

## **Paragon 1271**

### Chapter 1271: Klaus vs Xar'kul (2)

The entire Arena became quiet yet again. Obviously, they all didn't expect Klaus to get the first blood.

Well, Xar'kul doesn't have blood, so it was more like Klaus got the first shattering. His deformed and abominable crystalline arm shattered from the impact.

But things didn't end there for him. Klaus didn't pause to give the ice bastard a breather.

The deep red flame behind him pulsed, filling the Arena with so much heat. The ice on the ground instantly melted, and the water evaporated into a hot mist.

The Void Incineration Flame spread across his body like living shadow-fire. The air around him distorted as gravity bent inward, drawn toward the flame.

Since he didn't want to use the Void Law because of the many eyes on him, he instead chose to tap into the void through his 3rd flame element – the Void Incineration Flame.

Klaus isn't stupid. He already knew the kind of danger he was in, so hiding his strength now just to keep his escape routes open was the most logical move he could make.

Klaus stepped forward, and the ground beneath his feet collapsed, unable to withstand the pressure.

Xar'kul pushed himself out of the wall, frost regenerating around his torn arm, but the regeneration was slow. Too slow to match the urgency of the moment. So he abandoned that and instead focused on survival.

He vanished again, choosing to use the void to his advantage.

This time, Klaus smiled. His comprehension of the Void Law is one rank higher than Xar'kul's, so he already had a handle on the situation from the start.

The golden-silver flame ignited.

Klaus's 4th flame element, the Primordial Desolation Flame, spread outward in a wide, invisible wave. There was no heat, no cold—only decay. Klaus was only using the Destruction aspect of the flame to fight Xar'kul.

The void around Klaus screamed as space lost its stability.

To travel the void, one needs a stable space. However, in situations where space becomes unstable, staying in the void poses a danger to the user.

This is one of the reasons why they argue that the best counter to the Void Law is the Space Law, and vice versa.

As intended, Xar'kul reappeared mid-strike, forced out of the void as his concealment was torn apart. His blades halted inches from Klaus's neck, frozen in place by an unseen force.

His body trembled.

The frost covering him began to flake away, turning to ash. The runes carved into his flesh, which aid the quick circulation of Ice energy, flickered violently, struggling to maintain their function.

“What—” Xar'kul's voice filled the Arena. It wasn't cold, just sheer panic, considering his biggest boon had just been countered.

The void he intended to use was countered using two deadly flame elements and the sheer brain power of the Hivemind.

Klaus raised his bow again.

This time, all four flames moved together.

The Chaotic Nirvana Flame surged upward, the Soul Fury Flame coiled tightly around the arrow, the Void Incineration Flame compressed space along its path, and the Primordial Desolation Flame erased resistance itself.

Klaus drew the string fully.

“I would like this to continue, I really do. However, I have another appointment, so try to die for me, would you?” Klaus grinned, and he fired the God Killer Arrow, augmented by the power of four forbidden flame elements.

The arrow left the string without a sound.

The Void Desolution Flame had erased all sound, just like how Xar’kul used the coldness of his Absolute Ice to erase sound a few minutes ago.

For a fraction of a second, nothing happened.

Then reality screamed.

The God Killer Arrow vanished the instant it was released, erased from sight as space collapsed along its trajectory. Inside the VIP booth, Varkos stood up from his chair. A panicked look appeared on his face.

“Raise the shields to the maximum,” He immediately commanded.

Somewhere in the Dark Universe Channel, inside the sleek S-class spaceship Klaus got from the 9 Paragon star guards, Niva held her jaw open, staring at the projection of the battle happening in Yahmir city.

Of course, Icon made sure she saw who had taken on her mission.

As for Maud, she remained calm in a chair, staring at the same screen Niva was watching the Battle on.

There was no flash, no roar—only a sudden absence, as if the world itself had forgotten something vital.

Xar'kul's instincts howled. He sensed it. He saw it. And he felt it. His life was coming to an end. Subconsciously, he knew there was nothing he could do.

But even so, he tried to move.

However, he couldn't. He just couldn't understand the suppression of the deadly arrow headed his way.

The unstable void around him shattered completely, severing his connection to it like a limb ripped from his body.

His understanding of the void is only [High], so when the connection was severed, it felt like a big part of his combat power had been sealed.

His Absolute Ice surged reflexively, frost exploding outward in a desperate attempt to defend him, but it was already too late.

Under the combined assault of four forbidden flames, each at the Absolute stage, all resistance was futile.

Perhaps, if he had Ultimate Ice, then perhaps he would have defended against the four deadly flames. Even so, with the power of four forbidden flames that ones erase gods, he stood no chance.

The arrow reappeared an inch from his chest.

The Chaotic Nirvana Flame detonated first.

It didn't explode outward as it should. It instead folded inward, crushing everything toward a single point. Xar'kul's ice defenses buckled instantly, compressed into nothingness as if they had never existed.

Klaus had yet to awaken the best part of the Chaotic Nirvana Flame. However, once he awakens the chaotic essence of that flame, then perhaps with just that flame, he can detonate entire planets.

However, this explosion is limited to only shattering Xar'kul's defense.

The Soul Fury Flame followed.

It screamed like it was being tortured.

However, the sound produced wasn't an ordinary sound, but a presence—countless wailing souls tearing into Xar'kul's core.

Klaus had only recently discovered this aspect of the Soul Fury flame. When it kills, it traps the resentful souls. Those souls are then subjected to soul torture every passing second, causing them to never stop screaming.

The more they scream, the stronger the Soul Fury flame becomes.

Xar'kul's mind fractured under the assault. Even Klaus, with his 450 minds, would have felt the anguish of the thousands of resentful souls. The pain is just too much for a Real Immortal.

Every memory, every scrap of will, every shred of identity was dragged, screaming, into the flame. Xar'kul's roar never left his throat. It was strangled before it could become sound.

That was just a show of how barbaric the Soul Fury Flame is. It even deprived him of the power to make a sound.

The Void Incineration Flame ignited next.

Space around the arrow imploded, collapsing inward with deadly precision. Xar'kul's body was torn apart at the molecular level, flesh and bone unraveling as if the void had turned into a shredder.

And finally, the Primordial Desolation Flame arrived.

There was no resistance on Xar'kul's part.

No regeneration.

No survival.

It erased everything.

Chapter 1272: Heavens Tower

The Destruction aspect didn't burn Xar'kul as fire should have. It rather ended him. His remaining arm, his twisted torso, the hole in his chest, the runes carved into his flesh—all of it turned to pale ash, then to nothing at all.

Even the concept of decay was denied. There was nothing left to rot. Everything about him had become nothing.

Even his Immortal soul that remained would be useless to the Cartel, considering the damage the Soul Fury had caused him.

The arrow passed through where Xar'kul had been and buried itself deep into the reinforced wall at the far end of the Arena.

For a moment, nothing moved.

Then the wall collapsed, crumbling in its mass and grace.

A massive section of the Arena caved inward, the reinforced materials reduced to crumbling ruin, unable to withstand the residual force left behind by the arrow.

That was a testament to the force the arrow carried.

