

# INTO THE ROSE GARDEN

## Vol. 2 Chapter 5.1 - The fate flows again

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On the evening of the full moon, Klopp was forced to wear the black full attire he rarely wore at Martha's nagging.

"Do I really need to dress up like this?"

"What are you saying? If you don't wear these nice clothes on a day like today, when will you wear them? Turn around."

Klopp turned around, and Martha inspected the vest for wrinkles, grabbed the hem and pulled it down. Then she brought a suit that was in perfect condition, not a single wrinkle to be found. After buttoning all the cuffs, Martha adjusted the suit's shoulder pads with a brush she had brought with her.

“Keep your hair neat, and let’s see. Your shirt’s too tucked in. Roll up your sleeves.”

While redoing the cuffs, Martha slightly pulled the shirt sleeves and let them peek out of the black suit sleeves. Finally, she meticulously adjusted the tie to ensure it wasn’t crooked, then put her hands on her hips and looked at her work with great satisfaction.

“And the shoes are shiny. It’s brilliant. The omegas will be dazzled.”

“I don’t need to impress everyone, just that one person’s eyes are enough.”

“Did you remember to bring the ring?”

Klopp smiled at Martha while looking at his reflection in the full-length mirror.

He heard the sound of a carriage arriving. As he descended the stairs, Martha extended the same level of care to the perfectly maintained hat and cane.

“I hope you’ll be accepted. It’s boring for me to be alone at home.”

“Don’t worry, next year I’ll make sure you’re too busy babysitting to be bored.”

Klopp smiled broadly and bid farewell to Martha before boarding the carriage. Martha stood at the entrance and waved his hand.

“Don’t even think about coming home if you fail. I won’t open the door!”

“That will never happen.”

The carriage, carrying a young alpha who felt slightly nervous before an important event, raced toward its destination. The road, which was usually annoyingly close, seemed unusually long today. Looking at the grand mansion in the distance, Klopp took out a small box from his jacket pocket. The ring sparkled more than usual.

Normally, he was supposed to go to Westport Estate to pick up Rayfiel. However, he couldn't do that today. Last time, he had arrived a bit late and caused a commotion, so the Westport estate arranged a carriage to bring their precious omega son to the Count's estate. Klopp was slightly disappointed because he wanted to meet Rayfiel quickly, but at the same time, he was more excited. He laughed to himself while imagining how cute and lovely Rayfiel would look.

The driveway of the estate was crowded with carriages of other guests who had already arrived. Waiting for his turn, a footman approached and opened his carriage door. Neatly buttoning his jacket to keep it from wrinkling, Klopp got off the carriage and walked straight into the entrance.

The gray-haired butler, dressed more formally than usual, with impeccable posture, was politely greeting the distinguished guests arriving one after another.

"Good evening, Marquis Wolflake."

"Hm, Hugo. How have you been?"

“Thanks to you, I’ve been well. You, lead Marquis Wolflake to his seat.”

The tall, black-haired alpha followed the footman’s guidance and headed inside. The butler who received him showed no signs of unease. As Klopp followed behind, he extended an invitation. At first, the butler nodded politely, but when he saw the recipient’s name written on the invitation’s cover, he narrowed his eyebrows and raised his head. Then, his eyes, which had always appeared cold and indifferent, widened.

“Klopp... Sir Bandyke?!”

“Why? Is there something on my face?”

The butler looked at Klopp as if he couldn’t believe his eyes, quickly scanning him up and down. Klopp knows very well how much the butler resents his nagging and angry behavior toward Aelock. They had always maintained a certain distance between them, and there had been no explicit display of his feelings, but his behavior now was so inappropriate that Klopp didn’t feel good about it.

“How rude.”

“I apologize. I was just very, no, quite surprised compared to how you usually are.”

“Because I’m a country bumpkin who only cares about money yet I am dressed extravagantly, which makes me unbecoming of the Count’s prestigious soirée?”

Tilting his head, Klopp glanced downward and looked at the footman. When the corners of his mouth slightly lifted, the butler seemed slightly taken aback and shook his head. Quickly composing himself, the butler smiled his usual cold smile.

“No, not at all. Today, you are a splendid guest who adds glory to the soirée. I was honestly amazed. I didn’t expect to see you in such fine form. I suppose I have to pay the price for losing today’s wager. You, lead Lord Bendyke to the table.”

“A wager?”

Although Klopp asked repeatedly, the butler pretended not to hear and called for the footman who had been waiting, guiding Klopp to the rose garden where the soirée was taking place. Before following the footman, Klopp looked intently at the butler and he replied, “It’s a private conversation between me and my master,” as he approached the entrance. Since the butler was already receiving other guests, Klopp couldn’t pry any further and followed the footman.

“To think they’re now also betting on people. I must definitely ask and find out later.”

The moment he entered the rose garden with a frowned expression, his spiteful resolve vanished.

In the center of the magnificent rose garden, where dozens, no, hundreds of lanterns seemed like sprinkling stars, there stood a grand stage where musicians would perform. Tables for dozens of guests were arranged in a stable arrangement, with almost as many footmen and maids moving between them as there were guests. But that wasn’t what left Klopp speechless.

On the silk sheets covering the tables, scented candles exuding a faint fragrance were sparkling on silver candlesticks. Next to them, there laid rare flowers that were obviously not grown in the garden, blooming and flourishing. The chairs, covered with silk covers that matched the table, had small flower wreaths hanging on them. Even the large number of roses hung with white silk ribbons around the surrounding flower beds and the colorful roses scattered on the floor—what on earth was all this?

*How much did this cost? You damned count!*

He wanted to immediately find Aelock and question how much he had exceeded his limits. But he couldn't find him. When he asked the servants, they had no idea of his whereabouts. "We also don't know where the Count is at the moment," "Until just now, he was talking to the conductor in the music hall, but he's not there now," were the only responses he received.

He wanted to go to the butler and demanded the Count's presence right away, but it would likely cause a big commotion since he was receiving important guests, so he suppressed the urge. He'd still show up eventually. Klopp tapped his fingers on the table and gritted his teeth.



He was sitting in one of the best seats right in the front and center. It made sense since he had worked hard to quickly restore the Count's reputation, which had been wobbling in the hands of his dumb son. But deep down, he was surprised. This shouldn't be necessary.

Looking at the other tables in the same row, everyone was a marquis, count, viscount, and so on, it felt as if it was a royal New Year's party or some kind of grand ceremony. Among them, Klopp was the only one without a title. While he didn't feel intimidated, it wasn't comfortable either. He couldn't understand why he was given such a seat. Just as he was beginning to suspect that Aelock was playing him for a wager, Rayfiel appeared from the other side of the room.

Klopp's mouth dropped open as soon as he saw him, and he jumped to his feet.

Dressed in a light blue suit, he was stunningly beautiful and lovely, drawing the attention of everyone around him. Feeling slightly uncomfortable with the attention, Rayfiel nervously looked around with a tense gaze and noticed his lover standing up from his seat. A smile bloomed on Rayfiel's fair face as he saw him.

"He's the eldest son of Westport, isn't he?"

“His wife is such a beauty, and their son is equally remarkable.”

“Do you know who that man is?”

“They’re soon to be engaged. Although he comes from a poor family, he is talented and highly anticipated as an alpha heir. It seems that Westport, who doesn’t have an alpha successor, plans to make him their son-in-law.”

“Oh, they make such a well-matched and cute couple.”

