

Paragon 111

Chapter 111 - 111: Sea of Lightning

"Wow, that is one terrifying lineup!" Klaus shouted as he stared at the sea of monstrous shapes, all formed from lightning. There were tigers, spiders, zombies, spears, and even some figures made of spears, all standing there, filling the space to the brim.

During his tribulation, Klaus used the black hole to steal the lightning and trap it within the tribulation prison that his senior had created inside his soul sea. He had expected only a few creatures to be pulled in, but he clearly underestimated the black hole's power. The entire 3-kilometer area was packed with monsters.

"I'll need to expand this place before my next tribulation," Klaus said with a satisfied grin. The sight of the lightning monsters and shapes filled him with joy.

"Senior, what's next?" Klaus suddenly asked, his excitement brimming.

"Just kill them and absorb the runes into your body or your Lotus flower," the Senior replied within his soul sea.

Klaus paused for a moment. "But, Senior, how come I have an affinity for all elements, yet I can only access ice and fire?" He frowned, thinking it over. His talent is Celestial Elemental Overlord, meaning he has an affinity for all elements.

But so far, only ice and fire were within his reach. He couldn't help but wonder: if he could unlock access to all elements, wouldn't that make him overwhelmingly powerful?

"You can't access the other elements yet because you're not ready or strong enough to wield them. I shouldn't be telling you this—karma will start piling up," the Senior's voice grew quiet as if reluctant to continue.

"Come on, Senior, I don't care about karma or whatever else," Klaus pressed, frustration in his voice. "Just tell me what I need to do to unlock the other elements."

The Senior sighed. "Fine. The reason you can't access the rest is because you haven't met the requirements yet. Even the ice and fire you're using now are only the most basic forms of those elements. You've barely scratched the surface."

"Take, for example, that girl, Lucy," the Senior continued. "She awakened a unique form of the ice element called Half-Moon Ice. Her ice is much stronger than yours, with special properties that give it an edge. What you're using now is just the normal form of ice."

Klaus listened in stunned silence. If his element was just the basic form, why was it already so powerful? It didn't make sense.

"Of course, you're wondering why your ice and fire are still so powerful despite being in their basic forms," the Senior said as if reading his thoughts.

"Well, there are two reasons for that. First, it's because of your talent. A celestial-grade talent like yours is unheard of. That alone makes you terrifying. It's a blessing, yes, but it comes with a cost."

Klaus furrowed his brow. "What cost?"

"It means you'll have to work even harder to awaken your elements fully," the Senior explained. "Unlocking the true form of your ice and fire will require far more effort than it would for anyone else."

Klaus nodded slowly, processing this.

"The second reason your basic elements are so strong," the Senior continued, "is because you're using Star Qi as your energy source. Most people use Spiritual Qi, but your Star Qi is on a completely different level. It amplifies even the simplest forms of your elements, making them much more powerful."

Klaus took a deep breath. "So, the real power of my elements is still locked away... and I have to put in the work to unlock them."

"Exactly," the Senior said. "But once you do, you'll be beyond anything you've imagined."

"Then how can I unlock them?" Klaus asked eagerly. If he could gain access to the earth element, his defense would become impenetrable. If he could wield darkness, he could wreak havoc in the shadows. There was infinite potential locked away within him, and he was determined to unlock it all.

"There are many methods," the Senior replied, "but for you, only two are viable right now. The first is the easiest: They will automatically unlock and awaken as you level up and break through to higher realms."

Klaus listened closely, but the Senior hesitated before continuing.

"And the second way?" Klaus pressed.

"Well..." The Senior hesitated for a moment before continuing. "Some truly powerful monsters produce unique cores that contain specific elemental properties. If you manage to acquire and consume some of these cores, it could greatly increase your chances of awakening the true forms of your elements."

Klaus's eyes lit up with interest. "And what about unlocking new elements?"

"That depends on the strength of your soul," the Senior explained. "But your soul is strong enough now to handle the awakening of a new element if you can find the right core which I am not saying will awaken or unlock your elements by just consuming them, it will definitely increase your chances"

Klaus's mind raced with possibilities, but the Senior quickly added a caution. "However, with your current strength, securing such monster cores won't be easy. The creatures that hold them are no ordinary foes. They're real monsters—beings far more powerful than what you've faced before."

"How strong exactly?" Klaus asked.

"Well," the Senior began, "you know how a human has to form a Star Core when they're about to break through to the Saint Stage, right? But that's only the beginning. After the core is formed, the Evolution Phase begins. It's similar to what monsters go through but with some differences.

To advance to the Sage Stage, your core will need to undergo four evolutions: Lesser, True, Alpha, and finally, Chaos. This evolution is a crucial step in becoming a true powerhouse. But just like humans, monsters also experience this process."

Klaus listened intently as the Senior continued.

"When monsters advance to the Devil Class, their core evolves into a Devil Core. This core contains their elemental powers and grants them access to a variety of skills, much like humans. It's at this stage that they start evolving into true beasts.

Now, contrary to what you might think, a Devil-Class monster is far more terrifying than a thousand Terror-Class monsters combined."

Klaus felt a chill run down his spine as the Senior explained.

"If you want to obtain a Devil Core," the Senior said, "you'll need to start hunting Tier 7 Devils. And trust me when I say this: they are several times more dangerous than anything you've faced before. Monsters can only ascend to the Devil Class when they break through to the Tier 7 stage."

Klaus sucked in a cold breath, the weight of the challenge ahead sinking in.

"So, this means I need to start venturing into higher-tier forbidden zones," Klaus said with a grin, already thinking ahead.

"Brat, did you hear anything I just said?" the Senior snapped, raising his voice. "Going up against an opponent that can use skills like you do is terrifying—especially one that's four realms above you!"

"Old man, chill," Klaus replied, still smiling. "I'm not planning on charging into hordes of them. I'll scout the area, plan carefully, and strike when the iron is hot and ready."

The Senior sighed but couldn't help but chuckle a small. "You're either incredibly brave or utterly stupid."

Klaus smirked. "Why not both? I am a paragon, after all."

"Speaking of that, Senior," Klaus said with a playful grin, "don't you think I've earned a new skill by now? Come on, throw me a bone here."

The Senior let out a low chuckle. "I don't have anything new for you, kid. As you grow, you'll naturally learn more on your own. For now, focus on developing your Lotus Flower. You've already unlocked two abilities with it—use this opportunity to make it even stronger."

Klaus leaned back, slightly disappointed but intrigued. "Why the rush?"

"Because," the Senior's tone grew serious, "the day you face a Tier 7 Devil will be the day you understand what true terror looks like. And believe me, you'll want every ounce of power you can muster when that day comes."

Klaus smiled and refocused on the lightning monsters before him. Inside the Tribulation Prison, his power reigned supreme. With a flick of his will, a hundred lightning monsters exploded, sending lightning runes swirling toward him.

"I don't need these anymore," Klaus mused. "The flower can take them."

He summoned the Ice Lotus Flower, allowing it to hover over the remaining monsters. One by one, they began to detonate, releasing runes that floated up into the flower. Klaus watched as the Lotus became more solid and tangible with every rune absorbed.

"It's growing stronger," Klaus noted, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. The more monsters that exploded, the more robust the flower became, and its form gradually stabilized.

"Hehe, maybe it's time to visit Ruin City and clear the place out," Klaus chuckled. "Should give me a nice chunk of EXP to level up."

Now that he has advanced to the Master Stage, he will need far more experience points to continue progressing. Fighting weaklings wouldn't cut it anymore. Forbidden Zones were his best bet—places teeming with powerful creatures.

Besides, Klaus thought with a grin, the military wants those places cleared out anyway. Might as well do the public a favor.

"Kid, it's crucial that you focus on awakening the elements you've already unlocked," the Senior advised. "Also, try to use your fire element as effectively as you do with your ice element. Trust me, your Lotus Flower is more powerful than you realize. Just keep strengthening it every chance you get." the senior said

"I will, Senior," Klaus replied with determination. From his tribulation, he knew the Lotus Flower was indeed formidable. Based on what he had seen, each petal could hold up to nine abilities. If his calculations were correct, he could one day unlock all 81 stars on the petals, giving him 81 abilities in one flower.

"That's incredibly OP," Klaus thought to himself with a grin. After about two hours, all the lightning monsters were detonated, and the flower absorbed all the runes.

Klaus went back to the waking world and started practicing his swordplay while he waited for his duel with Max Duncan.

Chapter 112 - 112: Day of the Duel

"This is KKKickinIt with Controversial News. Three weeks ago, the infamous Devil Archer, known for his pinpoint accuracy and deadly shots, issued a challenge to the youngest warrior currently ranked on the City, Regional, and Union Warrior Charts.

In an unexpected turn, the white-haired 'pretty boy' warrior accepted the challenge and even proposed a handicap. He will close his eyes and allow the Devil Archer to fire three deadly shots at him. Some might call that arrogance.

But there's more: if the Devil Archer manages to kill him with those three shots, Klaus Hanson has promised to drop out of the Regional selection for the Celestial Mountain Academy. That's right, Klaus is putting his future on the line.

It's audacious, to say the least. But it doesn't stop there. Klaus also promises that victory will be handed to Max Duncan if the Devil Archer fails to kill him, but he still manages to defend against his attack.

So, ladies and gents, Klaus Hanson isn't just handsome; he's also confident to the point of arrogance. Today, we'll find out if he's got the skill to back up his bravado.

Betting platforms are open, with odds set at 12 to 120. Choose wisely—some wallets might be emptied by the end of the day.

This has been @KKKickinIT with Controversial News. I'm out."

The Controversial News channel, notorious for its provocative reporting, has been relentlessly covering the duel between Klaus and Max Duncan for the past few weeks.

But it's not just them. Other media outlets have been equally engrossed, eagerly anticipating the big day. Klaus will face off against Max Duncan today, and the entire event will be broadcast live for everyone to see.