It would take billions of universe coins to repair that damage, considering that, aside from collapsing, the materials that could be reused for repairs had decayed beyond recognition.

Maybe adding a sliver of death law was just too much.

Silence followed.

However, it wasn't the frozen silence Xar'kul had imposed before.

This was different.

This was awe. Every last one of them was in awe of Klaus, his power, and his combat experience.

The frost vanished from the Arena as if it had never existed. The temperature normalized slowly, unevenly, leaving most of the audience shivering—not from cold, but from fear.

Xar'kul was gone.

No corpse was left.

There were no remains at all to even think about.

What was left of his soul was taken by the Cartel.

Just like that, a high-level Real Immortal had been completely erased by a level 7 Empyrean stage warrior.

Klaus lowered his bow.

The four flames behind him dimmed, one by one, retreating into his body as if nothing extraordinary had just occurred. Of course, they were excited that their master and daddy had finally shown the universe what they were capable of.

Klaus exhaled slowly, the pressure around him fading.

The Arena shields flickered, barely holding together. If not for the last-minute command by Varkos that made them activate an S-rank shield, perhaps many would have died.

Naturally, that would have been ideal for Klaus. Killing criminals for power is something he would have certainly enjoyed.

Some spectators collapsed into their seats. Others stood rigid, mouths open, eyes wide, unable to process what they had witnessed.

This wasn't a victory.

This was a display of power. It was a declaration that in the vast universe out there, there are those who can defy the heavenly laws and kill far beyond their realm.

The message was clear and loud.

Even the robot overseeing the match hesitated—its systems lagging as if struggling to register the result.

Then, finally, its light turned a brilliant gold.

"The winner of this week's and the last Blood Tournament for a while is..." the mechanical voice echoed, distorted by lingering spatial instability. "Blood Sword."

The Arena erupted.

Not in cheers. That would have been an underestimation.

The cheer was chaotic.

Klaus turned away from the destruction, already walking toward the locker room where, a couple of hours ago, 64 warriors sat. Now, only one remained, and ironically, it was the weakest of them... a mere mortal.

Behind him, where Xar'kul once stood, there was nothing left to prove he had ever existed at all.

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Niva took a deep breath, feeling her heart racing. She had just witnessed the most chilling thing that even a warrior of her caliber wouldn't be able to do.

Klaus erased Xar'kul from existence; not even a bone was left to bury.

"Just what kind of monster is he?" she muttered, turning to Maud, who held a smug expression that could be felt from beneath her veil.

Niva couldn't see her expression, but she knew she had a smug look on.

"If I tell you, you wouldn't believe me," Maud said with a chuckle.

Niva turned to face her and asked, "Is he even a mortal?"

"Lord Klaus is a mortal. He is only a level 7 Empyrean. However, if he manages to get what he came to Yahmir for, then reaching the peak of the Empyrean stage and even ascending to the Early Immortal stage is possible."

She paused for a moment, letting Niva get used to her words. Until now, Niva was mad at Klaus for making her lose the chance she thought would have gotten her close to Varkos.

In her mind, Klaus was her enemy. However, after what had just happened, she was no longer sure. Klaus had proven his strength, and with Maud's assistance, she started to see that perhaps Klaus was her saviour, not her enemy.

"Lord Klaus would get the job done. He is not simple, and that is all I can tell you. However, here is some advice: if you want to return to your life stronger than ever, then when he returns, do your best to be on good terms with him.

Trust me, if you know who he is, you would go down on your knees and pay your undying respect to him."

After saying that, Maud went back to scrolling through the Uniweb. Niva, on the other hand, went back to staring out the window of the spaceship, her mind pondering so many things.

All she had seen and heard made her believe things aren't as simple as they look. From Maud to Klaus, she could tell that none of them is simple.

So she had some thinking to do.

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[Planet Magnus Terra - Heavens Tower]

There are ten star systems in the Milky Way galaxy. Each star system has a ruling planet that holds the power. One could say they are the overlords of the various planetary systems in that galaxy.

They are mostly referred to as Star Planets.

In the Dervas Star System, Planet Magnus Terra is the Star Planet.

It is also home to Heaven's Tower. It is like the mission hall, but this tower represents the Heavens Court on Planet Magnus Terra. The Heavens Court had dominated almost the entire universe.

At the moment, inside a large hall in the Heavens Tower, a demigod sat in a throne-like chair, watching a video that had been sent to him a couple of minutes ago.

In the video, a handsome redhead could be seen shooting a dangerous-looking arrow at a high-level Real Immortal. When the aftermath of the arrow was displayed, the Real Immortal was erased from existence.

But it didn't end. Another video showing him take down a mountain of a man played, followed by a video of how he killed someone he was all too familiar with—Niva.

After watching every video sent to him and accessing the profile of the criminal named Blood Sword, a dark expression appeared on his face.

He pressed a button on his watch and spoke, "Initiate extermination protocol. Target: Blood Sword. Current Known Rank: Level seven Emyrean. Threat Level: Very High. Current Location: Planet Yahmir. Use any means necessary to get a good result."

After saying that, he forwarded the message to the outpost of the Heavens Court near Planet Yahmir.

Chapter 1273: Villa, the Life Eater

After the devastating win in the Blood Tournament, Klaus walked back to the locker room. By the time he arrived, the lady who made the announcement was there waiting for him with a smile.

"You won," she said, taking slow steps toward Klaus.

It is plain she is interested in Klaus. She had already shown her lustful desires toward Klaus during the first and second interviews.

So everyone knew what she was after. Naturally, nobody cared about that. They already know her to have such carnal desires for all winners of a Blood Tournament.

Of course, she is a beauty that would win the hearts of most she sets her sights on.

However, to Klaus, who has over twenty wives, she is not qualified to even be his maid. But even if her charm somehow managed to catch Klaus's attention, from what he knew, he would never act on those feelings.

While many may not know her true identity, Klaus knew that every man who slept with her never lived to relish the pleasure the next day. According to what Icon found, she is known as "Life Eater" on the dark web.

Of course, to the rest of the underworld, she is called Villa, the bewitcher. She is known for her illusions and bewitching spells.

She is very dangerous and extremely ruthless.

Klaus is even sure Varkos doesn't know of her true identity. If he knew, even he would have been wary of her.

However, despite knowing her horrible identity, Klaus also smiled as she walked toward him. "Of course, I won. I've already told you I will win."

"That you did, and I, for one, am proud of you." She stopped before Klaus and placed her slender hands on his shoulders, making sure her bountiful chest was touching his.

Her voice dropped low, conveying the lust buried deep in her. "You are so strong."

Klaus smiled and said in a whisper, mirroring her energy, "It is only right for a man of my stature." Feeling his voice in her head, she was instantly overwhelmed by lust.

Her slender hands brushed from Klaus's shoulders and slowly down his chest. "I like strong men."

Klaus said nothing; his hands only moved and gently gave her butt a squeeze. This move completely shattered Villa's mental defenses.

She was already infatuated with Klaus; however, feeling his touch, she was instantly overwhelmed by emotion that even made her forget what she had come there to do.

Klaus smiled and added the other hand.

A few seconds later, all forms of resistance were shattered, and then, with a gentle smile, Klaus made his move...