The words were spoken so loudly, but they were barely audible to Klopp. He walked over to Rayfiel and took his hand, kissing the back of it lightly, then his cheek.

In the meantime, as Klopp returned to his seat, he felt a chilling gaze on the back of his neck. Instinctively, he glanced aside with a mix of anger and vigilance, and there he saw Marquis Wolflake, the man he had seen earlier, staring at them with eyes that shone ominously like a wolf. It felt as if he was

challenging Klopp, and despite the impoliteness, Klopp didn't avert his gaze but stared back intently. Then, Wolflake turned his gaze away first.

*'What a strange man.'*

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That thought didn't last long. Rayfiel, who was sitting next to him, said, "I'm very nervous today, so I ended up a little late. Do I look strange today? People are staring at me..." He went on and on, saying incredibly cute things, and Klopp got completely absorbed in them.

"Did you have any trouble on your way here?"

“I came in my own carriage, and it was fine. But wow, a table right in the center like this. Sir Klopp, what have you done?”

Rayfiel’s voice was full of laughter as he spoke. Klopp shrugged exaggeratedly and said, “Maybe he has finally realized all the effort I’ve put in so far” But in truth, he had one lingering question.

For one thing, there were only two people at this table, whereas the other tables in the row usually had three or four seats. There were no extra chairs. It seemed as if it had been planned that way from the beginning, just for the two of them.

It was a bit odd. Although he could just be seated anywhere, it was strange to deliberately have the two of them sit together amongst the guest list. It was as if he knew what Klopp was going to do today. There’s no way he did. Of course, it wasn’t that he disliked this. It just caught him off guard. But that feeling didn’t last long either.

The attendants started serving various fruits, pastries, and champagne that complemented the soirée. Klopp quickly received his champagne as well, as he was seated at the best table. As the young footman in a suit and a white napkin under one arm held a bottle in front of him to check the label before opening it, Klopp was stunned.

Unable to believe his eyes, Klopp rubbed them with his fingers and then looked again. It wasn’t a mistake. Behind the young footman standing by the table, following the butler’s instructions, several attendants were walking with bottles bearing the same label, distributing them to each table. Soon, a cheerful sound of popping corks filled the air.

“Sir Klopp?”

Rayfiel, seeing Klopp frozen in his tracks, softly called his name, and only then did Klopp regain his senses and nodded to the footman. The footman skillfully uncorked the bottle and poured the sparkling yellow liquid, which bubbled like crystal, into the sparkling crystal glass before disappearing. Rayfiel sniffed the aroma of the champagne and said, “It smells wonderful.”

“Of course it is, it’s a special order, only used for national events, like an inauguration ceremony.”

“Is it rare?”

“Yes, let’s drink it. We won’t see this again.”

Klopp smiled. He clinked his glass against Rayfiel’s bewildered one and took a sip. It had an incredibly rich aroma and taste, to the point where it made his head dizzy.

*Yes, this is the taste of gold. And Count, you’re dead today. I shall generously sprinkle this divine beverage over your grave.*

The conductor appeared and greeted the audience as the host of the soirée failed to show up. Soon, the music began to play, captivating the people with its beautiful harmony that rose higher into the sky. In such an atmosphere, the

usual chatter that would normally persist at such gatherings was hardly audible.

Klopp and Rayfiel, sitting close together at their small table, were also immersed in the music. Rayfiel, who had been learning the piano separately, had a great fondness for music and had even gone to see a few music performances with Klopp before.

“The repertoire today is very romantic. It’s amazing to hear ‘Full Moon’ under the full moon itself. Do you know that the composer wrote it for his beloved lover?”

“Is that so?”

In truth, all Klopp could hear were sentimental melodies. Considering the vocal tone and flawless performance, he believed it was only natural given the musicians’ worth. However, he knew better than to show such thoughts.

Rayfiel, who possessed a sensitive and rich sensibility, took the opportunity to hold Klopp’s hand resting on the armrest and leaned his head slightly on his shoulder. The weight felt pleasant, causing Klopp to almost kiss Rayfiel’s forehead, covered with golden silky hair. However, he suddenly tensed up as he felt a gaze from Wolflake, who was glaring in their direction again.

*What’s with him? Is he looking for a fight?*

This time, Klopp returned the gaze with a determined look. Wolflake casually tilted his half-empty champagne glass before placing it on the table, twisting his thin lips. It was clear that he was showing hostility.

*Ah, I would rather avoid a fight today if possible. There's just no one helping me today, from the Count to the Marquis. What have I done to deserve such unjustified persecution and enmity? What's left now, Viscount, Baron, Duke? I already have Viscount Derbyshire or Westport against me, if he just met a baron and a duke, I would have collected all five enemies. This was absurd. Hahaha. Let's ignore it. Ignore it. Today is an important day. It's not a good time for bloodshed.*

Klopp forcibly directed his gaze forward and firmly gripped Rayfiel's soft hand with his own. Rayfiel came even closer and leaned in. At that moment, it felt as if a real knife was jabbed into the back of his head. Hm, this is not going to work. I have to give that greasy face a good punch so...

It was then. The performance that had just reached its climax ended with a lingering note. The audience started applauding. Klopp also joined in the applause and looked to his side, where Marquis Wolflake, as if he hadn't done anything, clapped his hands while facing forward. Klopp, who had been growing increasingly irritated, glared at the Marquis, but suddenly he noticed that the applause grew louder. Without thinking, he also started clapping vigorously and turned his head to the front. And then, he was frozen in temporary shock.

As the conductor introduced, a soloist stepped onto the stage. He was dressed in a suit much finer than those worn by the musicians and holding a gleaming violin in his hands. The guy was always well-groomed, but on this particular day, he had brushed back his unusually shiny blond hair, revealing a white, clean-shaven face that seemed to reflect his personality. Under the flickering lights, his slightly reddened lips were firmly closed as he positioned the violin on his shoulder and exchanged signals with the conductor.

“They say Count Teiwind has an exceptional talent for music, and now we get to hear it firsthand. I really can’t wait.”

Glancing at Rafiel, who gave a small clap of excitement, Klopp looked forward again. In the few days they hadn’t seen each other, Aelock seemed a bit thinner, standing under the spotlight with a slightly melancholic expression. As he gripped the violin string and brought the bow closer, a shadow formed beneath his long and thick eyelashes. Through it, his vibrant blue eyes shone like jewels.

His performance began right away. Klopp didn’t know the title of the piece, but he knew the famous melody well, and it was widely known that it was composed for lovers. As the beautiful violin and the symphony orchestra started their harmony, sighs could be heard from various directions. Even Rayfiel’s hand trembled in his hand, and Klopp also felt as if he was drawn into the music. But what captivated him wasn’t just the heart-stirring music.

The Count’s blue eyes, which sometimes blazed with arrogance, sometimes with coldness, sometimes with anger, were a little wet that day. It wasn’t the violin’s melody that brought it out, it was there from the beginning. Opening his eyes a little, closing them again, the Count strummed his violin with very controlled movements. Occasionally, their eyes would meet and Aelock would make a slight smile.

A gentle breeze ruffled the hem of his jacket a little. And his neatly combed hair too. Leaning his head on the violin as if seeking solace from a lover, Aelock expressed desperation infused with beauty in the form of a beautiful love song.



“It’s so beautiful and yet so sad.”

