

Paragon 84

Chapter 84 - 84: Playing both hands

"Klaus, the next time we meet, I'll clip those wings of yours," Miguel spat, his eyes burning with anger. He had been glaring at Klaus the entire night, waiting for the moment to strike with his words. Well, he couldn't with his fist.

The ball had been nothing short of a disaster for Miguel. He had arrived with high hopes, and dreams of outshining everyone. But instead, Klaus had shattered those hopes, leaving him humiliated and broken. The defeat was personal, a wound that festered with hatred. This kind of anger was not something that would fade easily; it had taken root deep in his heart, like a heart devil.

Klaus met Miguel's gaze calmly. He wasn't surprised by his anger, he caused it after all. He had expected it. Rivals like Miguel always surfaced when someone started to rise. They couldn't stand seeing others succeed where they had failed.

The tension in the air was thick, but Klaus remained calm with an annoying smile on his face. "I'll be waiting," he said. There was no malice in his tone, only certainty.

Miguel clenched his fists, his knuckles white. "Don't think you're invincible just because you got lucky tonight. Everyone gets their turn, Klaus. You'll fall just like the rest."

Klaus nodded slightly, still unbothered by Miguel's threats. "Maybe," he replied. "But until then, you can crawl back to where you came from."

As Miguel stormed off, Klaus could feel the eyes of his friends on him. Emily sighed, her brow furrowed with concern. "He won't let this go, Klaus. Be careful."

Klaus shrugged, a smug grin spreading across his face. "Why would I have to be careful? If he wants to be my stepping stone, who am I to complain?" His tone was light, almost teasing.

Emily raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed by his confidence. Klaus chuckled and added, "Sure, my good looks will take me far, but let's be honest—every now and then, I need to slap some arrogant bastards like him around just to blow off some steam."

Keen laughed, shaking his head. "You are one arrogant kid, Klaus, Just be careful you don't anger some powerful people" He knew his words were just air to Klaus. The white-haired youngster is full of troubles.

Klaus smirked, feeling invincible at that moment. Who wouldn't, having a beautiful damsel by you tends to make one blank out and do stupid things.

"Maybe. But until then, I'll keep enjoying the ride."

His friends laughed, clearly impressed by his demeanor. Klaus knew Miguel had powerful backing, but so did he now. He had invisible helpers, even if he wasn't fully aware of them yet. And beyond that, he had someone else—the War Goddess, who openly called him her brother. That alone gave him grounds to be a little arrogant.

At the very least, only people his age would dare challenge him. Their backers could only manipulate events from the shadows. None of them would be foolish enough to attack him outright. His own unofficial backer, the war goddess was far too unreasonable for them to take that risk.

After saying their goodbyes, Klaus and his friends headed back to Lily and Kilian's mansion. It's larger than Klaus's place. However, for some reasons unknown, there were not enough rooms for everyone, so some had to share a room. A rather unusual thing for such a grand and huge mansion.

Sensing something off, Klaus quickly picked Kilian as his roommate to avoid any awkwardness. But to his surprise, Kilian, usually so easygoing, rejected the offer with a sly grin. Before Klaus could rethink his plan, everyone had scattered, leaving him alone with Lucy.

He would forever remember the playful smirks on Lily and Anna's lips as they ran off, clearly enjoying his predicament. Once again, Klaus found himself in an awkward situation.

"My life is funny," Klaus thought to himself as he turned to Lucy, trying to keep his composure. "We should probably get some sleep," he said quickly, grabbing her hand before she could respond and leading her toward their shared room.

From across the hallway, Lily, Emily, Nia, Asha, and Anna watched the scene unfold with amusement.

"You four are evil," Emily said, shaking her head as she saw the mischievous grins on Lily and Anna's faces.

Lily chuckled softly. "Oh, come on. It's harmless fun."

"Fun for you," Emily replied with a sigh. "Poor Klaus."

Anna smirked, her eyes glinting with amusement. "He'll be fine. He's tougher and shameless than he looks. But I wouldn't worry about him. It's Sister Lucy we should be concerned about."

Emily raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Oh, and why is that? The Lucy I know is someone even the Legacies are chasing after at the academy."

Anna leaned in slightly, lowering her voice as if sharing a juicy secret gossip. "Well, Sister Lucy may be the perfect lady in many ways, but when it comes to dealing with boys... let's just say she's the true definition of shy." Anna's grin widened.

"In short, even though she's this elegant and wonderful lady, she's got no game. Like, zero game."

Emily blinked in surprise. "Seriously?"

Anna nodded, barely containing her laughter. "Yup. You'd think someone like her would have boys falling over themselves, and she does. But when it comes to actually talking to them or, heaven forbid, showing interest? She's completely clueless."

