

## Paragon 141

### Chapter 141 - 141: Nine Divine Soul Bead Art

Fruity and his Uncle Monk walked in silence toward the northern part of the monastery. This was where the training area was located—the most secure part of the monastery. The quiet between them felt heavy, each step filled with unspoken thoughts.

As they reached the edge of the training grounds, Fruity couldn't hold back his worry any longer. "Uncle, do you think my presence here will put the monastery in danger?" He already knew the answer deep down, but he didn't want to admit it.

Uncle Monk paused for a moment before replying, his voice calm but firm. "No, Fruity. You are part of this monastery. This is your home. No matter what happens, your uncles and everyone here will protect you. You just need to grow stronger and show the world you fear no one."

Fruity nodded, though the knot in his stomach tightened. His uncle was trying to comfort him, but Fruity knew the truth. The monastery was on the brink of being dragged into something dangerous, all because of him.

"Thank you, Uncle," Fruity said softly. He felt a mix of gratitude and guilt. The monastery could have easily sent him away, distancing themselves from whatever trouble was coming his way. But they didn't. They chose to stand by him, even knowing the risks.

As they walked further into the training area, Fruity clenched his fists. He had to become stronger, and fast. He couldn't let his uncles sacrifice their safety for him without doing his part. He couldn't allow himself to be the reason they faced danger.

The weight of responsibility pressed on him. Every step he took from now on had to be toward growth, toward becoming someone capable of protecting not just himself but those he cared about.

Uncle Monk glanced at Fruity, sensing the storm of thoughts inside him. "Don't carry this burden alone, Fruity. We're all in this together."

Fruity gave a small smile, though his heart was still heavy. He appreciated his uncle's words, but he knew he couldn't rely on others forever. He had to step up.

After passing the training ground, the Soul Temple came into view. It was a grand, majestic structure, standing proudly at the heart of the monastery. This temple housed all the most advanced techniques and skills that the monastery had accumulated over centuries.

Uncle Monk stopped and turned to Fruity. "Fruity, you need to choose the best technique that suits your abilities," he said. "Inside are powerful defensive and offensive skills, but remember, everyone has something unique that sets them apart from others. It's the same with techniques—some things can't be learned unless you're meant for them."

Fruity listened carefully as his uncle continued. "What I'm trying to say is, don't choose a technique just because of the trouble you're facing. Relax and look for something that fits you. Some believe that when the right technique appears, you'll know it instantly."

The idea of picking a technique overwhelmed Fruity a bit, but he knew this was an important step. His future strength depended on it.

"Take your time," Uncle Monk added. "Go through the scrolls and see what calls out to you. Once you've made your choice, I'll take you to the Immortal Cave. The Spiritual Qi there is denser and more concentrated. It will help you cultivate faster."

Fruity nodded, understanding the weight of this decision. Since his uncle could not enter, he approached the entrance, Fruity felt a strange energy emanating from the temple. It was as if the techniques themselves were alive, waiting to be chosen by the right person.

He took a deep breath. "Thank you, Uncle. I'll choose wisely," he promised.

Uncle Monk smiled warmly. "I know you will. Trust your instincts, Fruity. They've never led you astray."

As soon as Fruity stepped inside the building, he felt like he had entered another dimension. The air was different, heavier yet filled with an almost ethereal energy. The space seemed vast and endless, yet

when he looked around, he noticed something surprising—there were fewer than a hundred scrolls and tomes scattered around the room.

"I guess Uncle wasn't exaggerating when he said I should look through them all," Fruity muttered, scanning the room. "There are fewer than I expected."

He began walking slowly, wanting to see the techniques first and hoping to feel some sort of connection. His eyes landed on a scroll, and curiosity got the better of him. He opened it and read the title aloud.

"Astra Projection Art." The moment he gazed at the scroll, something unexpected happened. A strange sensation filled his mind. "Huh, I... I learned it. But how?"

He had merely glanced at the content, which was written in a series of diagrams, and yet he could now recall everything perfectly as if it had been embedded into his mind.

"Does this mean I can learn any skill or technique just by looking at it?" Fruity whispered, his mind racing with disbelief. The information had appeared in his head without any effort, as though he had spent weeks studying it.

"Maybe it's just this one," he thought, still baffled. He put down the Astra Projection scroll and moved to the next one.

"Divine Ascension: 419 Strikes," he read aloud. As soon as the words left his mouth, the entire technique materialized in his mind, just like before.

"Well, this is weird," Fruity muttered, though he couldn't help but smile. The situation was strange, but the potential was thrilling. "It won't hurt to learn them all, I guess."

He glanced around the room again, counting about 73 scrolls and 14 tomes in total. His heart raced with excitement. If simply looking at these techniques allowed him to memorize them, why not learn everything? It was an opportunity too good to pass up.

Without hesitation, Fruity walked from scroll to scroll, tome to tome. Each time he opened one, the content would immediately flood into his mind. Defense techniques, offensive arts, even rare and forbidden skills—everything was now at his fingertips.

As he absorbed the knowledge, Fruity felt an overwhelming sense of power growing inside him. It was as if the techniques weren't just being memorized—they were becoming a part of him.

After a while, Fruity stood still, his mind buzzing with countless techniques and strategies. He had learned them all, effortlessly.

"This... this is unbelievable," Fruity said to himself, his voice barely above a whisper. He wasn't sure what this strange ability was or why it worked, but he couldn't deny its power.

Just like that, Fruity had learned all the techniques the Monastery had gathered over centuries, possibly even millennia. "I'm sorry, Uncles, but I couldn't stop my brain from working," he said, feeling guilty for absorbing all the skills and knowledge so quickly.

"Well, I guess there's no special technique here for me," Fruity muttered, disappointed. The connection his uncle had spoken of didn't happen to him. He had already learned everything the Monastery had to offer, but the unique technique meant just for him still hadn't appeared. With a sigh, he turned and started to leave the building.

As he approached the exit, something caught his eye. The door he had walked through earlier, which had closed behind him, now seemed different. He had been so focused on the strange space inside that he hadn't looked back to check the door like most people would.