Rayfiel said, dabbing at the corners of his eyes with his handkerchief. Klopp nodded silently. He couldn’t speak at that moment. And he couldn’t take his eyes off Aelock either. The Count looked incredibly holy and beautiful. Standing there so confidently, it felt like he could vanish like foam in the blink of an eye, leaving behind a profound sense of pathos. Until the performance ended, Klopp had to press his chest with his hand, battling indescribable grief and anguish. It was the best he could do.

Following that, two more pieces were performed consecutively. Standing amidst the shimmering golden lights, surrounded by the melodies, Aelock seemed like the embodiment of the angel of music, Israfil. It was an emotional melody in minor, and nothing could have been more fitting at that moment. The music, the ambiance, and Aelock’s enchanting presence brought tears to the eyes of the omegas around. Klopp, who was suddenly brought back to his senses by a sniffle, gave a small cough and looked around.

As the final piece concluded, enthusiastic applause erupted. Some people even stood up from their seats, including Rayfiel. He immediately rose to his feet, clapping until his palms turned red. And tears were still lingering in his eyes, he occasionally wiped them with the back of his hand.

Aelock, who had just finished his performance, shook hands with the conductor. Then both of them gracefully bowed to the cheering audience. The applause grew louder. Amidst the unending applause, Aelock smiled brightly. He barely managed to step down from the stage after bowing several times. As he descended, the enthusiastic crowd settled back into their seats and resumed the conversations that had been interrupted during the concert. Rayfiel, who had applauded enough times now, shyly lowered his still slightly wet eyes.

The performance was undeniably beautiful, but it left something heavy in his heart, making his throat dry. He took a sip of the champagne from his half-filled glass. Looking beside him, Rayfiel's nose seemed slightly reddened at some point. Tear stains were clearly visible on his napkin.

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“Do you think that the Count had a heartbreak or something?”

Klopp almost blurted out the champagne he was drinking.

“W-What do you mean?”

“Otherwise, how could he play such a performance?”

“No way. There’s no way the Count would experience something like that. He’s so arrogant that I don’t think he could love someone enough to feel that way.”

At that, Rayfiel’s eyes narrowed at Klopp, as if he had been opposed to.

“Everyone is capable of love. I’m sure the Count has someone he loves. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be able to play such a melody. I know you’re not into music, Sir Klopp, but still, you shouldn’t talk about someone like that.”

“Is that so?”

He was surprised to see Rayfiel, who always obediently listened to others, was expressing anger and defending someone. In astonishment, he easily agreed to him. As he did so, Rayfiel, who had been lecturing while wagging his finger, suddenly felt embarrassed and lowered his finger, saying, “I got a bit carried away.” and apologized.

“No need to apologize. It was true that I was in the wrong.”

“If you say that again…”

The blond omega raised his head and was about to say something while looking at Klopp, but he immediately shut his mouth. Following his gaze, Klopp turned his head and understood the reason. The sorrowful expression that had captivated people’s attention just a moment ago had disappeared, replaced by the usual artificial smile as Aelock approached them.

“Hello, Rayfiel.”

“Hello, Count.”

Klopp thought Aelock would at least look his way, but he only greeted Rayfiel. Rayfiel was at a loss for words and clasped his hands together, like an overjoyed girl meeting her idol.

“How was my performance? Did you like it?”

“It was incredibly beautiful. It felt like a heavenly melody.”

“You’re flattering me. I’m not that skilled.”

“Oh no, even though I don’t have much experience, your performance was truly moving. Thank you for inviting me here today.”

Rayfiel showered him with praise. It was genuine admiration, not flattery, but as Klopp listened, finding him cute, somewhat amusing, and a little embarrassing, he let out a fake cough. Then Aelock, as if he hadn’t noticed Klopp’s presence until now, looked at him with a slightly surprised expression, like he was seeing him for the first time. His fair face was adorned with a deeper smile than before.

“And how did you feel hearing my play? Do you agree with your lover’s words?”

“I may not have a deep understanding of music to be qualified to judge, but even to my untrained ears, it was an excellent performance. It would be enough to sell yourself as a performer. At an expensive price that compensates for today’s loss.”

Upon hearing those words, both Rayfiel and Aelock furrowed their brows and stared at Klopp intently. Looking at them up close, although they were clearly different in size and atmosphere, but they were both blond and blue-eyed, which made it somewhat overwhelming.

“A penny-pincher who only cares about money.”

“I would normally take your side, but you went too far just now.”

“ . . . ”

He was at a loss for words.

After a brief greeting, Aelock soon went to greet the other guests as the host of the concert. The people who had been waiting eagerly welcomed him with bright expressions. Watching him, Klopp pondered how he could sell him at

an exorbitant price to compensate for the excess expenses. Perhaps it would be good to focus on theater orchestras notorious for severe exploitation and poor finances, which would teach him the importance of labor and the need to save money. He would understand more about expenses after he has eaten some soggy bread there. Meanwhile, Rayfiel grabbed his sleeve.

“There don’t seem to be many people around.”

Now that he looked, there were quite a few empty seats scattered around the tables. The concert had just begun, so it was unlikely that they had already left. It was probably because it was an emotionally overwhelming concert, and alpha-omega pairs, who had paired up early, had slipped away into the quiet darkness around them. Klopp had a hunch why Rayfiel said that. He slipped a hand around Rayfiel’s waist and escorted him out of the crowded garden.

“You two seem to hit off well.”

With a hint of laughter in Rayfiel’s words, Klopp responded with a displeased expression, “At which part?”

“You’ve been talking so comfortably with the Count. I’ve never seen anyone talk to him so casually.”

“Don’t you two have great conversations together too?”

“That’s not the case. Recently, I’ve been receiving frequent invitations, but the Count is a man of many secrets.”

“Hm, really?”

Earlier, Aelock referred to Klopp as Rayfiel’s lover. He acted as if he knew everything, even with the seating arrangement. Gossip among the aristocrats spread quickly, and there had been indirect mentions of their relationship, so it’s possible that people knew about them. However, it was strange for Aelock to be so considerate. Considering their usual bickerings, it would have been more normal for Aelock to play a mischievous prank or make a snide remark. But today, Aelock didn’t say anything at all. The seating arrangement for only Klopp and Rayfiel, the terribly sad music, and the mournful expression on his face were all unexpected.

*-Do you think that the Count had a heartbreak or something?*

Rayfiel’s words from earlier suddenly came to mind. Then, Klopp looked down at the pretty Omega walking beside him. A chill ran down his spine. It can’t be true, right, Aelock?

For some reason, he felt extremely anxious, to the point of being deeply restless. He had a strong sense that something troublesome would happen if he didn’t propose to Rayfiel immediately.

Feeling desperate, Klopp tried his best to find a suitable place. Near the estate house, where numerous servants were busy attending to dozens of guests, was not an ideal location. Moreover, Rayfiel wanted to be in the rose garden.

There might have been a suitable spot in a dimly lit area where the lamplight didn't reach, but for some reason, every nook and cranny was occupied by people unnoticeably. Occasionally, even embarrassing sounds could be heard in the dark shadows due to the wind. Klopp quickly moved away, blocking Rayfiel's ears with both hands and avoiding those spots. *Damn them all. Why are they causing a commotion and mating in someone else's house?*

"There doesn't seem to be anyone over there."

Klopp followed where Rayfiel pointed. And there, two shimmering silver eyes were gleaming in the darkness, lurking like a wolf in search of prey.

"This place is just like a wolf den. Let's go back."

