

Paragon 110

Chapter 110 - 110: A Mother's Concern

Gulp

Ohema gulped as she looked at Klaus, her face flushed with embarrassment. She had just swallowed something she'd never expected to do, and it tasted surprisingly good. She'd been trying her best to get things right, and it seemed she had succeeded. Meanwhile, Klaus was grinning like a mischievous scoundrel.

Ohema licked her lips and continued to tidy up the area with a mix of grace and unease. Klaus watched, noting how the usually poised Ohema was handling what could only be described as a rather naughty task.

After a few minutes, she settled down on Klaus's chest, her eyes closed. Clearly, she was still embarrassed by what had just happened, but beneath her blush, there was a sense of happiness and contentment.

"Klaus, you scoundrel. You actually made me do that," Ohema said, her voice muffled against his chest, her cheeks still pink.

Klaus chuckled softly. "Well, if you ever want me to do the same for you, just let me know," he said playfully, his hand resting gently on her back.

"No, I already said we can't go further. Even me doing this was a bit risky. I won't take that from Lucy, so until you and she get things sorted, this is as far as we can go," Ohema said firmly.

"Good for me, I guess," Klaus replied, trying to lighten the mood.

Ohema, still blushing, added, "That means you need to do well in both the regional and Union selections and get into the academy quickly. I have needs too, and I can't wait forever."

Klaus raised an eyebrow. "Is that a threat?"

"Maybe you don't want me looking for a gigolo, do you?" Ohema said with a teasing smile.

"Well, that gigolo would be in for trouble before he even sees you naked," Klaus said, his gaze turning slightly cold.

"Then make sure to handle that legacy brat and get into the academy," Ohema said, brushing her hand lightly against his side.

"That, my love, I promise it's going to cause chaos throughout the entire planet," Klaus said

"You sound confident," Ohema said, turning to face him.

"I am. I am not weak, you know. Handling that bastard will be as easy as killing a chicken," Klaus smirked.

"Don't underestimate your opponents, Klaus. You never know what trump cards they might be hiding," Ohema warned.

Klaus met her gaze steadily. "I'm not underestimating him. I just have confidence in myself. Someone like him doesn't know true arrogance, but he dares to challenge me. I'll make sure he and anyone else with foolish ideas about me know what real fear feels like," Klaus said coldly

Ohema's heart skipped a beat looking at his cold gaze. She had heard much of what Klaus had said during his tribulation and sensed there was a deep secret behind his trials—one that connected to why he began facing such challenges after awakening.

"Klaus, you know I'm here for you, right? If you want to talk, I'm always here to listen," Ohema said gently.

Klaus squeezed her hand reassuringly. "I know, my love. I know, and I will."

They stayed silent for a while, simply enjoying each other's warmth. Suddenly, Ohema broke the silence with a question. "Klaus, aren't you going to ask why I was in the forest?"

Klaus looked at her with a tender smile. "You have your secrets, Ohema. I know that much, and I love you for who you are. I won't pry into your secrets even if I don't know everything. You saved me, and honestly, having you by my side has been a blessing. I thought I could handle things alone, but I guess I overestimated myself.

Your presence means more to me than I realized."

Ohema's eyes softened as she listened. Klaus continued, "As for who you are and what secrets you hold, whenever you're ready to share them, I'm here to listen. And don't worry—no matter what, even if you're the goddess of war or anything else, my love for you won't waver."

Ohema stared at Klaus for a moment, her eyes welling up with tears. As they began to trail down her cheeks, Klaus realized that his words deeply moved her. She seemed to have been worried that he might push her to reveal her secrets, but his reassurance had touched her deeply.

Klaus noticed her tears and gently wiped them away with his thumb. "Hey, no need to cry. I meant every word," he said softly.

Ohema managed a small, grateful smile through her tears. "Thank you, Klaus. It's just... hearing you say that means more to me than you know."

Klaus smiled back, his gaze tender and affectionate. While he had a vague idea of her background, his focus was more on the present moment. His feelings were rooted in the here and now, he wouldn't go looking into her secrets while he had the real deal on his chest at the moment.

