopp...hnggg.”

“You’ve been beaten and despised so much, you’re like a dirty whore with no pride. Who would ever know that you were once a high-class nobleman?”

He whispered with a sweet voice mixed with contempt. It was hard to keep hearing harsh words despite knowing Klopp’s intense hatred for him. His broken soul seemed to still be functioning as he felt very hurt. It felt like his heart was being ripped out alive.

Please, quickly make his senses feel numb. Let him forget reality and be consumed by false happiness until the end.

He showed up quite frequently after that. His previous violence and anger were gone, instead, they always had passionate sex. The repeated happiness he got from it made him increasingly afraid. He wondered if he would eventually believe this happiness to be reality if it kept happening for a few more times. However, he couldn’t fall into that madness because of the harsh

experiences that he had learned, also, the kind but cruel avenger wouldn't allow it.

Before the dream-like ecstasy had completely faded away, Klopp whispered affectionately in the panting omega's ear, without taking out his penis that ejaculated inside Aelock.

"You're trying so hard. If you're human, you should act like one. Try crying and begging for forgiveness."

Every time, Aelock would try his best. He contorted his face and tried to open his trembling lips to ask for forgiveness, but it wasn't easy. Tears wouldn't come out. If he could, Aelock would have cried until his entire body melted away. Stroking Aelock's slightly flushed cheek from trying so hard, Klopp smiled.

"You're a disgusting demon."

Left alone, Aelock wanted to cry. He really did feel that. But why couldn't he cry? Later, he felt that if he just cried, Klopp would forgive him for everything. It felt like everything would turn out okay if he just kneeled down and begged while crying.

He gradually reached his limit. Even after realizing that gentle sex was more painful than rough and violent sex, Aelock couldn't express anything. Klopp was cruel. The feeling of being stroked gently without hiding his disgust was incredibly miserable and painful. It was like Aelock was standing at the edge of a cliff with everything crumbling around him. A few more steps and he would fall into a ceaseless hell. In the midst of the slightly rough yet extremely

affectionate movements, Aelock grabbed the person's clothes who was pushing him away.

Aelock was in heat. For two days, he felt like he really was going to die, and yet during that, Klopp held him like a very caring lover. The heat that started from his toes gradually rose to his heart, and Aelock felt his climax. Salty fluid flowed down his trembling eyes. How nice would it have been if they were tears. Klopp got up and put his clothes back on, sighing heavily as he got off the bed.

"If you get pregnant this time, give birth to the child. And this is the end of it."

"Why?"

"I've had enough now."

His world came crashing down. He was sure he was lying on a firm bed, but he felt like he was constantly falling, his insides churning. Was he getting abandoned? Was he really getting abandoned for good this time? He wanted to beg for forgiveness and ask to stay by his side, but he didn't have a possible way to ask for forgiveness.

This would be the first time he had ever prayed not to be pregnant. But his body, which was in a miserable state without medication, faithfully responded to his alpha and conceived a life. When the first morning sickness came, Aelock was in shock. He sat still, feeling helpless.

As his belly was getting bigger, Aelock was unable to catch Klopp who made brief stops in the cabin. With a twisted expression, he could only watch Klopp's back as he stepped outside. There wasn't much time left now. He wanted to see him a little more, but his body was hurting so much that he couldn't even walk properly. He could barely even take a few steps, before he collapsed, hugging his swollen belly.

The time he thought was happiness was fleeting, and the illusion of his satisfaction was quickly shattered in his pain. It hurt. It hurt too much to endure. He was reaching for the bottle of painkillers and spilled it. He sobbed while swallowing the white pill on the ground as if it were the raisins. But even then, his tears didn't appear.

His head was dizzy from the strong medicine. *How to get out of this place that's full of only pain?* Groaning in pain and tossing his body all night, he remembered Klopp's gentle whisper. Maybe he had been too skinny before, grabbing his much bigger belly than usual, Aelock stumbled to his feet on trembling legs.

No one was there to catch him from the beginning. Klopp just kept him alive here, but he didn't tie him up. Just like what he had said before, the door was not locked, and Aelock could leave the cabin whenever he wanted.

Daybreak.

For the first time, Aelock left the estate on his own will.

We're almost at the end of Volume 1! Next update will be a long one!

Make me feel happy and supported by leaving a comment!

## Vol. 1 Chapter 10.1 - Trapped in the living hell

Late at night.

Klopp came to the cabin again. And he looked down at the omega who had fainted, breathing heavily in the darkness with a pained expression. His pale skin was still stained with faint bruises from when he had hit him in anger after he talked to their son.

He had become very weak. It was only natural, he had given birth to four children. Even if he was an omega, male childbirth was not encouraged. Only one or two, and three at most. Moreover, Aelock wasn't even a natural-born omega. He was still alive only because of his strong vitality as an Alpha previously. So he couldn't die early and suffered more, but now, even that tough vitality was fading away.

Aelock looked a lot like his deceased wife, Rayfiel. But at first, he didn't think they had anything in common. His deceased wife had a thoughtful and meticulous personality, while Aelock was an arrogant and unpleasant aristocrat. But looking at Aelock, who was dying now, they seemed to indeed share the same bloodline. Especially after giving birth, Aelock's body lines became thin and round, making him resemble Rayfiel so much that sometimes his heart would beat fast.