Klopp grabbed Rayfiel and led him away. After a while, when he was starting to get irritated, he finally found a small empty space. It had a dimly lit lamp that cast an indirect glow, and next to it, a beautiful arch of climbing roses adorned the area. It was a very lovely spot, with a faint scent of roses adding to its perfection. After setting Rayfiel, who looked like he belonged there, under the arch of roses, then, with a slightly trembling chest, Klopp let go of Rayfiel's hand that he had been holding, while brushing away the nervousness.

"Rayfiel Westport."

Calling his full name in a soft and muffled voice, Klopp saw Rayfiel raise his hands together to his chest in a visibly tense manner, then he dropped them and answered shyly.



“Yes, Klopp Bandyke.”

His blonde hair shimmered in the full moon. Rayfiel couldn't even raise his head and kept his gaze slightly lowered, his fingertips trembling slightly, and the sight of them made Klopp's already pounding heart race even harder. Perhaps, the heart in that small chest was feeling the same way too.

He should kneel down and propose immediately, but when it came down to it, it wasn't an easy task. Suddenly, an overwhelming sense of self-doubt and inexplicable guilt engulfed him. He even felt terrified. He felt burdened by the responsibility of turning someone else's precious child into his own. But he couldn't back down here. He would only make himself look ridiculous and, above all, he would hurt Rayfiel.

The shimmering blue eyes looking in this direction were not solely due to the faint lighting. Klopp smiled at the person looking at him and took out a box from his pocket. Upon seeing the velvet box, Rayfiel let out a small gasp of surprise. At the same time, Klopp took a deep breath and knelt down on one knee in front of the person he would spend his lifetime with. And then, when he opened the ring box.

Suddenly, there was a rustling sound from the corner, followed by two people hastily locking lips and stumbling toward them. They were completely absorbed in each other and paid no attention to this side. Klopp, who had just knelt down, couldn't avoid the oncoming individuals. The intruders ended up tripping over him in a grand fashion. Klopp found himself underneath the two of them. As a result, the ring box he was holding flew somewhere in the commotion.

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 Buy Me a Coffee

“Oops! What the!”

“Damn it! Who is it?”

“Oh no, Sir Klopp!”

“There are people here!”

The two people lying on top of Klopp wriggled around without any intention of getting up quickly. Not only did they collide heavily when they fell, but while those wretched bastards crumpled him up like a cheap mattress, Klopp pondered to himself.

*Why? Why is no one helping him? That wolf bastard had to stay in that perfect place and made us end up here, yet why did these pigs still come here and do this! And why did these pigs, who can't even get their own offspring, choose today, of all days, to engage in such a mating act! Why here! Why did they*

*have to interfere with this valuable time? And why? Why did I have this stupid idea to come to the concert organized by that damn count and propose here? This is all a curse. It's a curse.*

Finally, the two men rose up. Immediately, Klopp also got up from his spot. Rayfiel, with a worried gaze, asked, "Are you okay?" but Klopp silently moved away from him.

"It's unfortunate that they're having a date here."

"Ah, darn it. We were having such a nice time. Let's go somewhere else."

They tried to leave without even apologizing, and Klopp grabbed one of their shoulders. The person slapped his hand away as if annoyed and turned around to look at him.

"What was that?"

"It's nothing. Should I call it a wild dog hunt?"

Klopp smirked and grabbed the person's collar with one hand, forming a fist. And then, he swung his fist, pouring out all the irritation he had to endure today.

"Get up. You should take more punches."

“Ugh. Stop.”

“Ah! Stop it! You crazy son of a bitch!”

“Sir Klopp! Please!”

Klopp, without listening to the fed-up Rayfiel who was trying to stop him, continued to twist the swollen neck of his opponent so much that his face became unrecognizable, and he swung his fist further. One of them was already half-dead, writhing on the ground.

“If you alphas really wanted to mate each other, you should have done it where I couldn’t see. You shouldn’t have ruined an important proposal.”

The accumulated frustration since entering the estate, anger towards an inexplicable hostility, and the restlessness that had been bothering him all merged together, completely overwhelming Klopp’s rationality.

He knew he didn’t need to be this angry and trampling. But strangely enough, lately, he’d found it hard to contain his anger. When an indescribable emotion surged to the top of his head, he felt like he’d die if he didn’t vent it in some way, and most of the time, it ended with someone’s sacrifice. Usually, he swung his cane at the ‘bottom’, but today, his opponents were just two unlucky alpha guys.

As his fist struck forcefully, the opponent's nose broke, and blood gushed out. Klopp's fist wasn't unscathed either, and it would probably be difficult for him to grip a pen properly tomorrow. That's why he usually used his cane, but now he didn't have it, so there was nothing he could do. His fist was already covered in blood.

Later, when the limp opponent let out exhaled ragged breath, blood spurted onto the enraged alpha's face. Right next to him, dangling on the strong arm that held his opponent's throat, Rayfiel's face was also splashed with red blood, and in his tender heart, he rushed to Klopp's aid in a panic. However, Klopp didn't spare any attention to him. Rayfiel cried and asked 'what was wrong with him', and Klopp glared at the opponent who was whining and begging, pouring his anger into his words.

"Shut your filthy mouth, you dirty alphas who fuck with each other. Otherwise, you'll spend your whole life eating soup."

The opponent trembled in fear and shut his mouth. After giving him a few more punches, Klopp pushed the unconscious companion, who had been groaning, aside. Unable to escape, the two were pinned down and passed out. It started with personal anger and annoyance, but now it had escalated into intense disgust for the sexual acts between alphas.

It was the worst manifestation of debauchery. Klopp couldn't understand how alphas or omegas could engage in such disgusting behavior. It had become a casual affair among the decadent aristocracy to avoid creating children they couldn't be responsible for, or because they'd fallen in love with a heroine from a vulgar novel they could barely call literature, or because they'd been seduced by the myth that it was awesome. Even when they had spouses, they would enjoy it as a one-time thing, sometimes also having an affair.

But the disgust Klopp felt now wasn't because he was particularly prudish from a social or moral standpoint. As he punched until his fist hurt, Klopp realized where his recent restlessness and impatience had originated from. At the same time, he also realized the cause of his current anger. It was his self-hatred.

The person who was dominating his rationality at the moment was the one who played the violin with a pale complexion as if he could collapse at any moment. Why did that guy keep coming to his mind?

Everything was annoying and unnerving to him, but as soon as the thought that Aelock might have feelings for Rayfiel crossed his mind, what he felt wasn't jealousy of Aelock, but it was jealousy towards Rayfiel. There was no point in denying it. He wanted to quickly propose and firmly establish the relationship between them, to cut off any feelings that shouldn't or couldn't exist. But Klopp's plans had been disrupted by an unexpected intrusion.

He dusted his swelling fist and cursed. His jacket was already wrinkled, and there were probably bloodstains here and there, Martha would probably scold him. He loosened his tie a little as he tilted his neck and wiped away the strands of hair that fell during his one-sided beating. He sighed deeply while looking at the sky. Even with the light of the lanterns, it wasn't enough to find the small ring. He shrugged and scanned his surroundings. Rayfiel was nowhere to be seen.

"Rayfiel?"

*Where did he go? I need to find him. I have to find the ring right away too. He must have been surprised. I've been careful on purpose.* Klopp kicked the unconscious alphas and patted his surroundings in the dark shadows. He needed the ring. It was a mess, but he had to finish the proposal somehow.

