

Paragon 109

Chapter 109 - 109: Taking a Bath Together [Bonus]

Ohema was completely out of her depth. Her plan to tease Klaus had backfired in an unexpected way. She found herself thinking about many things after Klaus kissed her, but it all came down to one question: was she in love with the white-haired pretty boy?

She was older than him, and their differences created gaps she couldn't fully understand. Was this love or just a fleeting experience that could disappear as quickly as it came? Ohema didn't have the answers. All she knew was that she didn't want Klaus to ever feel alone.

When she had seen his expression right before he almost died, it had caused her an indescribable pain. And though she might try to deny it, the past few weeks had been some of the best in her life. Klaus was always calling her, or she was calling him, only to end up blushing over his playful and often shameless remarks.

Maybe that's why she had wanted to tease him, too, to test the waters. But she had underestimated Klaus.

The shameless rogue had clearly been scheming with his mother on how to capture her heart. And when he saw his opportunity—a rare, one-in-a-million chance—he seized it without hesitation. Strangely enough, he succeeded. Ohema was his now, and the night was still far too young.

"This is my room. Cute, right?" Klaus said as he led Ohema inside. She stood for a moment, gazing around and taking in the space.

"So... how many girls have you brought to this bed?" Ohema asked, unable to think of anything else and going for the most obvious—a jealous remark.

Klaus grinned, stepping closer almost instantly. "Just Lucy. You'd be the second. What do you think? Will I get lucky tonight?" His gaze locked onto hers, and Ohema gulped, feeling her face heat up.

"You... you..." she stammered, unable to form a proper response.

"Hehe, look at you, all blushing and cute," Klaus teased with a smirk. "Relax, I won't do anything you're not comfortable with." He took a step back, giving her space.

Ohema sighed, her heart still racing. "You should take a bath," she suggested, trying to shift the topic.

"True," Klaus agreed, casually pulling off his shirt. As he started walking toward the bathroom, he suddenly stopped and turned back to face her.

"You should, too. After all that action in the forest, you could use a fresh start. Wanna join me?" he offered, his eyes playful. Ohema's gaze instinctively dropped toward his waist, and she gulped again, unable to stop herself.

"Keep dreaming," Ohema said, though her voice was shaky and not as convincing as she'd hoped.

"Suit yourself," Klaus shrugged casually. "I'm going now." He turned and continued toward the bathroom.

Ohema watched him walk away, a sudden pang of disappointment hitting her.

'He's just... leaving? Without even trying harder?'

'Did I make things too difficult?'

'Is he pitying me?'

'Wait, why am I disappointed? Do I actually want this?'

'Oh no... I do want this. But how do I say it? He's leaving! What do I do?'

'What's wrong with me? I'm his woman now. This is perfectly normal... Yes, this is fine...'

Ohema's mind raced as she watched Klaus move further away. She felt torn—part of her wanted to join him, but another part of her hesitated, uncertain if she was truly ready.

Just as Klaus was about to open the bathroom door, her voice cut through the air.

"Wait!"

Klaus turned slowly, amusement dancing in his eyes as he looked at her. "Yes?" he asked, his voice teasing but gentle.

Ohema took a deep breath, trying to gather her thoughts. Her heart pounded in her chest, but she knew what she wanted. "I... um..." she stammered, feeling her cheeks warm again.

Klaus leaned against the doorframe, watching her with a patient smile. "Take your time," he said softly. "I'm not going anywhere."

Ohema took a step forward, her eyes locked onto his. "I... I don't want you to go in there alone," she finally admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. She wasn't sure if she was ready for what might come next, but something in her didn't want to let this moment slip away.

Klaus's smile widened, but there was warmth in his eyes now, not just teasing. He extended a hand toward her. "Then come with me," he said simply.

Ohema hesitated for just a second before stepping forward and taking his hand. Klaus pulled her gently toward him, their bodies close but not touching.

"No pressure," he whispered, leaning down slightly so their foreheads were almost touching. "We'll take this at your pace."

Ohema smiled nervously but felt a sense of calm wash over her. Klaus wasn't rushing her, and that made all the difference. She nodded, the tension in her shoulders easing. "Okay," she whispered.

"We can't, you know, do that right now," Ohema stammered, doing her best to find the right words. "I don't want to take that moment away from Lucy, so we can't... but we can do other things."