*I'm a madman.*

He said to himself. He felt severely ashamed of himself. Even if it was for revenge, it was disgusting to find himself aroused while looking at the enemy who had miserably killed his wife. He was the worst for being conflicted whenever he saw Aelock.

Klopp had a rough idea of what Aelock had suffered at the bottom of his life. To succeed while having nothing, sometimes he had to join hands with those who had given up their humanity. He knew well the physiology of those who had struggled desperately at the bottom of their lives. He had secretly shed tears every day, suffering and in pain, but Aelock seemed to be different.

When Aelock returned to the estate, Klopp had an indescribable feeling seeing him radiating a nobility from head to toe, dressed in old, tattered, and plain clothes. He held his head high as if nothing could tarnish him, and he still had his old mannerisms with a faint smile.

The way he looked directly at him made his skin crawl. He had wanted to hurt the untouchable and shining being by making fun of his Count title and his family, but it was childish. Despite his pale and withered complexion, Aelock calmly handled the situation, commenting lightly on the paintings of an upcoming new artist and elegantly sipping his tea. Then, like a nobleman responding to an invitation from a host, he mentioned the child with proper etiquette.

“Your child was beautiful.”

Klopp thought Aelock was mocking him, calling the child he had birthed as if he was someone else’s child. He was a loathsome being who had no emotions at all. He had an impulse to smash that unbreakable mask.



“It’s because he resembled his mother.”

He mocked intentionally, pointing out that those children were Aelock’s own.

Aelock seemed shocked by that. Klopp had never seen him so shaken by sharp words. Klopp was quite satisfied with the unexpected reaction. Even in the midst of shock, Aelock complimented the tea with courteous manners and left the estate with a sophisticated thank you that was neither excessive nor inadequate for the hospitality.

Watching him walk away from the window, Klopp felt strange. Aelock’s steps were always light as if he was dancing, but now they seemed weightless as if he could get carried away by the wind. He had a premonition that the faint silhouette could disappear at any moment, that he might never see it again. He quickly told the gatekeeper, Hagen, to follow him.

Late that night, the watchman returned with a drenched and confused Aelock.

“I rescued him from jumping into the river.”

Even in his fainting state, he embraced and carried Aelock’s shivering body with blue lips. He led him to the bathroom attached to the room used by the former count. As hot water filled the bathtub, he took off Aelock’s clothes. His skinny body was covered with unknown scars and filth.

When he was put into warm water, he panicked from the sudden temperature change. In his fainted state, he couldn't breathe properly. He was shivering and gasping, so Klopp had to help his breathing by kissing him. Aelock was unable to sit up straight and slipped into the water, so he had no choice but to embrace him in the bathtub without even taking off his own clothes.

Thin legs floated in the splashing water like twigs. Unlike his own legs which were wrapped in dark fabric, Aelock's pale legs looked as if they were melting into the hot water, along with his powerless, dangling arms. He held his bony and motionless hand, intertwining their fingers. Aelock's head lolled naturally on his shoulder, touching and wetting the nape of his neck. His thin breaths echoed in his ear.

"I won't allow you to die so easily."

Klopp couldn't believe that Aelock attempted to end his own life. He didn't know if Aelock hated him so much for mocking him about how he gave birth to his child. He couldn't describe his feelings at that time. All he remembered was that he couldn't let it end like this, fueled by his burning anger.

He wanted to make him miserable, to cry and scream like he did, to make him suffer. At first, he deliberately drugged him to destroy his self-esteem and just to have a child from him.

Then, he saw the wet eyes that wanted him to penetrate the omega when he was in heat. It was the few times Aelock showed emotions, so he felt a sickening sense of triumph and raped him again and again. Despite knowing that his artificially created omega body couldn't withstand repeated pregnancy and childbirth, he didn't stop. He wished for him to endure more pain and scream more. Fueled by the bitter hatred and malice, he kept going like that.

When he had found him starving to death alone in the cabin just after giving birth to their first child, Klopp was furious at the thought of letting him go so easily. Despite his ambiguous body that seemed both like Omega and Alpha, Klopp picked him up in his arms and took him to the estate to save his life. On the way there, Aelock had regained consciousness, then he arrogantly smiled and wrapped his arms around Klopp's neck, causing him to shiver at the cost of his overbearing confidence.

After giving birth to their second child, he had simply thrown him on the back burner and forgot about him. No, he tried tirelessly to forget him. Unlike their second child who resembled himself, their first child became more and more similar to his birth mother as he grew up. He had insisted on naming him Rayfiel, but every time he called him by the name, he felt a pang in his heart. That's when he realized he was trapped in the hell he had created for himself, consumed by hatred and losing his mind.

He poured more hot water to keep him from getting cold. After he confirmed that Aelock's complexion had returned, he took him back to the cabin and laid him down. He couldn't allow himself to be generous enough to give him comfort in the estate. He had to suffer more. At least until he shed uncontrollable tears of blood as he did.

He didn't know why, but when Aelock woke up, he didn't try to run away anymore. The door of the cabin was not locked, and the estate's gate did not prevent him from leaving. But he was always there, like a person trapped behind transparent bars. He watched him go back and forth between the cabin from the window of the estate.

He felt strange as Aelock pumped the prepared water. To think that the Count, who used to order him around with a proud look, would do such a thing. Did he learn that when he was at the bottom of his life? He thought Aelock would

endure this without eating or drinking anything again. He expected him to be stubborn and demand to be treated with honor.