In the meantime, he heard several people approaching. Klopp half stood up and turned around to see the astonished host, the butler, and his tear-stained lover, along with the wolf bastard whose presence and reason for coming were unknown. The startled Count, with wide eyes, exclaimed in an unusually loud voice.

“What have you done?!”

“I was teaching some manners to those rude bastards.”

A pale-faced Aelock ran up and grabbed Klopp’s hand, who shrugged nonchalantly. Then, with a stern expression, Aelock said, “You’re hurt.” He was almost on the verge of tears.

“It’s nothing.”

“Nothing? Look at your face covered in blood!”

“It’s not my blood.”

Aelock glared at Klopp and was about to retort, but Marquis Wolflake, who came here for unknown reasons, spoke up.

“He looks fine. But those two over there don’t look fine at all. Can we just leave them like that? It could potentially lead to a major violence scandal.”

The butler was the one who responded. He instructed another maid who had just arrived, “Get a doctor. Bring the first aid kit, bandages, clean towels, and water. Move quietly.” Then he approached the two victims. The butler first wiped the blood from one’s nose with a handkerchief and checked his pulse.

“Just how much did you hit them? Tsk tsk.”

“They’re not dead.”

“Did you intend to kill them?”

As the butler threw a sharp remark at Klopp, footmen appeared and carried the unconscious men into the inner room. The butler followed them along with the maid. A maid, holding another first aid kit, approached Klopp and said, “Your hand needs to be treated.” Aelock took the bandage and began wrapping Klopp’s hand tightly. When Klopp groaned in pain at how hard he was wrapping it, Aelock’s shoulders shook.

“You can’t wrap it like that.”

“Shut your mouth.”



The maid looked slightly concerned, alternating her gaze between Klopp and Aelock. But who could break Aelock's stubbornness? Klopp, the only one who could possibly restrain him, was too exhausted, so he sighed and let it be. Instead, he looked at Rayfiel, who was standing there with tears in his eyes. He was clutching his small chest tightly and sobbing. He felt sorry.

"Rayfiel."

Even though he called him softly, Rayfiel was startled as if thunder had struck. He quickly closed his trembling lips and wiped away his tears with the back of his hand. Aelock, equally startled, approached him.

"Count, I..."

"Ah, right. Of course, Rayfiel should do it. Oh, yes. Here."

As Aelock handed over the bundle of bandages, his hand trembled, and the round piece of cloth rolled on the floor. Rayfiel picked it up, and with an anxious look, he glanced briefly at Klopp before turning away. Rayfiel swiftly unraveled the haphazardly wrapped bandage. Then, he turned to the maid standing beside him and asked, "Do you have a cold towel? It seems like we need to compress his hand."

"Please come to the inner estate. Cold water will be prepared."

"Thank you."

Guided by the maid, Klopp and Rayfiel left their seats. As they passed through the entrance of the garden, the silent Marquis and the slightly agitated Count behind them had their gaze fixed on their backs. Aside from the emotional Count today, Klopp wanted to know what the hell was going on with the Marquis.

Although he had vented enough, Klopp still had some fire in him. He clenched his fist tightly, his teeth gritting down. Rayfiel, who was walking beside him with his arm wrapped around Klopp's waist for support, sensed it and looked up at him with surprise in his eyes. Feeling guilty for continuously scaring him, Klopp forced a smile as he swallowed his anger.

"I'm sorry. I just ruined the whole plan."

"It's okay, as long as you're okay, that's all that matters."

Rayfiel didn't look okay at all, but Klopp didn't say anything. Instead, he pulled Rayfiel closer, his hand throbbing with pain.

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Vol. 2 Chapter 5.5 - The fate flows again



Considering the guest list for today, it was obvious that whoever the two alphas he had knocked down were, they would cause some headaches for him in the future. But Klopp couldn't think of anything right now. Despite having vented as much as he could, there was still lingering inexplicable anxiety, restlessness, and anger. He only wanted to make sure that the small and beautiful omega wouldn't get startled anymore, so he made an effort to smile.

There wasn't much commotion among the Count's guests. However, those who knew exchanged serious glances. The two beaten alphas were influential figures in their respective families, and would undoubtedly cause a big stir if their parents found out the truth that they were engaging in the trend between alphas. The butler quickly arranged for a doctor to come and treat the two alphas before sending them home. Meanwhile, Klopp tried to see Rayfiel off, but Rayfiel declined, saying he was alright.

"You're injured, you should rest."

"But I have something to tell you."

"Do it at another time."

With some hesitation, Rayfiel left a kiss on Klopp's cheek and boarded the carriage that came to pick him up. As the carriage door closed, Klopp kissed Rayfiel's hand that was resting on the window sill, filled with remorse.

“Yes, next time.”

“I’ll be waiting for you.”

Rayfiel smiled, lowering his gaze.

After the carriage departed, Klopp felt extremely depressed, filled with disappointment in himself and regret for disappointing his lover. His chest felt heavy, and he had no energy left. He was about to ask one of the footmen to call a carriage when Aelock appeared out of nowhere and intervened.

“It’s late, go rest. I’ll prepare a room for you.”

“There’s no need for that.”

“You caused an accident in my house. Just in case the victims’ family contacts us, stay here tonight.”

“Regardless, it was them who initiated the violence.”

He made it clear to the Count, who could be a key witness in future conflicts, to firmly take his side’s justification.

“Of course, that’s true for you. But you can’t deny that it was a one-sided assault. And those were influential members of a family that cannot be disregarded in society.”

“Do you mean that it’s wrong for someone powerless and rankless to provoke noble individuals?”

Aelock sneered and raised his voice with a contorted expression.

“That’s not what I meant! They will seek revenge against you no matter what.”

“And I’m not the type to just sit back and take it.”

The Count who was frozen in place still glared at him with his pale face. His shoulders trembled slightly.

“I know that about you better than anyone in this world. But for tonight, stay at this estate. You must be tired.”

“Very well, then.”

In truth, Klopp was indeed tired, and as a legal expert, he knew there were various problems at hand. But, above that, seeing Aelock's exhausted and sad expression, he couldn't help but give in without putting up a fight. If he went back right now, Martha probably wouldn't open the door for him, and staying a night in this spacious estate wouldn't cause a big issue for the owner. Moreover, since the incident occurred in this estate, the Count would end up getting involved. It was better to do as he wanted for the trivial matters.

Soon, a maid appeared and guided Klopp to a guest room. Despite Klopp thanking him, Aelock didn't respond and went somewhere else without a word.

The room the maid showed him was the one he had stayed in when he had first been invited to the estate. Left alone, Klopp felt frustrated and threw off his jacket, loosening his tie and unbuttoning a few buttons on his collar. Then he opened the window and stepped out onto the terrace. The cool night air cooled his heated head. Leaning against the terrace railing, Klopp gazed at the distant sky before lowering his gaze down.

From the window of this room on the second floor, he had a clear view of the rose garden. Now that the soirée ended, the area had been tidied up, left with only tables and chairs. As the servants passed by, extinguishing the lanterns, the lights gradually went out one by one. It was as if the light of the flowers was fading. The blowing breeze felt cool. Klopp closed his eyes and deeply breathed in the air, then exhaled. A faint scent of roses lingered.

Today had been a complete mess. He wouldn't have come to the estate in the first place if he knew it would turn out like this. Pursuing an incompatible romance had only ruined everything. The last look of his disappointed lover haunted him. He would have to do something extraordinary to make up for this mistake. However, no matter how much he thought, nothing came to mind. He should have kept it simple, just like his personality. Wait, but what happened to the ring?