Now, as he looked more closely, he noticed intricate drawings of diagrams and runes etched into the door. Above them was a title written in strange, glowing runes.

"Nine Divine Soul Bead Art," Fruity whispered as he read the name aloud.

Chapter 142 - 142: Strange Place

"Nine Divine Soul Bead Art," Fruity whispered as he read the name aloud. He didn't even need a second to look at the runic inscriptions, he immediately knew the meaning so he spoke the name.

The moment he said the words, the runes on the door began to light up, pulsing with energy. A low hum filled the air, and Fruity immediately felt a strange sensation in his chest as if something was calling out to him.

Fruity's heart raced faster as he approached the glowing door. "Is this it? Is this the technique meant for me?" he thought, moving closer. The light intensified, and suddenly, the door swung open again.

He expected to see the outside of the building, but what greeted him took him by surprise. Instead of the familiar surroundings, he saw a peaceful, evergreen space filled with vibrant flowers, rare plants, and birds flying about. Their soft chirping created a melody that instantly calmed him.

"What is this place?" Fruity muttered as he stepped through the doorway. The atmosphere was serene, unlike anything he had ever experienced. He could tell that this place wasn't part of the world he had come from. It felt like a completely different plane of existence.

"Finally, the renegade has appeared." Suddenly, a voice broke the silence.

Startled, Fruity jerked forward, his heart pounding again. He quickly turned around and saw a bald man sitting under an apple tree, draped in simple monk robes with heavy-looking prayer beads around his neck. The man sat calmly on a prayer mat, his presence powerful yet strangely peaceful.

"Who are you?" Fruity asked, trying to keep his voice steady, though he couldn't hide the fear creeping in. The monk's presence felt overwhelming, like a force of nature.

The monk smiled gently and gestured to a prayer mat across from him. "Come, sit down, Fruity."

Fruity hesitated but was too curious to refuse. As he sat down, he couldn't help but ask, "Grandpa, how do you know my name?" Since the monk hadn't introduced himself, Fruity gave him the same respectful title he used for the elder monks at the monastery.

The monk chuckled softly. "Names are easy to know, especially when the heavens have been watching you for a long time."

Fruity felt a cold chill run down his spine. "The heavens?" he repeated, his voice tinged with sudden wariness. He couldn't explain it, but hearing that word stirred something deep inside him—an odd mix of anger and sadness.

It wasn't something he fully understood, yet the feelings lingered. On the outside, he remained calm, but the monk sitting before him seemed to notice everything, as though he could see straight into Fruity's soul.

The monk didn't mention it. Instead, he asked a simple question, "Fruity, what is it that you want in this life?"

Fruity blinked, caught off guard. What did he want? The question seemed easy enough, but when he tried to answer, he found himself struggling. A day ago, the answer would have been simple.

He would have said that he wanted to grow up, eat lots of food, play with his uncles, and maybe when he was strong enough, he'd seek out the Ice Princess, the girl he admired so much. But now, that dream felt distant, almost childish.

His life had changed in ways he hadn't expected. He wasn't just a carefree boy anymore. Now, he was responsible for much more. He needed to become stronger, not to chase after a girl, but to protect himself and those he cared about.

He had to grow powerful enough to reunite with Aurelia and defend his home when the inevitable dangers arrived.

"I want to be strong enough to tear down the heavens and protect the ones I love," Fruity said suddenly. The words came out without hesitation, even though he hadn't planned to say them. They were raw, filled with emotion he didn't fully understand, but he knew in his heart they were true.

The monk's eyes gleamed with understanding as he gazed at Fruity. There was no surprise, only acceptance. "A noble desire," he said softly. "But be warned, Fruity, tearing down the heavens is no easy task. It will demand more of you than you can imagine. Strength alone may not be enough."

Fruity clenched his fists. "I'll do whatever it takes. I won't let anyone hurt the people I care about."

The monk nodded. "Good. Hold on to that resolve. It will guide you in the dark times ahead. But remember, strength isn't just about power—it's about the heart, the will to keep going when everything else tells you to stop."

Fruity sat in silence, absorbing the monk's words. He wasn't sure what the future held, but he knew one thing: he couldn't afford to fail. Too many people were counting on him.

The monks didn't show it, but deep down, they were all wary of what was to come. They knew that no amount of training, secrecy, or careful covering of tracks could hide Fruity's existence forever. He was an oddity, something that didn't fit the natural order. And the heavens? They wouldn't allow such an oddity to grow.

Fruity's presence was like a crack in their design, something destined to be eradicated.

After observing Fruity for a while, the Monk spoke "Good. Now remember, you are who you choose to be. Don't let the rules or expectations of others change who you are meant to become. You are a Paragon, the bane of the heavens. Be one. Be the renegade, the one who defies all norms."

As the monk's words echoed in Fruity's mind, something strange happened. His vision began to darken, and before he could react, everything around him disappeared into blackness. The peaceful evergreen space was gone, and when his sight returned, he found himself standing in an empty, vast expanse. The place felt hollow and desolate, with no light to guide him and no life in sight.

A shiver ran down his spine. The darkness wasn't just a lack of light—it felt like something more, something pressing against his very soul.

Then, suddenly, a low, rhythmic chanting filled the air. The sound seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere at the same time. The words were strange, foreign, yet they stirred something deep inside Fruity. The chanting grew louder and more intense, and Fruity stood there, frozen in place as if drawn into a trance.

As the chanting continued, a sense of unease and wonder washed over him. His heart raced, but at the same time, he felt a strange calm, as though the chanting was meant for him, calling to him. The sound seemed to speak to the deepest parts of his soul, unlocking thoughts and emotions he didn't know he had.

He felt entranced, unable to move or look away. Something was happening—something beyond his understanding.

"What... is this place?" Fruity whispered, his voice swallowed by the vast emptiness around him. But no one answered.

The chanting intensified, filling his mind with images, symbols, and fragments of something greater. It was as if the very space he stood in was alive, pulsating with an ancient power that was reaching out to him.

Fruity didn't know what was happening, however, he soon got the answer. The chanting suddenly stopped and Fruity was left standing inside the Soul Temple. Somehow, he was back there.

