

Paragon 107

Chapter 107 - 107: This feels soft and nice.

"Explode!" Klaus shouted.

For a brief moment, time seemed to freeze, an eerie silence enveloping the forest. Then, with a blinding flash, the orb detonated. The explosion originated from within the ball of fire, instantly flooding the forest with a crimson glow.

The Zombie, which had been moving toward the orb, was reduced to ashes—or rather, runes. The orb's fiery eruption consumed it entirely, leaving only scattered runes behind. Martin, who was only a few meters away, was also engulfed by the flames and died instantly, again.

Klaus, who had managed to reach the barrier before the explosion, felt his life force slipping away. Desperately, he summoned the Ice Lotus and channeled every last bit of energy he could muster into the second star, activating the Absolute Ice Domain.

As the fire spread, shockwaves seemed to cleave through the very earth, charging in all directions. Klaus was prepared for a tough fight but underestimated the tribulation's intensity. While the tribulation cloud was nearly dissipated, he had inadvertently created a new fire tribulation for himself.

He could run away, but that will be a mistake seeing he can't outrun the shockwave, so he has to brave it and hope he didn't reduce to ashes himself.

Crack

Suddenly, the lotus flower began to crack, its light dimming. The fire and shockwaves battered the ice domain, causing it to weaken by the passing seconds.

Crack

It cracked again. Klaus's heart shuddered. The flame was now more powerful than before. He had overestimated the zombie and Matin by making the fireball too strong. But that was a mistake since he now lacks enough Star Qi to power the ice lotus.

Boom! Shattered!

Suddenly, the flower exploded, and the fire charged straight at Klaus. His heart stopped, and his eyes widened as he saw his life flash before him.

'I'm about to die. How disappointing,' Klaus sighed, facing his imminent death. The flames slashed at him. Even from 300 meters away, his clothes were incinerated, leaving him completely naked as he stared death in the face. His skin started showing signs of melting.

'Damn, I'm dying butt naked,' Klaus thought, a smirk forming on his lips. Everything seemed to slow down as the fire surged toward him.

Suddenly, a searing pain erupted from one of the star tattoos on his back. His vision blurred, as the pain sank into his body.

'What's happening?' he wondered, but there was no answer since he had no idea what was happening himself. Suddenly, a large golden ring with three triangles appeared behind him. Tiny, atomic-like stars spun within the triangles, as golden energy surged from them.

The golden energy formed a protective dome around him just in time to shield him from the fire. Klaus bit down hard on his tongue as he watched the flames hit the dome and spread around it. He expected the sea of flame to hit his body but it parted around the golden dome.

Shortly after, the sea of flames passed making him sigh in relief.

"It's over," Klaus said, collapsing.

"Yes, it's over. You can rest now," a voice said from behind him. Klaus heard the voice but lost consciousness before he could see who it was. Just before he hit the burnt ground, a hand grasped him and lifted him away.

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[Note: The below will contain some adult stuff. 18+!!!!]

Klaus felt like his head was splitting open. His vision was still blurry and distorted, and he could feel one side of his face resting on something soft. Feeling the softness, the headache suddenly disappeared, but the lingering unease remained.

Instinctively, Klaus turned his head to the other side, still nestled in the softness. His mind didn't dwell on it as he drifted back into sleep. After a while, he began to stir, slowly waking up.

"This feels soft... and nice," Klaus mumbled as he reached out with his hand, feeling the thing beneath him. As he started to wake up fully, his head lifted slightly, and then—he froze. His hand was still resting on what he'd been sleeping on.

'Oh no,' Klaus thought inwardly, but it was too late. He felt something pointy, something firm under his touch.

'Oh, no...' he repeated in his mind, instantly recognizing what he was holding. But before he could move away, a calm voice broke the silence.

"Enjoying what you're touching?"

When Klaus heard the voice, he froze, his body stiff with dread. He recognized it instantly—Ohema. For a moment, he was dumbstruck.

'But how is she here? What is she doing here?' Klaus wondered, cursing inwardly. His hand was still on Ohema's Boobs, and in his panic, he forgot to let go.

Slowly, he lifted his head and met her gaze. Ohema was looking back at him, a playful, mocking smile on her lips. "Don't worry," she said teasingly. "I won't bite. Feel free to examine for as long as you want."

Klaus felt his heart sink. He knew he'd lost. He had no comeback for this—nothing could salvage his pride now. This was too embarrassing. He had lost entirely, and Ohema knew it.

Klaus immediately let go and tried to dash away, but a firm hand grabbed him before he could escape. He stumbled and fell back, his face landing directly between two soft, warm "mountains" that greeted him with a mocking smile.

"You're still not fully healed," Ohema said in a teasing tone, holding him firmly. "Take it easy. Don't make any sudden moves. Relax, enjoy your recovery time. Your Sugar Mummy has your back."