Standing in front of his mother with a sly grin, Klaus is ready. Behind him, his friends—Anna, Lily, Danny, Daniel, Mark, Kay, and Kilain—stand in support.

"You better win," his mother warned, playfully twisting his ear. "Or when you get back, I'll spank you until your backside turns purple!"

Klaus chuckled, wincing at the playful threat. "Don't worry, Mom. I'll make sure to bring home a win."

"You better," his mother replied before planting a kiss on his forehead. "Be careful out there, all of you," she added, her voice filled with concern.

Klaus and his friends left, climbing into a sleek, self-driving car spacious enough for ten people. The car hummed to life, smoothly pulling away from the house.

Just a week ago, a representative from Oracle had met with Klaus to give him an overview of the upcoming duel. The location was set at the same place where the City selection exams for Celestial Mountain Academy had taken place. A special helmet had been arranged for the duel. And to ensure fairness and security; the War Goddess herself had been appointed to oversee the equipment transport.

Mark leaned forward from his seat as the car sped towards their destination. "Klaus, how confident are you that you can win this? You're at a disadvantage, after all."

Klaus leaned back with a grin. "Well, I don't know his exact abilities or how strong he really is, so I'd say... I have about a 97 percent chance," he teased. "But that all depends on whether his first shot can actually impress me."

His friends chuckled, though the tension of the upcoming duel still hung in the air.

"You know, you're really arrogant," Anna said with a teasing smile, "but it's kind of cute."

"I'll take that as a compliment," he replied with a grin, "but seriously, you guys don't need to worry. The smart move is to bet everything on me. Honestly, I'm putting 700 million on myself. You should all do the same."

Klaus's friends shook their heads, unable to believe how calm he was. He was about to face a prodigy, someone who had been trained with the finest resources since birth. Yet, Klaus—who was just a slum kid not too long ago—didn't seem bothered in the slightest. His confidence, despite the odds, almost felt too arrogant.

"I'm putting a billion on you, Klaus," Anna said, pulling out her phone. "But if you lose, I'm packing up and moving into your house."

Klaus chuckled, his eyes glinting with mischief. "No worries. My bed's big enough for both of us. Lily, you should join us too," he teased, casting a playful glance toward Lily.

Both Anna and Lily blushed slightly, exchanging embarrassed but amused glances. Anna shot back with a smirk, "Don't get ahead of yourself, Klaus."

"Just stating facts here," Klaus said. He glanced at his male friends—Kay, Mark, Kilian, Daniel, and Danny. "What about you guys? Do you have enough spine to bet on your handsome friend here?"

They exchanged looks, a mixture of amusement and doubt on their faces. Kay was the first to speak, crossing his arms with a smirk. "You're as cocky as ever, Klaus. But fine, I'll throw some cash on you. Don't make me regret it."

Mark nodded, chuckling. "Guess I'll do the same. Someone's gotta support your crazy confidence."

Kilian shrugged. "I'm in. Let's see if that arrogance of yours pays off."

Daniel and Danny exchanged a glance before grinning. "All right," Daniel said. "We're with you, Klaus. But if you lose, you're buying drinks for a month."

Klaus laughed, shaking his head. "Deal. But don't worry, you'll all be swimming in cash by the end of the day."

Klaus glanced at his friends and couldn't help but nod in approval. They were just as wild and daring as he was—and he loved that about them. These were the kinds of friends you could always count on. For them, it was either go all out or go home. And right now, Klaus had orchestrated the perfect "get-rich-quick" plan. If everything went according to his plan, they'd be cashing out big time.

He had even given his maids and security extra pay this month, encouraging them to make a little something on the side. His partner in crime, Kofi—his chief of security—was already working behind the scenes, staking bets on multiple platforms. Everything was in motion.

Madam Fei had also sent over 300 million after Klaus sold her a few goods, and with what he had sold to Nia and Asha, he had over 700 million riding on this duel. It was a massive risk, but Klaus believed in himself. If he could win, it would all be worth it.

But that was the key: if he won.

"We're here," Klaus said as their car pulled up in front of the enormous building. He and his friends stepped out and made their way inside. Just as they approached the entrance, Klaus heard a familiar, enchanting voice.

"Little Brother, you're early," the voice teased. "Scared you might lose, so you came ahead of time?"

Klaus looked up and saw her—the War Goddess herself, radiating elegance as she strode toward him with a playful smile. Her hourglass figure and commanding presence caught everyone's attention.

"Big Sister," Klaus replied, feigning a wounded expression, "it seems you don't have much faith in me. That stings, you know." He placed a hand over his heart dramatically, casting her an exaggerated look of hurt.

She laughed softly, her eyes twinkling with amusement. "Oh, don't be so dramatic. I'm just making sure you stay sharp."

Klaus grinned, shaking his head. "Don't worry, Sister. You'll see soon enough who's staying sharp today. By the way, do you want to make a bet again, like last time?" He flashed her a cheeky smile.

"What do you want if you win?" the War Goddess asked, her curiosity piqued.

"A hug," Klaus replied with a mischievous smile. He glanced at her chest area, knowing full well that a hug would have him face-to-face with it.

"Really? Just that?" The War Goddess asked, clearly unaware of the deviousness behind Klaus's request.

"Of course," Klaus said, "but if you want to add a message to that, I'd be perfectly fine with it." His grin widened as he imagined the outcome.

"Brat, go on inside," the War Goddess said, a knowing smirk on her face. "I'm not falling for your smooth talk."

Her friends couldn't help but smile, enjoying the look of realization on the War Goddess's face. Klaus laughed, then walked into the building, his friends following closely behind.

Once they were inside, the War Goddess sighed deeply. "That kid is something else," she murmured. "I nearly fell for that. I'll have to be extra careful around him." With another sigh, she turned and followed them into the building.

As soon as they entered, the War Goddess caught up with Klaus and led him to a private room. Meanwhile, his friends were shown to a separate area with a large screen displaying the Oracle logo. They settled in, eager to watch the event unfold.

Klaus was guided into a room having a comfortable, bed-like chair, perfect for long gaming sessions.

"The moment you log in, you'll need to select your weapons. Then you'll be transported to the arena," the War Goddess explained.

"Got it," Klaus replied.

"Good luck," she said with a supportive smile.

"Thanks, Big Sister. I appreciate it," Klaus said with a wink.

The War Goddess then helped Klaus put on the helmet. With the helmet securely in place, Klaus maintained a confident smile as his consciousness shifted into the Oracle.

He materialized in the same virtual space as before. He quickly selected a sword similar to his own and willed himself forward. A spacelike effect enveloped him, and in an instant, he found himself in a vast, open arena.

The arena resembled an ancient gladiator coliseum, with thousands of stone seats surrounding the central area. Klaus took a moment to survey his surroundings. Suddenly a figure appeared about a kilometer away from him.

"Klaus, are you ready to die?" Max Duncan's voice boomed across the arena.

Klaus feigned ignorance, a playful smile on his lips. "Excuse me, did you just say you're afraid to die?" he asked, his tone dripping with mischief.

Max's face immediately turned a deep shade of purple with rage.

Chapter 113 - 113: You missed

All over the world, people are glued to their screens, eager to witness the duel between a legacy and the youngest warrior ever to rank on the City, Regional, and Union warrior charts. Max Duncan's challenge was unexpected, shaking up the status quo.

Legacies are known for their arrogance, and they have every right to be. Their power and strength often justify their confidence. So, no one anticipated a legacy would lower themselves to challenge a rising warrior.

Yet, when Klaus not only accepted the challenge but also gave Max a handicap, it left many in disbelief. Some were thrilled by Klaus's bold move and disrespect towards Max. Secretly, they were rooting for Klaus to win the duel.

When Klaus appeared on their screens, his fans erupted in cheers while his haters scowled. But who cares? Klaus is their idol, and they're tuning in to support him in humiliating a legacy.

"Klaus, are you ready to die?" Max shouted.

"Excuse me, did you just say you're afraid to die?" Klaus asked with a smirk, clearly teasing Max, who was trying hard to look intimidating.

Max's face turned a deep shade of purple with rage.

"Careful there," Klaus continued with a grin, "you might turn completely purple if you don't control your anger. I could handle a white Max Doofus, but a purple one? I'm not sure if I'm ready for that."

Max gritted his teeth in anger. It was clear he was struggling to control his emotions, making Klaus's taunting all the more enjoyable making him win this verbal duel before the real battle even began.

"Your mouth might be running now," Max said, trying to steady himself, "but I hope you can keep being arrogant after this is over."

"I'll be just fine either way," Klaus replied with a smile, "but don't worry, I won't give you that satisfaction. As for you, after today, don't let this defeat define you. When you're feeling down after the duel, just remember that the only reason I was able to beat you is that I'm better than you—and I will always be better than you."

Max's eyes narrowed, his anger barely contained. He took a deep breath, trying to regain his composure. "We'll see about that. I'm going to make you regret those words."

Klaus chuckled, his confidence unwavering. "Regret? I doubt it. But I'm looking forward to seeing what you've got, Little Devil Archer."

Max could feel Klaus was just playing with his mind, but the anger inside him was unstoppable. The fact that a so-called nobody dared to disrespect a bona fide legacy like him only fueled his desire to make Klaus pay.

"Everyone, welcome to the duel between the infamous Devil Archer and Klaus!" A new figure appeared in the arena, drawing everyone's attention. Klaus turned his gaze to see a man in his late 40s standing atop a pillar kilometers away from them.

"Today's battle is going to be quite unique," the man announced. "The challenger, Max, will have three chances to shoot at Klaus. According to the stakes, Klaus will be disqualified from the regional selection of Celestial Mountain Academy if Max manages to kill Klaus with any of these shots."

However, if Max fails to kill Klaus with his three shots, he will still have one chance to defend against a single attack from Klaus. If he succeeds in defending, he wins. So, as I said, this duel is definitely one of a kind."

