

Paragon 108

Chapter 108 - 108: Getting Some [Bonus]

Ohema stared at Klaus for a whole minute, utterly speechless. She had no idea what to say, her mind racing in every direction. Klaus, meanwhile, watched her smugly, clearly enjoying the power shift. After a moment, he casually lay back down, his head once again resting between her "mountains."

"If you come out of your trance, let me know," Klaus said with a chuckle, closing his eyes as if he hadn't a care in the world.

Ohema looked down at the white-haired boy resting on her chest and felt an overwhelming urge to shove him off—just to wipe that smug look off his face. But she held back, her emotions a mess. For some reason, her heart was racing faster than it ever had before.

'What is happening to me?'

'He's just an awakened brat...Not even a Saint yet'

'Wait, who am I kidding? There are plenty of Non-Saints out there doing far worse things.'

'But why do I feel this way? Do I... do I actually like him?'

Her thoughts spiraled, leaving her confused and vulnerable in a way she hadn't expected.

'This wasn't supposed to go this way.' Ohema's mind raced with confusion. 'I was the one who should be laughing, not him.'

'Did I lead him on?'

Thoughts swirled through her mind so quickly that she didn't even notice when Klaus fell asleep. As he turned and rested his face between her "mountains," it was clear now that it was intentional. Inside, Klaus was laughing like a maniac.

'Serves her right,' he thought with a smug grin. 'But this works out well. I won't have to do much now. If I play my cards well, I might get some'

As Klaus lay there, seemingly content, Ohema's heart raced, conflicted between frustration and something she couldn't quite place.

'I've fallen for this brat. How strange,' Ohema concluded, though she wasn't ready to accept it just yet. Just as she was grappling with her feelings, Klaus shifted, resting the side of his face against her "mountains." As he adjusted, his body inadvertently pressed against her thigh, his bulge now resting there.

Ohema's body stiffened immediately. "Oh, come on, it's not like you haven't seen or touched it before," Klaus said, feeling her reaction.

"That was different. I was just dressing you," Ohema retorted.

"Don't worry. This body is all yours now. No need to be shy," Klaus said with a mischievous grin.

"Put on some clothes," Ohema demanded.

"Nope. I'm perfectly okay this way," Klaus replied, smirking as he settled back comfortably.

"You—" Ohema began, struggling to find her words.

"What is it? Do you want me to stop?" Klaus asked, his tone playful yet sincere.

"No... I mean, yes," Ohema stammered, but Klaus simply smirked and settled back into his position.

"You know, Ohema, I'm really happy right now. I thought I was going to die today. So thank you. And after today, if you don't want to see me again, I won't be mad. But... can I stay like this for a while?" Klaus asked, his voice softening.

Ohema felt a pang in her heart as she listened. She had seen Klaus's tribulation from start to finish and knew just how close he had come to the end. Hearing him express such vulnerability made her own heartache. Tears began to fall down her cheeks without her realizing it.

She remembered the moment when the fire raged around Klaus. She didn't know what he had been thinking, but she had seen the smile on his face despite everything.

"Klaus," Ohema started again, but her voice faltered.

"It's alright," Klaus said gently, wiping her tears away. "I'm glad you're here with me now." He then reached for his phone to call his mother.

"I've already called her. I told her I'm with you and that you'll come back tomorrow," Ohema interjected, stopping him from dialing.

"Uh, how did you get her number?" Klaus asked, looking at her curiously.

"I called your assistant and got it from her," Ohema replied with a smile.

"You see, I made the right choice. Thoughtful and cute—you'll make a great wife," Klaus said, leaning in to kiss her again. Ohema blinked, taken aback and unsure of how to respond.

"So, wife, do you want us to continue what we started, or should we put a pin in it for now?" Klaus asked with a mischievous smile.

"Who's your wife? Keep dreaming," Ohema retorted, though a smile tugged at her lips.

Klaus chuckled at Ohema's playful denial but noticed the soft smile she couldn't quite hide. He settled back comfortably, making himself at ease between her and the soft surface beneath him.

"Alright, alright," Klaus said, still grinning. "I'll give you a break for now. But don't think I'm letting you off the hook that easily."

Ohema rolled her eyes, though her smile remained. "You're impossible, you know that?"

"And you're incredibly patient," Klaus replied, his tone softening. "I guess we balance each other out."

There was a brief moment of comfortable silence between them. Ohema glanced at Klaus, her thoughts still swirling with the earlier chaos and the unexpected tenderness of their shared moment. She found herself wrestling with the conflict between her feelings and the playful banter they had been sharing.