'Paragon, do it.'

Inside his soul sea, his first soul body—paragon—smirked and formed a hand seal. A few seconds later, a star rune appeared in the air.

He made a gesture, and it flew away.

On the outside, Klaus moved his head forward and planted a gentle kiss on Villa's forehead. When he pulled away, a star tattoo appeared on her forehead.

Then, as if possessed, she moved back and bowed her head, embarrassed.

In her mind, she had just tried to make an inappropriate move on her master, but she was rejected. So she was embarrassed.

Klaus smiled and shook his head. "Life is precious, you know. I have nine of said lives, so trust me when I say life is very precious."

Villa lifted her head slightly and stared at Klaus for a few seconds before bowing her head again.

"No need to look down. You have lived for a long time, and in that long life, you have killed over 20,000 men. Of course, I don't blame you too much; those bastards chose to sleep with someone they just met.

Their death is on them.

However, while killing them was your decision, I would have to punish you for that. But I would also have to make sure you don't mess with any man ever again."

Klaus paused and took slow steps toward Villa. "So tell me, how should I punish you?"

Villa was at a loss for words.

Being bewitched by the Star Slave Seal is the most wicked thing a person could be put through. This seal was designed by the first paragon, who used it to subjugate many legendary yet malevolent individuals.

The last time it was used was during the final moments of the Primordial Era, when he employed it to enslave the five monarchs whom he had freed just a few months prior to the Planet Awakening.

Now, he had used it on Villa with only one intention—to use her to get what he wanted, which was to gather information on the five True Immortals around Varkos.

In his quest to help Niva kill Varkos, the five True Immortals around him would be a headache. So, if he could gather some hands-on information on them that even Icon couldn't, that would help him plan effectively.

"I know you and two of the five subordinates of Varkos have been spending time together. Of course, why wouldn't you...

After all, taking the lives of two True Immortals would aid your cultivation to the Real Immortal stage much faster.

So I won't kill you because you are going to work for me. You will earn your freedom through hard work.

Of course, there is a chance you will die on this mission.

However, if your will to live is big enough, then doing something you enjoy and staying alive shouldn't be a problem."

"I will do all Master says without failure."

"I like the sound of that," Klaus smiled, feeling amused. However, knowing time was of the essence, he immediately gave the mission to Villa.

After all, she came to tell him something and even give him his winning package.

On the other hand, the Black Cartel Auction was scheduled to take place in three hours, so she would have to take him to the venue.

Klaus knew what he had come for would be auctioned there. Of course, he knew many people would be bidding for it.

The Thunder Jade Essence Ore isn't something ordinary. All who cultivate the lightning element would kill to have it, so the auction was going to be a wild one.

Klaus prepared for it.

He had already topped up his account with not less than half a trillion Universe Coins, so he was prepared for it.

Depositing a God Crystal is equivalent to 400 billion Universe Coins or 40 million Heaven Crystals.

He deposited two God Crystals, so he was loaded and ready for this auction.

#### Chapter 1274: Black Cartel Auction

The location for the Black Cartel Auction is at another floating city. However, this city is much smaller than where the Blood Tournament took place.

When Klaus and Villa arrived, he was shocked to see only 14 people present for the auction. Every last one of them is a True Immortal.

All 14 are hardened criminals with an extensive reputation in the criminal underworld. Just their names and deeds were enough to show the kind of monsters they are.

It turned out the auction was by invitation only, and the only way he was invited was by winning the Blood Tournament.

Right when he arrived, all eyes turned to him.

Most were just curious; however, Klaus sensed a few who held hostile intentions toward him. Naturally, he merely brushed them off, knowing that inside the auction hall, they wouldn't dare attack him.

In fact, on his way here, he already sensed some hostile gazes aimed at him from faraway places.

Some even came from outer space, showing that the visionary ones had already set up camp there, waiting for him to leave the planet.

Once he appears, they would ambush him and take what they could from him.

The life of a criminal is as such. The strong get to bully the weak and take their possessions with an iron fist, and there is nothing they can do about it.

Klaus settled in his chair and casually closed his eyes like he had nothing to worry about. He is here for something, so there is no need to bother with what some True Immortals think.

An hour later, a large door was opened, and Varkos stepped in, followed by five True Immortals—each a monster in their own right.

Right when they entered, all six of them locked their gaze on Klaus.

However, while Klaus expected hostile looks, to his shock, Varkos seemed happy to see him, moving straight toward him.

When he was close enough, Klaus stood up to meet him.

As they say, it is always good to meet your enemies with a broad smile and let them welcome you with open arms.

"Blood Sword," Varkos said, letting a smile appear on his face.

"Lord Varkos," Klaus responded with a smile to his greeting. Of course, on the surface, all of them were being polite, but deep within, they all had their own intentions.

Varkos, in a way, felt threatened by Klaus.

Of course, he would be.

The fact that Klaus, a mere Emphyrean, was able to go against Real Immortals and defeat them demonstrated that he was a formidable opponent.

In simple terms, such a person could one day replace him as the head of the Cartel. That is something he cannot allow to happen.

However, the fact that even as a mortal, he was able to win a Blood Tournament shows that if he aided him, winning the Underworld Slaughter Tournament would be possible.

When that happens, there is a chance Klaus might even leave to pursue much bigger roles in the underworld, thereby leaving the Cartel with considerable recognition and Varkos as the leader.

If only he knew that Klaus planned on killing him before the Underworld Slaughter Tournament, he would probably smite him where he stood.

"I hope you have received your reward for winning the Blood Tournament," Varkos asked, and Klaus nodded.

"I did. Thank you."

"No need to thank me. You have proven your capabilities to everyone, and that has earned you these items. Now, all you have to do is win the next Blood Tournament in four months and represent this Cartel in the Underworld Slaughter Tournament."

Varkos smiled, feeling happy at the moment.

However, at the back of his mind, he was smiling at Klaus simply because even if he somehow managed to win the next Blood Tournament, the chances of him winning against hardened criminals who had fought many deadly battles and emerged victorious were slim.

"Don't worry, Lord Varkos, I have my eyes on the bigger picture, so rest assured, I will be surprising you all."

"I look forward to that."

"Oh, you have no idea." Klaus grinned through his smile.

Varkos and his men left for their seats.

Klaus also returned to his seat with a small smile on his face. To those who witnessed this exchange, it would seem that Klaus was merely happy to see and shake hands with a legend like Varkos.

However, if they knew what was running through his mind, they would probably pull their weapons and stop him before he struck.

After he settled down, he turned to Icon...

'What do you think, Icon?'

[The master can rest assured that if he goes against any of the True Immortals while only at the Empyrean stage, death is what awaits him.]

However, once the master becomes an Early Immortal, even if just a low-level Early Immortal, you will have better chances to take on the immortal energy of a True Immortal.]

'So, in other words, I must become an Immortal before the Underworld Slaughter Tournament.'

[That is exactly what I meant. However, the master must also be ready to reveal more of his hand by tapping into his Vampire Monarch bloodline. In other words, the master would have to one day reveal his identity as a vampire.]

Klaus just smiled inwardly, feeling amused. In his seventh incarnation, he was a criminal, considering the kind of monster he was back then. In this life, he would also be playing that role.