"Of course," the man continued, "the higher-ups reviewed this duel and decided to level the playing field. Since there's no reward for Klaus's wins, they've added a special incentive. Klaus will receive a Blank Pass to all Forbidden Zones if he wins. This means he can enter any Forbidden Zone without joining a team or buying a pass.

Additionally, he'll have the power to reserve a Forbidden Zone for a set duration, keeping everyone else out. He can also grant special privileges to ten people, allowing them unrestricted access to these Zones.

Finally, with the Blank Pass, Klaus will gain category three access to military information."

At this announcement, the crowd watching held their breath, the stakes of the duel now clearer and more exciting than ever.

Getting an entire Forbidden Zone to yourself is a prize anyone would envy. Forbidden Zones are famous for their dangers and the rare treasures they contain, like precious herbs and minerals. People are always eager to take risks in hopes of finding something valuable.

However, because so many people enter these zones, the chances of finding something worthwhile are slim. But if you have a whole Forbidden Zone to yourself, it means you can access everything inside without any competition. It's a golden opportunity to gather all the treasures and resources without having to fight others for them.

"Now, before we start, the contestants will say a few words. And by the way, my name is Desmond King, War God of the Western Region." Desmond King then turned to Max.

"I don't have much to say," Max began arrogantly. "But to those watching who think they can disrespect a legacy so easily, let this be a turning point. Today, I'll show you the difference between a legacy and a nobody."

Next was Klaus. He smiled, his expression confident. "To everyone watching, whether you're a Legacy or not, make sure to pay attention. Today, I'll demonstrate that Legacies are just wealthy nobodies. The real difference is that they have money.

But today, a Slum dropout will wipe the smugness off their faces and bring them back to reality." Klaus's smile remained, but the coldness in his eyes spoke volumes.

He wasn't just challenging Max—he was challenging all Legacies, showing that he didn't care whether they held the title or not.

All over the world, people were either cheering or fuming. Klaus's words had struck a nerve with the wealthy heirs who saw themselves as superior. By insulting their status, Klaus had challenged their arrogance, and there was nothing they could do to stop it.

Max had insulted the nobodies, and Klaus, being a nobody himself, was defending his honor. But the way Klaus disrespected the wealthy heirs stirred their anger. Yet, Klaus was the nobody who had given a handicap to a legacy, showcasing a different level of arrogance—true arrogance.

"Then, with everything said and done, the duel starts NOW," the War God announced, and Klaus and Max locked eyes, both cold and unyielding.

"Klaus, prepare to die," Max said, summoning his bow. However, due to the restrictions in the Oracle, only a replica of his real bow appeared in his hands.

In response, Klaus conjured a small lotus flower, which floated gently in his hand. He looked back at Max with a smirk. "Since I promised to close my eyes, I'll stick to that. But let's make this more interesting.

For your first shot, I'll simply evade. Don't worry; I'll keep my eyes closed, and my back turned to you.

For the second shot, I'll catch the arrow with my bare hands. Again, my back will be turned, so you don't need to worry.

As for the last one, I'll use my sword to cut it clean in half. And don't worry, my back will remain facing you.

So, little brother, give me your best shot," Klaus said, turning his back to Max. The ice lotus floated above his head, and a thin layer of icy mist began spreading across the battlefield.

"Arrogant, he is too arrogant," that was the prevailing sentiment around the world as everyone watched Klaus's daring display.

Around the world, many people started to comment on Klaus's display.

"Klaus might be overestimating his abilities. Turning his back to Max seems like a huge risk."

"The bravado is impressive, but I hope Klaus has the skill to back it up. "

"Wow, Klaus is not just confident; he's downright charming. I wouldn't mind being his sword dummy."

"Klaus's bravado is seriously attractive. If he wins this duel, he's definitely on my radar."

"How dare he disrespect Max like that! Klaus is crossing the line. Max is a legacy, and he deserves respect."

"Klaus is a nobody trying to act all high and mighty. He's in over his head and will get what's coming to him."

Comments and reactions from various perspectives continued to flood both verbally and online. Meanwhile, the focal point of this dramatic scene stood calmly with his eyes closed, his back facing his furious opponent.

"Die!" Max roared.

"See True Dark Eyes!" Max shouted as a long, dark arrow with eerie markings materialized in his bow. He drew the bowstring and aimed directly at the back of Klaus's head.

Max's eyes narrowed, darkness flashing within them. His ability, See True Dark Eyes, allowed him to see all possible reactions and outcomes Klaus might make. This enabled him to select the perfect spot to shoot.

Once he locked onto his target, nothing could escape it. Confident in his accuracy, Max believed Klaus was as good as dead. His dark eyes had analyzed every minute detail, leaving no room for error.

"Let this be your first lesson; never disrespect those above you," Max said coldly.

"Dark Eye-Piercing Arrow," he muttered, releasing the arrow. The space around it seemed to warp as it sped toward Klaus.

Everyone held their breath as the arrow flew through the air. Klaus remained motionless. Then, almost imperceptibly, he tilted his head slightly to the left. The dark arrow, aimed precisely at the center of his head, brushed past his ear and whizzed by him.

Stunned, the crowd's eyes widened in disbelief, their voices silenced. Even the War God watching from afar narrowed his gaze in surprise.

"How?" Max demanded, bewildered.

"You missed," Klaus replied with a smirk, his eyes still closed and his back turned.

Chapter 114 - 114: My turn

Across the globe, everyone watching the duel was frozen in stunned silence. They had just witnessed something that seemed utterly impossible—Klaus had actually evaded a shot from Max.

Everyone knew the terrifying reputation of Max's 'See True Dark Eyes.' It was said that nothing could escape those eyes once a calculation was made. But Klaus had shattered that belief. Max had calculated

every tiny detail, picking the perfect outcome, yet somehow, Klaus—with his eyes closed and back turned—dodged the attack without even drawing blood.

"How?" Max asked disbelief in his voice.

"You missed," Klaus replied with a smirk.

"This is not possible," Max muttered, unable to comprehend what had just happened. He had never imagined anyone could evade his 'See True Dark Eyes'.

Klaus chuckled softly. "Just because it hasn't been done before doesn't mean it's impossible. If it could be, then it was always bound to happen at some point. So, little brother Max, maybe aim better next time."

The crowd, still shocked, watched as Max stood there, unable to respond, shaken to his core by the impossible feat he'd just witnessed.

Max's resolve was starting to crack, and he could feel it. Before the duel, he had been boasting to his friends about how he would kill Klaus with a single shot. Despite knowing he was shameful due to the handicap Klaus had given him, his confidence still seemed well-founded.

Everyone knew the terrifying power of the 'See True Dark Eyes.' Once activated, it was believed to be unbeatable, and Klaus should have been as good as dead. Yet, somehow, that didn't happen. Now, standing there, Max couldn't believe what he was facing—Klaus had not only survived but evaded the shot.

Meanwhile, Klaus's thoughts were far from serious. 'Ah, I should've put my hands in my pockets before the shot. That would've looked so badass,' he mused.

Contrary to what anyone might think, Klaus was more concerned about how cool he appeared evading the attack. He would've looked even more impressive if he'd put his hands in his pockets.

'There are still two attacks left,' he thought. 'Pocketing one hand now will make up for the earlier misstep.' With everyone still staring in awe, Klaus casually slipped his left hand into his pocket and, in a mocking tone, said, "Little brother Max, now I've given you a real handicap. Take your best shot—I'll catch it like a champ."

His arrogance was on full display, making him seem even more confident and commanding.

Many of the women watching couldn't help but stare at Klaus with hungry eyes. His current attitude—so domineering and arrogant—was captivating. A trait they cherished... well, most of them, anyway.

Max fumed, his frustration boiling over. He extended his hand, and a sleek arrow with red and golden markings materialized. It looked both majestic and sinister, radiating a dangerous aura. It's one of his many arrow-forming abilities, the Devil Piercing Sieging Arrow—one of Max's most powerful weapons, capable of easily piercing through anything.

He locked the arrow onto his bow and pulled back the string. His 'See True Dark Eyes' flashed once again, but this time there was something different. A red hue flickered in his gaze, burning with intensity as he focused on Klaus.

Klaus, standing with his back turned, sensed the shift. But instead of alarm, he only shrugged. He felt something locking onto his head. Under normal circumstances, he might have shuddered. But now, with Star Qi coursing through his veins, such abilities seemed insignificant.

"Devil Piercing Sieging Arrow!" Max shouted as he released the arrow. The moment it left the bow, it vanished into thin air. That was the arrow's ability—it remained invisible until it was just ten meters from its target. No matter the distance, it would only reveal itself at the last moment, perfect for deadly attacks from afar.

And with Max standing a full kilometer away, he was certain the shot would connect.

But Klaus merely smirked. "Puny attack," he muttered under his breath.

Klaus casually swung his arm in a graceful arc without moving from his spot. Just before the arrow could pierce his head, it appeared—dark and lethal, ready to strike. But Klaus had already sensed it. He tilted his head slightly, not even bothering to step aside.

His hand snapped forward, catching the arrow just an inch away from his head. It was both a graceful and elegant display of finesse and with his hand in his pocket, the whole scene looks just too domineering. Klaus's smile widened as he inspected the deadly arrow.

Then, with a simple flick of his wrist, he snapped the arrow in half. The once menacing Devil Piercing Sieging Arrow disintegrated into thin air, leaving nothing behind but Klaus's smirk.

Max, standing in the distance, could only watch in disbelief. One of his most powerful attacks was reduced to nothing in Klaus's hands.

"Just how?" In a lavish room somewhere in the world, a young man with short dark hair and sharp cheekbones slammed his fist on a table, shattering it in frustration. The young man is Ethan Duncan, one of the legacies of the Northern Union.

Beside him stood a young woman, her wide, ocean-blue eyes filled with shock and fear. She is the other legacy, Anna Duncan, watching the duel with growing disbelief. For the past week, she had been confidently proclaiming that Klaus would easily crumble under her influence, dismissing him as nothing more than an arrogant fool.