However, he did not leave the cabin. He didn't even look for Klopp, like on the day he came to the estate with blood between his legs. He was strangely angry. He brought him unprocessed, difficult-to-handle vegetables on purpose.

The next day, a small puff of smoke rose from the cabin. But Aelock was still there.

As he watched him lying on the hard bed, he brushed off the damp hair stuck to his forehead.

No matter how miserable and wretched he was, he couldn't help but exude his innate nobility. Even lying on a shabby bed without anything on, he looked elegant enough to be recognized as a nobleman. His blue eyes, always staring straight ahead, had an incomparable dignity to them. Recently, he realized that his desire for revenge and conquest also made him want to destroy that dignity.

Regardless of the motive, being with the omega who had bore four children with him, when he gave a thin smile, it stimulated Klopp's alpha instincts. That, combined with coincidental events that reminded him of his old hatred, always led to uncontrollable situations like an explosive trigger.

Even at the moment when he was dying after repeated violence, Aelock still looked like a sophisticated, luxurious doll. The only thing that made him look

human was his occasional shaking eyes. It was always doubtful whether he was breathing or not.

Klopp sat on the edge of the bed and leaned over to place his ear under Aelock's nose. He felt a faint breath, and as he turned his head, their lips brushed against each other. Aelock's lips were dry, slightly cold, and rough. They looked like Rayfiel's moist and soft lips, but they felt so different.

Aelock was cold. As cold as his breaths, his hands and feet were also as cold as his soul. The only thing alive about him were his haughty eyes that scrutinized everyone else. Even they were now shrouded in thin eyelids that revealed his veins.

Klopp wanted to peel off this shell that didn't seem like a human being. So that he would cling to him and beg for him. Not just out of fear, but to drop everything, to reveal his nakedly ugly nature, to fall even lower than the humans he looked down upon. He wanted Aelock to shout out his name fervently. For Aelock to become an ordinary human being and suffer from the sins he had created himself.

To do that, he had to keep him alive. It would be useless if he died. Klopp lay next to the freezing Aelock, warming his body. After spending several years going through heats together, they now had similar scents. It was ironic. To feel such a deep sense of relief from holding someone in his sleep, who he hated so much that he could rip out his heart. It was also proof that they had both become equally vile.

As he always knew, omegas found stability in the scent of the alpha whom they had continuously mated. As he held him and wiped his cold arms and legs, Aelock's pale complexion gradually returned. Even in his sleep, he dug into his embrace with a languid sigh.

It was always like this. Despite Klopp's cold gaze and attitude, Aelock never rebelled, even if he was threatened with a raised hand or cursed at with malice. Unlike what any normal human would do. There was always something stubborn about him that made Klopp more angry and annoyed.

When he had their second child while living in the estate, Aelock became arrogant, as if he was the mistress of a viscount, giving orders around. However, when they returned to the cabin, things were much different. He thought that his endless high and mighty self-confidence had finally started to disappear. But his nature remained the same.

Now Aelock didn't expect anything from Klopp. Aelock lived without wanting anything from him anymore, as if he were blaming Klopp himself for dwelling on the past. If he had cried or showed some difficulty, he might not have been so neglectful towards him, even if he got ridiculed.

A long time had passed, seasons had changed, and they had two more children, but Klopp was still struggling with anger and hatred, unable to escape from Rayfiel's death, while Aelock was moving forward. He would cook on his own and do his own laundry. No matter what insult he received, he responded with a subtle smile and began to live as best as he could.

Had he let go of something at the crossroads of life and death? Or has everything become empty? Even if he was raped roughly, he just whimpered. When he got pregnant, he gave birth to the child as ordered. No desire for anything meant there was no need for struggling. Even if he was alone, he was living and laughing happily.

No. That was absolutely not alright.

As much as he hated himself and was in pain and conflict, so should Aelock. Klopp hugged the thin, breathless body as if he could crush it.

“Do you want to have sex?”

## Vol. 1 Chapter 10.2 - Trapped in the living hell

After Klopp saved his life, that was what Aelock said as soon as he opened his eyes. Klopp had forgotten that some pathetic pigs were only interested in pounding and being pounded. And the fact that Aelock was one of them. Even after all he'd been through, Aelock never stopped showing interest in Klopp.

Aelock was really the same aristocrat as before, it now made Klopp feel that this situation was ridiculous. No matter how much pain he had caused him so far, if it was sexual, he would eventually get turned on and exhale hot breath. It was the only time he would shed his pretentious shell and reveal his true self. Destroying his high and mighty arrogance was surprisingly easy. Chuckling, Klopp climbed onto the bed.

It was his first time having sex with him, without intentionally wanting to inflict pain on him or when he wasn't in heat. He hugged Aelock's thin body, relaxing his grip and trying not to let his temper get the better of him as he would suffocate. He touched him slightly, his body scent was fading with his vitality dropping. He brushed his lips against Aelock's body. To make the dying fire burn a little more.

Aelock seemed very inexperienced. He acted like an innocent virgin who didn't know anything about caressing. He had lived on the streets for years

and had already given birth to four children, and yet when Klopp licked and sucked on the sensitive places, Aelock's face twisted and he covered his mouth with his hand. His blue eyes, which looked very startled, looked at Klopp.

He raised the corners of his mouth and acted even more repulsively. He licked and touched his entire body, kissed him, and eventually had a deep kiss with him. He couldn't remember ever kissing Aelock before. Aelock didn't know what to do with the tongue inside his mouth. Seeing him pretending not to know how to breathe, Klopp thought he was being hilarious. He broke the sloppy kiss and whispered softly while licking his hot ear.