He sighed, but just when he could move, something appeared in his mind, "The Nine Divine Soul Bead Art... It's the first form" He smiled and then walked out of the Temple with a smile playing on his lips.

#### Chapter 143 - 143: First Tribulation

After leaving the Soul Temple, Fruity and his uncle headed toward the Immortal Cave, where Fruity would spend days, weeks, months, and even years training. The cave was special, with a formation that gathered the most concentrated form of spiritual energy in the area. It was the perfect place for deep cultivation.

When they arrived, Fruity bid his uncle farewell and stepped inside the cave. He wasted no time and immediately began training, sitting down and using the technique his uncle had taught him. The spiritual Qi in the cave flowed naturally toward him, making it easier for him to focus and gather energy.

Days turned into weeks as Fruity stayed in the cave, cultivating without stopping. After the first week, he felt his strength gradually increase. By the end of the third week, however, he encountered a problem.

There was something inside him blocking his progress. He remembered what his uncle had said: this was the barrier to the next realm of cultivation. His uncle had told him that when the time came, all he had to do was gather enough spiritual Qi and attack the barrier.

Determined, Fruity began to gather more spiritual Qi. The energy swirled around him as he concentrated harder, feeling the pressure build. After hours of intense focus, he felt the barrier starting to weaken under the force of the spiritual energy. Two more hours passed, and he knew it was time. The barrier had weakened enough.

Fruity struck at it with all his gathered Qi, and suddenly, the barrier shattered. It felt like a new world had opened up to him. His power surged, and he could sense his strength on a whole new level. But at that exact moment, something else happened. He felt the heavens lock onto him, like a heavy weight pressing down on his entire being.

Startled, Fruity stood up and hurried outside the cave. As soon as he stepped out, he saw the Grandmaster Monk waiting for him, his eyes focused on the sky. Dark clouds were forming, swirling ominously above.

"Grandmaster, what is happening?" Fruity asked, his voice filled with concern. The pressure from the heavens was growing stronger by the second, and he could feel it tightening around him.

The Grandmaster Monk turned to Fruity, his face calm but serious. "It seems you've attracted a heavenly tribulation," he said. "The heavens have noticed your breakthrough."

Fruity's heart raced. He had heard of heavenly tribulations before, but he hadn't expected one to come so soon. "What should I do?" he asked, feeling the weight of the sky bearing down even more.

The Grandmaster gazed at the dark clouds, which crackled with energy. "You must face it. Every cultivator who seeks great power must pass the trial of the heavens. Stand firm and don't let fear control you."

"Grandmaster, what are you not telling me? I'm not the same carefree brat who used to laze around. I know you're hiding something, so what is it?" Fruity demanded.

The Grandmaster smiled gently and replied, "It's not that I'm hiding things. It's just that to gain heaven's recognition, you need to form a connection with the natural laws of the world. This usually happens when you're about to break through to become a Saint."

He continued, "In other words, having a tribulation while only breaking through to the Ascended stage is unusual. It shouldn't be happening at this level."

"So, the heavens want to kill me. How typical of them," Fruity muttered, his resentment towards the heavens growing stronger. It seemed that the more he learned, the angrier he became.

The Grandmaster looked at Fruity with a conflicted expression. He wanted to say more but held back. Instead, he gazed up at the dark, ominous clouds forming above, his face showing a hint of defeat.

"You should go over the mountain there," the Grandmaster said, pointing to a mountain peak a few miles away. "It's a better location for the tribulation."

Fruity nodded and took off toward the mountain.

Soon, he stood at the peak, looking small against the backdrop of dark clouds. He looked up defiantly and smirked.

"Stupid heavens, you want to kill me? Let's see who's tougher—the handsome monk or the spineless heavens that prey on kids like me," Fruity said, his voice filled with defiance.

"Inner Peace," he chanted, trying to calm himself despite his anger. It was clear that Fruity's approach was anything but typical for a monk.

Suddenly, the heavens rumbled, and lightning crackled, ready to strike him. At that same moment, a strange chanting filled the air.

Fruity quickly formed a hand seal and began chanting in a language unfamiliar to most. From behind him, a large, mystical bead appeared. It had five faces, each one strange and emotionless at first glance. However, upon closer inspection, the faces seemed to convey subtle, shifting emotions.

The bead hovered behind Fruity, its presence adding a sense of ancient power and mystery. The heavens roared in response, the clouds swirling more violently. Fruity focused on the bead, readying himself for the trial ahead.

Suddenly, the heavens roared, and a thick bolt of lightning shot down from the clouds, aiming directly at Fruity. In response, he quickly formed another hand seal, and the bead behind him began to spin, presenting one of its faces forward. From that face, a golden bell emerged, growing larger and larger until it enveloped Fruity completely.

The moment the bell covered him, the lightning struck it. A powerful ringing sound filled the air, and instead of just being a noise, the sound rippled through the sky like a sharp cut. The clouds above parted, clearing a section of the sky for a brief moment.

"What is that?" The Grandmaster, standing far away, muttered in astonishment as he watched the bell.

The bead, which had been large, now shrank but remained hovering behind Fruity, who was safely inside the bell.

"This shouldn't be possible," a voice spoke from behind the Grandmaster. The Five Ancient Monks appeared, their eyes fixed on the bead with deep curiosity.

"Master, do you know what the bead is?" the Grandmaster Monk asked.

"That is the Pentaface Bead," the Master replied.

"Pentaface Bead?" The Grandmaster, despite his age and wisdom, looked like a curious child eager to learn more.

"The Pentaface Bead is an ancient relic," the Master began. "It is said to have originated from five ancient deities—or rather, from five ancient nightmares, if you will. Legend has it that during the Chaos Era, these five Nightmares fought a deity for sixty-six days."

"No one knows exactly why the battle started, but after those sixty-six days, the five Nightmares were defeated, and the deity who killed them perished as well. After their deaths, a strange bead appeared. Some believe it was the deity transformed into the bead, others think it was his soul."

He continued, "According to the legends, the bead contains the souls of the Nightmare of Harrow Sounds and Ring, the Nightmare of Despair, the Nightmare of Starvation, the Nightmare of Anarchy, and the Nightmare of Discord. It's said that their souls were sucked into the bead, giving it five faces. The bead then vanished, reappearing only once every few million years."