But now, as the spectacle unfolded in the Oracle, unease crept into her chest. Anger, regret, and doubt warred within her. She was the one who venomously poisoned and pushed Max into challenging Klaus in the first place. She was convinced that no one could possibly surpass her.

She had even considered challenging Klaus herself, but her arrogant pride stopped her—it felt like lowering herself to his level.

Instead, she used her charm to set Max on Klaus, thinking it would be an easy victory. Now, watching in horror, she realized she had unwittingly led her brother into failure and possibly disaster.

Klaus had evaded Max's deadly arrow. Not only that, but he had caught one with ease. If that wasn't proof enough of who the true genius was, Anna wasn't sure what was.

Her pride and arrogance had clouded her judgment, and now she could only watch as Klaus effortlessly dismantled Max's arrogance and possibly, his future as an Archer.

And it wasn't just Ethan and Anna; people all over the world couldn't believe what they were seeing. Klaus was simply too domineering. Even after giving Max a huge handicap, he remained standing tall, as arrogant as ever.

"You must be wondering how I did it," Klaus said, his voice cold yet laced with a smirk.

"Let's just say my survival instinct is sharper than you might think. And although I know my mom is watching, and she'll probably spank me for what I'm about to say, I'll say it anyway," Klaus added with a playful grin.

Somewhere in Ross City, inside a grand hall, Klaus's mother smirked, watching her son's antics. "Yes, I will spank you for that," she muttered under her breath, causing Helen, her personal maid, to chuckle softly.

Klaus continued, his tone turning more serious. "The first time I killed a Tier 2 monster, I was just a Level 2 awakened. And it wasn't just one—there were two terrifying ones. I had no combat experience, no passive skills in swordsmanship, yet somehow, I survived."

He glanced at Max, who looked stunned. "Do you want to know how I did it? I'll tell you anyway—it's something I call survival instinct. It's the kind of instinct born from the sheer will to live."

"Your arrow just now had the potential to kill me. Honestly, if I had been even a split second late, I'd be dead. But my instincts picked up on it long before it entered that ten-meter range."

Klaus's voice hardened as he added, "You never stood a chance from the beginning, Max. I've tempered my instincts through countless battles, facing enemies several realms above me. Even if you had a thousand shots, you still wouldn't be able to kill me."

He paused for a moment before adding, "But I have to admit, I underestimated you. You're decent—I won't lie. Your skills show that you've got the potential to become a terrifying archer. I just hope after today, you don't lose the will to keep practicing."

Klaus's smirk returned. "Now, come at me with your third and final shot." Of course, he wasn't going to tell them the main reason he survived the two attacks, so he came up with something.

Max glared at Klaus's back, fury burning in his eyes. He locked another arrow into his bow, pulling the string taut. As usual, his See True Dark Eyes flashed, locking onto Klaus. This time, however, the arrow was different. It was pitch black, but the tip was coated with a reddish energy that radiated pure, intense bloodlust.

"It's the Devil Slayer Arrow," someone in the crowd watching somewhere whispered.

"That's one of Max Duncan's trump cards," another added. "It's a rare arrow formed from the purest spiritual qi. For him to use it now means his control over the darkness element is exceptional, and his spiritual qi is incredibly pure."

"If Klaus dodges this, he'll be a dragon among dragons," someone remarked.

"More like a dragon among tigers," another corrected.

Back in the Oracle arena, Klaus's sword appeared in his hand, its blade coated with a thin layer of ice and sword qi. He stood calm, one hand still in his pocket. As Max locked his gaze on Klaus, he let out a furious roar and unleashed his attack.

"Devil Slayer Arrow!" The arrow shot from the bow at a terrifying speed, streaking toward Klaus with deadly precision.

But at the same moment, Klaus swung his sword, turning slightly to the side. His sword, still sheathed in that icy energy, cut through the air, sending an ice arc flashing out.

What followed was almost mesmerizing. The ice arc met the arrow's tip, and like a hot knife through butter, it sliced the arrow cleanly in half. The two halves of the Devil Slayer Arrow streaked past Klaus's ears, missing him entirely.

"My turn," he said, his voice cold as ice.

Chapter 115 - 115: Never Bet Against Me

Max stood frozen, unable to process what had just happened. Even the war god overseeing the duel was left speechless. And it wasn't just him—people all over the world, glued to their TV screens, were stunned into silence.

First, Klaus had dodged a lethal attack with ease. Then, he had gone further, catching an even deadlier strike mid-air. But now, cleaving an arrow in half like it was nothing—like slicing through butter with a hot knife—was too much. It was overpowered, leaving everyone speechless.

[War Goddess POV]

Since the duel began, the war goddess of the Eastern Region of the Northern Union had been watching closely. She sat with Anna and Klaus's friends, their eyes glued to a massive screen showing the fight.

"He's going to win, right?" Anna asked, her fists clenched in nervous anticipation.

"Of course," Mark replied confidently. "It's Klaus. We've all seen how insane he can be." His mind drifted back to the first time they met Klaus, during the Zombie Tide in the Everlasting Zombie Forest.

Hundreds of warriors had fallen when the tide suddenly appeared. They fought hard, barely hanging on, and just as they were about to escape, a Zombie Captain blocked their path. Despair started to set in, but then Klaus appeared, cutting down the Zombie Captain like it was nothing. And he didn't stop there—he went on to kill even more, including a Zombie General.

Since then, Klaus had consistently done the impossible, pulling off feats no one his age or at his cultivation level should be able to do. Now, he stood in the arena, facing a powerful legacy—and if that wasn't enough, he even added insult to injury by offering his opponent a handicap.

Mark smirked. "He's not just going to win. He's going to make a statement."

"You sound confident," the war goddess said suddenly.

"I am," Mark replied. "Even though we haven't known Klaus for long, from what little we've seen, this opponent doesn't stand a chance. Take it from someone as skeptical as me—Klaus is not normal. He's different, and everyone will see that today."

"I suppose we'll find out," the war goddess said, turning back to the screen just as Max launched his first attack.

When Klaus dodged the attack, it was as if the war goddess's understanding of reality was shattered. She was powerful and knew exactly what it took to perform such a maneuver. It shouldn't have been possible for Klaus to do what he just did.

She was right—Klaus didn't possess divine sense yet, so he couldn't see through his eyes closed. He could only feel, and that wasn't enough for the feat he had just accomplished. Yet, somehow, Klaus evaded the attack.

Anna, Mark, and the others were equally baffled. They couldn't understand how Klaus managed that. Then came the second attack, and Klaus caught the arrow. At this point, they were left in shock.

But then Anna noticed something.

"The ice mist," she said, her eyes widening. "He's using the ice mist to sense his surroundings. But how is that possible?"

The war goddess narrowed her eyes, considering Anna's observation. "That's true, but how is he managing it? It shouldn't be possible."

"It must have something to do with that flower," Lily suggested. However, she was mistaken. Klaus did have a connection with the ice mist, but he was using the flower merely to spread it.

One of the benefits of having a 'Celestial Elemental Overlord talent is the ability to connect with elements at an atomic-molecular level. Klaus could sense the ice down to its finest detail. This means that the moment an arrow entered the ice mist, he could detect it.

The rest came down to his reaction speed. Klaus could have used the 'Absolute Ice Domain' ability of the lotus flower to either block the attacks completely or slow them down enough for him to dodge them. However, Klaus was also training his reaction speed, so even though it was a life-or-death duel, he chose to test his limits.

"What kind of talent allows someone to do that?" Daniel asked, astonished.

"Who knows?" The war goddess replied, her awe growing. "No one knew the extent of his talent or what he has awakened. But from this display, it's clear it has something to do with elements."

Mesmerized, she sat down with the others, her eyes fixed on Klaus as he effortlessly cut through the third attack.

[Inside Oracle]

Klaus turned around, a smirk on his lips as he looked at Max, who was now astonished and shocked. With Max having exhausted his three attacks without managing to kill Klaus, it was now Klaus's turn to strike. He had promised only one attack, and it was going to be decisive.

"Are you scared?" Klaus asked, his voice dripping with mockery.

"You should be. Never in your wildest dreams did you think you'd fail to kill me with that handicap? I gave you a chance, and you didn't take it. Now it's my turn to attack and trust me, you'll die from it. So stop despairing and open your eyes.

A Nobody is about to defeat you, and it will be quick. After today, you might want to start calling yourself a Foot Soldier instead of a Legacy. That title means nothing in the face of true strength.

You might not realize it now, but you've actually made me realize something today," Klaus said, tilting his head to the side.

"What's that?" Max managed to ask through gritted teeth.

"That Legacies ain't shit," Klaus said with a cold smile.

"Bastard!" Max shouted, pulling back on his bowstring. But before he could release his attack, the war god intervened.

"If you attack now, you'll be breaking the rules," the war god declared. "As such, you'll lose and be fined 100 billion to the winner."

Max froze, his gaze burning with fury. Klaus's insult had cut deep, not only challenging Max's status as a Legacy but undermining all Legacies everywhere.

"Remember these words well: All schemes are useless in the face of absolute strength. Now, prepare to die," Klaus said, his grip tightening around his sword with cold determination.

As he spoke, the mist that had been spreading across the arena finally reached Max. Klaus's smile widened, knowing his flower had done its job perfectly. With the mist now enveloping the entire arena, the flower's work was complete, and it began to disperse.

"I'm coming for you now," Klaus muttered, his voice barely audible.

In the blink of an eye, Klaus moved. His speed was like a whisper of wind—swift, silent, and without a trace of shockwave or tremor. Max's eyes narrowed as he sensed something shift. Before he could react, he felt a cold pressure at his neck.

He looked up to see Klaus standing just a step away; his back turned in a strangely graceful pose. Despite the intimidation, the white deadlocks cascading down Klaus's back gave him an oddly beautiful appearance.