Only this time around, he wouldn't be doing things without a reason.

'We will cross that ocean when we get there.'

Klaus settled in; however, a few minutes later, a man walked to the stage holding a microphone.

"Welcome, everyone, to this edition of the Black Cartel Auction. I will be your host and auctioneer for today's auction... You can call me Kolu."

Every last one of the 14 criminals invited to the auction shifted in their chairs.

"Like always, only five items will be auctioned, and as you all know, the Thunder Jade Essence Ore is the last item to be auctioned today.

I know most of you are here for it, but know that after seeing the first four items, getting the Thunder Jade Essence Ore will be the least of your concerns."

Kolu paused and scanned the hall.

"As always, the bidding will be done in Heaven Crystals. This means one Heaven Crystal is 10,000 Universe coins, so be ready to spend some money if you want the items we have on auction today."

'Icon, inform Sera I might need some funds, so she should prepare not less than 10 billion Heaven Crystals.'

[Okay, master.]

Klaus had already anticipated that Universe coins wouldn't do much in the bigger picture. It is the common currency of the Universe, but its value isn't much.

Heaven Crystals are worth 10,000 times more than Universe coins. Even one God Crystal is worth 100 billion Universe coins. So, Klaus knew he might be rich in Universe coins, but when it came to Heaven Crystals or God Crystals, he was still poor.

Thankfully, now that he had found what he came for, asking his company for help was okay.

"Without further ado, let us start the Black Cartel Auction."

Chapter 1275: The Crimson Soulbrand Manacles

Kolu pressed a button on his watch, and a glass container appeared from the ground. Inside the glass lay three pairs of ancient blood-red manacles forged from Soulsteel, etched with writhing runes.

Although they were inside a glass container, Klaus could see a faint aura of the soul emanating from them.

When everyone saw these manacles, they all widened their eyes in surprise. Of course, they recognised them. After all, 200 weeks ago, the Soul Emperor was killed in a surprise attack while on his way to the demon universe.

These manacles were his creation, and from what many knew, they were used to enslave thousands of warriors

"These manacles are designed not to restrain the body, but to enslave the soul.

Once locked onto a target, the manacles brand the victim's soul with a Crimson Mark, forcibly binding their will to the bearer.

Cultivation techniques, bloodlines, and even divine blessings can be suppressed or redirected at the owner's command. Escape is nearly impossible since breaking free tears chunks of the soul apart.

Unless the owner wills it, the one branded, using even a bit of their power, is impossible."

Klaus raised his brow, intrigued. Of course, he had no plans on buying such an item. With the Star Seal at its disposal, using items like this would just be a waste.

"The starting bid is 4 million Heaven Crystals."

"5 million." Almost instantly, a man wearing a black mask raised the bid by a million Heaven Crystals.

However, he was outbid the next second.

"6 million"

"7 million"

The bid soon jumped to 10 million Heaven Crystals, and it continued to rise.

As criminals, they knew that having such treasures would, without a doubt, come in handy. Having the ability to enslave the soul of just anyone is worth any price.

However, with 14 rich crime bosses bidding for the same item, there is bound to be some heated rivalry.

Klaus, of course, remained relaxed in his seat, watching them bid over an item that, with enough soul power, can be broken.

Of course, it is meant to enslave the soul. However, when it comes to its potency, with enough soul strength, breaking it is as simple as shattering a pair of shackles.

Klaus had already cultivated the [Soul Pagoda] to level 7. Although he had yet to reach the 9th level, where his soul technique would transcend and reach the Soul Tower form, with the lives that he had lived, his soul is nine times stronger than that of an ordinary warrior.

So such shackles won't work on him. However, even an Immortal King with a weak soul can be shackled and forever be at the mercy of the owner.

These three pairs would undoubtedly be of use to anyone who seeks to enslave barbarians.

'I have to say, the one who designed these manacles was an evil genius. The runes carved into them not only shackle the soul but also steal the victim's soul essence.

With this, all he had to do was slap all three into the souls of Immortals, and he wouldn't have to worry about running out of soul essence.'

[There are many warriors out there with deadly treasures at their disposal. This is always a reason for the master to be careful when out there.]

'Understood, Icon. I will be extra careful.'

The auction continued for 20 minutes before, out of nowhere, one of the 14 criminals who had been quiet throughout raised the bid to an all-time sky-high.

"100 million"

" "

" "

Everyone turned in his direction, Klaus included.

The bid was struggling in the 50 million range, only for him to raise it all the way to 100 million in Heaven Crystals.

That is equivalent to a trillion Universe coins, all spent on a bunch of shackles.

[His name is Jay, head of Planet Rox. At least, that is how he is known to the rest of the universe. However, to the underworld, he is one of the resourceful slave masters.

His underworld market sells only lady slaves who are sold to be used as playthings. They call him the Maiden Slave Master.]

'Oh, so he is scum.' Klaus furrowed his brow. 'Add him to the kill list, Icon.'

[Way ahead of you, master. Additionally, it appears he has an 800 billion Universe coin bounty on his head. Killing him comes with some add-ons.]

"Even better."

Klaus smiled inwardly, but he made no attempt to reveal his disdain toward Jay. For now, he will bide his time and wait for when he gets his hands on him.

'Prepare a profile on all 14 of them for me. Afterwards, prepare another identity for me. I think it is time I start selling information.'

[Okay, Master]

"Well, that was unexpected," Kolu said with a small smile on his face. He didn't expect the first item to sell for that much.

However, with the bid now at an all-time high, he knew no one would bid again. After all, 100 million Heavens Crystals are just too much for a pair of Manacles.

"Since we have no more bids, the Crimson Soulbrand Manacles go to Number 4."

The item was taken away by a Real Immortal and handed to Jay, who paid by scanning a code given to him.

Once the first item was auctioned, the second item was brought to the stand.

This one is a core oozing with blood energy. Even through the glass, Klaus sensed it, causing his eyes to turn crimson as cold oozed from deep within his third and seventh cores.

The blood energy emanating from the core seemed to be resonating with him.

He was the Asura God in his third incarnation and the Vampire Monarch in his seventh incarnation, so the blood resonated with the cores associated with those incarnations.

He wielded the power over blood in both lives.

[The master must get this core. There is a chance it will strengthen your seventh bloodline and even take you to the peak of the Empyrean stage, thereby elevating your chance to become an Immortal after taking the Thunder Jade Essence Ore.]

Klaus had already made up his mind to get it.

He came for the Thunder Jade Essence Ore, but this item is equally important. With it, his bloodline will take a leap forward.

"This is a core from a True Calamity Level Blood Berserker Hound. It was killed by a group of adventurers who ventured into the Old Monarch Cave.

From what we know, the Bloodhound had even formed its first Immortal Ring before it was killed."

Hearing Kolu's words, everyone shifted again in their seats.

Forget the rank of the core or its bloodthirsty nature—hearing that there might be an Immortal Ring in the core made them all giddy.

"The bid is set at 30 million Heaven Crystals."

"40 million"

"60 million"

Chapter 1276: Immortal Ring

To every immortal, the most important thing is possessing Immortal Rings. No immortal with a sane mind would pass up the offer to obtain an immortal ring or form one.