The Master glanced at the bead again. "Although this might just be a projection, I am nearly certain this is the Pentaface Bead. I only saw an image of it once during a ruin exploration, but I recognize it."

The Grandmaster looked at the bead with renewed awe and concern. "This is bad" He muttered.

"How is this bad, if anything, this is good. Just look at the person taking the tribulation and tell me if he is having it easy or hard" The Grandpa Monk said.

Inside the bed, Fruity was chewing something as more and more lightning fell on the bell. "If anything, you should be happy, at least when he grows up, he can protect himself"

The tribulation went on for about a few more minutes before it ended. It was like the heavens were tired of ringing the bell. After the tribulation, Fruity came down the mountain and met with the Monks who had many questions.

#### Chapter 144 - 144: Calamity Descent

After his tribulation and meeting with the Monks, Fruity returned to the cave and began cultivating again. He realized that he faced several limitations during the tribulation.

Firstly, his spiritual qi was insufficient to sustain the bell for long periods. The bell has two unique abilities. The first was defense, both physical and spiritual. The second was a sonic attack, an offensive skill. However, using these abilities required a lot of strong spiritual qi.

During his tribulation, he had only used a fraction of the bell's true power. He needed to grow stronger to expand his soul sea and gain access to more spiritual qi. He knew his next tribulation would be hard, but he was determined to fix that, gradually.

Secondly, Fruity felt disconnected from the bead. He knew he should be able to use all five faces of the bead, each representing a unique skill. However, he could only use the [Bell of Harrow] face.

He tried to connect with the other faces inside the bell, but they didn't respond. Fruity understood that he needed to become stronger to access these faces and use their powers effectively. He hoped that by increasing his strength, he could unlock these abilities and turn them to his advantage.

Fruity learned a few things about the bead from the elders. But when he returned to the cave, one question kept nagging at him: "If the technique I'm using is called the Nine Divine Soul Beads Art, then where are the other eight?"

It was a question only he could answer. He remembered receiving only the first form of the technique when he emerged from the strange place. This meant the other eight beads were out there, waiting for him to find them.

With this thought in mind, Fruity resumed his cultivation. Two months later, he faced another tribulation as he was breaking through to the Master stage. This tribulation was relatively easy. All he had to do was sit and let the bell handle most of the work. His spiritual qi was what powered the bell, so in a way, he was still in control.

After the tribulation, Fruity continued his training, spending less time outside. Initially, he would go out to get food, but as his strength grew, he realized that food was becoming less important. He dedicated his days, weeks, and months to cultivating.

Four months later, he went through another tribulation and reached the Grandmaster level. Despite his efforts, he couldn't get the other faces of the bead to respond. No matter how hard he tried, they remained unresponsive. His attempts were in vain, and his frustration grew.

After weeks of failed attempts, Fruity refocused on his training to form his Nexus Core, a crucial step toward becoming a Saint. The Monks provided him with additional resources. Without wasting any more time, he set to work on his cultivation.

Half a year later, Fruity bridged the gap needed to begin forming his Nexus Core. This was a significant milestone in his journey to greater strength.

It took Fruity another half-year to form his Nexus Core. The process was so intense and challenging that he began to suspect the heavens might be interfering. According to the teachings he received from the Monks, the core formation required him to focus on his Spiritual Qi pool, which appeared in his soul sea after breaking through to the Grandmaster stage.

The goal was to concentrate and condense this Qi pool. While the initial concentration was straightforward, the condensing process was the difficult part. Even the smallest leakage of spiritual qi could have a significant impact on future progress. As a result, most people spent months ensuring that every last drop was perfectly condensed.

Fruity faced an extraordinary setback. When it was time to form his Nexus Core, he discovered that his spiritual qi pool was scattered. Instead of being concentrated in one place, it was divided into nine separate locations. This meant that if he formed the core in one location, the other eight would be wasted.

Though this was a severe blow, Fruity did not despair. Instead, he embarked on what could only be described as a mad quest. For five months, he painstakingly worked to move the other eight pools into a single location. It was a slow and tedious process, but his determination never wavered. After months of intense effort, he finally succeeded.

With the pools unified, Fruity was able to form his Nexus Core and condense it. Afterward, he faced another tribulation. The tribulation unfolded as it had before Fruity remained inside the bell while tribulation lightning rained down from the heavens. The bell's sonic attacks, triggered by the lightning strikes, annihilated all the lightning beasts that appeared.

The moment Fruity became a Saint, he felt a new connection to another face on the bead. The first face was the [Bell of Harrows]. The second face was called the [Eye of Despair]. Fruity spent an entire month exploring the three skills associated with the Eye of Despair.

When activated, a large eye would appear. Simply looking directly at it could plunge someone into despair, especially those with weaker souls and minds.

The first skill was called [Soul Gaze]. When activated, the eye opened sinisterly. Gazing into it could cause the soul of those with weaker wills to shudder or even injure their soul. The severity of the effect grew as the skill's owner became stronger.

The second skill was [Eye of Malevolence]. When activated, tiny eyes appeared within the larger eye, and a haunting hum emanated from them. This hum could cause intense mental torture, breaking down the target's mind.

The third skill was [Soul Beam]. Fruity needed to concentrate his spiritual qi into the Eye of Despair and shoot it forward with deadly intent.

This skill was quite dangerous. On a large battlefield, the beam could affect the souls of allies as well as enemies, unlike Soul Gaze and Eye of Malevolence, which targeted one person or a small group.

Despite its risks, Fruity sensed that as he grew stronger, he could gain control over the Soul Beam. It was a terrifying skill, but if used correctly, it could be nearly impossible for even stronger opponents to defend against. After all, it was a soul attack.

After mastering the second face of the skill, Fruity continued his cultivation. He remained vigilant, always on the lookout for danger. He had sensed that the Monastery had been restless for a few months, but the Monks reassured him, telling him not to worry and to focus on his cultivation.

Because of that, he went on and started cultivating even more intensely. Months passed and before long, he had spent two years just cultivating from Awakened to Saint and now nearing the Sage stage.