Klaus thought about adding, 'Tsk, why would I ask about your background when such a sinful body is resting on my chest?' but decided against it.

They stayed like that for a while, enjoying the moment before getting dressed and heading to dinner.

As they entered the dining room hand in hand, Klaus's mother was already there, ready with a question. "Ohema, how's your stay been so far? Everything going well?" she asked with a smile.

Ohema's cheeks flushed a deep pink at the question. She could sense that Klaus's mother was teasing her, and she caught a glimpse of the mother and son duo exchanging mischievous smiles.

"I'm having the best time," Ohema managed to reply, her voice tinged with a mix of embarrassment and warmth.

"I'm glad to hear that. And if this scoundrel does anything foolish, be sure to let me know. I'll be more than happy to give him a proper scolding," Klaus's mother said with a wink.

Klaus chuckled, shaking his head.

Ohema smiled, feeling both amused and relieved by the lighthearted atmosphere. The dinner began, and the evening unfolded with laughter and lively conversation. They had dessert and were only chatting about random things.

"Klaus, Kofi came looking for you. You should go see him," Klaus's mother suddenly said.

Klaus noticed the hint that his mother wanted some alone time with Ohema, so he nodded and left the dining room. As the door closed behind him, silence fell over the room for a few moments before his mother spoke.

"This brat loves you dearly, you know that, right?" she said softly.

Ohema nodded, touched by the sentiment. Although she already knew Klaus cared deeply for her, hearing it from his mother felt more personal and tender.

"Yes, that brat fell in love with you the first time he laid eyes on you. He never stops talking about you— 'Ohema this, Ohema that,'" she added with a knowing smile, making Ohema smile in return.

"I'm telling you this because I don't want you to hurt him. I know you have your secrets, and neither Klaus nor I will pry into them. But know this: he is my only son, and he's had a difficult life. I wasn't able to give him the life he deserved, so seeing him happy was everything I could ask for.

He loves you, and I know you love him too. So, as a mother, I'm begging you—never hurt him. It would break him, and I don't want to see that."

Ohema's eyes softened, and she nodded in understanding. "I promise I would never do anything to hurt him."

"Thank you. That means a lot to me." Klaus's mother gave her a reassuring smile.

"Two ladies already; this brat needs a leash put on him before he starts a harem of thousands," Klaus's mother said with a chuckle. Ohema couldn't help but smile at the comment. Klaus was indeed a wild one, and his charm had already ensnared two incredibly beautiful women.

"You're not a jealous one, are you?" Klaus's mother asked, noticing Ohema's blush.

Ohema looked down, her cheeks flushing even more. "No, not really. I suppose I'm just... surprised."

"Well, if you are, be prepared. I'm his mother, and I know this brat won't stop with just you two. You might find yourself with more sisters in the future. Honestly, I can't wait to see how that turns out," Klaus's mother said with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Ohema's face turned a deeper shade of red, and she playfully tried to hide it with her hands. "... I see. I'll keep that in mind."

Klaus's mother laughed warmly, clearly enjoying Ohema's reaction. "Oh, don't worry. As long as you're happy, that's all that matters."

"By the way, you two didn't do that...you know," Klaus's mother asked with a playful smile gesturing with her fingers.

Ohema's face turned a deep shade of red. She tried to hide, but with no place to go, she ended up running behind Klaus's mother—the very person who had made her blush in the first place.

"Hehe, look at you all blushing and cute. Come here," Klaus's mother said, pulling Ohema into a warm, motherly hug. "No need to feel embarrassed. I'm like a mother to you now, so you don't have to be shy about having that talk with me."

Ohema, still blushing furiously, managed a nervous laugh. "Thank you... I just didn't expect this."

Klaus's mother smiled reassuringly. "It's perfectly okay, sweetheart. I'm here for you, no matter what. We're all family now."

Ohema relaxed a little in the embrace, feeling comforted by Klaus's mother's understanding and kindness.

With their bond growing stronger, the two spent the night chatting about various topics. Klaus's mother even shared some amusingly embarrassing stories from his childhood. The next day, Ohema left, and Klaus entered seclusion. It was time to assess his gains from the tribulation and prepare for his upcoming duel with Max Duncan.