Emily couldn't help but chuckle at the image. "That's... kind of adorable, actually."

"Adorable, but also dangerous," Anna teased. "She's got Klaus in a room with her now, and she probably has no idea what to do. Poor Klaus might be trying to be the gentleman, and she'll be overthinking everything."

Nia joined in with a giggle. "This might be more entertaining than we thought."

Asha, who had been quietly listening, finally spoke up. "Well, maybe this will be good for her. Klaus seems like the kind of guy who'll put her at ease. And who knows? Maybe they'll surprise us all."

Anna smiled warmly. "Maybe. But either way, it'll be fun to see how it all plays out tomorrow morning. I just hope Lucy doesn't freeze up."

The group of girls exchanged amused glances. They had set the scene, and now they were eager to see what would unfold between their shy, yet beloved friend, Lucy, and the unexpectedly charming Klaus.

Back in the room, Klaus had no idea that he and Lucy were the subject of such scheming. But as he glanced over at Lucy, who seemed to be nervously fussing with her blanket, he couldn't help but feel like he was in for an interesting night.

Finally, Klaus broke the silence with a small laugh, trying to ease the tension. "Looks like it's just me and you now," he said, his voice lighthearted. He paused for a second before adding with a playful grin, "Scared?"

Lucy blinked, clearly startled by the question. Her cheeks flushed slightly, and she quickly shook her head, forcing a smile. "Me? Scared?" She let out a nervous laugh. "Of course not."

Klaus chuckled softly, noticing how her hands fidgeted with the edge of her blanket. He leaned back, trying to seem relaxed. "Good, because there's nothing to worry about. I don't bite."

Lucy smiled again, this time a bit more genuinely. "I know," she said softly, finally relaxing a little. "It's just... a bit unexpected, that's all."

Klaus nodded, understanding. "Yeah, it wasn't exactly part of the plan. But hey, at least we've got a nice room, right?" He glanced around, trying to keep the mood light.

Lucy let out a soft laugh. "I guess that's one way to look at it."

The tension between them started to fade as they continued talking, sharing small jokes and stories about their day. Slowly, the awkwardness melted away, replaced by a sense of ease. Though the situation was still a little unusual, Klaus could see that Lucy was starting to feel more comfortable.

As they finally settled down for the night, Klaus found himself grateful that things weren't as awkward as they could've been. He smiled to himself, realizing that maybe, just maybe, this little twist wasn't so bad after all.

Little did he know, Lucy was thinking the same thing. However, as they lay side by side on the bed, Klaus could sense her unease. Her body trembled slightly, the tension radiating off her. Though she tried to appear calm, it was obvious that the situation was making her nervous.

Klaus smiled softly, deciding to ease her discomfort. Gently, he reached over and took her hand in his. The moment their hands touched, Lucy stiffened, her entire body going rigid as if her blood had suddenly frozen.

"Are you alright?" Klaus asked quietly, his voice full of concern, yet a mischievous grin could be seen on his face.

Lucy swallowed hard, barely able to meet his gaze. "Y-Yeah," she stammered, though her voice betrayed her nerves. "I'm fine..."

Klaus noticed her hesitation and gently loosened his grip. "I can let go if you want," he offered softly, concern etched on his face.

For a moment, Lucy didn't respond. She glanced down at their hands, her heart racing. It wasn't the touch that made her uneasy—it was the unfamiliarity of the situation, the vulnerability.

"No," she finally whispered, shaking her head slightly. "It's okay."

Klaus smiled and continued to hold her hand. "Then let's stay like this for a while, if you're fine with that," he said softly. They lay side by side on the bed in comfortable silence. Klaus, at peace, slowly drifted off to sleep. But while he rested easily, Lucy's mind was far from calm.

Her heart pounded in her chest as she lay beside Klaus. This was all so new to her, and it was happening too quickly. She had never imagined herself in such a situation. True to what her sister Anna had said, Lucy felt completely out of her depth when it came to dealing with the opposite sex. It was as if her mind just stopped functioning in that area, leaving her confused and flustered.

Klaus, on the other hand, seemed effortlessly confident. His calm presence reassured her. Even though his life had been filled with hardships, his mother had always ensured that he never lost his self-assurance.

But what Lucy didn't know was that Klaus's confidence wasn't just from his mother's encouragement. It also came from his father, who had once instilled a natural charm and self-belief in him. The "Rizz" he was showing now reflected his father's influence, which Klaus carried with him wherever he went.

Soon she also drifted into a quiet sleep still holding each other's hand. The next day, they both woke up in rather peculiar settings.