"Don't pretend to be innocent when you're just a worn-out whore. It's disgusting."

The blank gaze that had been facing him turned away. Judging from the way he trembled, it seemed he was weak against such things. But was it something he disliked, or was it something he enjoyed?

Klopp didn't hesitate to lick all over Aelock. He had thought it was dirty, but once he made up his mind, it wasn't difficult to do. When he sucked on Aelock's penis, Aelock twisted his body in pleasure. His breathing became ragged, unable to bear it.

"Klo...pp... Ah... stop..."

Arching his back and pushing Klopp's head away with his hands and shaking his thin body, Aelock soon reached his climax, his skinny thighs wrapped around the man's head. Aelock ejaculated in his mouth and Klopp swallowed



half of it, before kissing Aelock to give him a taste of his own semen. When the bitter taste entered his mouth, Aelock frowned, but he didn't break the kiss. Instead, he grabbed the shoulder part of Klopp's shirt with his bony and thorn-like fingers.

His fingers dug into the dampness of Omega's body. Following Klopp's lead, Aelock bent over and raised his butts, clawing at the old pillow and shuddering. Spreading his butts open, Klopp licked the unsightly wrinkles with his tongue over and over. The wrinkles could hardly be called pretty. As soon as the licking began, Aelock's throat rumbled as if he were about to cry. Klopp silently said 'just a little more', but there were no tears from Aelock that seeped into the pillow. He clicked on his tongue and inserted his fully hard penis into the moist, loose folds.

"Ah-hmmmm..."

A voice, not too high and not too low, came out. His arousal grew and blood rushed to his lower body. He wanted to lose his control and pound into him, but he forced himself to hold back, afraid that Aelock's bony and thin butts would break. Instead, he slowly and gently pushed in, gradually increasing his pace. Aelock, who was moaning with his face buried in the pillow, soon started screaming uncontrollably. His weak cries were as feeble as a bird flopping around after being shot by an arrow.

As Klopp slowly reached his climax, he came deep inside, and simultaneously, Aelock also came for the second time. He seemed to have used up all his energy, he turned his limp body away to embrace Klopp and kissed him deeply. With a dazed expression, he smiled faintly looking at Klopp.

"This isn't like your usual self. Why are you suddenly like this?"

The wavering eyes seemed to expect something from him, so Klopp smiled and whispered in a soft voice.

“I hate you so much. I’m disgusted with you. I hope you meet the same miserable end just like what you did before.”

As he saw Aelock’s pupils dilate in shock and horror, a sense of immense satisfaction rose in Klopp. He kissed Aelock’s dry cheeks and chuckled softly.

He had been busy with an important appointment for a while. After several days since he had last seen Aelock, Klopp was finally able to walk alone through the rose garden. The path to the cabin was now so familiar that he could find it even with his eyes closed.

After that first time of having intercourse that’s more like sex than rape, Aelock’s facial expression changed. He didn’t stop his faint smile completely, but whenever their intercourse started, he would grimace and cling to Klopp as if he would cry. Sometimes it was very arousing to pick his cruel words to whisper to Aelock.

Every time, Klopp would unknowingly hug the omega who was clinging to him and run his hands down his back and legs. Aelock now even aroused his protective instincts. As he wrapped the omega’s trembling and thin body, Klopp frequently chuckled.

Even today, Klopp felt a little happy at the thought of seeing Aelock's pitiful appearance, who was like a rain-soaked bird. Aelock was currently pregnant. It was already his fifth time. His body was weak, so he seemed to be on the verge of miscarriage a few times. Aelock never told him about those incidents, so Klopp could only guess.

After he gave birth this time, Klopp planned to bring Aelock to the estate during the winter. His body temperature kept dropping, Klopp didn't want for him to just freeze to his death in the cabin. After childbirth, he was likely to be extremely weak, so it seemed better to spend quite some time next to his side. The hard wooden bed in the cabin was uncomfortable, and since they would sleep together anyway, it would be better for Aelock to stay in his bedroom.

*Or should I bring Aelock to the estate before he gives birth? If the child came out early, alone in the cabin, he might get into a dangerous situation.*

The corners of his mouth twitched upward as he imagined how Aelock would be surprised to hear this. His steps quickened slightly.

However, all that joy evaporated when he entered the dimmed cabin.

"Aelock? ... Aelock!"

As soon as Klopp learned that Aelock had disappeared, he was filled with extreme rage.

*To think that he's running away now. What a weak guy.*

It was not acceptable for Aelock to secretly escape from the hell they had created together. Klopp returned to the estate, shouting loudly and immediately dismissing his servants to search for Aelock. No one answered Klopp's question about when he escaped. Even the gatekeeper, Hagen, didn't know about it, so Aelock had definitely fled during the night.

This was the first time he had escaped. It was always Klopp who had thrown him away, but Aelock had never run away on his own. When he was brought to the cabin for the second time, he lived as if nothing had happened. So Klopp didn't think that it was possible for Aelock to escape. Aelock always returned to the estate on his own; he returned on his own when Klopp found him wandering at the bottom of his life, so he never suspected this would happen.

Moreover, there was no lock on the cabin. After all these years, there was no reason for him to run away in his weakened body. He was even so close to giving birth.