Klaus turned to face him, a cruel smile playing on his lips. "This is how you die, Max Doofus. So long."

As Klaus's words echoed in his ears, Max's vision dimmed, and darkness took over. He awoke, disoriented, in a chair similar to the one Klaus was sleeping in.

'I died,' was the first thought that crossed his mind. He looked around, and indeed, he was back in the room he entered the oracle in.

A figure stood beside Max, silent and unmoving, watching the screen replaying the duel. Max turned his head, following the figure's gaze. His eyes widened as he saw it—the moment of his death replayed in slow motion.

"How is that possible?" Max muttered under his breath. He could see it clearly now. It was as if Klaus had vanished, only to reappear behind him in an instant. The entire sequence felt both mesmerizing and unreal, like a nightmare.

Klaus's sword had passed cleanly through his neck the moment he appeared beside him. The precision, the speed—it all seemed too perfect, too deadly. If this had been reality, Max knew he'd be lying dead on the ground right now. The thought alone sent a violent chill down his spine.

His body trembled uncontrollably, and he stumbled backward, his legs giving out beneath him. He collapsed onto the chair bed, staring at the screen in disbelief. The replay continued, each frame a reminder of his swift defeat, and with it came the bitter sting of helplessness.

Max's breath quickened, the icy realization sinking in—he had truly lost, and to Klaus of all people.

Max sat there, his mind reeling. The person he had once thought of as a nobody, someone he was planning to humiliate, had just completely crushed him. The shame wasn't just his own—his defeat was a humiliation to all legacies. He had lost, and the weight of that embarrassment was suffocating.

He felt an overwhelming urge to disappear, to bury himself somewhere no one could find him. But there was no escaping reality. Just as the despair was sinking in, the war god overseeing the duel appeared on the screen.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you enjoyed the show. Now, the winner will say a few words."

Klaus's face filled the screen. A playful smile spread across his face as he spoke. "Hehe, this was fun. To everyone who doubted me, I'm sorry to say this young master isn't losing to any legacy—in this life or the next. So, next time you hear my name, remember these words: never bet against me."

Klaus's grin grew wider as he continued. "And to my dear friend Max, like I said before, you're a decent archer. So, instead of wallowing in despair, use this as a wake-up call. Being a legacy doesn't make you supreme. There are others out there far better than you."

He paused for a moment, then added, "And to Oracle, thank you for making this battle happen. This place is incredible, and I hope it becomes a training ground for young warriors to grow without the fear of dying."

Klaus gave a casual wave. "That's all for now. I've got to go face some scolding from my mom. Bye."

The screen cut off, leaving Max staring at his own reflection in the darkened monitor, the sting of Klaus's words and his humiliating loss settling deeper into his core.

Chapter 116 - 116: Clowns

Klaus blinked, taken aback by the intensity of the war goddess's gaze. He had barely opened his eyes before she spoke staring daggers at him.

"How did you do it?" she asked her voice firm, curiosity clear in her tone.

"Huh?" Klaus mumbled, caught off guard.

"How did you know the arrows were coming? You're not a Saint yet, so you don't have divine sense. So how did you sense them?" she pressed, her eyes locked on his, demanding an answer.

Klaus chuckled lightly, scratching the back of his head. "Well, it wasn't really about seeing or sensing them in the way you're thinking."

The war goddess raised an eyebrow, waiting for more.

"It's the ice," Klaus continued. "I have a certain level of connection to the ice element, almost like feeling the air. When the mist spread, the arrows disturbed the ice particles. That's how I knew."

She crossed her arms, still not fully convinced. "But reacting that quickly... even with that connection, it shouldn't be possible."

Klaus shrugged with a grin. "Guess I'm just built differently."

The war goddess narrowed her eyes, scrutinizing Klaus for a moment longer before a small, amused smile appeared on her lips. "You certainly are," she said. "I wouldn't have called you 'Little Brother' if you weren't special."

Klaus raised an eyebrow, a playful smirk forming. "Oh, so I've earned the title, huh? Guess I really impressed the great war goddess."

Her smile widened slightly, though her eyes remained sharp. "Don't let it get to your head. Special or not, you're still reckless. You're not invincible."

Klaus chuckled. "Reckless is part of the charm, right? Besides, being invincible sounds boring. I'd rather keep pushing my limits."

"Just don't push too hard," the war goddess warned, though there was a teasing glint in her eyes. "You've really angered the legacies, you know." She chuckled softly, her tone playful. "Hehe, the coming days are going to be fun."

Klaus grinned, his eyes flashing with excitement. "Fun, huh? Well, I was starting to think things were getting a bit too quiet anyway. Max was just unfortunate for crossing me"

She shook her head, still smiling. "You really have a knack for stirring up trouble. I hope you're ready for the storm that's coming. Hehe, I look favorable on you, Little Brother."

Klaus shrugged nonchalantly. "Let them come. I've already faced worse, and I'll handle whatever they throw at me."

The war goddess chuckled again. "Well, Little Brother, I hope you keep that confidence. You'll need it."

"So, what's next?" the war goddess asked, her tone warmer now, clearly pleased and easing into the conversation with Klaus.

"I'm not sure yet," Klaus replied, a thoughtful expression crossing his face. "But I feel like I'm close to something... like a breakthrough. I think I'll spend the next few days focusing on that."

Since waking up from the virtual world, there was a strange sensation in his eyes, something he couldn't quite place. He knew he needed time to understand it better.

"Then you won't be coming for your reward anytime soon?" she asked with a playful pout, a surprising display of emotion from someone with her stature and demeanor.

Klaus smiled, and without hesitation, he gently took her hand—a bold move that made her arch an eyebrow. In all her life, no one had dared to touch her so casually, yet here was this white-haired, golden-eyed boy doing just that. Oddly enough, she felt no irritation, only amusement.

"Big Sister," Klaus said with a charming grin, his grip soft but firm. "You can always come and spend some time with me. I've got plenty of rooms. And if you're scared to sleep alone, my bed's big enough for the both of us."

Her lips twitched in amusement, though her eyes sparked with a hint of surprise. Klaus's audacity was refreshing, and his carefree nature was disarming in a way she hadn't expected.

"You really are something else, Little Brother," she said, a smile tugging at her lips, shaking her head lightly. "I will take you on the offer; I don't particularly have anything better going on anyway."

Klaus's grin widened at her comment. "Then I'll make sure your stay is unforgettable."

"Klaus, you really did it!" Danny was the first to blurt out as Klaus and the War Goddess stepped out of the room.

"Of course. I wouldn't let you lose your money like that," Klaus replied with a confident smile.

"Klaus, Ella, and Ethan Duncan just released a statement," Lily said, glancing up from her phone and showing him the screen. A video of Ethan and Ella played.

"Klaus Hanson, you've crossed a line you shouldn't have," Ethan's voice was cold. "Just because you accepted a challenge from a legacy doesn't give you the right to insult all of us. You've gone too far, and for that, you'll pay.

Because of your arrogance, I'm using my status as a Legacy to ban you from Union City. The ban will remain in effect until you apologize to all legacies."

Klaus smirked, shaking his head. "Tsk, what a bunch of clowns."

"What are you going to do, Klaus? If you can't enter Union City, you can't participate in the Union Selection after the regional rounds," Anna said, her voice laced with concern.

"Who cares? If the Academy doesn't step in, then maybe it's the wrong place for me." Klaus was unfazed. A ban didn't matter much to him—he is a Paragon, and with his star qi, he had more than enough power to handle whatever came his way academy or not.

"Don't worry, little brother. I'll talk to the Academy and have them take care of it," the War Goddess reassured him.

"Thank you, big sister," Klaus replied with a smile.

"So, are you going to respond to them?" Daniel asked, clearly excited by the drama. Klaus could sense the chaos brewing in his friend's mind—they were similar in that way. He also craves chaos, and what better time than when the chicken came knocking?

Without a second thought, Klaus pulled out his phone, typed a single word, and tagged the video from Ethan and Ella: "Clowns."

That one word ignited chaos online. His fans and haters clashed online, blowing everything out of proportion. However, Klaus, the instigator, is headed home with his friends and a big sister, ready to celebrate his victory.

As soon as they arrived, Klaus spotted his mother standing at the entrance, arms crossed over her chest. Although she wore a smile, he could tell she was mad.

"Brat, come here," she called the moment he stepped out of the car.

Klaus obediently walked toward her, his head slightly bowed. He stopped in front of her not daring to raise his head. Suddenly, he felt her soft arms wrap around him.

"My baby boy," his mother whispered, her voice gentle. Klaus was caught off guard and froze for a moment. Then, without warning, a sharp pain shot through his left ear as she pinched it.

"Brat, what did I tell you about taking unnecessary risks?" she scolded.

"Mom!" Klaus yelped in pain. Somehow, her pinches always hurt more than anything else.

His mother gave him a pointed look. "Your friends are here, so I'll spare you some face, but once they leave, I'll deal with you properly."

Klaus could only grin sheepishly, rubbing his sore ear as he glanced at his friends. "Mom, I have something to tell you. I've got a big sister now, and she'll be staying with us for a while." He gestured towards the War Goddess, who watched the scene with an amused smile.

"Hello, I'm Mariam," she introduced herself, her voice calm but warm. Klaus and the others raised their eyebrows in surprise, hearing her name for the first time.

"Big sister, your name is as beautiful as you," Klaus quickly added, cutting off his mother before she could speak.

His mother gave him a playful smack on the back of his head. "Brat, you're not getting any ideas, are you?" she warned with a smirk before gesturing for everyone to come inside. She knew this no-good son of hers had no good intention of picking a sister off the road just like that.

They all entered, laughing at Klaus's predicament. The same Klaus who had just taken down a legacy was now getting smacked left, right, and center by his mother.

"Big sister, now do you see why I need to share a room with you? This mother of mine is too cruel!" Klaus whined dramatically, hiding behind Mariam.