However, exactly two years after he started cultivating, the heavens darkened ominously. On that fateful day, the Monastery was surrounded. Powerful figures emerged from the space cracks that had been appearing around the Monastery.

The Monastery went on high alert. There was no despair among the Monks; they had been anticipating this day for a long time, and now it had finally arrived.

"Monks, surrender the Forbidden Ice Wielder," a voice boomed, "and this Monastery will live to see another day."

#### Chapter 145 - 145: Waking Up To A Room Full Of Damsels

On a large bed big enough to fit a dozen adults with space left over to accommodate even more, a young man with skin so pale that white seemed dark by comparison was sleeping peacefully. His head rested on a broad, soft lap. A bandage was wrapped around his chest as if holding something to a wound.

On one side of him sat a silver-haired young lady, her face streaked with tear marks. It was clear she'd been crying for a long time. On the other side, a dark-haired young lady clutching one of the young man's arms, her own tears still flowing!

Just below the bed, another stunning lady sat with her arms folded tightly across her chest. Her face, too, was marked by tears. However, she looks calmer and more straight-headed.

The room was filled with people—mostly women, but some dudes as well. What are they even doing there? It would have been great if only the ladies were there. Either way, they were present. They all looked sad, but none of them had any tear marks, they are dudes after all. Their attention was fixed on the pale young man lying on the bed.

Suddenly, color began to return to the pale face of the young man. Everyone noticed right away. How could they not? They had been watching so closely that even a fly wouldn't have escaped their gaze.

"Ugh, that bastard got me good," the young man muttered as he slowly opened his eyes.

"Klaus!"

Everyone shouted his name in unison, their voices filling the room. Maybe they were a little too excited, their voices practically overwhelming him.

"Jeez, people, my head's splitting here," Klaus groaned. At that moment, he felt something wet drip onto his face. He opened his eyes a little more and found himself staring at a woman so stunning she could be called the most beautiful in the cosmos.

"Mom?" Klaus asked, confused. But no—this wasn't his mother or more like this wasn't the mother he remembered. This woman was too breathtaking, with her round face, long violet hair, and puppy-like eyes. He reached up with his left hand to gently wipe away her flowing tears, but he underestimated the sorrow of women.

He glanced to his right and saw Ohema, her tears pouring out just as much. On his left, Lucy's eyes were also wide open and flooded. Across the room, Hanna, Anna, Lily, Nia, and Asha were all crying. Even the emotionless War Goddess was wiping away tears.

"Danny, not you too," Klaus said, looking over at his male friends. Sure enough, Danny, the big softy, was bawling. The others weren't much better, though they were trying to be a little more discreet.

The room was filled with sorrow, and Klaus, the cause of it all, lay there helpless. He had no way to console them, especially his mother. He just lay there, waiting for something to happen.

Suddenly, he felt a soft, warm hand gently cup his cheek. "My baby," his mother said, her voice breaking.

Hearing her broken tone, Klaus felt his heart shatter into a million pieces. He had made his mother worry, worry too much. He had caused her to cry so long that her voice seemed to be lost in her sorrow. He had always vowed never to make her worry, to ensure she always had a smile on her face. But now, the same woman who had always been his pillar of strength was crying.

Seeing his mother like this was unbearable. It broke his heart into a million fragments. He wanted to comfort her, to tell her it would be okay, but the weight of his own guilt and pain kept him rooted to the bed. The room's sadness seemed to press down on him, making it harder to breathe.

His mother's tears fell onto his face. Klaus reached up weakly, trying to brush them away, but his strength was insufficient. He wanted to speak, to reassure her, but the words caught in his throat.

"Fuck, I'm going to kill a lot of people," Klaus said suddenly, clenching his fist. Well, at least he tried to, but he ended up instinctively using his left hand. He regretted it almost immediately.

"Fuck, that hurts," Klaus muttered, wincing in pain.

"You shouldn't move," his mother's voice came through a bit more lively this time.

"Okay, Mom," Klaus replied, sounding like a good child. He waited to hear from her again and like he had expected, his mom spoke,

"Are you okay?" she asked softly, brushing his hair back.

"I am, Mom," Klaus answered, trying to sound reassuring.

"Good," she said, but her eyes told a different story. He could see the worry still lingering, the pain she was trying to hide.

"Mom... I'm sorry," Klaus managed to say, looking into her eyes. That was all he could muster. He had died—or nearly died—and the thought of what his mother must have gone through was too painful to dwell on. Just imagining her fear and sorrow was more than he could bear.

"Oh, my baby," his mother whispered, still brushing his hair. "You're here, and that's all that matters." Though her words were meant to be comforting, her tears wouldn't stop. They flowed like rain, evidence of the torment she'd endured. She had almost lost her precious son.

Now that he was awake, she didn't want to let go. Klaus, for his part, didn't want to move either. Her lap was as comforting as it was warm, and he felt safe there.

"Klaus," Lucy finally spoke, her voice soft but filled with emotion. She gently squeezed his hand, holding onto him as if afraid to let go.

"I'm sorry, Lucy. I made you worry," Klaus said gently. His eyes shifted toward Ohema, who seemed to be recovering from her own tears. "You shouldn't cry so much, Ohema. You look even more beautiful when you cry, and I don't want these dudes getting any funny ideas," he added with a teasing smile.

That brought small smiles to the faces in the room. The tension lifted slightly, and it seemed the person they had all been crying for was truly back, awake, and healthy, well, trying to look healthy.

"Hmm, I guess me nearly dying brought out some hidden personalities," Klaus said with a playful grin. "Who would've thought the almighty War Goddess is such a big softy?" He looked toward Miriam, the War Goddess, who was still wiping away her tears.

Miriam shot him a half-hearted glare, but there was a warmth behind her eyes that hadn't been there before. Even there was a slight pink on her cheek.

"Klaus, you shouldn't tease her like that," his mother said, pulling his ear gently.

"Mom, you look... different," Klaus said, squinting at her with a playful, narrowed gaze.

"Brat, you're not getting any funny ideas, are you? Your girlfriends are here," his mother replied, sensing her no-good son was about to say something shameless. She tried to use his girlfriends as a shield, but who was Klaus, if not a wild spirit?