He opened his eyes wide, stood up, and searched his pockets. He looked at the jacket he'd thrown on the bed and remembered. He'd been looking for it after it fell, but he had completely forgotten about it because those other people showed up. Cursing under his breath, Klopp left the room.

In the rose garden, where everyone, including the guests, musicians, and servants, had left, only a chilly breeze blew. Klopp hurriedly rushed out without even putting on his jacket and borrowed a lamp from a passing maid, almost snatching it from her, and headed to where he had beaten those guys from before.

The ring was incredibly important. It wasn't about its value, but because it was a special order from a high-end shop where Viscount Derbyshire had written a special recommendation himself. If he lost the ring on top of ruining the proposal, it wouldn't just be a simple incident; it would be a significant problem for Klopp's reputation. Although that seemed to already happen.

He scanned the area illuminated by the lamp, feeling around with his hand, but all he found were rose petals and silk ribbons that hadn't been cleared away. Some might think this act was very romantic, but it only annoyed Klopp. He searched for a while but couldn't find it. He couldn't even see the box. Even if finding the ring was difficult, he had thought he would quickly find the box. But no matter how much he searched, the box was nowhere to be seen.

"Damn it. Where is that goddamn ring."

He bent down and searched until his back ached and the muscles in his back pulled. He didn't even notice someone approaching from behind. So when he

heard a calm voice saying, “You don’t have to look for it,” he was startled. Turning around, he saw the Count with a faint smile on his face.

“What?”

“Aren’t you looking for this?”

Glaring at him, Klopp straightened his back and stood up as the Count approached, extending a small box in his hand. It was the ring box, and the ring was still inside. Klopp looked slightly impressed as he looked at him. And Aelock smiled again. It seemed that Klopp could now sense a slight difference in his smile. It didn’t appear to be a teasing or joyful smile but rather a somewhat awkward and sad one.

“How did you know?”

“The butler found it earlier.”

It wasn’t a bad excuse, except that he knew the butler had been busier than Klopp or Aelock in treating and sending those two alphas back. Before Klopp could ask how Aelock knew it was his ring, Aelock broke the awkward atmosphere first.

“It seems that your proposal didn’t go well.”



As he smiled again on his pretty face, something stirred in Klopp. It wasn't because the proposal had gone wrong or because the Count was mocking him. It was a kind of poignant sadness that seeped through. Even now, he could still hear the violin in his ears. It wasn't just a performance, maybe it was a plea.

Why was the Count so entangled like this? Klopp had an impulse to see the Count's pale face getting contorted with a genuine appearance, just as he was, not with a mask-like smile.

Even when his beloved lover had just left him with tears on his face, he only wondered how Aelock Teiwind would look on the bed. His lower body felt a surge of heat. This was the worst. He was still holding the engagement ring in his hand. Unable to deal with his torn feelings, he could only express himself with a grim expression and curt words.

"Thank you for finding it. I apologize for causing trouble today, but there's no need for you to meddle in other people's personal lives."

The corners of Aelock's mouth curled up at the cold response. His eyes weren't smiling at all. Instead, they held a depth of indescribable sorrow. Aelock's expression didn't match his gaze, just like Klopp's actions were different from his feelings.

"Right. You can handle it on your own. I apologize for meddling. I just..."

Aelock, who was turning away while answering in a stiff tone, paused for a moment. He stared at Klopp who was deliberately ignoring him, only looking at his direction.

“It’s just unfortunate that your preparations didn’t lead to a good outcome. That’s all, really.”

Leaving behind these words, he disappeared into the other side of the garden, as if carried away by the wind.

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Vol. 2 Chapter 5.6 - The fate flows again



Finding the ring was a relief, but Klopp didn’t expect to meet someone who would cause him to feel such inner turmoil and conflict. He had barely managed to suppress the turmoil he felt earlier, but now it had intensified. It had been an exhausting and challenging day, and he didn’t feel like he could fall asleep in this chaotic state of mind. Since he was already out, he thought it would be better to take a walk. He placed the lamp on the nearby stone steps and put the ring back in his pocket. Then, he walked along the pale moonlit gravel path.

The burning fire within his ribcage and the freezing ice coiled together, causing him great distress. It would have been better if one of them devoured the other, either burning everything or freezing it all. His swollen hands hurt, and his mind was complicated. With the proposal going awry, he had to think

about how to please Rayfiel, but for some reason, all he could think about was the person he had just met.

An intense thirst arose, one that was deeply unsatisfying and unpleasant. Whether he was present or not, irritability and anger surged within him. What made it even more unbearable was that just the thought of his disheveled blond hair and blue eyes was enough to ignite an uncontrollable desire. He acknowledged that the reason for him beating those guys earlier wasn't just because he was interrupted and angry. The burning fire and freezing ice within him intensified. Klopp took a cold breath in and exhaled a hot one, taking step after step. It seemed like this walk was going to be a long one.

The serene night garden, reflected in the blue moonlight, seemed like a world standing on the vague boundary. As the night wore on, the wind blew considerably chillier, but it actually cooled his head. Unlike the burning back of his hands, his fingertips quickly turned cold. Klopp walked through the garden, slowly embracing the coldness that had been building up.

Lost in his thoughts, he found himself in a secluded corner where cedar trees stood in a row, the same ones when he first came to this estate and lost his way to the rose garden.

The path shimmered gracefully, completely different from his memory. Back then, the breaking sunlight sparkled intensely, as if curtains made of light were fluttering. But now, it was completely different. The pale moonlight did not drive away the shadows but rather dyed the edges it touched with darkness. The great, soundless pillars did little more than split the light that seeped in like mist, obscuring the pitiful celestial bodies that could not shine themselves. Only the pebbles hidden in the deep shadows cried out with small screams under the weight of someone's heavy steps.

*How do I get back from here? Maybe I should turn right, toward the estate in the distance.*

Guessing the directions, Klopp walked along the path, illuminated by the barely-there moonlight. The cobblestones glinted in the reflection, resembling stars in the deep night sky.

As he passed through the shadows of the towering trees, something caught his eye up ahead. Between the repeating silhouette of the cedar trees, like a broken kaleidoscope, there was someone standing in the shadows. Unconsciously, he quickened his strides and approached. Standing there absentmindedly, without a single lamp, was Aelock. It seemed he hadn't returned to the estate earlier. The moment Klopp saw him, the fragile balance maintained inside him was instantly shattered, replaced by a rampage of something he couldn't quite name yet.

*Why is he wandering around at night without a lamp?* Of course, Klopp himself was guilty of the same, but he was a person having troubling events on his plate. He couldn't understand what had happened to that guy to make him act so pitifully as if he had borne all the sorrow and suffering of the world since the concert.

It was getting on his nerves to see Aelock standing beneath the moonlight, staring vacantly at the moon. At the same time, Klopp had no desire to approach him, strike up a conversation, or pretend to notice him. Since their first encounter, every meeting with Aelock managed to unsettle him, turning him into a poem, constructed with artistic devices in a space-time realm, merely listing facts without rhetorical ploys. It was better to pass by quietly.

He took a few more steps, then stopped and reconsidered. It would be better to turn back than to continue forward. As he swiftly turned his body, a chilly

wind blew, carrying a strangely provocative scent. It was an odd smell, smelling neither like alpha nor omega.