But he underestimated the power of women. With a sly smile, Mariam stepped aside, allowing his mother to grab his ear again and pull him forward.

The whole scene became lively with laughter. Even the maids watching couldn't hold back their giggles, seeing the young master humbled by his mother.

Once inside, Klaus stood there, eyes slightly red from all the ear-pulling. His mother and the War Goddess exchanged amused smiles as they watched him. Klaus turned to Anna and Lily, his face filled with mock sorrow.

"Fairies, you wouldn't let your handsome friend suffer such injustice, right? How about it—want to spend the night with me and comfort me in my sleep?" Klaus asked, giving them his best puppy eyes.

Both girls blushed, glancing at each other before quickly running to hide behind his mother and Mariam. Klaus could only sigh as they betrayed him without hesitation.

"Don't worry, Klaus. I'll spend the night with you," Danny chimed in, patting Klaus on the shoulder.

Klaus immediately scoffed, shrugging him off. "Tsk, who wants to spend the night with you? Only the ladies get that privilege!"

The room was filled with laughter, warmth, and a sense of togetherness. Soon, dinner was served, and they all ate, enjoying each other's company. Afterward, Anna and the others left, leaving just Klaus, his mother, and the War Goddess, Miriam.

Klaus spent some time chatting with them, but eventually, he excused himself to get some rest. He had a lot to do the next day, and he needed his beauty sleep.

When he woke up the next morning, he found himself alone in his bed, making him sigh in mild disappointment. With a grin, he thought to himself, 'Another day, another chance. One way or another, I'll manage to sleep with my face nestled between those mountains on Miriam's chest.'

With that amusing thought, Klaus got up, ready to face whatever the day had in store for him.

Chapter 117 - 117: Arcadian Mine Invasion (1)

Name: Klaus Hanson

Age: 16

Talent: Celestial Elemental Overlord

Class: Weapons Overlord

Bloodline: Dormant

Physique: Nine Reincarnation Divine Body

Realm: Master - Lvl: 1/12

Strength: 1,030 | Agility: 1,070 | Stamina: 1,040 | Defense:900 | Intelligence: 900| Health: 4000

Star Qi: 65,986,200

Stat Points: 400

[Next Level up: 200,000/23,228,800]

"Looks like 200 points have been added to all attributes and 2,000 to health," Klaus muttered, gazing at his status window. Since becoming a Master, he hadn't bothered to check it—until now.

"This is going to be a wild ride. Twenty-three million points before I level up to level two." He scratched the back of his head, eyeing the huge number. Klaus knew it would take a serious effort to keep leveling up, but he wasn't too worried.

"Well, when the time comes, I'll deal with it," he said quietly to himself. For now, there was something more pressing—he needed to figure out what was happening with his eyes.

A week passed, and Klaus had been in seclusion the entire time. He had already told his mother not to let anyone disturb him. After the duel with Max a week ago, he felt an odd heat from the back of his eyes. Something was definitely changing, and Klaus was determined to understand it before facing his next challenge.

The next stage of the Celestial Mountain Academy selection was approaching fast, only three months away. According to the War Goddess, Klaus needed to be at least a Level 4 Master stage warrior by then. While it wasn't a strict requirement, it would give him a significant edge, and Klaus didn't plan to fall behind.

But before he could focus on leveling up, he had to deal with the strange hot sensation that had been bothering him since his duel with Max. He had already received the Blank Card promised as his reward for winning the duel. Now, all that remained was figuring out what was happening with his eyes.

For some reason, the Senior, the guide within his soul sea, wasn't in the mood to help. No matter how much Klaus asked, the Senior stayed silent. So, for the past seven days, Klaus had been working on it alone, trying to unlock whatever was plaguing him.

He could feel he was getting closer with each passing moment, his focus sharpening, but the answer still eluded him even after a week in seclusion. The heat from his eyes persisted, a reminder that something deeper was happening—something he had yet to fully grasp.

But Klaus wasn't the type to give up easily. He knew that once he understood this strange sensation, it would bring him one step closer to becoming much more powerful.

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Far from Ross City, hundreds of warriors could be seen standing guard atop a towering, lighthouse-like structure. It rose high above thick walls that stretched for miles in every direction. From a higher vantage point, one could spot more lighthouses scattered along the walls, each manned with vigilant soldiers.

This place is the infamous Arcadian Mines—a peculiar region home to a rare and powerful mineral known as Humium. Before and during the apocalypse, Humium was an invaluable resource, used to power cannons and other heavy artillery.

Highly explosive in its raw form, it became a sought-after mineral long before the world fell into chaos. But when refined, Humium could generate electricity on a massive scale, making it even more essential as the world crumbled.

The Arcadian Mines were a hub of activity, with hundreds of thousands of workers toiling daily to extract this precious resource. However, when the apocalypse hit, disaster struck. One day, the mines collapsed, trapping thousands of workers beneath the rubble. The event was a national tragedy.

But twenty years into the apocalypse, a horrifying discovery was made. The people buried in the mines weren't dead. They had transformed into a new, terrifying variant of zombies known as Voltox Zombies.

These creatures were unlike anything seen before. They are resistant to the very weapons powered by Humium. Guns and cannons crafted from the mineral were useless against them. Whenever they are struck, they absorb the energy from the blast, which further makes them stronger.

Fighting them using such weapons was like feeding them. The weapons were ineffective against them. The military fought desperately to fend off these new zombies, but the Voltox proved to be far stronger than the other Zombies.

Their regenerative abilities were beyond anything the world had encountered. It was only through the relentless efforts of brave warriors that Arcadian City and the nearby towns were spared from being completely overrun by the zombie tide.

After managing to repel the Voltox Zombies, the military and the Arcadian Great Family constructed massive fortresses, sealing off the mine for good. However, they knew that as humans grew stronger, so did the monsters. So to ensure the mine remained secure, they stationed several powerful warriors there, guarding against any potential surprises.

For the past 30 years, this strategy worked. But on this fateful day, when everything seemed normal, a sudden explosion rocked the Arcadian Mine. The blast was so powerful that the towers closest to it cracked and collapsed, killing most of the guards stationed on them.

From the heart of the explosion emerged a towering figure, standing three meters tall with glowing purple skin. Its veins pulsed with an unstable mix of fiery red and luminescent green, radiating from beneath its cracked, fractured body. Through the fissures, vivid purple energy leaked out, glowing ominously.

A dark crystal could be seen embedded in its chest exuding faint, dark energy while its bulging arms radiated a terrifying aura of power. It stood menacingly, and before long, more of the same figures started to appear, pouring out of the mine.

The guards around the area were instantly thrown into a state of panic. Alarms blared, and distress signals went out across every emergency channel.

"THE ARCADIAN MINE HAS BEEN BREACHED! SEND REINFORCEMENTS IMMEDIATELY!" echoed over the radio waves.

But the worst was yet to come. After the purple zombies appeared, another wave followed—this time with figures glowing in violet.

The warriors around the mine immediately started launching desperate attacks, bombarding the creatures in a bid to hold them off. They knew they had a slight advantage; the protective seal around the mine would take a few minutes to fully break. Reinforcements might arrive in time—if they were lucky. But if not, they were prepared for the worst.

Everyone knew a great disaster was about to descend on Arcadian City. But despite being fully aware that they stood little chance against the horrors emerging from the mine, the warriors gave everything they had to hold the monsters back, even if just for a while.

They were prepared to die, taking solace in the fact that they had done their part to protect the innocent in the cities surrounding the Arcadian Mine.

Meanwhile, back in Ross City, life carried on as usual. People went about their business—the rich getting richer, the poor doing their best to survive. That was until, without warning, every screen in the city flashed with a single urgent message.

EMERGENCY: THE ARCADIAN MINE HAS BEEN BREACHED. ALL WARRIORS ACROSS THE EASTERN REGION ARE BEING CALLED TO ARCADIAN CITY TO DEFEND IT.

For a moment, it felt as if time had frozen. Then, chaos erupted. Panic spread like wildfire as people rushed home to be with their loved ones. The memory of the Voltox Zombie invasion from 30 years ago haunted everyone's minds. Back then, they knew that the neighboring cities would also be destroyed if the zombies overrun Arcadian City.

With the emergency broadcast playing across the city, tension filled the air. Warriors scrambled into action, rushing to fulfill their duty. The brave among them immediately set off for Arcadian City, ready to fight and defend. Meanwhile, a few cowardly souls chose to flee, hoping to save themselves from the looming threat.

But it wasn't just warriors who rushed to Arcadian City. News crews and medical teams also scrambled to the scene, each preparing to play their part in the crisis. Across the Eastern Region of the Northern Union, warriors of all kinds mobilized, heading toward Arcadian City to offer their aid.

It wasn't long before a new update flashed across every screen:

Chapter 118 - 118: Arcadian Mine Invasion (2)

Within just two hours, thousands of warriors had gathered in Arcadian City, ready to defend against the impending tide of Voltox Zombies. Everyone knew this invasion would be especially dangerous, and the reason was clear. Although many power sources can be used for weapons, Humium was widely regarded as the most powerful of them all.

Its destructive power far surpassed that of any other known mineral. The fact that weapons made from Humium would be less effective against the Voltox Zombies made the situation even more dire. Sure, other weapons could be used, but not all were suitable for a large-scale invasion like this one.

Take uranium, for example. If they were to use it in this battle, the aftermath would be devastating. While it might help hold back the zombies, the cost to the environment—and the city itself—would be severe. Entire sections of Arcadian City would need to be abandoned due to the radioactive fallout. Even though technology had advanced significantly, it hadn't always been in the right direction.

When the spiritual qi descended upon the world, and chaos erupted, governments and militaries resorted to using their hidden nuclear stockpiles, originally meant as a last resort against human enemies, to fight the invading monsters and zombies. But the consequences were far worse than anyone had anticipated.