*I should have kept him locked up. I should have broken those thin ankles and chained them with a metal chain, not letting him out of the small wooden cabin, so that even if he hid his body in the darkness, I could just pull on the chain to make him come running to me.*

Klopp regretted it too late.

It took him a full day to finally find him at the deep bottom of the town. When Hagen, who had found his tracks first, came running to the pale Klopp, who was searching in another direction, his feelings were much more miserable

than what he had felt before. The news that someone with his child was found on the deep bottom once was enough. He swore that once was enough to send him into an agony that would never heal. But why did he have to hear such news twice?

*Why... Why on earth...*

Despite his brain that struggled to think properly, his body moved very fast. Not long after, he discovered a heavily pregnant omega surrounded by several alpha men, being raped in a back alley near a filthy brothel.

“Wow, I never knew a guy with a baby could be so arousing.”

“Do you know how long I’ve been looking for you since you disappeared a few years ago? Today, we’ll treat you well and feed you lots of raisin bread.”

“Where did you get the baby? I thought he was an alpha. You’ve fooled us all this time.”

“What does it matter? As long as his hole is tight. It’s even better if he’s an omega who could give birth, but even if he’s an alpha, it doesn’t matter.”

“He’s bleeding.”

“He’s not dead, right? Hey! You’re not dead, are you?”

Amidst the laughter of the men, the sound of flesh colliding echoed. The smell of blood mixed with an unpleasant fishy odor. The men shifted the unresponsive limp legs. In between their grotesque movements, he could see a bloated stomach, a twisted arm that seemed to be pulled around, a neck and face covered in bruises, a gaping mouth, and lifeless blue eyes. When the limp neck moved with the men's movements, the dead eyes made eye contact with Klopp, and soon, darkness suddenly engulfed him.

When he regained his senses, a decapitated corpse was lying in two separate parts, and a bloody sword was in his hand.

"Ahh! It's murder!"

The other two, who still couldn't hide their hideous penises, ran away in a panic. Klopp fixed his gaze downward and commanded grimly.

"Kill them all."

"Yes, master."

Hagen and another servant who had come with him pulled out their swords and chased after them. The ones who couldn't even pull up their pants and run properly, turned into an alley, and soon met their end with an unpleasant sound of necks being cut. However, that didn't matter to Klopp.

He pushed aside a decapitated corpse. Covered in blood, Aelock was much worse than he had expected. His bare lower body was covered in bruises and dirt. One end of his splayed leg was broken, and his ankle was stretched outward. The worst part was between his legs. Unable to withstand the brutality of those beasts, it was ripped apart and was bleeding a dark color, almost black. Along with that, there were traces of semen stuck to him.

Klopp put down his sword and shakily took off his coat. Then he knelt beside Aelock, who was shivering and as pale as a corpse, unlike his lower body full of red. Then, Klopp embraced his body. As he wrapped Aelock in his coat, the unconscious body swayed left and right like a broken doll. Carefully lifting his grotesquely disembodied arm and placing it on his chest, Klopp called out with a trembling voice.

“Aelock?”

Despite wanting to scream and shake him awake immediately, Klopp couldn't make any big noise at all. If he did, he felt like Aelock would shatter into pieces. He couldn't even touch the bruised face with his hand. It was hard for him to breathe too.

“Aelock? Wake up.”

At some point, his throat had closed up. As he tried to figure out what he could do to get anything from the unresponsive man, the tightly closed eyelids fluttered a little. He quickly brought his ear to Aelock's nose and heard a faint, rasping choked breath.

“... Thank you. Really... Thank you so much.”

Klopp didn't even know who he was thanking. He just repeated it several times.

The two men he had sent away returned with blood on them. Seeing them, Klopp gestured to the other corpse. Hagen nodded wordlessly. The other servant ran out of the alley and fetched the carriage.

Klopp lifted the limp Aelock in his arms. Even though he was thin, being a full-term pregnant omega made him quite heavy, but Klopp didn't want to use anyone else's help. He didn't want anyone to touch even a single strand of his hair. As he held him, Aelock grimaced and made a weak sound, either because of his broken arm and leg that hurt, or the other parts of his mangled body. Klopp put his head against his wet forehead and said.

"It's okay now. I won't let you and our child die this time."

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They returned to the estate and Klopp laid Aelock on his bed. His water had broken during the ride, so Klopp's clothes also became a mess. It wasn't time for the baby to be born yet, but it seemed to happen because of the sexual violence by those several men. He resented the fact that he couldn't kill those bastards more painfully.

"Martha! Help me. You, call the doctor!"



After ordering one of the maids, Klopp turned towards Aelock. His face, which had been groaning all the way from the carriage, was now so pale as if he would die at any moment. Martha had come running and was shocked at the sight of how filthy Aelock had become. She stood still for a moment before running outside.

“Bring warm water and towels now! And new sheets and nightwear too! Everything!”

After yelling at another maid, she pushed Klopp away from Aelock’s side.

“Stay over there for now. Holding his hand won’t be of any use now.”

“Martha.”

“We need to save him, don’t we? Then please cooperate, so I can do my job.”

Klopp was pushed away from the bed, and until the doctor arrived, she tended to Aelock’s wounds. Seeing Klopp’s messy clothes and realizing that Aelock’s water had broken, the experienced housekeeper patted Aelock’s cheek to wake him up.

“You can’t lose your consciousness. Wake up! Here. Bring more towels.”