"Nothing shameless, Mom," Klaus said, closing his eyes as if preparing for what was to come. "I just thought it'd be nice if you were actually my stepmother, that's all."

He barely finished his sentence before he braced himself. As expected, his ear was twisted, his thigh pinched, and his left shoulder grabbed—his mother, Lucy, and Ohema had ganged up on him.

Despite the pain already coursing through his body, Klaus could only endure their playful assault, wincing but smiling through it. Even with the teasing and the pain, there was comfort in knowing he was surrounded by people who cared so deeply for him.

"Seriously, why are you guys here, wouldn't it be nice if I only woke up to a room full of damsels," Klaus said narrowing his eyes playfully at his male friend. They could only laugh knowing that their friend was back from the dead and the same as before.

"Take it easy, Klaus," Ohema said as she helped him sit up. Despite his lovers surrounding him, Klaus leaned back into his mother's embrace, resting his head on her chest like a child seeking comfort. He felt safe there, cradled in her warmth.

His two girlfriends could only shake their heads at his antics. They knew how much Klaus loved his mother, so there was no need for jealousy. His bond with her was something they respected, even if it made him a bit of a "Mommy's boy."

"So... what happened?" Klaus suddenly asked, breaking the silence.

Everyone had expected this question, but when he asked it, they all exchanged glances, unsure of who should answer. Eventually, all eyes settled on one person—Miriam, who had been sitting quietly at the base of the bed.

Miriam sighed, clearly not keen on softening the truth. "The Dark Order tried to assassinate you, Klaus," she said bluntly.

"The Dark Order?" Klaus repeated, his brow furrowing. The name wasn't unfamiliar, but hearing it in this context left a bitter taste in his mouth.

"They are a mysterious organization. Some kind of assassination group that no one knows where they come from or where they are based. They operate through the dark web, so with the right connections, they can be hired for a task."

"You seemed to have been their target two months ago. Fortunately, you didn't die. To the rest of the world, you are dead, but only we know you're still alive. If it were up to me, you'd have been buried deep underground by now, since technically, you've been dead for the past 72 days."

"What? Seventy-two days?" Klaus was taken aback.

"Yes, you've been dead for 72 days. Thankfully, your dear mother didn't want to let go, and your girlfriends felt the same. So here you are, alive, I guess," Miriam said, a sad look in her eyes.

To an outsider, it might seem like she was disappointed Klaus was still alive. But Klaus knew she felt guilty. She had been right there and could have stopped the arrow from piercing him. But due to her exhausted state at the time, she was a step too late.

"Big sister, it's not your fault. I'm fine now. So instead of feeling guilty, can you tell me everything you know about the Dark Order?"

Miriam took a deep breath and began, "Nobody can say who they are, where they come from, or even if they are human. From what I know, they are so secretive that they don't even reveal themselves when they kill. They prefer to stay hidden and strike silently."

"This was the first time they killed someone in public," she continued. "Normally, they would have assassinated you in secret. But in this case, they chose a public spectacle. And it worked to their advantage."

"By killing you openly, their fame skyrocketed. They're known for one thing: they never miss their target. Killing you was their way of demonstrating to the world that the Dark Order is still very much alive."

"However, they don't just pick random targets. Someone must have hired them, and they simply took the job. For them, it's all business. Like I said, no one really knows anything about them," Miriam finished her vague explanation, full of hints but lacking real answers.

"I see, I guess they took a swing and missed," Klaus muttered.

"So, what are you going to do? You should know your rowdy uncles have been causing trouble lately," Miriam said.

"That's expected. But what have they been up to these past months?" Klaus smiled faintly. He knew his uncles wouldn't sit idle. Those brutes are a few screws loose.

"They've tried all sorts of methods to track down the Dark Order, but nothing seems to work. They aren't giving up, though. Just three days ago, they destroyed a small team of Saints who were bad-mouthing you. You should probably let them know you're okay now," Miriam added with a strange look.

It seemed like people were pressuring her to keep the five uncles in check. Klaus could only nod. He then turned toward his mother. He looked into her eyes for a few seconds before muttering softly, "I love you, Mom."

His mind drifted back to the memories of when she didn't hesitate to sacrifice herself for him. It was the most painful experience of his life. Looking at her now, he didn't know what he would do if she ever did something like that again.

His mother gently brushed his hair back. "I love you too, my baby. Just stay like this for a while, please," she said. She could tell Klaus wasn't going to take the assassination attempt lying down. She wanted to keep him close, even if only for a little while.

"I'm not going anywhere, Mom. After all, I've got to enjoy every bit of your body before I head back into the wild," Klaus grinned mischievously.

"You brat, I'm your mother!" she scolded, twisting his ears.

"Mother with a sinful body!" Klaus yelped, laughing. "I'm going to kill anyone who looks at you weird. This body is only for me to admire!" He glanced at his male friends, who quickly looked away, causing him to smile.

Ohema gave him a silent thumbs-up. No one needed to tell Klaus that his mother had gone through a lot while he was unconscious. The changes in her were likely her way of coping, making sure Klaus woke up happy. And it worked—maybe a little too well.

"You brat!" Klaus felt his head hit the pillow as his mother rushed out of the room.

"You really shouldn't tease her too much, Klaus," Ohema said, taking his mother's spot by his side.

"What happened? She seems different. And when did she become an Ascended?" Klaus asked. Lucy and Ohema exchanged glances before Lucy spoke.

"Klaus, don't tease her too much. After your incident, your mother couldn't handle it. She fainted for a whole week."

Klaus's heart shook at the thought.

"We were all shaken. But when she woke up, something in her changed. She started using the Mountain Dew you gave her, and strangely, her cultivation began to improve. She's been blaming herself for being too weak, so none of us stopped her from trying."

"She hasn't slept in 72 days, Klaus. Every day, she's pushing herself to become stronger. Your mother loves you so much. It would be best if you didn't tease her too much. She went through a lot just to look the part, and she misses you dearly," Lucy said, her voice filled with admiration.