Klaus felt his face flush with embarrassment. 'I'm done for', he thought as a hot sensation spread through him. His hand instinctively moved to his hip, and he felt a fabric. He sighed in relief but quickly realized something strange.

'Wait... the fire burned all my clothes, even my underwear. So, how am I wearing new underwear?' His mind raced with confusion. What is happening?

Ohema held him tightly against her chest, her grip surprisingly strong. Klaus didn't even bother trying to resist—his strength felt insignificant against her hold.

"Don't worry, you're not naked anymore," Ohema teased, "but you might want to have a chat with your dragon. He seems to be having some... ideas."

'Subtle, Ohema. Learn to be subtle', Klaus thought, his face flushing with embarrassment. Thankfully, she couldn't see it with his face still nestled between her two soft "mountains."

Desperately trying to shift away, Klaus twisted his body to hide his... predicament. But, somehow, he ended up lying back against her chest, his face turned upward. Worse yet, his now very obvious bulge was fully visible, printing hard in the tight underwear.

Ohema's face suddenly appeared in his view from overhead, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "It's perfectly normal, Mr. Pretty Boy," she said with a wink. "This just proves you're not all bark and no bite. And don't worry, I promise I didn't touch too much when I dressed you in those pants."

"Here, let me help you with that," Ohema said with a sly grin as she started to extend her hand toward his bulge.

"I-I can handle it myself!" Klaus finally spoke, quickly using his hand to adjust the situation, shifting his bulge so it rested between his legs, though still noticeable through his pants.

"You couldn't have given me something with a bit more room?" Klaus asked in a slightly raised, frustrated tone.

"Hey, those were the only pants I had that belonged to a guy. You should consider yourself lucky—it could've been much worse," Ohema said teasingly, her hand now casually caressing Klaus's chest.

"Hey, what are you doing? This is not helping!" Klaus protested as he felt his "dragon" stirring again.

"Oh, come on," Ohema replied with a mischievous smile. "You're a guy; I'm a lady. It's perfectly fine." She then playfully pinched his nipples, sending an unexpected jolt through Klaus's body.

"I should be the one doing this, not you! This is beyond embarrassing! How did I end up in this situation?" Klaus groaned, exasperated. "I'd rather face another tribulation than deal with this!"

"Feel free, Klaus," Ohema said with a smile, her eyes gleaming. "My body is yours. Do whatever you want. I won't bother resisting."

"Not falling for that—I already have a girlfriend," Klaus said firmly.

"Oh really?" Ohema teased, grinning. "Have you ever touched your girlfriend's boobs? And has she ever touched your, well, dragon? You and I are on a whole different level, Klaus. Hehe, that dragon of yours is quite impressive for someone your age."

"Ohema," Klaus sighed, "what happened to your elegance and poise? Why are you being so... naughty?"

"Well," Ohema chuckled, "I guess all your teasing these past weeks changed me more than I thought. But now that we're here... how about we take it to the next level?" she asked, brushing her hands over his chest again.

"You do realize this is harassment, right?" Klaus raised an eyebrow.

Ohema tilted her head playfully. "Do you feel harassed?" she asked, her smile never faltering.

"No... I mean, yeah... a little. What's wrong with me?" Klaus hesitated.

"You see," Ohema whispered, her palm still gently gliding across Klaus's chest, "you want this. So why hold yourself back? You might not get another chance. Make the best of it."

"I'm not falling for that," Klaus said, his voice steady, though his body betrayed him.

"I don't believe you for a second," Ohema responded with a sly grin as her hand ventured lower, just below his belly. Klaus's "dragon" jerked involuntarily.

"Damn it," Klaus cursed softly, turning to stare at Ohema, his resolve weakening.

"Go on, say it," Ohema teased, her smile widening. But before she could savor her victory, Klaus moved swiftly, and their lips locked.

Ohema's eyes widened in surprise as Klaus's tongue slipped into her mouth. 'What's happening?' she wondered, her mind racing to catch up. But her thoughts faded as the sensation of his lips deepened. She found herself lost in the kiss, though deep down she thought, I wanted you to say 'please,' surrendering to the moment instead.

Ohema was completely out of her league now. She never expected this—not the kiss, not even in her wildest thoughts. All she wanted was to tease Klaus, to get him to beg, to say "please" and surrender to her. But in a twist of events, they were kissing. And, much to her own shock, she didn't want it to stop.

When Klaus finally broke the kiss, he looked at her smugly. His confidence was palpable. "You're mine now, Ohema," he said softly but firmly. "Your body, everything—it's all mine."

Ohema swallowed hard, her heartbeat quickening. What just happened? She gulped again, feeling a sudden unfamiliar heat rising within her.