

Paragon 73

Chapter 73 - 73: Going to the Ball

Klaus stood up and stared at the two ladies walking towards him. They were like fairies straight out of a painting, their beauty otherworldly. Anna's blonde hair cascaded down her waist like a golden waterfall, while Lucy's silver hair shimmered like moonlight, giving her the appearance of a goddess. Klaus couldn't help but be mesmerized by them.

For a moment, he felt as though he was under a spell. His thoughts weren't his own, his mind blank as he gazed at them. But suddenly, a hot sensation shot through his back, jolting him awake. He quickly composed himself, realizing that he had let his guard down.

With a deep breath, Klaus forced a small smile, trying to shake off the lingering charm they had unknowingly cast over him.

"Klaus and I were just talking about his adventures," Daven Ross quickly said, covering for him. Klaus silently gave him a thumbs up in his heart, grateful for the save.

Looking at them, Klaus immediately realizes he has been with his mother for so long that he hasn't placed any other lady in his eyes. But looking at Anna and Lucy, he felt somehow lost at how to behave, but for a moment.

Now, standing before Anna and Lucy, he was feeling something new. It was overwhelming. Their beauty seemed almost too much to process, and Klaus couldn't help but feel a bit out of his depth. He knew he had much to learn, but being thrust into this situation wasn't what he had imagined. Anna and her sister were just... stunning.

"Klaus, you're here!" Anna greeted him with a warm smile.

"It would be impolite to let nation-destroying beauties like yourselves wait for me," Klaus replied with a charming smile.

Lucy and Anna both blushed slightly, their expressions softening at his compliment. Their father, Daven, who had been quietly observing the exchange, raised an eyebrow in amusement. 'This kid's got guts,' he thought to himself, impressed by Klaus's confidence in the face of such dazzling beauties

"Dad, we're heading out now. We'll be back tomorrow. Also, don't send Henry to follow us—it's the Youth Ball, and we can take care of ourselves," Lucy said with a knowing glance at her father.

Daven chuckled softly. "Don't worry, Henry won't be following any of you. Go and have fun."

Then he turned to Klaus, his tone shifting slightly more serious. "Take care of them and bring them back safely. They are my only flowers," Daven said, his eyes resting on Klaus with a protective fatherly gaze.

Klaus nodded firmly. "I will, Sir Ross. You have my word."

As the jet sped away from the Ross Mansion, heading towards Felin City, the garden behind them fell into a strange calm. Moments later, a voice broke the silence.

"You were right," a woman said softly, her voice carrying an almost otherworldly tone. "This kid is more powerful than he lets on. I used the charm on him, but it didn't work. It's like there's a vast emptiness inside his mind, a void that can't be trapped."

A lady, appearing no older than her 30s, emerged from the shadows and walked gracefully into Daven Ross's embrace. She looked serene but carried an aura of quiet power.

Daven looked down at her with a thoughtful expression. "Well then, I suppose our daughters are safer with him than I initially thought. If even you couldn't charm him, no one else would be able to," he said with a smirk, a hint of pride in his voice.

"However," the woman added, her brow furrowed slightly, "there's something else. His mind—it's not just resistant. There's an unfamiliar energy around him. Something deep, almost ancient, that I can't quite place a grip on."

Daven's eyes narrowed. "Ancient, you say?" He stroked his chin, now more intrigued than before. "That makes him even more interesting. We need to keep an eye on him but from a distance. Let's see where this goes."

The woman nodded in agreement. "We will, but we need to be careful. He might be more of a mystery than we bargained for."

Daven Ross's brow furrowed in thought as he listened. "But are you sure someone is protecting him? I asked around, but I didn't find anything unusual," he said, his voice carrying a hint of skepticism.

The woman nodded, her expression serious. "That's to be expected. My brother, who's in the military, told me that their higher-ups issued a direct order not to interfere in his affairs. At first, I didn't believe it, but after he came back from the Forbidden Zone, and no one from the military even approached him, it became clear."

Daven leaned back, his eyes narrowing. "So, someone powerful has taken an interest in him, then. Someone who's keeping a close eye on his every move," he mused aloud, clearly trying to piece together the mystery.

"Yes," the woman replied. "Whoever it is has a strong background. They're keeping him in the shadows, watching over him while making sure no one gets too close. It's subtle but unmistakable."

