

R. Garden 6.2

Vol. 2 Chapter 6.2 - The right one runs away

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“Can an investment agent treat their employer so recklessly? You’re going over the line.”

A cold accusation poured out of Aelock’s mouth. Then he bit his lip and added with a trembling voice.

“Back off. What are you doing with a fellow alpha? As an aristocrat, you should maintain your dignity.”

He showed signs of discomfort, but Klopp, who had no intention of stepping back and only wanting to get closer, defiantly leaned in even closer.

“What... are you doing?”

The trembling voice barely reached his ears. Klopp chuckled and lowered his head to Aelock’s ear.

“It’s something I just learned recently. There’s not much distinction between Alpha and Omega these days. As a distinguished aristocrat, you must be aware of social trends, right?”

Upon hearing this, Aelock stared at Klopp in contemplation. His blue eyes widened and his trembling lips couldn’t close. He looked frozen, like an anxious omega on the verge of heat.

He had already broken up and shown violence, yet the guy who was making him feel worked up was acting like an omega. He was already having unfulfilled desires, this was really stressing his mind. That damned trend. Other people would be disgusting to him, but if it were Aelock, it seemed entirely possible. His scent was refreshing, yet sweet, it was strangely familiar. Even his arms fit perfectly around Aelock's waist, which was quite slender for an alpha. His waist felt like it was made for Klopp's arms. It wasn't overly full or insufficiently thin. Klopp pulled him closer.

As he pressed their bodies closer, his turn-on touched the side of Aelock's hip, and Aelock pushed him away in surprise. However, his resistance was so weak that Klopp doubted whether he was genuinely pushing him away.

Without hesitation, Klopp lowered his head and buried his nose in the fair nape that had been cluttering his vision since earlier. The scent was so enticing that it made his head spin. At this rate, no matter how many times he relieved himself, his excitement wouldn't subside. He moved his lips and lightly bit the nape of the elastic neck, and Aelock, who had been trying to push him away, stiffened. Aelock became tense and shuddered slightly. Klopp moved his hand, caressing under his lower back, then moving downward.

He could feel Aelock's toned, smooth hips and thighs nervously contracting beneath his thin pants. When the large hand reached an intolerable spot, Aelock slightly held his breath, tensed his hips, and twisted his body to escape from his grasp. But it only drew him closer to Klopp. Touching the sensitively turned-on body, Klopp could tell that Aelock was also aroused.

"What's this? It seems like you don't dislike it."

Surprisingly, when he laughed and teased him, the pale-faced Count blushed instantly. He seemed embarrassed and slightly angry, but surprisingly, there was no sign of disgust. The stiffness of his body also seemed to be caused by his excitement.

Thinking in his head, the sweet Omega scent was very unappealing and made him want to tear the faceless bastard to shreds right now, and then messily violate Aelock next to his corpse.

However, his body, which had abandoned his reasoning from long ago, disagreed. The sweet scent, which felt as natural as Aelock's own scent, made Klopp want to knock him down right away. Regardless, the conclusion was the same. Klopp chuckled and slid his lips behind Aelock's burning ear. The man in his arms drew in a breath and protested in an unsteady voice.

"You were the one who beat the alphas, calling them disgusting."

"They are not you."

The shallow, trembling breath came to a halt. The strength in the hand that was pushing him away diminished. The Count turned his gaze away and bit his lip. He seemed to have given up. Satisfied that Aelock had no more intention of fleeing, Klopp, who had been holding onto the door, lowered his hand and wrapped his arms around the white nape of Aelock's neck. He gently caressed the slightly stiff side of his neck and then ran his fingers down his back.

"Are you really sure that you don't have feelings for Rayfiel?"

"I absolutely don't."

He tightened his grip on the back of Aelock's neck, making his head tilt a little. He put his own forehead on the spotlessly clean forehead. They leaned in at an angle, and their eyelashes lightly brushed against

each other, ticklish. A moment later, Aelock's relieved breath reached his ear. Klopp couldn't believe himself. He didn't think he was completely oblivious, but he hadn't noticed it at all. No, perhaps he was in denial and didn't want to see it.

"You expect me to believe you when you acted so much like an asshole."

"I don't know what you're talking about, but you were the one who started acting like an asshole."

"You have truly peculiar tastes."

Teasingly pressing his lips against the reddened ear, Aelock must have felt ticklish, he exhaled a few short breaths and then said.

"Just think of me as being sensitive towards trends."

"That's amusing. Considering what you were saying just a moment ago."

"Don't mock your customer, I'll fi..."

He probably wanted to say he would fire him, but Klopp couldn't let that happen. There had been cases where Klopp resigned beforehand, but there had been no instances of him getting fired. So he prevented that from happening. With one arm tightly pulling his waist close, he firmly grabbed the back

of Aelock's neck with his other hand, making sure he couldn't turn his head and avoid him. Then Klopp swallowed those seemingly soft lips. As their breaths became slower, they began making wet sounds.

Just as he imagined, no, even beyond his imagination. Aelock's lips were incredibly soft and supple. After lightly pressing his lips against the slightly cool lips, he parted them and then pressed again, extending his tongue inside. He explored the warm and smooth interior of the lips, going deeper.

As the kiss deepened, Aelock showed a daring move and thrust his tongue forward. He naturally placed his other hand on Klopp's arm and drew him closer. Contrary to the teasing and mocking from before, their kiss made him feel like he knew everything about him.

Klopp's arms strengthened around the body that fit so perfectly in his arms. While at it, he slid his knee forward and slipped between Aelock's slender and firm legs. As he grazed the hardened center with his thigh, Aelock, who had been engrossed in the kiss, suddenly gasped and pulled away. His blue eyes, which were melting in the kiss a moment ago, suddenly flashed with fear.

"Stop!"

"Why?"

Klopp, who was earnestly exploring his graceful body, was taken aback when Aelock suddenly broke the kiss and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. He felt a bit offended, but he ignored it and tried to wrap his arms around his waist again, only to be forcefully pushed away by Aelock with all his might this time.

As Klopp lost his balance due to the sudden attack, Aelock quickly opened the door and fled. Klopp just watched, dumbfounded, until the sound of the distant footsteps brought him back to his sense. He chased after Aelock, but it was too late.

“Aelock!”

Ignoring his call, Aelock quickly got on the Count’s waiting carriage. The carriage departed immediately before Klopp could catch up. It disappeared into the distance, slicing through the cold and heavy night air. This was unbelievable. The sensation of their lips touching hadn’t even faded.

“Damn it. What the hell was that? After how he drove me crazy.”

Klopp wanted to chase after him immediately, but he couldn’t leave the office, which was littered with important documents everywhere. While cursing, Klopp returned with heavy footsteps, forcefully shut the office door, and locked it from the inside. Then he sat down at his desk, but he couldn’t even see the documents in front of him.

“Why did he suddenly run away like that?”

Seeing his frightened look at the last moment, it seemed to be a belated rejection from his body memory. It would clearly be pathetic of him to run back to his estate now. Moreover, until now, he had never been rejected in such a way by anyone, so it even hurt his pride.

Despite having broken up with Rayfiel not too long ago, his thoughts were consumed entirely by Aelock. He tried to focus on work, but he failed. He had to masturbate himself to the lingering scent left by the mean guy who suddenly appeared out of nowhere, played with him, and then disappeared.

Damn it. Now it has come to this.

After he finished, while sitting back and staring blankly at the ceiling, Klopp had thought. Since it had come to this, he decided to accept it, be true to his instincts, and resolve not to give up regardless of how the other person will respond.