"So, what's the plan now?" Ohema asked, breaking the silence. "Do we just stay like this, or is there something else you want to do?"

"As soon as that calms down, I'll dress up, and we can leave this forest," Klaus said, gesturing to his dragon. Ohema's gaze followed his hand, but she immediately blushed when she saw the hardened dragon.

"What, want to help me out?" Klaus teased with a mischievous grin.

"In your dreams," Ohema shot back without hesitation.

"Don't be like that, wife; your husband needs you," Klaus said, putting on his most endearing puppy face. Now that he had reached the Master stage, his presence was even more captivating. His golden eyes seemed to shine with an almost irresistible allure.

Ohema found herself lost in those eyes, her resolve crumbling under their intense gaze. Look away, look away, she repeated to herself, but somehow, she couldn't pull her eyes from him.

Klaus noticed her struggle and let out a soft, knowing chuckle. "Looks like you're having a hard time resisting," he said gently.

Ohema tried to regain her composure, clearing her throat. "Stop teasing me. You know this isn't fair."

"Fair?" Klaus questioned, raising an eyebrow. "Life's not always fair, but I like to think we can have a little fun with it."

Ohema sighed, her blush deepening. "Alright, alright. But just so you know, this doesn't mean you've won me over entirely."

"Winning you over is a work in progress," Klaus smirked. "But for now, I'm happy with this little victory."

Klaus beamed with a victorious grin, clearly pleased by the turn of events. Ohema, having made her promise, had no choice but to follow through. She reached toward his shorts, her face a mild embarrassment.

Klaus, feeling the shift in the atmosphere, took a deep breath, preparing himself for the moment. His golden eyes sparkled with a blend of anticipation and playfulness.

As Ohema's hand made contact, Klaus felt a rush of adrenaline. This was a step into a different world, a big boys' game he had never quite imagined himself in before.

Ohema's fingers were surprisingly gentle, and despite her initial reluctance, she handled the situation with a surprising amount of care and professionalism.

Klaus couldn't help but chuckle softly, breaking the tension. "Well, this is definitely a new experience."

Ohema shot him a look, her cheeks flushed. "Don't get too comfortable. This doesn't mean you've won me over completely."

"Winning you over might take some time," Klaus said, still smiling. "But for now, I'm enjoying the ride."

And just like that, Klaus took the first step toward the big boys' game.

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"So, what's next?" Ohema asked, glancing away from Klaus.

Klaus, now dressed in black trousers and an oversized brown t-shirt, smirked as he watched her antics. "We're heading home to see the mother-in-law," he said, taking her hand. They began to walk away from the cave where they had been.

After the tribulation, Ohema took Klaus to a cave to rest. Surprisingly, even in his sleep, Klaus had clung to her, which explained the awkwardness when he woke up.

As they made their way to the outer section, the shuttle was just about to depart. They boarded it, and soon enough, they were back at the border. Kofi was waiting for Klaus with the car.

Klaus had called him during their journey back to the border. When Kofi saw Ohema, he was taken aback. He seemed to recognize her but couldn't quite place her. The guards had the same reaction.

They got into the car and started driving. To Klaus's surprise, Ohema didn't protest about meeting his mother. Given their growing relationship, it felt natural to take this step. They've already taken a big step in their relationship, so it only felt natural.

Shortly after, they arrived at Klaus's home.

"Mom, I'm home!" Klaus called out as usual.

His mother appeared from the kitchen, her face brightening when she saw him. "Klaus, you're back!" She then noticed Ohema standing beside him. "You must be Ohema. I've heard so much about you. I must say, you're even more beautiful in person."

Ohema smiled shyly. "Nice to meet you, Mother-in—" She caught herself, glancing at Klaus. He was grinning, which made her cheeks flush even more. When she looked back at Klaus's mother, her blush deepened.

"Nice to meet you too," Klaus's mother said warmly. Ohema, now blushing like a tomato, moved to hide behind Klaus. Klaus's smile widened at the sight, and his mother gave him an approving thumbs up.

Clearly, his mother was impressed by how Klaus had managed to charm Ohema. "Klaus, make her feel at home. I'll have dinner ready soon," she said with a smile.

Klaus nodded and led Ohema away to his room. His mother watched them go, a thoughtful smile on her face.

'This kid's got more game than I expected,' she mused to herself before heading back to the kitchen.