Daven sighed, a mix of frustration and curiosity. "That makes him even more dangerous, doesn't it?" he muttered, rubbing his temples. "We need to figure out who's behind him and what they want."

The woman nodded again. "I agree. But for now, let's play it safe. We'll watch from a distance. Getting too involved could stir things up in ways we're not prepared for."

Daven looked into the distance, a spark of determination in his eyes. "This boy... he's going to change things. One way or another."

The lady, Cynthia Ross, glanced at her husband and let out a quiet sigh. Despite what many might assume, the true backbone of the Ross Family is not Daven, but Cynthia herself. She and Daven had

been high school sweethearts who rose to fame and power 50 years ago when the apocalypse descended upon the world.

Back then, they had been nothing more than teenagers, but when the Spiritual Qi came, everything changed. Both of them awakened powerful classes and talents. Daven became renowned for his sheer strength and the wealth he accumulated, while Cynthia earned respect for her sharp mind and clever resourcefulness.

Together, they carved out a city of their own, using their grit and determination to build Ross City from the ground up.

Now, Cynthia managed the day-to-day operations of the Ross Family, ensuring that everything ran smoothly, her hands steady on the reins of the empire they had built. She was the one who kept everything in order, making sure every decision was calculated and every move precise.

As she looked at Daven, she knew the stakes were higher than ever, and the boy they were talking about could be a key piece in the future of their family. But it was still unclear whether he would be an ally—or a threat.

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Klaus, Lucy, and Anna soared through the sky, heading toward a gathering place where the good, the bad, and the arrogant heirs of prominent families would soon meet. For Klaus, who had never flown before, the experience was overwhelming. The speed of the jet was exhilarating, and he couldn't help but be amazed.

"I have to buy a jet," Klaus muttered to himself, grinning at the sensation of soaring through the clouds.

Lucy, sitting beside him, chuckled at his words. "Your life is really simple," she teased. "While everyone else is busy thinking about buying skills, techniques, and weapons that will give them an edge over their opponents, you're over here dreaming of buying a jet."

Klaus smirked and shrugged. "Well, flying is pretty cool. Can't blame me for wanting to enjoy it more often."

Anna, who had been quietly observing the two, smiled warmly. "It's nice to see someone who enjoys the simple things," she said

"Exactly, there is no way anyone will reject having a jet" Klaus smiled with a mischievous grin.

"Well, you're now a top model for one of the biggest fashion brands in the world," Lucy said with a playful smile. "I'm sure sooner or later, you'll be able to buy one."

Klaus laughed, appreciating the encouragement. "If I ever get the chance, I'll definitely consider it. For now, I'm just enjoying the ride."

Anna looked at Klaus with a hint of curiosity. "You really seem to enjoy the simple things, don't you?"

Klaus nodded, enjoying the flight. "I guess I do. Sometimes it's the little things that make life worth living."

Lucy and Anna exchanged glances, both smiling at Klaus's perspective. The conversation drifted into light banter as the jet continued its journey, carrying them toward the eventful night ahead.

A little over 45 minutes later, the jet landed in Felin City. Klaus and the ladies were greeted by a sleek car arranged by Lily specifically for them. As they drove through the city, Klaus took in the sights, making a mental note of everything he saw.

Instead of heading directly to the venue for the Ball, the car took them to Lily's residence. The mansion was impressive, with its elegant design and sprawling grounds. As they arrived, Klaus could see their friends waiting for them.

Danny, Daniel, Kay, Mark, Nia, and Asha were all there, each dressed to impress. The group had gathered at Lily's residence, ready for the evening's event.

"Although I'm not jealous, I still envy his looks," Danny said, eyeing Klaus as he stepped out of the car. Klaus was dressed in a sleek, tailored suit with an open jacket and a diamond chain, looking effortlessly stylish.

"I know, right?" Daniel agreed, nodding appreciatively.

"Well, who are you two kidding? He's every guy's nightmare," Mark said with a grin, watching Klaus walk confidently with Anna and Lucy in his arms. "I'm really looking forward to seeing the jealous looks on everyone's faces at this ball."

"I can't wait to see it, too," Kay agreed, his excitement evident.

"For some reason, I think this ball will be the best one yet," Kilian added, standing beside the boys and taking in the scene as Klaus approached them.