It has four important uses.

If an immortal doesn't possess them, they will be stuck at the peak of the Real Immortal stage forever.

First, to go from Real Immortal to True Immortal, one must form or absorb an Immortal Ring. It is the only way to that one leap. Aside from it, there is no other way to take that step to the realm of true immortality.

However, if that isn't important enough, then having one's immortal core expand by tenfold is all the more reason to kill one's best friends just to form an Immortal Ring.

Once a warrior moves from the Emphyrean stage to the immortal stage, their cores turn into an Immortal Core. To most, this core will be about a thousand times larger than when they were Emphyreans.

Some even go beyond that. Moving from a mortal to an immortal allows a warrior to transcend their mortal limits.

It is also why Emphyreans have no business fighting Immortals. Immortals possess thousands of times the energy of an Emphyrean.

So, imagine what happens if an Immortal suddenly gets a tenfold expansion of their core. That would not only make them have more immortal qi to channel, but they would also be far ahead of their peers.

Most immortals, when they reach the True Immortal stage, spend thousands of years attempting to form more Immortal Rings as they slowly advance to the subsequent ranks.

It is said at the Immortal Lord stage that if a warrior is able to form five Immortal Rings, then once they become gods, they will be among the most powerful of them.

Immortal Rings also amplify the attack power of an immortal. If the weight of a punch is 100,000 kg, then with the application of an Immortal Ring, it becomes ten times heavier.

Lastly, Immortal Rings make it easy to ascend between the minor levels at every immortal stage/rank.

However, to form an Immortal Ring, it takes time and a great deal of treasure. Essentially, many immortals can spend a thousand years accumulating wealth just to form a single Immortal Ring.

Of course, there are many dangerous ways to easily form them. One such way is killing beasts that have the mark of calamity, which has formed an Immortal Ring.

At the immortal rank and above, there are some beasts that have marks called Calamity Marks. Every beast that has that mark, if at the rank of an Immortal King, would be called a Calamity King.

Said beasts, if they have Immortal Rings, when killed, their Immortal Ring will be condensed inside their core. Naturally, with some effort and talent, one can easily extract that ring and make it their own.

Some even say it is the easier way to get an Immortal Ring, despite the dangers involved in killing Calamity Beasts.

Basically, Immortal Rings are much more valuable to any immortal.

So when one appears in an auction house, the bidding war intensifies to the point that it becomes a battle outside once the auction is over.

"100 Million"

"120 Million"

\*

\*

\*

"200 Million"

Klaus remained calm in his chair, watching the 14 criminals bid over the core like hungry tigers. They each have an Immortal Ring; however, the allure of possessing a second is making them go mad.

'I remember one time when I, Anna, and Lucy's incarnations in my 4th incarnation mistakenly stumbled into a nest of Calamity Flame Demon Spiders.

I was only a True Immortal while the two of them were Immortal Kings. That was the most dangerous and harrowing battle we have ever fought.

In the end, we had to run, leaving behind precious cores and calamity bodies that could have been used for forging.' A look of melancholy appeared on Klaus's face as he recalled the past.

[The master sure picks bad moments to go down memory lane. Right now, we have 14 True Immortals who would become extremely pissed if you ended up winning the bid on the core.

They would, without a doubt, come after you once you leave this place. But even if they don't get you today, they are criminals, meaning they would never stop until they get their hands on you.

How are you going to manage that?]

Klaus smiled but said nothing to Icon. In his mind, he had already calculated 10 foolproof ways to escape with his life intact.

As for later, he knew that when they met again, they would think twice before coming against him.

Suddenly, the core had become even more important to Klaus than what he came here for. The Immortal Ring inside the core, if he were to get his hands on it, would make his strength even more explosive.

"350 Million." The bid was raised yet again. This time, many didn't hastily raise it, causing the man in VIP booth number 7 to smile.

He had been quiet since, watching the others call one bid after another, hoping the core would be there. However, with his voice added, they all became quiet.

He raised it from 300 million.

However, while the 13 remaining aren't poor, they chose to back down since the man in question is someone most of them want on their good side.

They recognised him and knew that keeping him on their good side would be more beneficial to them. Unfortunately, they have a troublemaker in the hall who actually wants to cause trouble.

[Master, this is the Blood Poison Prince. He is a dangerous poison cultivator who has created some of the most deadly poisons on this side of the universe.

He is a member of the Eleven Saint Poison Coven. He supplies poison to most underworld crime organizations, families, and groups.

From what I could find on him, he was responsible for the massacre of a planet housing 3.4 billion humans and several other poison attacks in this part of the universe.

Many say he merely uses those planets as test subjects whenever he develops a new poison formula.

His bounty is set at 300 million Heavens Crystals, one of the top 50 bounties on the Epic Mission Board.]

'The Eleven Saint Poison Coven. I had dealings with them in the past. Who would have thought they turned out to be scum of society?'

If Ohema were here, she would be very disappointed. After all, she was one of the founding members of the Eleven Saint Poison Coven.

You could even say she was the true leader of the Eleven Saint Poison Coven since she brought the idea and contributed the most to its success.

'So he is dangerous.'

[Yes, master. Extremely dangerous by poison standards.]

'Sounds like he will be a good sport and probably a way to figure out what had rotted in the Eleven Saint Poison Coven. Those people are all about poison, but they never harmed the innocent when I knew them.'

Klaus turned to the man in booth number 8 and smirked...

"400 Million." He raised the bid, causing all eyes to turn toward him.

In response, he flicked his red hair with his hand and casually raised his left leg, placing it over the right one.

Chapter 1277: Loads Of Enemies

Raising the bid clearly was a bad idea, considering the moment he did, every last living soul inside the auction hall turned toward him.

There were no friendly looks in their eyes.

They all looked genuinely shocked that a youngster like Klaus would raise the bid by such a large margin at once.

In fact, they were more shocked that he went against someone like the Blood Poison Prince. He must be courting death to dare do that.

From what is known about the Eleven Saint Poison Coven, all those in their organization who are known as the Poison Princes hold some power within the planetary system they are in.

The name they picked holds some power, and so even if unknown, one ought to respect them, else they risk calling doom upon themselves.

That was why the other 13 didn't bother to bid again when he did. In their minds, it was better to be on friendly terms with him than to antagonize him.

They are all criminals, but some are better left to their own devices.

"410 Million." The Blood Poison Prince raised the bid again. This time, while invisible to others, Klaus could see faint poison qi surrounding him.

'He is already angry... Even better.'

"430 Million." Klaus raised the bid again, earning even more shocked looks.

Varkos and his five henchmen shifted in their chairs. Although they are not part of those bidding, they knew what was about to happen, so they wanted to be ready for anything.

"440 Million." The Blood Poison Prince bid again, his gaze not leaving Klaus. Even the others started trying to intimidate Klaus with their looks.

They want to show the Blood Poison Prince they are on his side.

However, Klaus had already seen through their schemes, so he remained unfazed.

"460 Million." He raised the bid by 20 million, a clear sign he had no plans of backing out.