*No, it smells quite like an omega.* He wondered if there was a newlywed couple nearby, but it was a silly idea. Apart from himself, there was only Aelock in this vast garden.

As usual, just like how his body had often reacted to it before, Klopp couldn't help but grow increasingly turned on by the scent. It was extremely embarrassing, but since there was no one to see him here except for Aelock, the only alpha present on this dark night, he didn't consider it a problem. Aelock wasn't a person who would blatantly stare at that spot so intently to notice his small problem on this dark night. More than that, just when had Aelock been involved with an omega to the point where their scents became a jumbled mess.

Lewd bastard. It seemed like he hadn't even had the time to get a room for himself. It was a waste of the moon, the garden, the wind, and the shadows. To waste such beautiful scenery by indulging in the afterglow of a love affair. What an utter idiot... or not.

He quickly felt unpleasant again. He was so disgusted by his arousal in response to Aelock's lingering scent of his affair that he decided to turn back immediately. However, he stopped once again on the way. In this current state of irritation, he might as well say what he had planned to say since early evening.

This guy paid enough expense to buy a whole house just for a soirée, and if he was going to sleep with someone like that until his body scent was filthy, there was a good chance he was going to cause a serious financial crisis with all his presents. He needed to give him a warning right away. This guy could lose a house overnight, so there was no time to lose.

His turned-on body and anger at Aelock's unknown partner were irrelevant. He was merely giving professional advice as an investment agent and asset manager. The matter was so urgent that Klopp briskly walked and stood behind Aelock in a single stride.

Aelock was so engrossed in himself, that he was unaware of Klopp approaching him until Klopp rested his hands on his shoulders.

"Hey, you."

Calling out with a slightly angry voice, Aelock was startled. He jumped and swiftly turned around, forcefully slapping Klopp's arm away as he did. Due to turning too quickly, he lost his balance and stumbled backward. It seemed like he was about to fall.

"Ah!"

"Oh, my."

Klopp reflexively reached out an arm to support Aelock's slightly skinny back. Although Aelock wasn't particularly large, but he was a fit alpha, so Klopp wobbled as he tried to support him. After a struggle, they both regained their balance. Unintentionally, Klopp naturally wrapped his arm around Aelock's waist and pulled him closer. Aelock grabbed the vest of the person who had held onto him with both hands and let out a deep sigh, lifting his head. Their

gazes intertwined, and for a moment, the awkwardness of their close proximity gave Klopp a great shock.

In the moonlight, clear tears streamed down Aelock's wet blue eyes.

"Aelock?"

"Ah..."

At the sound of his name, Aelock, who had unwittingly come to his senses, grimaced in embarrassment and quickly pulled away from Klopp. Then, he roughly wiped the corners of his eyes with the palm of his hand. Aelock's faint mask was shattered, he looked incredibly sad and pained. The emptiness in his arms, which had felt so satisfying just a brief moment ago, made him become angry once again, and at the same time... right, he felt extremely sorry. It was enough to realize that it hurt his heart. *Why was he crying? Who made him cry? The omega who he had an affair with? That was most likely it.*

"Did you have a heartbreak?"

The words that came out of nowhere sounded sarcastic even to his own ears. While Klopp was inwardly flustered, Aelock lowered the hand that was rubbing his eyes and raised the corner of his mouth, smiling. Turning his head slightly, he glanced in this direction with trembling lips.

"I can get hurt too."

Klopp couldn't make sense of that absurd response.

*What's with him? Did he really have a heartbreak, or is there something else going on with him?*

Klopp remained silent and stared into his wet blue eyes. He couldn't look away from him. The shock was too much. No matter how much Aelock wiped away his tears, they continued to fall, soon smearing his face and dampening the back of his hand. For him to cry this much, he must have loved someone so deeply and had a falling out with them. He didn't expect the arrogant aristocrat could cry that pitifully.

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 Buy Me a Coffee

Come to think of it, until just a while ago, there was nothing unusual about his scent, but it was weird that it suddenly changed. It wasn't something that could happen in just a few hours. Or perhaps he had been meeting an omega for a while, and until now, he had been careful to hide their scent.



If that's the case, that means he only gave his body for them and couldn't win their heart. But he's the Count? He's the Aelock Teiwind. How dare someone do that? Which omega took the Count and played him like a puppet? Klopp was getting multiple shocks. But why did he suddenly feel so furious, wanting to strangle that stupid and pathetic bastard who takes advantage of a perfectly fine alpha?

Being swayed by incomprehensible emotions was a very unpleasant thing. He wanted to give up on tormenting the unknown person who wasn't even in front of him and couldn't even confirm their existence. He sarcastically sneered, his voice twisted by jealousy he couldn't understand.

"If you were heartbroken, it might be better for you to not wander around at night drenched with a scent that would make you pass as an omega. You might end up in a situation with more than a little embarrassment if an alpha passed by and mistook you as one."

Aelock, whose tears hadn't dried, smiled again and retorted, "As long as it's not you."

Although it wasn't a particularly malicious statement, Klopp felt as if sanity was slipping away. Even without that, he was constantly getting turned on, and now that he could even smell Aelock's intoxicating scent which was enough to make his head hurt, he almost lost control of his self-restraint. He clenched his fists tightly. His hand, pressed against the bandage, throbbed with pain, but it seemed to bring him back to his senses.

"Since it's not my concern, you can act however you want with your body, whether as an alpha or omega. But I hope you'll choose someone who doesn't spend money excessively."

He finally managed to utter the words he had intended to say for a while now. It was becoming agonizing to keep looking at him. Why did Aelock have to be an alpha? Klopp bit down on it and glared at Aelock. His tears that had dried started to fall again.

“What’s this? Did you really have a heartbreak?”

Klopp said sarcastically with a furrowed brow, and Aelock wiped away his tears with his already damp hand. Then, without retorting, he turned away from Klopp, intending to leave. That response seemed to come from his sarcasm, as Aelock deliberately nudged his shoulder while passing by. The remaining shred of Klopp’s shallow self-restraint was completely shattered.

Klopp reached out and grabbed the wrist of the figure that had moved a few steps away.

“Hey!”

It came out as a loud shout fueled by his rising anger. Despite Klopp gripping it tightly, Aelock swung his arm vigorously to push Klopp away. At that moment, his tear-dampened hand grazed Klopp’s lips. Like a slap, it was quite painful. In an instant, anger surged to his head, he grabbed Aelock’s wrist again as if he were about to break it.

“You.”

“It hurts, let me go.”

With eyes burning with simmering rage, Klopp glared at Aelock, who was now shedding tears while averting his gaze. Something damp trickled down his lips. When Klopp touched his lips with his other hand, there was clear moisture. It seemed to be the tears that dampened Aelock’s hand when it collided with his lips a moment ago. On instinct, Klopp licked the cold substance on his lips. It tasted sweet. Wait, sweet? For a moment, Klopp forgot that he was still in anger. Aelock’s tears tasted sweet.

“What is this?”

As he wiped away the tears that touched his lips with his other finger, Aelock looked extremely bewildered.

“...I apologize.”

Apologizing in a wet voice, his tears continued to fall. The air felt incredibly awkward. What was he doing, holding onto a person he didn’t want to run into on this moonlit night? After letting go of Aelock’s wrist, which Klopp had tightly grasped, Aelock rubbed his wrist with his other hand and turned his gaze in other directions.

“I hope you forget what you saw today, if you feel even the slightest remorse for the violent incidents you caused today.”