Klaus smiled faintly as he processed Lucy's words. He glanced at Ohema, who gave him a slight nod. Despite his aching body, Klaus gently got out of bed and made his way to his mother's room, where he found her crying. She is a little too emotional, but he didn't mind.

Klaus wrapped his arms around her. "Mom, stop crying. I won't let you go through this again," he whispered.

"No, baby, I should be the one apologizing. I'm practically useless. I couldn't even protect you," she said, her tears flowing freely.

"No, Mom. I'm the one who's supposed to protect you. How about this: until the next Academy selection exams, I'll stay with you. We'll spend the best time together like we used to in the slums," Klaus offered, and his mother smiled at the idea.

"This will give me some time to explore all there is to explore," Klaus said with a mischievous grin. Though he tried to hide the meaning of his words, his mother caught on and gave him a quick twist to his ear.

"You've practically got angels waiting in your room, and you still think teasing your mother is a good idea?" She twisted his ear even harder.

"It's not my fault you're this good-looking. Every kid dreams of having a mother like you," Klaus said, grabbing her arm with a playful smile.

"Tsk, suddenly I wish you hadn't woken up," she replied with a grin.

"I can always die again... in your arms," Klaus joked, his eyes drifting to her chest as he imagined an overly dramatic death between those mountains. He seemed more attracted to those mountains than his own aching body which was healing rapidly from the moment he woke up.

They exchanged glances for a breath moments, before bursting into laughter together.

Still chuckling, he held his mother's arm, and they walked back to his room.

Chapter 147 - 147: Haniva is Hanna

When Klaus and his mother returned to the room, he noticed that Danny and his other male friends were not there. This made him smile slightly. Clearly, his friends were men of culture. He looked around the room, his smile lingering. Then his eyes landed on Hanna.

As soon as they did, memories of a young woman who had ignited her soul to buy time for his mother and him when they were being chased by the ten masked figures flooded back. That young woman looked just like Hanna, though a bit more mature.

But she still looked like Hanna. In his memories as Fruity, he learned that this woman had been his mother's close friend, protector, and even his babysitter. They had been very close.

Her name back then was Haniva, and she used a bow, just like Hanna. Klaus recalled how close they had all been—him, his mother, and Haniva. He knew Haniva never loved anyone besides his mother and had been deeply loyal. So, seeing someone who looked just like her standing there stirred emotions in Klaus that he never thought possible.

Without hesitation, Klaus walked over to Hanna and, without saying a word, hugged her tightly. It was a warm hug that caught everyone off guard. Even Hanna was taken aback, but Klaus didn't bother explaining.

"Thank you for everything," he whispered into her ear. Hanna's body shuddered at his words, for reasons she didn't fully understand.

Breaking away from the hug, Klaus looked between his mother and Hanna. "Mom, from today onward, Hanna is my big sister. I want you to shower her with love—the kind that only a mother gives to her children."

Hanna's body shuddered again, and then, as if a dam had burst, tears began flowing down her face. She didn't know why, but Klaus's words made her feel something she hadn't felt in a long time—genuine love.

"It's alright, Hanna. You're part of my family now. My mother will be your mother, as it should be," Klaus said gently. His mother looked at him for a few moments before smiling. She, too, had felt a strange but strong attachment to Hanna the first time she saw her. She was happy to welcome her as family.

Hanna is an orphan. Her parents had died when she was just seven, so being included in a family now meant everything to her. Klaus's mother came over and hugged her. Seeing how overwhelmed Hanna was by her tears, she led her away to a quieter room, leaving Klaus alone with the other women.

"Well, ladies, who's going first? Or should we do this together?" Klaus asked with an amused smile, glancing around the room at the remaining damsels.

There were seven heaven-defying beauties in the room, each one staring at Klaus with unreadable expressions. Well, except for the War Goddess—he could tell she was holding herself back from smacking him on the back of the head.

His body was actively healing, and the wound on his shoulder had already stopped hurting. One of the passive skills he had awakened, [Overlord Healing], made sure of that. As long as he had spiritual energy, even a damaged heart could heal.

With his overwhelming star qi, the process was accelerated. He was healing incredibly fast now. The star qi is several times stronger than the Spiritual qi, so the process was going on quicker than he expected.

"Big sister, if you keep looking at me like that, I might get the wrong idea, you know," Klaus said, turning to Miriam.

"Tsk," she chuckled, standing up. Perhaps she stood too quickly, as the two mountains on her chest jiggled slightly. Klaus smiled at the sight, but his amusement was cut short when he felt four eyes lock onto him from behind. Ohema and Lucy were making their presence known.

"Uh, big sister, where are you going?" Klaus asked with a shrug.

"I'm hungry, so I'm going to cook," Miriam replied casually.

'Can she even cook? Damn, wouldn't it be nice to see her in just an apron?' Klaus's mind wandered to some rather dirty thoughts, but before he could say anything, Miriam dashed out of the room, her face red with embarrassment.

"Suddenly, I'm hungry too," Anna said, standing up. She glanced at Lily, Nia, and Asha, who also rose with amused expressions that said they were hungry as well. Anna giggled as she led them away, the others following her.

'This girl is both adorable and shameless,' Klaus thought to himself. Memories of the gentle Ice Princess from his past surfaced in his mind, and he sighed before turning his attention to Ohema and Lucy, who were both deliberately avoiding his gaze.

"Ladies," Klaus began with a playful grin, "I suddenly feel like bathing, and since I can't raise my hand, I'll trouble these two fairies to bathe me." His grin widened as he looked at Ohema and Lucy.

Ohema glanced at Lucy and then at Klaus. Suddenly, she stood up and said, "I just remembered Auntie needs me for something. I'll be taking my leave now, so I'll leave Sister Lucy to help this bastard with his bath." She gave Lucy a faint smile before walking out.

As she passed Klaus, Ohema whispered something to him, making him chuckle. Lucy watched her go, unable to shake the thought, 'Did this b\*tch just throw me under the bus?'

She turned to Klaus, who was smiling at her. "You're a Saint now, huh?" Klaus teased.

Lucy nodded, but her mind was elsewhere. 'Why am I nervous? It's just a bath...'

'Oh my, I'm going to see him naked.'

'Am I supposed to be naked too?'

