

## R. Garden 6.4

Vol. 2 Chapter 6.4 - The right one runs away

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Klopp never figured out what happened that was so horrible that Aelock never want to go through it again. Aelock's condition looked very unwell, and in the end, he refused Klopp, retreating to a corner as if he were having a seizure.

Klopp tried to approach him, crouching down and trying to embrace him to provide comfort, but Aelock panicked and evaded him, fleeing to a different corner. Thus, Klopp couldn't say anything more. The intense rejection caused excruciating pain that felt like a knife twisting in his gut, but he didn't show it outward. Seeing Aelock so terribly afraid of him gave him a painful and strange urge to cut himself, instead of succumbing to anger and violence out of frustration. He truly seemed to have lost his mind.

"...The investment plan and related documents for this month are on the desk. Look them over, sign them, and bring them to me."

"..."

Aelock continued to turn away. The air in the study, which had been perfectly fine until a moment ago, felt as if it were laced with poison, corroding his lungs with each breath. His exhaled breath carried a pungent smell of burning flesh. Klopp couldn't stay in such a suffocating space any longer. Klopp, with his head throbbing and his vision blurred, took as fast steps as he could, half running, to escape from that hellish place.

Passing by the bewildered servants who were looking at him strangely, he leaped out of the entrance of the estate into the cooler air, and only then did he loosen the tie around his neck and draw in a ragged breath. Even though he hadn't taken more than a few breaths of the contaminated air, he felt a surge of nausea twisting inside him.

He hurriedly walked, clutching onto the trunk of a nearby tree in the darkness, crouching down, and finally vomited out. Although he hadn't eaten anything, after gagging out some strange, lump-like substance, he felt slightly relieved, but immediately his esophagus burned as if it were on fire. Since the corners of his mouth were wet, he took out a handkerchief and wiped his lips before returning to the entrance. One of the footmen, who had seen him rushing out, quickly prepared a carriage.

"Thank you."

"Sir... Bandyke? There's blood on your lips..."

The footman, startled, pointed at Klopp with his finger, forgetting his rudeness. Only then did Klopp look down at the handkerchief and was surprised. The white handkerchief was covered in blood. Although he was horrified, he naturally folded the handkerchief inside out and wiped his lips, saying, "I think I have a small cut on my lips." Then he turned his body toward the carriage.

Just as he was getting on the carriage, he suddenly felt a gaze on him and raised his head to look at the lit window nearby. Aelock was standing there, watching him. With one hand against the window, he looked as if he were crying. The denial from earlier had already disappeared. He was just staring at Klopp with eyes full of pain and sadness.

I guess he would need some time.

Klopp held his blood-soaked handkerchief and got on the carriage. The carriage quickly left the estate.

It was the first time he had vomited blood. Although he was an aristocrat, he didn't have much support. He knew very well that his greatest asset since he came to study in the city was his healthy body, so he always moved within reasonable limits without pushing himself too hard. But now, all of a sudden, he was vomiting blood. Perhaps it was a serious illness. His sense of smell had become strange, and his brain was running wild. Maybe this was something more than just being drawn to Aelock, maybe it was a sign of some illness. He really needed to see a doctor.

The doctor's diagnosis was nothing special. There was no specific illness, and it was simply that the psychological pressure was affecting my body and causing gastric bleeding. The prescription he gave was to reduce work and rest well. A vacation would even be better.

But that doctor was wrong. This wasn't caused by work or even rest. It was true that it was due to psychological pressure, but it wasn't caused by overwork. There was only one thing pressuring him, and that was Aelock Teiwind.

It was somewhat surprising even for Klopp to think about it. To put it more bluntly, he could only laugh at the absurdity of it all. He hadn't realized how much he'd fallen for Aelock. Just as Aelock said, he hadn't even broken off his engagement not too long ago, but Klopp was craving him so much, to the point of vomiting blood. He should have realized it when he started having those strange dreams every night and thinking about every move and word from Aelock. This was an abyss with no answer.

If Klopp gets rejected by Aelock again, he would surely dry up and die. So Klopp tried his best to be cautious. More than that, the fever in his body was rising because Aelock was avoiding him like he was a bug.

Aelock was being desperate. Klopp was certain that Aelock had some feelings for himself, but now he was more confused. They talked without confirming that fact, the conversation was full of just exchanging nonsense, so he began to doubt if it was not another misunderstanding on his part. At that, his stomach dropped to the floor.

There was only one time Klopp had felt good since meeting Aelock. It was that one time when they kissed. If it wasn't for that kiss, Klopp might have had a seizure by now. Even though it was also because of that kiss that he was vomiting blood now.

In order to discuss financial matters, Klopp tried to visit the estate, but Aelock made excuses not to meet him. The one to greet Klopp was the cold butler. He wrote a note among the documents that would reach Aelock, saying, 'Are you not going to see my face anymore?' but he received no response.

He undoubtedly got his heart broken. Probably, it was during the *soirée*, and whoever it was must have deeply wounded Aelock. He wanted to find out who it was and burn them alive. It had to be an omega, but he couldn't guess who it was.

Is it that woman in the green dress? Should I get information on her?

Klopp clicked his tongue when he realized he'd been absentmindedly dotting the paperwork he was filling out.

He didn't want to provoke Aelock if possible, but sometimes he felt like he was going to die after swallowing a gulp of blood, so he used the documents as an excuse to visit the estate. Inside the rushing carriage, half-losing his mind, Klopp resented Aelock.

Aelock is so skillful in kissing and had so much sex with that omega to the point their scents mingled, but he doesn't want to do any of it now? I'm not interested in a body that has been sleeping around everywhere with everyone too!

He gritted his teeth for nothing. Klopp felt like a dog that had a delicious treat snatched away right in front of its nose, but he denied that he was delirious with the desire to fuck Aelock. It was more of he firmly believed that he wasn't, but soon his patience would reach its limit.

Alright, I'll admit it. If he couldn't fuck Aelock, he felt like he would go insane. He wanted to pound into Aelock mercilessly until those sweet tears streamed down from his eyes. He would fuck him while licking his tears that tasted like sugar water.

He was fantasizing endlessly in his half-crazy mind, yet Aelock was nowhere to be seen. His patience, which had now been laid bare and dried up, couldn't hold him back from his rampage. Thinking that Aelock would be inside the estate, if he managed to catch him there, he would make sure his legs wouldn't be able to move for the whole day right then and there. He pushed aside the servants who tried to stop him and thoroughly searched the estate, but there was no sign of Aelock. Klopp turned to the butler with a murderous fury in his eyes.

"Where is that bastard?"

The butler seemed slightly startled by his threatening tone, but he calmly replied.

"The Count has gone on a holiday."

"A holiday?"

"Yes. The Count occasionally takes a week off to rest at his countryside villa."

“Where is that?”

“I don’t know that either.”

Klopp grabbed the butler by the collar and shook him, but the butler held on, saying he didn’t know. It didn’t seem like he would open his mouth even if Klopp pressed further, and his demeanour suggested that he really didn’t know, so Klopp let him off the hook. However, swallowing blood inside his throat, Klopp didn’t forget to warn the butler, making a face enough to be called a demon. The butler spoke with a cold glare.

“The Count will not return here for a while. Please refrain from entering the estate in the future.”

“Alright. Just wait until I find Aelock.”

Ignoring whatever the butler said, Klopp left the estate. The newly hired coachman opened the door for him. As he got on the carriage, Klopp raised his hand and gave his farewell to the butler through the window. If he actually knew and was hiding Aelock, there might be two dead bodies today. One from fatal assault and the other from rape.