At her resolute command, the other maids took the towels soaked with blood away and gave her new ones. Meanwhile, another maid approached Klopp and asked him to change his clothes, but he refused. He would not leave the room until he confirmed that Aelock was safe.

The doctor arrived shortly thereafter and entered the room, horrified that a full-term omega had been sexually abused by several men.

“When did the water break?”

“Not that long ago.”

“Oh no, this is a very big problem. It’s going to be tough.”

At Martha’s words, the doctor looked up from the white sheet covering Aelock’s lower body and he clicked his tongue.

“The bleeding is not stopping. If we don’t take the baby out quickly, both of them will be in danger.”

The doctor rolled up his sleeves and looked at Klopp before asking.

“Are you the alpha?”

Before the serious-looking doctor could say anything more, Klopp spoke up first.

“Save them both.”

“I can’t guarantee that. As you can see, the baby is premature, and too much blood has already been lost.”

“If you can’t save them, I won’t just stand by.”

“There’s no point in threatening me. I may be a doctor, but I’m not God. But I’ll do my best.”

Ignoring the angry Klopp, the doctor quickly went back to Aelock’s side and gave commands to Martha. Following his commands, Martha prepared clean scissors, silk thread, and warm towels. In the meantime, there was nothing that Klopp could do. It was the same as before. All he could do was wait. The doctor worked on Aelock with quick hands.

“Since the birthing omega has lost consciousness, we have no choice but to push the baby out forcibly. Don’t just stand there, come here and help hold him down.”

Klopp obediently followed his instructions. The doctor folded the towel a little and put it over Aelock. He then asked Aelock to tightly grab Aelock's already sagging shoulders.

"It's no use if you press them so loosely. Press tightly."

"His shoulders are dislocated."

"It's nothing compared to the pain he's about to experience. Just hold on tight because I'm going to pull hard."

"What are you trying to do?"

"We first have to take out the baby first, before I can save him or not."

With that, the doctor deeply lowered his body as if he was going to climb onto the bed. Then, he placed both hands on the bloated upper belly of the pregnant omega, before giving signals to Klopp who was pressing Aelock's shoulder, and Martha who was waiting between his legs.

"Let's begin."

He pressed his full weight down on Aelock's belly. At that moment, Aelock, who had been lying unconscious, opened his eyes wide and his whole body

tensed. Even Klopp was surprised at how hard he was trying to stand up and had to press his shoulders down.

“Aaaaaack!”

Despite the towel in his mouth, a terrible scream erupted in a delayed response.

Klopp, white-faced and shaking, embraced Aelock’s broken and thrashing body, his eyes wide and flipping over.

“Are you really doing it right? He’s dying right now!”

“He’s not in the position to push the baby properly, so I have to push the baby out with force. Hold on tight. If you back off here, both the baby and this person will die.”

The doctor gave him a brutally cold response and continued to press down on the belly. From the top, to the middle, then bottom. It was hard to tell as Aelock was covered by the sheets, but seeing Martha’s face turning pale, the situation must not be doing good. The maid who continued to hand Martha clean towels from the side looked like she could pass out at any moment.

“Doctor, I can see the head!”

“Really? Keep pushing, and when the head comes out, grab and pull the baby out. Do you understand?”

“Yes!”

While a few more thrashings followed, sweat broke out on Klopp’s forehead. Amidst the piercing screams, no one said anything. A moment later, after using so many towels, Martha looked at the doctor and slipped her hands under the sheets, and she pulled out a very small baby. At the same time, the doctor released the two hands that had been pressing down on the belly. Aelock’s thrashing also stopped. He gradually relaxed and stretched his body out. Klopp breathed heavily while holding him. He didn’t even think about looking at the baby, thinking that it was finally over.

The doctor cut the small umbilical cord of the premature baby and left a belly button before handing the baby over to Martha. She wiped away the tears that had formed in her eyes as she let out a relieved sigh. She tried to give the baby to Klopp, but he shook his head.

“Quickly, save this person first.”

Aelock’s breathing was very weak in Klopp’s arms.

“It’s not too late yet. If we stitch up the wounds and stop the bleeding, he’ll live.”

The doctor immediately took out a needle and thread from his medical bag, sterilizing them in boiling water. Then he pulled the soaked sheets away and was about to sew up the torn wound when he blinked a few times and put down the forceps he had picked up with a deep sigh. He then began to feel around inside with his hand.

At that moment, Aelock opened his eyes halfway again and began to make a whimpering sound, as if he didn't have the strength to scream anymore. His indescribable anguished face was neither crying nor laughing. Aelock struggled, tearing at Klopp's arm, which was holding him down, and writhed in agony. The sound of his terrifying cry sent a chill down Klopp's spine.

"What's going on?"

"Oh no, the babies are twins. This way, we won't be able to stop the bleeding."

The doctor looked at Klopp with a stern face, then shook his head. Klopp's mind went blank, and he didn't know what to say. While he was speechless, Aelock let out another horrific scream. The second baby was starting to come out.

Finally, the other baby came out. The second baby was much smaller than the first, so the doctor had to perform artificial resuscitation to help the baby breathe. Eventually, the baby survived, but Klopp didn't have time to hold the frail creature. Aelock was dying.

"His body is too weak, and he has suffered severe mental and physical trauma. Even if he hadn't gone through that incident, an omega male would

still get into this condition, as you've impregnated him five times. That's why I advised you to use birth control in the first place."

Clicking his tongue, the doctor shook his head and added.