"Brat, do you know who you are messing with?" Suddenly, a man in VIP booth 5 spoke, pointing his bony hands at Klaus. His expression was dark, and from the look of things, he just wanted to score some brownie points with the Blood Poison Prince.

Unfortunately for him, he picked the wrong brat to mess with.

"This is an auction. Even if I have no idea who he is, does that mean when he bids, I shouldn't?" Klaus turned and faced the man who shouted. "Sorry, but I am not a coward who would suck up to just any rando."

"Any rando?" The number 2 man raised his brow. "Do you know who you just referred to as a rando?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. In any case, if you are too broke to continue bidding, you might as well stop before you embarrass yourself."

Klaus chuckled and flicked his hand, taking out a wine he picked from Yuying and Nadia's collection. "We are all criminals here after all... lol."

The veins on the Blood Poison Prince's forehead were almost about to pop, considering the amount of blood pumping through them.

"You won't be leaving this planet alive, brat."

Klaus laughed, very amused. "Oh, please. I have already prepared 10 foolproof escape routes before landing my spaceship. Or do you think I am some amateur criminal like you?"

Klaus took a sip of the wine. "Unlike you amateurs, my crimes are calculated and executed without fail. I merely came here to train, and guess what, I am even bored.

However, since Lord Varkos had provided me a chance to play in the big leagues, I will leave this planet alive and unscathed. I am that awesome.

However, I will return as arranged, and next time, all who stand against me today will meet the sharp end of my blade when I meet you again.

Being a True Immortal makes you supreme?"

The entire auction went quiet. Nobody dared to make a simple sound. The words Klaus poured out were still echoing in the air.

While Klaus was a mere mortal, his words, in a way, contained some authority that, after hearing them, left all 14 True Immortals unsure of what to say.

In a way, they were out of words. They were completely defeated by a mere mortal in verbal conflict, and the most painful part was that they didn't even know how he did it.

Two minutes went by, and aside from their angered expressions, nobody dared to make a sound. In the end, Kolu cut in to end things before they escalated.

"Since there are no more bids, the Blood-Calamity Beast Core goes to Number 15." And just like that, Klaus won the bid, but he had earned loads of enemies.

Even so, as he watched the item being carried to his booth, he was thrilled.

'Uhm, Icon, if I make a payment, wouldn't my name show?' Klaus suddenly panicked, knowing his name was on his bank account, and since this was a criminal endeavour, he might just be revealing his name for all to see.

Thankfully, the tower isn't as simple as it seems.

[The master shouldn't worry. I have already created an account for you at the Underworld Bank and deposited 7 billion Heavens Crystals from what Sera had sent into it. You can pay by tapping your communicator or phone to the code before you.]

'You are the best.' Klaus smiled just as the core stored inside a storage ring was handed to him. He peeked in, and after confirming, he paid for it.

Although he had spent more than he should have for a core of this rank, he had more to gain from it if he played his cards right.

Soon, the next item was brought on sale; however, Klaus wasn't interested in it. Most of the people also didn't seem to like it, so after just ten minutes of bidding, it sold for 20 million Heavens Crystals.

Afterward, the fourth item was also brought; however, just like the third, Klaus didn't show interest in it.

But this time, the 14 criminals fought fiercely over it. After all, anything that has to do with enslavement is something criminals will fancy the most.

So the Ash-Bound Contract Scroll sold for 230 million after 30 minutes of intense bidding.

In the end, the Blood Poison Prince won. When he paid for it, he turned his focus to Klaus and gave him a fierce look.

Klaus merely chuckled and muttered quietly, but loud enough for him to hear, "What a baby."

This caused veins to pop on his forehead. However, in the end, Klaus merely smirked and chose not to dwell on it. He had already marked him for death, just as he, too, wanted the annoying redhead dead.

"Finally, the item you all have been waiting for." Kolu pressed a button, and another glass container rose from the ground. Inside, a small green ore radiating lightning qi could be seen.

Everyone focused their attention on the Thunder Jade Essence Ore.

"I know we all know what this is, so why waste time describing it?" Everyone nodded, Klaus included.

"Since that is the case, then the starting bid is set at 300 million Heavens Coins."

"400 Million"

"500 Million"

Chapter 1278: Dangerous Bidding War (1)

"1 billion"

"1.1 billion"

The price of the Thunder Jade Essence Ore quickly jumped to 1 billion Heavens Crystals in no time. However, while 1.1 billion in Heaven Crystals is a substantial amount of money, to the criminals bidding, it was nothing but a drop in their vast pool of wealth.

They had so much wealth that a billion Heaven Crystals out of their total wealth was nothing.

Not that it would be spent on waste. The Thunder Jade Essence Ore is a very valuable and sought-after elemental treasure.

It would be money well spent because the Thunder Jade Essence Ore is something every warrior would want to have in their hands.

It is rare and hard to find.

It is formed from the condensed lightning law. Mostly, during a lightning supernova, the Thunder Jade Essence Ore is condensed from the overlapping of the lightning law at its purest state.

The moment it forms, it undergoes a baptism of lightning so intense that the law captured and condensed is tempered to the point it becomes even more purified.

Once that is done, people with high lightning law comprehension and resistance seek them.

However, all that is just the preliminary phase of the long and mind-blowing uses of Thunder Jade Essence Ore.

To many, it can be used to reforge a cultivator's core into a Thunder-Attribute Core. This is beneficial to both Lightning users and non-Lightning users.

To lightning users, reforging their cores using a Thunder Jade Essence Ore not only advances their understanding of the lightning law, but it also awakens innate talents such as Lightning Body, lightning abilities, lightning legacies, and many more.

It is essentially a cheat item that enables one to rapidly elevate their weak lightning abilities to the peak. It reshapes one's understanding of the lightning law by several degrees and within a very short period.

As for non-lightning users, absorbing this ore not only enables them to wield lightning, but it also jumpstarts their law comprehension without having to start from scratch.

It is a god-grade treasure that many would kill for.

Aside from that, it also elevates lightning techniques by multiple realms. It can be used to refine divine weapons or armour and, lastly, serve as a breakthrough catalyst for Immortal ascension.

Many use it to move from Emphyrean to Early Immortals, while Immortals use it to ascend through the minor realms and quickly break through to the next major realm.

Basically, its use is excessive, prompting people to make a fuss, such as raising the bid by several million Heavens Crystals every second.

If they get their hands on it, everything will be worth it.

Klaus, who needed it to forge his Heaven-defying body, was also ready to bid for it. However, as someone who loves to shatter people's hopes and dreams, he decided to remain calm first and let the wolves fight over something they can't have.

“2 Billion”

The Blood Poison Prince raised the bid to 2 billion Heavens Crystals, only for Jay (slave trader) to add a hundred million to it, making it 2.1 billion.

This time, there is nothing like giving face to anyone.

“Sorry, Blood Poison, but I gave you face during the bidding for the Calamity Core. This time, I need this, so I hope you see that and let the highest bidder win.”

Jay said, already making sure the most dangerous poison master he knew understood the current state of the bidding war, so he wouldn't be shortsighted.

He isn't that petty on the surface, at least.

“Don't worry, Old Slaver. I know when to be petty and when to fight for what I want,” Blood Poison responded, as any criminal would.