A little quick and sarcastic in tone, Aelock soon turned and walked away to the mansion. Klopp stared blankly at his retreating figure. After Aelock disappeared into the darkness, Klopp licked the moisture still clinging to his index and middle fingers. It was undeniably sweet.

*This can't be right. He's an alpha. What is with that guy? Is his body made of sugar or something?*

The walk he'd begun to take to clear his foggy head and ease his heavy heart had only reaffirmed his unsatisfied lust and added to his unanswered questions. Really, every meeting with the Count had only resulted in troubles.

He knew it wasn't a particularly favorable situation, but the anger of Viscount Westport regarding his violence turned out to be more intense than he had imagined. The Viscount would usually invite Klopp to his home when he wanted to nag him, but this time, he unusually came to his office in the center of town and asked for some time away.

"You don't have to worry about that. It was because they were very rude to me then....."

"I'm well aware of that. But you did that just because of a minor thing. It's not advisable to go into a frenzy over something like that, and besides, your name is now all over social circles. You can't have an engagement like this. At least until the rumors die down."

After the Viscount's unilateral declaration, Klopp found it increasingly difficult to meet with Rayfiel. Whenever he tried to send letters through various routes, there was no response from Rayfiel. Viscount Westport, who was meticulous when it came to matters concerning his children, pushed Klopp away with various excuses. Later on, they managed to meet by coincidence at a tea party hosted by a certain aristocrat, but Rayfiel told him with a very sad expression.

"My father is very angry. It's not about you fighting, but about how I tried to stop you, and you didn't listen."

"I'm sorry."

Rayfiel lowered his gaze to the ground, shaking his head. Lately, his complexion hadn't been good. It didn't seem like a health issue, but perhaps the clashes of opinions with his father were bothering him. But Klopp had nothing much he could say. He could only hope that the Viscount Westport would quickly calm his anger.

The scandal that was expected to die down over time didn't seem to fade away. Not only the victims were the children of prominent families, but someone was constantly spreading hostile rumors about Klopp. Later, during their business discussion, Klopp heard about it from the Viscount Derbyshire.

"You got into a fight, didn't you?"

"Did you hear about it?"

“I hear things even when I don’t want to. So, how bad was it? There are rumors flying around about blood splattering everywhere and bone fragments flying.”

The voice of Viscount Derbyshire, sipping his tea, somehow sounded cheerful, and Klopp frowned for a moment. He told it as it was, without hiding anything about what had happened, and Viscount Derbyshire became even more enthusiastic, interjecting while holding his cup.

“Oh, really? So? Ohoho! That’s what happened, haha!”

When the story was over, he put down his cooled tea and patted Klopp’s shoulder. It felt like his shoulder was about to break from the strong force.

“Of course, alphas can also throw punches. You don’t need to avoid those idiots who come at you. And I don’t like those guys either. You did well. Hopefully, they’ll learn some self-restraint and stop their lowly behavior in the future.”

Klopp had thought that Viscount Derbyshire wouldn’t scold him, but he didn’t expect to receive praise from him too. He smirked and drank his tea.

“But, by the way, do you know Marquis Wolflake?”

“I just know his name and face. We don’t have any particular connection.”

Klopp stiffened slightly at the sudden mention of a name he didn't like. Viscount Derbyshire placed both hands on his ample belly and comfortably leaned back in his armchair.

"You don't know him? That's strange. A few days ago, I met with Viscount Westport, and he was there too. He seemed to have a strong grudge against you. He said you guys were together in Teiwind?"

"Yes. It might have been just a coincidence, but he witnessed the incident that day. I also remember feeling bothered because he had been weirdly staring at me before that."

"Really? Hm. Well, this is troublesome."

Viscount Derbyshire clicked his tongue and lowered his head. Then he looked at Klopp, who didn't understand his words, and gave a bitter smile.

"You should give up on this marriage. The Viscount Westport is a strange man who clings to his sons like a patient with obsessive-compulsive disorder. He seemed to have made up his mind."

He could tell from Viscount Derbyshire's expression without even asking what was on his mind. Despite believing in his capabilities, Viscount Westport didn't think that Klopp's abilities would make him a good husband. He was also urging them to break up before they got engaged. The reason behind their potential breakup seemed insignificant, but it seemed that Klopp's anger and his behavior in front of Rayfiel played a significant role.

Honestly speaking, he was venting out his anger. Klopp had to admit that. It wasn't surprising that the victim didn't press charges, considering their ongoing secretive affair. Moreover, the two alphas must be embarrassed by the fact they got beaten by an alpha, so they chose to keep it hidden. Of course, Klopp had given compensation, which resulted in a setback for his hard-earned wedding funds.

In retrospect, that was the final straw. Viscount Westport's concern was about how Klopp could support Rayfiel and their future children if Klopp ever lost money again through such violence. The reason Viscount Westport and his family held Klopp in high regard was that he was a self-controlled, honest, and hard-working man. It wasn't because he was an exceptional son from a great household or had significant wealth. This meant that if Klopp had any flaws of his own, they wouldn't need to give their precious omega son to him. It was the rationality of a cold-hearted aristocrat.

Fortunately, before this incident, Klopp had a good reputation, and Viscount Derbyshire, who cherished him, held considerable influence in social circles. When rumors started to spread, Viscount Derbyshire quickly quelled them, saying, "Alphas have their temperaments; that's how they are," and put an end to them. Thanks to this, even after their breakup, his business was unaffected.

Rayfiel was deeply saddened, but he didn't love Klopp enough to defy his parents and escape with him. Similarly, Klopp didn't love Rayfiel to the extent of demanding such a sacrifice. Although they had been in a relationship for a considerable time, it was difficult for them to develop a deep relationship considering the times they couldn't meet due to Klopp's busy schedule. They had never even spent a heat together. It was not that their hearts didn't ache, but it wasn't to the point where they couldn't live without each other. They felt sad, but what they had was a relationship where, if it turned out they were not fated, they could let each other go, just that much.



After the breakup was decided, Rayfiel secretly left his estate to meet Klopp without his father's knowledge. At that time, Klopp, who was burdened with heavy thoughts and focused only on work, smiled softly upon seeing him in the office. The two walked together on a secluded path, while a carriage belonging to the Viscount followed behind.

"So, it ended up like this."

"This is because my father is very stubborn."

"No, it's all my fault."

"Sir Klopp."

Klopp glanced at the coachman who was looking in their direction and led Rayfiel to a shady alley. The coachman stopped the carriage and turned his head in another direction. Klopp held Rayfiel's hands and kissed the back of his hands. Even though he understood their circumstances, parting was still upsetting. Tears welled up in Rayfiel's eyes once again. They closed their eyes and exchanged a brief kiss as a farewell. The first and last kiss in the slightly smelly alley wasn't exactly poetic.

Klopp wiped the tears from Rayfiel's wet cheeks with his thumb, then kissed his forehead and hugged him tightly. Rayfiel also hugged him back tightly, but he soon let go. They didn't bid farewell from afar. In the few steps it took for them to reach the carriage, none of them said a word. Rayfiel didn't look back at Klopp as he boarded the carriage.

Watching the carriage going far away, Klopp soon turned around. On his way back to the office, he saw the tear stains on his fingertips and unconsciously licked them. It tasted bitter and salty. Tears were normally indeed bitter and salty. That guy was the abnormal one. Did he take any drugs?

He threw the engagement ring on the desk. And then, he forgot about it.

This marks the end of Volume 2 Chapter 5.

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