"I'll do everything I can, but honestly, it's hopeless. If he survives, it'll be a miracle. It's better for you to be prepared."

Klopp said nothing. Martha and the other servants were distracted because of the sudden delivery of the babies. Having nothing else to do, the doctor left, leaving Klopp alone with Aelock in the now silent room.

In Klopp's arms, Aelock was already like a corpse. It was doubtful if he was even breathing. Klopp held his limp hand, placed it on his chest, and stroked his forehead with his other hand. At that moment, Aelock's eyelids trembled slightly, then he let out a small breath.

"Aelock?"

When Klopp called his name, Aelock slowly opened his eyes. His eyes, which were staring blankly at the air, gradually narrowed their pupils and tilted his head toward Klopp. He blinked very slowly, his full lips barely moving. Aelock's voice was weak, almost inaudible if Klopp didn't listen closely.

"...The baby?"



“They’re twins. They both survived.”

“...Good. Thank goodness.”

The voice was as light as air, devoid of any life, and Klopp struggled to suppress the overwhelming emotion that he felt. Otherwise, everything inexplicable would burst out all at once. Klopp chewed on his lip and stared at the ceiling for a moment, trying to catch his breath. He barely contained himself because he didn’t know how to feel at the fact that Aelock woke up and looked for his child first even after experiencing such a horrible thing.

Aelock had enough consciousness to realize that he was giving birth even when the onlookers were going crazy in the situation. You’re just really...

He swallowed the emotions that kept rising. He had to make him say something. Otherwise, he felt like he would die too.

“Why did you run away? None of this would have happened if you hadn’t run away.”

He didn’t intend to, but his criticisms still poured out. Aelock slowly closed his eyes, then opened them again and spoke up.

“...It hurt. Those people weren’t human. That was not... sex.”

“You idiot. You were raped by multiple people! That was a rape!”

Klopp couldn't listen to Aelock anymore and his anger flared. Aelock's eyes blinked again.

“I can't feel my body.”

From how he had been talking nonsense from earlier, it seemed like Aelock was drifting in and out of consciousness. It was a miraculous situation that he was even able to speak. No matter how angry or accusatory Klopp got, it was useless.

“You've lost too much blood.”

Aelock looked at Klopp with slightly trembling eyes, then cast his gaze into the distance and said.

“Am I dying?”

“...Probably.”

“Ah.”

Aelock blinked again. Even though he had been told that his death was imminent, he didn't show any sign of movement, or emotion or shed any tears. He closed and opened his eyes for a moment as if he was listening to someone else's story. He looked at Klopp and gave a faint smile.

"Is this how Rayfiel died too?"

Did he still have the strength to be sarcastic even at this moment? Klopp felt like he couldn't breathe due to overwhelming despair and frustration. He wondered when would this demon finally be satisfied with torturing his soul. What crime had he committed for Aelock to pick and choose only the cruelest things to do to him? He really wanted to go mad. Perhaps it would be better to go mad and forget about these indescribable emotions. The emotions that he had been holding back were starting to pour out.

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"What did I do wrong to you in the first place, why..... are you doing this to me....."

Tears of despair flowed from the eyes of the broken man. Even as he was dying, this damned demon had hurt him more than he could bear. Yet he couldn't even curse him. He could only hold the dying body and shed tears uncontrollably. Cold tears fell on his fair cheeks and rolled down. Aelock's eyes shook as he saw him. His wounded lips trembled slightly.

"...I'm sorry."

“After all these times, don’t tell me such a lie.”

“I’m sorry. For everything. I now understand the pain that Rayfiel must have felt. I was just trying to die quietly. And for making you recall your wounds again...”

“Shut your mouth!”

Klopp screamed at the top of his lungs, feeling like he was about to go insane. He reached out to strangle the demon, eager to end his life as quickly as possible in a moment of intense hatred. However, as his hands clenched as his hands clenched around its slender neck, he froze up. The glassy blue eyes, that always confronted people, were full of tears.

Ah.

As Klopp’s grip loosened, clear tear drops rolled down his golden eyelashes, wetting them.

“At first, I thought I would have to take the suffering. Because that’s how I should pay for my sins. I’d just have to stay still, like before. But I couldn’t do that when my child was getting in danger. So I rebelled...and got beaten.”

It wasn’t just a simple beating that he had suffered. His arm was dislocated, his ankle was broken, and his entire body was abused. And yet, without a single curse, Aylock’s narrative was stoic. It was as if he didn’t even realize that he was crying.

“Rayfiel would probably have done the same. Because he wanted to protect the child. Because it was his child with his beloved person.”

Klopp wanted to say how dare he say such words, but he couldn't say anything because his throat was too tight to speak. Aelock smiled as he looked at him. Tears streamed down endlessly. He had lost so much blood, Klopp couldn't understand from where did those tears come. It was like the dam that had been clogged finally collapsed and everything he had gathered in his life was pouring out.

“My eyes feel strangely hot. Ah, I'm... I'm now... crying, aren't I?”

The corner of Aelock's mouth slightly curled up, as if he were pleased. His drooping fingers were struggling to move as if he wanted to feel his tears, so Klopp wiped away his tears with his thumb instead. Looking at his soaking wet and large hand, Aelock closed his mouth and swallowed, feeling choked up.

“Will you believe me now? I have feelings too, and I can get hurt. Even though I committed an unforgivable sin that cannot be washed away.”