After the war, scientists discovered that areas where large amounts of nuclear weapons had been used became death zones. It turned out that uranium fused with spiritual qi in an unpredictable and

catastrophic way. Instead of being their ultimate weapon, uranium turned into something even more dangerous.

Now, there are places known as Death Zones—regions that are uninhabitable for humans but where terrifying monsters thrive, growing stronger every day. Ironically, these regions were engineered by humans themselves, though they had no way of knowing the long-term effects when they first deployed their nuclear arsenal.

Unless they had no other choice, they wouldn't dare use such destructive weapons, which meant everything depended on the warriors gathered here. Victory would rely on their skills, techniques, and teamwork. If they hoped to survive, they'd have to give everything they had.

A camp had been set up about three miles from Arcadian City, and thousands of warriors who answered the call could be seen preparing for the upcoming battle. With the zombie horde expected to arrive in less than two hours, everyone was getting ready—both mentally and physically.

In one part of the camp, Anna, Mark, Lily, Kilian, Danny, Daniel, Kay, and Hanna sat together, a mix of tension and focus on their faces.

"You said he hasn't answered your calls?" Lily asked, directing her question to Anna.

"Yes, I've called him several times, but there's been no answer," Anna replied.

"Maybe he's busy," Danny sighed, trying to sound hopeful.

Hanna suddenly chimed in, "Actually, I called his mom. She said Klaus has been in seclusion for days now, and he told her not to let anyone disturb him until he comes out." Her words made the others nod in understanding.

When the emergency signal went out, Klaus's friends tried contacting him, but when they got no response, it rattled them. Still, they were in too much of a hurry to track him down, especially Anna, who was closest to him.

She assumed Klaus was probably off hunting or training somewhere, so she left him several messages in case he checked his phone later.

"He'll come once he sees our messages," Daniel said, glancing around cautiously. "I just hope he's not too late. There are some vipers lurking, waiting to cause trouble for him."

Despite the looming invasion, many of the warriors had come for more than just defending the city—they were here to level up. Klaus's friends were among them, ready to test their strength. And it wasn't just them. All around the camp, you could see many young geniuses who had come for the same purpose.

Klaus would even recognize most of them, having briefly crossed paths with them during the Felin Youth Ball.

They all looked ready for battle, but there were always a few who came looking for trouble. Klaus's friends ignored the piercing gazes aimed their way and focused on strategizing. Suddenly, the sound of heavy footsteps started approaching them, making them frown. Five imposing figures entered their area when they looked up, and the group immediately felt small in their presence.

"You're friends with that little fella Klaus, right?" a tall, bulky man with tattoos covering his arms asked.

Anna nodded. "That's right."

"Good. Where's that pretty boy?" Uncle Ziggy asked.

"He hasn't arrived yet," Anna replied, keeping her tone calm. "We spoke with his mother, and she said he's been in seclusion. He'll come when he's ready, but we're hoping he's not too late." As the natural leader of her group, Anna felt the responsibility to answer the five powerful saints standing before them.

"Good enough," Uncle Ziggy nodded. "I also hope he's not too late. Well then, since you're Klaus's friend, you can call us uncles. I'm Uncle Ziggy, that's Uncle Jojo, Uncle Xian, Uncle Matt, and Uncle James." He gestured to the other four men with him.

"Oh, and you little fellas," Uncle Ziggy continued with a grin, "feel free to use this time to level up. We'll be fighting beside you to ensure you are not hurt."

His words made Klaus's friends, especially Lily, smile with relief. Knowing they had such powerful support lifted some of the weight off their shoulders.

Saints weren't exactly rare, but they weren't common either. Most saints spent their time training and hunting, aiming to advance to the Sage stage. So while there were many saints, it was still rare to see them around.

For five saints to appear here, and with such a commanding presence, it naturally drew attention. People glanced at them with a mixture of awe and relief. Having saints fighting beside them made everyone feel a bit safer.

Anna and her team also relaxed. Though they wished Klaus was with them. However, knowing his five uncles were there gave them some peace of mind. Yet, deep down, they still longed for Klaus to join them.

Suddenly, five figures descended from the sky, hovering down slowly. The atmosphere shifted as everyone turned their attention to the newcomers.

"Everyone, thank you for coming," a voice boomed. "I know this isn't how you expected to spend your day, but as warriors, we all understand that unexpected challenges come with the territory. This invasion took us by surprise, but I have no doubt we will prevail because each of you is one of humanity's finest and bravest warriors."

The crowd listened closely as the speaker continued.

"The enemies we are about to face are the worst kind, but with our strength combined, I believe we will overcome this. And rest assured, after this invasion, each of you will be compensated for your bravery. Once again, thank you for coming."

Dave Arcadia, leader and ruler of Arcadian City and one of the wealthiest people in the entire Northern Union, spoke.

After his speech, everyone went about their preparations. An hour passed, and with each passing minute, the warriors stood ready.

Suddenly, a massive explosion shook the ground a few miles ahead. The Zombies had finally broken through all the containment barriers meant to thin their numbers and buy time to mobilize the fighters.

From the explosion, terrifying Zombies emerged—creatures that looked like they had stepped straight out of a nightmare.

"Everyone, kill without hesitation!" Dave Arcadia shouted. With his command, the warriors charged forward, even those who had been visibly shaken by the sight of the horrific Zombies. They were eager to prove themselves, hoping to score some points by taking down the Variant Zombies.

Anna and her friends also rushed into battle, picking their side of the field. Uncle Ziggy and the others charged alongside them, taking up positions around Anna and her group.

Chapter 119 - 119: Arcadian Mine Invasion (3)

"This is Gale Hendrick, reporting live from the invasion at Arcadian Mine. After three relentless hours of blockades, the Voltox Zombies have finally broken through and are now clashing with the brave warriors defending Arcadian City.

Both young warriors and seasoned veterans are fighting to ensure there's still an Arcadian city for the future. Meanwhile, authorities are working tirelessly to evacuate civilians.

So far, no casualties have been reported, but as we all know, anything can happen in battle. I'll keep you updated live, and once satellites are in place, you'll be able to watch the battle unfold from wherever you are. Until then, stay strong, and don't stop praying for these courageous fighters who are risking their lives."

The young war reporter delivered the updates to those anxiously watching at home, their hearts pounding as they awaited more news from the frontlines.

On the battlefield, chaos reigned. Spells flashed across the sky, arrows zipped through the air, and swords clanged as warriors clashed with the undead. Everyone fought with all they had, determined to eliminate the terrifying Voltox Zombies.

"Rainbow Flames Volley!" Kay shouted as they unleashed a barrage of flaming arrows, each one hitting its mark. They were pushing themselves to the limit, knowing that leveling up during the fight would restore their strength and heal their tired bodies. With the first wave being made up of only Tier 4 Zombies, everyone was giving it their all.

There were no Tier 3 Zombies or weaker in this horde, making it even more crucial for the master-level fighters to push themselves harder. The goal was clear: kill as many as possible before the real nightmare began.

"Goddess bestow and deny, Ice Goddess's will, Infinity Zero Domain!" Anna chanted, driving her staff into the ground. Suddenly, the 1km area around her froze solid.

Everyone felt the sudden shift in their surrounding, but despite the icy environment, no one felt any discomfort. Instead, their minds felt clearer, and their senses sharpened.

"Nice one, Anna!" Mark praised her, twirling his spear with a grin. "Whirlpool Wind Hurricane!" With a powerful thrust, a hurricane of sharp winds tore through the battlefield, slicing through the Zombies who had been slowed and frozen by Anna's ice domain.

"Flame Slash!" Kilian shouted as his sword glowed crimson with intense heat. He unleashed a rapid series of slashes, sending sharp arcs of flame directly at the Zombies within the frozen domain, cutting them down with precision.

"Wind Slash!" Lily moved like a whisper through the battlefield, ensuring her friends were covered from behind as she sliced through any zombie with swift, graceful strikes.

"Danny, you're slacking!" Daniel teased, cleaving a Zombie clean in half with a powerful swing of his massive axe.

"Who's slacking?" Danny shot back, driving his spear-like weapon through a Zombie's head, shattering it in a bloody mess. "I've already got 50 kills!"

Daniel smirked. "Like I said, you're slacking. Look at Hanna—she's already taken down 140 Zombies."

Danny glanced over at the calm young woman, her movements fluid as she fired lightning-infused arrows in rapid succession, each one striking a Zombie dead-on. Hanna's arrows were a deadly mix of finesse and accuracy, every shot hitting its target with lethal precision.

When Klaus first met her in the Ruin City Forbidden Zone, she lacked the confidence to make it through the City Selection. But after Klaus gave her Monster and Zombie cores, and later picked her as his personal assistant, she started to change.

Thanks to Ohema sending over loads of Mountain Dew, Klaus who doesn't need it shared it with his friends. This made their training improve more rapidly.

Hanna, who had barely passed the City Selection, passing with a ranking of 195, was now driven to become stronger. For days, alongside her duties as Klaus's assistant, she has been training relentlessly, and her hard work was paying off.

Each arrow she fired displayed her growth, a grand showcase of skill and determination, as she continued to thin down the zombies one rapid-lightning shot after the other.

"These kids aren't bad at all," Uncle Ziggy said as he continued to fire lightning-infused bullets at the approaching Zombies. Among Klaus's five uncles, he was the leanest, so it was only natural that he didn't wield any heavy weapons.

But with his Gunslinger Class and expertise in Lightning Ammunition, he looked even deadlier than the bulkier, heavily armed uncles. Each shot he fired crackled with energy, cutting down Zombies with precise, lethal efficiency.

"Indeed," Uncle Jojo agreed, unleashing a powerful slash that cut through dozens of Zombies in one fluid motion. "Looks like Klaus will have the best of the younger generation watching his back in the future."

The two uncles exchanged a glance, a hint of pride in their eyes as they watched the younger warriors holding their own on the battlefield.