Though deep down, they all knew that after the auction, there would be backstabbing from fellow criminals. There is no honour among criminals, as they say.

Even if they weren't criminals, considering the nature of the items being auctioned, anyone would develop a desire for something they wanted but couldn't obtain.

However, since they are criminals, instead of using diplomacy to achieve their goals, they will resort to any means necessary to regain what they want, even if it doesn't belong to them.

As the saying goes, once a criminal, always a criminal.

“2.6 billion”

“2.7 billion”

[Master, aren't you going to bid? Although the Thunder Jade Essence Ore is expensive, it is nearing the listed price I saw on a certain high-society marketplace.]

'How much was it on there?'

[One Thunder Jade Essence Ore is 3.5 billion Heavens Crystals. However, to be able to access such a market, you must at least be an SS-class Hunter.]

I tried to use backdoors, but it is just impossible to fake entry into such a place.]

'Oh, I see. So you think this bidding war will go beyond 3.5 billion Heavens Crystals?'

[From the way things are going, it will surpass it. There is a chance it will even reach 5 billion. However, after calculating, I discovered that if the master were to enter the bid, there is a chance they will stop bidding for it.]

'Oh, and why so?' Klaus was a little taken aback by what Icon said.

He knew that at auctions, when the bid enters uncharted territory, many abandon it, since spending that much money can be considered a waste, regardless of how useful the thing is.

However, this is the Thunder Jade Essence Ore. It is something many will spend their life savings on. So no matter what, they would never stop bidding for it.

To think that if he enters the bidding war, it will trigger the others to stop bidding is just absurd. If anything, losing to a brat would be a motivation for them to continue their bidding.

[The master should already know that most of these people already have their eyes on you. In their eyes, you are just prey that they can easily get their hands on.]

So, if you join the bid, win, and pay for the item, it will give them a reason to come after you and try their best to get it.

In a way, they would want you to win, pay for it, and then they will collect it from you. You are, in a way, their bank and on the surface, everybody would think that.]

‘Oh, that does make sense in a way. I mean, they would really like the idea of getting something this valuable free of charge simply by killing me.’

[The master should also know that by becoming the winner of the bid, the chance of getting attacked right when he steps out of the auction house is very high.]

‘I know. But who said I didn’t come prepared?’

Klaus grinned, and then he decided to test what Icon calculated. In a way, he wanted to see if he could win the bid at a much lower price.

“2.9 Billion.” Blood Poison raised the bid yet again. At the moment, only 6 out of the 14 were bidding, and from the look of things, Blood Poison had the upper hand.

Unfortunately for him, Blood Sword also had his eyes on the Thunder Jade Essence Ore. So Klaus made his bid known.

“3 Billion”

Eyes turned in his direction.

Chapter 1279: Dangerous Bidding War (2)

There was quietness, as Klaus had expected. Every last eye turned to him.

The moment he raised the bid, it meant he was ready to play the big boys' game. However, these big boys are criminals who have killed thousands of innocent people simply because they don't care.

So his bid was a declaration that he was ready to swim with the sharks, despite his status as an alligator.

In their eyes, minds and hearts, Klaus is just a weakling they can easily kill with a slap. In a way, that is indeed the case; Klaus is weaker than True Immortals.

But does that ever stop the paragon of the nine stars from causing trouble?

"Brat, this is not something you can meddle in," Blood Poison shot Klaus a dangerous look, his poison aura subtly exuding into the air.

Varkos and his five minions didn't even seem to care about the fact that Blood Poison was now targeting the current winner of the Blood Tournament.

This was the big men's game, and since Klaus chose to play, he could only win; otherwise, the fallout would be on him. Of course, they knew none of them would dare fight inside the auction house.

So they weren't even worried.

However, Klaus was indeed walking in muddy waters.

"Relax, old man. I don't do things I know I won't win. Before I make any move, I know deep down I will win, so you can rest assured, I am right where I want to be."

Klaus flashed him a mocking smile that instantly made Blood Poison suck in a deep breath. The rest who heard what Klaus said narrowed their eyes at him, probably feeling insulted by his words.

Saying he felt confident that his life wasn't threatened by any of them was just too much of an insult to such bona fide and hardcore criminals, not forgetting True Immortals such as themselves.

If anything, Klaus shouldn't even qualify to be sitting among them. Not even Real Immortals are qualified to walk among warriors of their calibre.

So Klaus had indeed looked down on them, and it felt rather insulting in every degree.

Looking at their expressions, Klaus smiled weakly.

"Please don't look at me with those ugly expressions. We both know I qualify to be here. I have proven myself worthy to attend this auction, so if an item is up for bidding, I qualify to bid on it, provided I have the necessary funds.

Luckily for me, my pocket is deep, so rest assured, unless you all join your funds together, I will be taking this item off your hands, and there's nothing—emphasis on nothing—that any of you can do to stop me."

Klaus leaned back in his chair and drank the last gulp of wine in the bottle.

The auction house was absolutely quiet, to the point that Kolu didn't even know what to do as an auctioneer.

This auction had been quite interesting for him. He had held many auctions in the past, but this one was new to him.

He had never had a Klaus before, and to be frank, the brat was making his day. His life was rather boring, so seeing a mere brat look down on people who used to look down on him every day gave him some joy.

In most cases, he would have tried to resolve the issue before things escalated. However, today, he seemed fine watching as Klaus disrespected his seniors.

'This brat has balls. If he can win the next Blood Tournament, then he will attract more attention and even go far in the criminal underworld.'

Kolu smiled inwardly, turning to Lord Varkos, who seemed calm on the surface but was inwardly fuming. Klaus might be of some value, considering his talent.

However, the 14 people he invited to the auction house weren't simple criminals.

If this brat angered them too much, they would come seeking an explanation from him. So he wasn't calm inwardly.

However, looking at a mere brat messing with criminals that even he wouldn't dare intimidate made him somehow happy.

In a way, criminals often take pleasure in seeing the reputation of their fellow criminals go down the drain.

Suddenly, Kolu's voice entered Lord Varkos's head. 'What do you suppose I do, Lord Varkos?'

Varkos thought for a moment and replied, 'Wait for a few minutes. If none of them bid again, then give the ore to the brat.'

'Okay, Lord Varkos.'

Kolu returned to staring at the tense atmosphere. He would love to end the auction and see what happened next. However, he also wanted to see if he could earn some more profit.

"3.1 Billion." Blood Poison raised the bid again while staring daggers into Klaus's eyes.

In return, Klaus smiled and also raised the bid. "3.3 billion."

He added 200 million Heavens Crystals more to it as a sign that he had no plans of backing down.

"3.4 billion."

Even so, Blood Poison wasn't fazed. He raised the bid again, and this time, he even made sure his voice dropped much lower, a sign he meant business

The others had left the playfield to Klaus and Blood Poison. They chose to watch, knowing that at this point, while Blood Poison could win, if Klaus won, things would be much more fun.

"3.5 Billion"

"3.6 Billion"

"3.7 Billion"

Blood Poison narrowed his gaze further and hesitated to raise the bid. In his mind, the price had already surpassed the market value.

However, he raised it again since he truly needed the Thunder Jade Essence Ore.