After a moment of trembling voice, Klopp nodded his head. His wet blue eyes grew a little bigger and then softened.

“I was going to ask forgiveness from you and Rayfiel... but now that I have experienced it, it's not something that I can ask for forgiveness. He will be in heaven and I won't, so I probably won't even be able to meet him.”

He smiled and blinked his eyes. Tears that had been welling up in his eyes fell down.

Turning his head away from Aelock's view, Klopp sobbed under his breath. Tears flowed down his cheeks and chin, not really knowing what those tears meant to him. The tears that rolled down his cheeks and chin got mixed with the tears running down Aylok's white face. Aelock, as usual, didn't avoid his gaze and spoke with a faint smile.

"I apologize for all the trouble I've caused you. Someday, I hope to be reborn and repay you. And at that time, I won't go anywhere near your lover."

"...Is that all you have to say to me?"

Klopp could only respond with a hollow laugh to Aelock's aristocratic sarcasm in even his last words.

*You cruel demon.*

Klopp took Aelock's hands with both of his and pressed his forehead against them. He didn't know what to say.

Goodbye? Leaving him in this wretched world and continuing to live a cursed life forever? This damned bastard. Then he heard a fading voice.

“I love you.”

At first, he thought he misheard it, and Klopp raised his head and stupidly asked, “What?” Aelock smiled and repeated himself.

“I’ve always loved you.”

Klopp didn’t know what to say. With a blank expression, he denied him, “What you did wasn’t love.” Aelock looked a bit dejected at his words and then awkwardly smiled.

“Maybe. I’ve never been in love with anyone else... but you... so I might not know what love really is....”

With those words, Aelock let out a deep sigh. Unlike before, he barely managed to continue speaking without breaks.

“Still... even if it’s... a lie... it’s okay, won’t you... just tell me once... that you love me?”

But Klopp couldn’t bring himself to say such words. It was okay even if it was a lie, those common words were nothing to him, but still, he couldn’t just say it. Aelock didn’t say anything more, leaving behind a bitter smile. The blue

eyes met the flickering dark brown eyes for a moment, unmoving, before they slowly disappeared into his eyelids.

“Aelock!”

At the urgent call, the eyelids that were just fluttering open slightly, dropped back down and closed completely. No matter how much Klopp shook and called out, Aelock didn't open his eyes again.

He didn't die immediately. That quack of a doctor had barely managed to stop the bleeding, and in that state of unconsciousness, Aelock managed to hold on for three days. He slept in Klopp's arms in a clean and tidy bed, and on the third day, he quietly took his last breath on a sunny morning.

In those three days, Klopp didn't understand why he held his despised enemy in his arms and kissed him on the forehead until the very last breath. He just couldn't bring himself to leave the slowly cooling body alone. Klopp never took a step out of the room until the weak breath had completely stopped. Sometimes, he would give a little water to the pale, unconscious omega's lips. Their parched and chapped lips touched, and a faint breath escaped.

As Aelock drifted into an everlasting sleep, he occasionally moved his lips and shed tears, dreaming of something. Then, Klopp would hold him close and brush his lips over the corner of his eye.

Strangely enough, it turned out that tears had a flavor. It should just be saltwater, but it had a very deceptive and indescribable taste. It wasn't bitter or salty, but rather a sweet taste that made his tongue numb. He wondered if he had finally gone insane.



But he soon realized it. Aelock was having one of his last very happy dreams, and that's why his happiness overflowed and his tears tasted sweet. To anyone else, they would be mere salt water, but to Klopp, who had been wrapped in Aelock's scent for years until their scents mingled together, the tears tasted like drugs as he licked them while holding the cold body and gently stroking his back. The weak body gradually stiffened.

Occasionally, while holding Aelock's hands and kissing his forehead, Klopp would call out "Aelock?" But Aelock never woke up from his happy dream. When his heart, which had been beating slowly, finally stopped, Klopp drank the last tear that Aelock shed and gave him a short kiss on his dry lips. Wrapped in white sheets, Aelock looked incredibly peaceful as if he was drifting towards his dreams.

Now, there was no one left in this living hell but himself. He couldn't afford to take his own life like Aelock did. Because there were their children. Their gem-like children who came to life because Klopp raped Aelock and made him sacrifice what was left in his life. In return, Klopp was left with a torn soul that would never heal and forced to live alone in this terrifying hell forever. From now on, he would eternally be alone.

Unlike Rayfiel, who was buried in the family cemetery, Aelock was buried in a sunny spot near the cabin. His tombstone was simple, with only his name and the years of his birth and death. There were no epitaphs inscribed on it. He didn't bring any flowers to the tombstone, but instead, the colorful and beautiful flowers that he had tended so diligently in his lifetime bloomed vividly and decorated the lonely tombstone. Until the end, he was a shining light unto himself.

Sometimes, when he took their growing children near the cabin, Klopp would stand in front of the tombstone for a long time. His regrets overcame him late.

He should have told him what he wanted to hear then, even if it was a lie.

As he ran his fingers over the tombstone, he tried to say those words belatedly, but he couldn't bring himself to say them in the end.

After a while, Klopp turned towards the children calling out to him in the distance.

And that marks the final chapter of Volume 1! There will still be a short epilogue to this volume and a preview to the next volume before we move on to Volume 2!

From now on, I will be updating the chapters separately every 3-4 days (3rd/6th/9th)! Please look forward to the continuation of the story!

Make me feel happy and supported by leaving a comment!