

Paragon 39

Chapter 39 You Little Player

Klaus continued devouring the food, not even pausing to praise his mother's cooking. In all his life, this was the first time he had tasted something this good. He and his mother were used to basic meals like plain rice with pepper stew and maybe a few small fish, if they were lucky. Sometimes, there was no fish at all.

But now, sitting in front of him, was a feast. There were different kinds of fish, succulent meats, fresh fruits, and juice that tasted like heaven. Klaus felt like he was on cloud nine. For once, he felt like he had achieved everything there was to achieve as a human.

He savored every bite, relishing the rich flavors and the way the food filled him with warmth and satisfaction. It was a stark contrast to the meager meals he was used to. As he ate, a sense of contentment washed over him. For the first time in a long while, he felt at peace.

His mother watched him with a soft smile, her heart swelling with happiness at seeing her son enjoy the meal. She had worked hard to prepare this feast, and seeing Klaus so pleased made all her efforts worthwhile.

But as Klaus continued eating, a small pang of guilt tugged at him. He hadn't even thanked his mother or acknowledged her hard work. He knew how much this meal must have meant to her, and yet he had been so consumed by his own hunger that he had forgotten to show his appreciation.

Finally, as he slowed down, Klaus looked up at his mother. "This is incredible, Mom," he said, his voice filled with genuine gratitude. "Thank you for this."

His mother's smile widened, and she reached out to gently squeeze his hand. "I'm just glad you're enjoying it," she replied softly.

After eating almost everything, Klaus let out a satisfied sigh and gulped down the last of his pineapple juice. "This was amazing," he blurted, his face lighting up with genuine delight. His breakfast had been more lavish than some people's suppers. His mother watched him with a warm smile, pleased to see her son enjoying himself so much.

For the first time in a long while, her baby boy was behaving like a carefree child.

As Klaus leaned back in his chair, savoring the last drops of juice, his mother's voice cut through the moment. "Alright, Klaus, I know you usually tell me everything, but why didn't you mention you've already found a girlfriend?"

Klaus, still swallowing the juice, nearly spat it out. "Say what now?" he exclaimed, nearly choking on his drink.

His mother raised an eyebrow, clearly amused. "I may not be a genius, but I know when I smell a woman's perfume," she said, pausing for effect. Then, with a knowing smile, she reached into Klaus's backpack and pulled out a card. "And if you don't have a girlfriend, then why would she give you a credit card with 100 million on it?"

Klaus's eyes widened in shock, and this time, he choked on his drink. He coughed, trying to catch his breath, as his mother handed him the card. He took it, still trying to process what she had just said.

"A credit card... with 100 million?" he repeated, staring at the card in disbelief.

His mother nodded, clearly enjoying the moment. "Yes, Klaus. It was in your things. Care to explain?"

Klaus felt his mind racing as he tried to piece together where the card could have come from. His thoughts raced back through recent events, sifting through his memories. Suddenly, a face appeared in his mind.

"Ohema..." Klaus muttered, though his voice was loud enough for his mother to hear.

She raised an eyebrow, her smile widening with curiosity. "Who is Ohema?"

Klaus smiled slightly, remembering his brief interaction with the dark-haired beauty. "She was someone I saved in the forest. I guess she might have slipped this into my bag when we were on the shuttle."

His mother's smile grew broader. "You were on a shuttle together? That means you must have been quite close for her to slip something into your bag."

Klaus felt his face flush slightly. "It wasn't like that. We were just on the same shuttle after the incident."

"Oh, come on, Klaus," his mother teased. "You little player! Who would have thought that the innocent Klaus would start playing the big boys' game?"

Klaus laughed, shaking his head. "It's not like that, Mom. She was just really grateful, and I guess this was her way of showing it."

His mother's smile softened, her eyes filled with affection. "Well, whoever she is, she clearly thinks a lot of you. I guess I am now old, I guess I will soon welcome some grandkids."

Klaus's face flushed red at his mother's teasing. He sighed and replied, "She really isn't bad, Mom. Maybe I might get lucky." He tried to sound nonchalant, hoping to deflect his mother's teasing.

His mother chuckled, shaking her head. "Hehehe, you little brat. Instead of focusing on your cultivation, you're out there chasing women."