Klaus, standing in the bathroom with her, blinked in surprise. 'Did she just accept her place as the second wife?' His thoughts raced for a moment, unsure of how to react. Ohema had finally accepted him—was he dreaming?

But then, with a soft smile, he realized it was real. "Okay," he said, his voice steady as he moved closer to her. Klaus gently kissed her on the forehead, his lips lingering for just a second. "You don't have to worry," he whispered, looking into her eyes. "I'll respect your decision. I won't go overboard."

Klaus's hands moved with gentle precision as he untied the knot on Ohema's shoulder. Slowly, he released the other side, and before long, her white gown slipped off, falling to the floor.

There, standing before him, was the most stunning sight Klaus had ever seen—her curvy figure, a firm, rounded shape, a flat stomach, and her breasts standing firm and proud.

Ohema quickly covered her chest with her hands, her face flushing a deep shade of red. Klaus gave her a soft smile, not rushing her. He guided her gently toward the bath, his touch reassuring.

After removing his trousers and shorts, he helped her step in, carefully removing the rest of her clothing before leading her into the warm water. Klaus sat back, letting her rest her head on his chest, her body relaxed against him.

But with that position, her breasts were now fully in view. Klaus chuckled softly, his fingers lightly tracing over her skin, his touch respectful and tender. Ohema closed her eyes, her mind racing as her heart pounded in her chest. She felt safe in his arms, though the closeness left her breathless with anticipation.

Klaus's hands moved softly over her breasts, eliciting a quiet moan from Ohema. He was gentle, his touch was caring and deliberate, and he took his time. Even Klaus himself was surprised by the

confidence and instinct that guided him. Each touch seemed to awaken something deep within him, a desire to make her feel at ease, to bring her pleasure without crossing boundaries.

"Ah..." Ohema gasped, her voice breathy as Klaus gently pinched her nipple. The sensation sent waves through her, leaving her body feeling light and weak under his touch.

Klaus smiled, noticing the effect he had on her, and moved to her other nipple. Ohema was completely lost in the moment, her body responding to him with every subtle motion. The woman he had saved weeks ago was now fully his, and he knew it.

But even though she was in his arms, he still respected her limits. He wouldn't be crossing certain lines tonight, but that didn't mean there wasn't more to explore together.

Just as things were heating up, warm water began to fill the bath, bringing Klaus back to the moment. He pulled back slightly, smiling down at her. "Let's cleanse first," he said softly.

Ohema blinked, looking up at him with a hint of confusion and surprise. 'Did he just stop halfway? Seriously?' she thought, her mind racing. She wasn't expecting him to pause like that, but then again, this was Klaus—full of surprises, always keeping her guessing.

Klaus chuckled softly at her expression. "We have all night," he teased gently, reaching for the soap. "No need to rush."

They bathed together, though Ohema couldn't stop flinching. Something long and firm had been pressing against her back the whole time, and she knew exactly what it was—Klaus's excitement wasn't exactly hiding itself.

Yet, to his credit, Klaus kept his cool, not making any inappropriate moves despite the situation. Ohema respected that about him and even took the initiative to wash him, which Klaus enjoyed far more than he'd like to admit.

He felt a mix of emotions as they bathed. On the one hand, the happiness of having Ohema with him filled him, but thoughts of Lucy made him a little sad. He wouldn't see her unless he made it into

Celestial Mountain Academy, and the thought tugged at his heart. But, for now, he was content to enjoy the present.

Once they finished bathing, before Ohema could even think about dressing, Klaus scooped her up into his arms like a princess and carried her back to the bedroom.

"Like I said," Klaus whispered with a playful smile, "we have all night."

Ohema blushed deeply but didn't resist. She was in Klaus's arms now, and despite everything, it felt right.

Klaus gently laid Ohema down on the bed, his heart pounding. For the first time, he noticed the desire in her eyes, mirrored by her body's reactions. She was craving his touch, but Klaus held himself back.

Instead, he leaned in for a long, slow kiss, savoring every moment. Their lips met for what felt like an eternity, both lost in the warmth and connection of the moment.

Klaus's hands began to wander, moving downward with tender intent. But just as he was about to go further, Ohema gently stopped him, her cheeks flushed.

"Klaus, you can't... Let me help you instead," she whispered, her voice soft but certain. She hesitated for only a second before gently pushing him onto his back.

Klaus lay there, watching her as she knelt beside him, her expression filled with a mixture of nervousness and determination. Before he could react, he felt her soft lips brush against his long and hard dragon.

'Damn'