"3.8 billion"

"Ah, what the hell. If we are going to play the big boys' game, then we must let our money speak for us."

Klaus said with a grin, then he flashed Blood Poison a wink before raising the bid.

"5 billion"

The moment the number left Klaus's lips, the auction hall froze. Blood Poison looked at Klaus, his expression dark.

Nobody could make sense of why Klaus raised the bid by such a substantial margin. However, while it was indeed higher than anticipated, the fact that someone like Klaus had that much money caused them to shake in their bones, eyes radiating greed.

In an instant, the need to kill Klaus had lessened. This time, they wanted him alive so they could get more from him.

For three minutes, none of them made any further bids.

“Since we have no more bids, the Thunder Jade Essence Ore goes to Number 15.” Right when Kolu announced Klaus as the winner of the Thunder Jade Essence Ore, the air in the auction hall shifted.

[Master, there is danger in the air, meaning you cannot teleport to Lady Maud using the Paragon Mark.]

Klaus laughed and winked at Blood Poison again.

“I am not in your mind, but I can tell you are already planning how to get your hands on me and take the core and Thunder Jade Essence Ore from me.

However, because your greed is much stronger than your bed game, you will try to capture me. In the end, you are going to fail miserably.”

Klaus laughed and leaned back in his seat.

“I am about to Houdini my way out of this bitch.”

Chapter 1280: So Long Losers

Under the 14 criminals’ jealous gaze, Klaus paid for the Thunder Jade Essence Ore and quickly stored it in his space ring, which was then transported to his soul sea.

His soul sea is real enough to hold physical items.

He had spent quite a fortune buying it. So the last thing he wanted was a bunch of criminals getting their hands on something this valuable.

Even if his physical body were destroyed, they would never get their hands on the treasure.

Of course, now that he had paid for the item, it was time for him to leave. Klaus knew once he stepped out of the auction house, he would be attacked.

The only thing keeping him alive now is the auction house. Even the criminals wouldn't dare attack him there. So, using this protection to his advantage, Klaus chose to make his move while he still had the time.

He turned to Varkos...

"Lord Varkos, due to some personal issues, I will be leaving. However, I will return for the Blood Tournament in 4 months."

"I look forward to seeing you there. You have proven yourself in the just-ended competition, and I, for one, would love to see you well and alive for the next one."

Klaus understood what Varkos was hinting at. Looking at the cold gazes directed at him, he knew even Varkos could tell his chances of staying alive were slim.

If these 14 people were Real Immortals, then perhaps, considering he had killed Real Immortals in the just-ended Blood Tournament, it would be a reason to think he could slip away with his life intact.

However, these are True Immortals. Aside from that, they are also known to be criminals with terrible reputations. Angering them means death, and Klaus had angered all 14 of them.

He smiled and responded, "Rest assured, Lord Varkos, I will return alive. After all, I haven't yet met anything that could kill me, and since your honourable self isn't petty, unlike some people, I will leave here knowing my life isn't threatened."

Varkos laughed, feeling somewhat happy that Klaus seemed to see him as a danger. Of course, Klaus is afraid of him. Regardless of how hard he would try, killing someone like Varkos is just impossible.

He is a Peak Level Immortal King with three Immortal rings. Killing him is nearly impossible. So, for now, he would not antagonise him.

But for how long can he be afraid of him?

"Be safe out there, Blood Sword," Varkos said and leaned back in his chair. He had no plans on leaving just yet. He wanted to see what Klaus had in store for the 14 people.

Klaus turned to the 14 criminals and let a mocking smile appear on his face. "In my hometown, we called him Harry Houdini, one of the greatest escape artists of his time.

You see, Houdini believed the eye is blind regardless of how far and clear it could see. In his understanding, the eye cannot see.

As such, he had utilized every means the mind could think of to pull off some of the greatest, most amazing tricks, mainly escape tricks, for thousands of audiences.

The mind always knows these were merely illusory tricks, but the eye, blinded to the moment, always sees what it was meant to see.

Each time, he always escaped. Regardless of the trap, he would always find a way to escape. Over time, he was regarded as a magician, an illusionist, an escape artist." Klaus stood up and stretched.

"Why am I telling you this?" Klaus grinned, causing a bad premonition to form in the minds of the 14 criminals. The way Klaus spoke and moved made them feel that something bad was about to happen.

“Imagine my happiness when I chanced upon a legendary technique in one of my many expeditions into the ruins of the ancient past.

This technique enables me to be in multiple places at the same time. This means I could be in my bed, surrounded by naked beauties, while also seated in an auction, surrounded by 14 idiots.”

Expressions changed, and a bad omen fell on everyone.

“But the reason why Houdini was the best was that before he performed a stunt, he always had several backup plans in motion.

This was also why I took the time to do my research on immortals. I found out that the maximum sensing range of a True Immortal is 2 light-years. That is such a vast space to cover for a person.

In my opinion, the mind is a powerful tool.

I mean, if I were to run, the chance of escaping your pursuit is next to zero. So why run at all when I could just Houdini my way out of here?” Klaus laughed.

“So, I decided to pick a page out of his book, and I will soon be giving you losers a spectacular display of what we call the magic trick of the year.” Klaus walked to the window and gazed out, looking at the vast space before him.

In the distance, a bird-shaped spaceship moved through the clouds and started speeding off.

Somewhere inside the city, the people keeping an eye on the auction house since Klaus is there continue to report to their counterparts in outer space that Klaus is still inside.

“You see, the distance my main body can be from controlling my clone is just ten million kilometres. That is too short for me to pull off a quick body swap.

However, what happens when I stack more clones, keeping them ten million kilometres apart and ensuring they are all connected?

Technically, that would mean I can swap bodies spanning several billion kilometres, right? So, with that technique, if I were to stay inside an auction house for three hours to buy time, that would be enough time to put measures in place, right?"

This time, all 14 criminals started to panic. Where Klaus was taking them seemed like a place none of them had ever anticipated he would take them.

'Body swapping. So that was his big escape plan, huh?' Varkos mused, his expression brightening.

He spread his senses to look for other copies of Klaus on the planet. However, to his shock, he couldn't even find a trace of him.

The only Klaus he could see was the one inside the auction house at the moment.

'Strange. He doesn't seem to have any clones out there. Does it mean he can hide even clones from my senses?' Varkos thought, but he quickly wiped that idea away.

'That is impossible. Maybe he was just lying. Maybe he is baiting them to run and start looking for his other copies while he makes a run for it.'

Varkos convinced himself, but deep down, he knew Klaus was telling the truth. However, since he couldn't find a trace of him, he started to look down on Klaus.

He didn't want to admit it.

"I would like to say it has been fun playing with losers who don't even know what being truly criminal is. In any case, I will see you later."

Klaus raised his hand and made the peace sign, then, using his left hand, he gave them the middle finger.

“So long, losers.”

He remained in the same posture, a smile playing on his lips. However, he was gone, and the 14 criminals sensed it.

Klaus’s aura was gone, and with him, everything they hoped to get was taken away.

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Three light-years away, Klaus appeared inside the bird ship. However, he quickly stored that ship and, with no danger in the air, he teleported to Maud.