Klaus grinned, trying to play it cool despite the embarrassment. "It's not like that, Mom. Just... keeping my options open."

His mother laughed warmly. "Alright, alright. Just don't forget your priorities. Cultivation first, romance later. But if she is the one then don't forget to introduce her fast"

Klaus laughed, "Don't worry, Mom. First impressions count, so before I introduce you, we should move into the city first," he said with a smile.

His mother nodded, understanding his point. Klaus's gaze lingered on the card in his hand, a mix of feelings evident on his face.

"It's nothing to worry about, Klaus," his mother said gently. "She likely slipped it into your bag knowing you might reject it. But now that you have it, the least you can do is appreciate her kindness."

Klaus looked at the card thoughtfully. "So, you think I should keep it?"

"Absolutely," his mother replied. "Withdrawing it will send her a message that you've accepted her gift. It's a way of acknowledging her gesture. You can always repay her kindness a thousandfold in the future."

Klaus nodded, taking his mother's advice to heart. Still, he was completely stunned by the fact that he hadn't noticed when Ohema had slipped the card into his bag. When he left for the forest, his mother gave him a backpack with some snacks. Klaus had placed it into his space ring before heading out.

When he was returning, he had taken the bag out and hung it on his back. That was when Ohema must have slipped the card in.

'I guess I can create a bank account with this much,' Klaus thought, a smile spreading across his face. He realized that, without even realizing it, he had become a millionaire.

"Mom, later today I'll go create a bank account," Klaus said with newfound excitement. "Once I get the recommendation card, we can head to the Identification Guild and register to obtain our own Identity cards."

His mother's eyes brightened with pride and happiness. "That sounds like a great plan, Klaus. I'm so proud of you."

Klaus nodded and went to freshen up, leaving his mother alone in the room. She smiled, shaking her head fondly as she glanced in a certain direction before sending the dishes away. Klaus left the house but didn't head straight to the bank. Instead, he made his way to a tattoo shop.

Along the way, many people gave him curious glances. His white hair and golden eyes were so striking that some even took secret photos of him. Klaus didn't mind; he had other things on his mind. Right

now, his priority was finding out how he could join a team so he can enter the forbidden Zones. Unbeknownst to him, his image had already started trending online, accompanied by various hashtags.

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In a serene garden where all life seemed to resonate with the universe, two ladies were sitting together, drinking and eating snacks. One was Anna, and the other was her sister, Lucy. As they relaxed, Lucy took out her phone and started scrolling through her social media.

Suddenly, an image of a young man with white hair and golden eyes, wearing black shorts and an oversized black shirt, appeared on the screen.

"What a handsome guy," Lucy said, showing the screen to Anna. "Look at this. Don't you think he's handsome?"

Anna's eyes widened as she saw the image. She almost blurted out Klaus's name but managed to stifle it, though her surprised expression gave her away.

"You know him?" Lucy asked, her curiosity piqued as she focused her full attention on Anna.

Anna hesitated, her mind racing. "No, why do you ask?" she replied, trying to sound casual despite her obvious interest.

"Nothing," Lucy chuckled, returning her attention to the image. Anna, who had nearly blurted out Klaus's name, looked at her sister with curiosity.

"What are you thinking, Sister?" Anna asked.

"Nothing," Lucy replied, but her smile betrayed her. After a moment, she added, "I have to find him. Maybe I can get a date for the Felin Youth Ball coming up in three weeks."

Anna, in the middle of drinking her juice, choked and coughed. "You can't do that!" she exclaimed, immediately regretting her outburst.

"I knew it!" Lucy beamed. "It was him, wasn't it? The one who saved you in the forest?"

Anna hesitated, then sighed. "Sister, you can't tell anyone. Klaus doesn't want to be in the spotlight. The fact that his image is circulating is already bad enough. The family can't know. Please, I'm begging you."

Lucy's smile remained, but she nodded understandingly. "Alright, alright. Your little secret is safe with me. But you have to tell me everything you know about him. And if I can introduce him to my friend, Nadia, the fashion designer. With his looks, she'll hire him as a model without a second thought."

Anna sighed in relief, but she couldn't hide a hint of concern. "Fine. I'll tell you what I can. But remember, keep it quiet."

Lucy's eyes sparkled with excitement. "Deal! Now, tell me everything about this mysterious Klaus."