And it wasn't just Klaus's friends; many young warriors were fighting bravely across the battlefield. On one side, Miguel, the young man Klaus had disciplined during the Felin Youth Ball, was cutting through the Zombies with a calm, neutral expression.

Not far from him was Lawrence, the man who had tried to humiliate Klaus with his sharp words but ended up with a taste of his own medicine. Now, he is fighting desperately for his life, the battle pushing him to his limits.

Despite their past conflicts, both men showed no signs of backing down when it came to humanity's survival. Their warrior spirit shone through as they fought with determination.

"Have you seen him yet?" Lawrence suddenly asked Miguel.

"No," Miguel replied with a tone laced with disdain. "But what do you expect? Cowards hide when danger comes. It's only natural he's not here."

"After this battle, we'll see where he can hide," Lawrence muttered, then returned to his relentless slaughter of the undead.

Klaus's absence was becoming noticeable. Warriors across the battlefield glanced around, searching for any sign of him, but he was nowhere to be found.

Klaus's recent duel with Max had made him a hot topic of conversation, and everyone was eager to see him on the battlefield. Yet, he was nowhere to be found.

Boom!

Suddenly, an explosion erupted miles behind the Zombie army. Tier 5 Zombies began making their way toward the battlefield.

"Saints, advance to the vanguard and hold back the Tier 5 Zombies! Warriors, dig in and clear this tide before the next wave arrives!" a general in military armor shouted, sending the Saints rushing toward the approaching Tier 5 Zombie captains.

There were thousands of them, moving at speeds several times faster than the normal Zombies or even the white Zombies. Dark crystals could be seen on their chests, their eyes glowing a deep red as misty smoke poured from their sockets.

"Alright, little fellas, we're heading to the frontlines. Don't worry; with you watching each other's backs, these lesser Zombies are no match for you," Uncle Ziggy said before taking to the skies with his team and leaving for the frontlines.

Anna stood in the center of the battlefield, chanting spells after spells that were gradually draining her energy.

"Infinity Ice, Ice Goddess's Wrath!" Ice erupted from the ground, freezing the monsters in place and halting their movements. This allowed her friends to deliver devastating attacks.

But that wasn't all. Ice spikes shot up from the ground, shattering the frozen Zombies. "Let's level up before the Tier 5 Zombies break through the Saints' blockade!" Anna shouted.

She and her friends are already at level 2 Master stage, thanks to the Mountain Dew Klaus had given them. It allowed them to absorb monster cores faster and managed to level up to level 2 before the invasion.

"Everyone, be ready. The real fight begins now!" Anna's voice rang out, commanding and icy, calming the hearts of all who heard her.

"A natural-born leader," Lily said quietly with a smile, watching as the young men and women rallied under Anna's command. It wasn't just the core group anymore; others were joining in, recognizing Anna as their temporary commander while the Saints.

Back in Ross City, inside a secluded training room, Klaus sat in a lotus posture, his eyes closed in deep concentration. He had been like that for days, unmoving. Suddenly, his eyes snapped open, releasing a reddish, misty aura. A sharp pain shot through his head, and he winced as a splitting headache surged into his brain.

His eyes glowed crimson, radiating a potent energy that seemed to reach deep into his soul.

"Don't resist. This is just the initial awakening of your spiritual eye," the senior voice from his soul sea suddenly spoke.

"Oh, so you finally decide to talk," Klaus muttered, despite the unbearable headache. He had hoped for the senior's guidance when he first began his seclusion, but there had been only silence. Now, at the worst possible moment, the senior seemed eager to chat.

"Brat, focus. This is a crucial step," the senior said, his tone firm.

"Crucial step? Feels more like my head's about to split open," Klaus replied, still clutching his temples.

"Your eye is forming a link to your spiritual space. Naturally, it's going to be painful. Just endure it, and it'll pass sooner than you think," the senior reassured him.

Klaus gritted his teeth, knowing he had no choice but to push through. He continued to endure. Slowly, his eyes began to dim, though they still held a faint crimson glow.

"Congratulations, brat, you've awakened your Spirit Eye," the senior said in a flat tone.

"Senior, what is the Spirit Eye?" Klaus asked. He had been feeling a burning sensation ever since his duel with Max Duncan. Now that it was settled, he still wasn't sure what he had gained. He hadn't noticed any effect yet.

"A Spiritual Eye is a direct link between your eyes and your soul. It's quite a handy ability. You can now see even with your eyes closed. By focusing on your senses, you'll be able to perceive your surroundings.

Even though this is just the initial awakening, you can see up to 1 kilometer around you with your eyes shut.

As you grow stronger, that range will expand."

Klaus blinked, trying to process the information. The idea of seeing without his eyes seemed strange, yet intriguing.

"Is that all it does?" Klaus asked, his curiosity piqued.

The senior chuckled softly. "Not quite. The Spiritual Eye has more uses, though you'll need time to master them. For one, it allows you to see through illusions. No matter how powerful the illusion, your Spiritual Eye can cut through the deception and reveal the truth. It's like peeling away layers of false reality."

Klaus's brows furrowed as he absorbed the implications.

"Another ability," the senior continued, "is seeing the flow of energy—whether it's spiritual qi, Star Qi, or any other force. You'll be able to track movements of energy, predict attacks, and even spot weaknesses in your opponent's techniques."

Klaus raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

"In fact," the senior added, "a Spirit Eye has more uses that you'll discover over time. I can't say exactly what kind of eye you've awakened, but even at this level, you can already use some spiritual attacks. These attacks can bypass physical defenses and strike directly at an opponent's soul or spirit. A very powerful ability"

Klaus's heart raced at the thought. This new power was more dangerous than he had realized. When he was preparing for the City Selection exams, he remembered coming across something about spirit masters.

From what he read, spirit masters could attack souls and even control weapons with their minds. It was something that he was drawn to. He wanted it but he wasn't sure he could do that. But now that he is hearing he can do some soul attacks he is hopeful. Klaus immediately asked, "Senior, does this mean I can control weapons with my mind?"

"You could always control weapons with your mind, even before awakening the Spirit Eye," the senior replied casually.

"Huh? What do you mean? I know for sure I couldn't do that," Klaus said, confused.

"You're a Weapon Overlord, brat. You have supreme control over weapons. So, yes, you've always had that ability."

"F*ck, why didn't you say something earlier?!" Klaus snapped, frustration bubbling up.

"Language, brat," the senior chuckled. "I thought you'd figure it out on your own, you know, Karma and all"

"F*ck, this is a scam. You're just hanging around in my soul, doing nothing. Where are you even from?" Klaus asked coldly, his frustration evident.

"You don't qualify to know that," the senior replied calmly. "But don't blame me. It's not my fault you never bothered to be curious about your Weapon Overlord class. When you awakened your sword aura and felt that deep connection with your weapon, I figured you'd take the opportunity to learn more. But you didn't. So, blame yourself for being lazy."

Klaus clenched his fists, annoyed but knowing the senior had a point. He'd been too busy chasing butts and boobs and had completely overlooked something so important.

"Brat, I hope you're not mad at me," the senior asked with a hint of sarcasm.

Klaus sighed, his frustration simmering. "No, I'm mad at myself," he admitted. "I should've paid more attention. But you could've at least given me a heads-up."

The senior chuckled. "Consider this your wake-up call. Better late than never, right?"

"Right, I guess I'll need to spend more time training," Klaus said with a determined sigh.

"Smart choice," the senior replied. "How about this? You've earned it. I'll transfer a technique that will allow you to use your spirit eye more efficiently. It can even be used for weapon manipulation."

Klaus smiled, feeling excited at the thought of growing stronger. He can now learn a new technique aside from his moon slash skill.

What Klaus didn't realize was that the senior had a clever plan in mind. By admitting Klaus had been lazy and that he hadn't helped him earlier, the senior subtly created the impression that he owed Klaus something. According to the rules of karma, debts must be paid to maintain balance.

The technique the senior was giving Klaus wasn't just a gift—it was a way to settle the karmic debt. This was the senior's method of outsmarting karma. Klaus wasn't yet aware of these intricacies, but the senior knew better.

Klaus's last tribulation had been a dangerous one, and the senior was doing everything he could to avoid piling on more for the next tribulation.

A golden orb flew from the door and entered Klaus's forehead. "Master this technique, and you'll be able to use your Spirit Eye more efficiently. And next time, try dedicating some time to mastering your skills rather than chasing women." The connection between him and the senior abruptly cut off.

"Tsk, this young master is all about the ladies," Klaus smirked, accessing the message that appeared in his mind.

[You have received a new Technique]

[Name: Ten Thousand Soul Needles]

[Ten Thousand Soul Needles]

>> Grade: Ancient

>> Tier: Top-Tier

-- By using your Spirit Eye and Star Qi, you can create soul needles that directly attack the soul. Each needle contains your will and can be controlled using your mind.

[Remark: Focus on training. The ladies aren't going anywhere.]

"Seriously, you couldn't have said something more inspiring?" Klaus muttered, though clearly pleased. Now, he had a new skill to add to his collection alongside his [Moon Slash] and [Nine Stars Ice Lotus Bloom].

He quickly accessed the technique. A detailed diagram appeared in his mind. At a glance, Klaus recognized one pattern that looked simple enough. His crimson eyes glowed brighter and with a single thought, a needle about 4 inches thick materialized before him. He focused, sending the needle shooting forward. However, when it attacked, it dealt no damage.

"Oh, I forgot it only attacks the soul," Klaus muttered but started forming more needles. As the tenth needle took shape, his face began to turn pale.

"I guess that's my limit for now," Klaus said with a weak smile. "I need to get some projectile weapons." He reached for his phone to see if he could order some, but as soon as he pulled it from his space ring, a flood of messages assaulted his eyes, which had returned to their normal golden hue.

"What the heck?!" Klaus shouted, immediately running out of the training room.

"Klaus, you're out! Your friends need you!" his mom said immediately after he came out of the training room.