'Oh no, this is bad. This is very bad.'

'Why am I overthinking this? I can just run away, and he can't catch me.'

Lucy glanced at Klaus, who seemed to hear every chaotic thought running through her mind. Her heart raced as she caught him staring at her.

"Don't overthink it, Lucy," Klaus said calmly. "It's just a bath. You're my woman now, and I respect your boundaries. So don't worry—I won't do anything you don't want me to." His words soothed her, even as her mind struggled to calm down.

"Okay," Lucy replied softly. She stood from the bed and led Klaus to the bathroom. Her heart raced like she was in a marathon, but she did her best to appear calm.

The last time she spent the night with Klaus, she had woken up the next morning holding something rather hot, long, and thick in her arms. That morning, she had been so flustered that when she left, her cheeks were as pink as the color pink itself.

It was her first time experiencing something like that, and for the past few weeks at the academy, every morning when she woke up, the memory resurfaced, making her blush again and again. It was overwhelming.

Now, as she prepared to take the next step—from touching through clothes to seeing him naked—Lucy felt like she was on the verge of losing her composure. Her mind was flooded with nervous excitement, and the idea of seeing him bare only made it harder to stay calm.

Back inside the bathroom, Klaus looked at Lucy with a look that seemed to say, 'You're handling everything yourself, missy.'

Lucy appeared to understand. She gently began removing the bandage from Klaus's chest. The wound had healed, but the mark remained. It would take a few days to fully disappear. As she looked at his abs, she silently gulped.

With a deep breath, Lucy reached for his shorts. Like peeling a delicate flower, she carefully began to remove them. Suddenly, his pants came off, and when the "weapon of mass destruction" appeared, Lucy's heartbeat nearly stopped. She swallowed hard, her nerves on edge as she stared in shock.

Chapter 148 - 148: Tasting the Forbidden Fruit (1) [18+]

Klaus couldn't help but smirk as he watched Lucy gaze at his little brother with wide eyes. Even though it was still asleep, its size alone was enough to make the Princess of Vine's eyes go big.

"Wow," Lucy gasped, staring at his dingos. Klaus was thrilled to see that reaction. I mean, what guy wouldn't want to get that kind of response from a girl? He was more than ready to show off a bit, but Lucy wasn't giving him the satisfaction he craved.

Before he could strike any goofy poses, Lucy guided him toward the bath. She helped him step in, and as soon as he did, the water began to fill up. Lucy stood there for a moment, unsure of what to do next.

'Should I take off my clothes or just jump in fully dressed?' Her mind was racing. It was her first time, after all, and she was totally clueless about how to act. For someone who wasn't used to being around guys, this felt like a tough test.

Klaus, being his cheeky self, just lounged in the bath with a grin. Suddenly, Lucy seemed to make up her mind. In one quick move, she shed her gown. Now it was Klaus's turn to be taken aback.

Underneath that gown was a tempting sight that made Klaus's little brother start to react. Lucy had an hourglass figure, and even though she tried to cover up, her curves were now on full display, looking stunningly graceful.

She hurriedly took off everything and stepped into the bath, looking a bit flustered. The steam rose around her, enveloping her in a warm embrace, and it was clear she had come to terms with things and was ready for whatever might happen next.

Klaus grinned but stayed put, his heart racing with anticipation. Lucy began washing him, her hands gliding over his skin, making an effort to ignore the growing dragon in the water, a symbol of the tension that hung in the air.

Klaus acted like he was completely unaware of what was stirring beneath the surface. He appeared relaxed, leaning back against the edge of the tub, enjoying the sensation of the warm water splashing against his soft, pale skin. The gentle ripples created by Lucy's movements sent shivers of delight through him.

Lucy seemed to be taking her time, perhaps thinking Klaus wasn't quite ready for this and was still a bit tense. She focused on the task at hand, her fingers working diligently, but there was an underlying current of electricity between them that neither could ignore.

It felt like it took ages, but she was doing a great job, and Klaus, with all the time in the world, was loving every moment. Each stroke of her hands felt like a caress, igniting a fire within him that he struggled to contain. The water swirled around them, creating a private oasis where the outside world faded away, leaving just the two of them in this intimate space.

Out of nowhere, Lucy's hand slipped and brushed against something. She froze up, her breath hitching in her throat. Klaus noticed the sudden tension in her body, but his thoughts were elsewhere, captivated by Lucy's figure. Those lovely curves on her chest, the pink nipples that seemed to beckon him closer, and everything else that made her so undeniably alluring.

Then there was her flat stomach, smooth and inviting, and the way her waist curved into her hips and backside, creating a silhouette that was nothing short of mesmerizing. It was like something out of a fantasy tale, a vision that danced in his mind and made his heart race.

She was absolutely breathtaking, and Klaus, getting a bath from such a beautiful lady, felt like he was on top of the world, lost in a dream where nothing else mattered but the two of them and the connection that was blossoming between them.

Suddenly, Klaus felt a soft hand brushing past his groin. His body reacted involuntarily, and he felt a jolt. Lucy, who was the one touching him, felt her heart race. For the first time, she didn't panic. Instead, she held on.

She slowly wrapped her hand around him, feeling him harden. Glancing out of the corner of her eye, she saw Klaus smiling back at her as usual.

'She's becoming bolder,' Klaus thought with a smile. Lucy didn't move for the first few seconds, but then she began to stroke him gently. Klaus could feel her hand moving along him and had to suppress any sounds of pleasure. He decided to let Lucy take the lead.

The slippery water made everything smooth, and there was no pushback at all. Klaus was having a great time while Lucy took charge. It was obvious that the bath had shifted into something more intimate, and Klaus was totally into it. He had no reason to complain about that!

"Damn," Klaus gasped as he felt Lucy's left hand make contact with his groin. That simple gesture sent a rush of excitement through him. The gentle touch brought him immense pleasure, and his reaction made it clear to Lucy that there was something special about the way she was handling him during their intimate moment.

With that in mind, Lucy focused on intensifying the experience, skillfully stroking him while maintaining her attention on his sensitive areas. Klaus felt as if he were floating on air, overwhelmed by the blissful sensations she was providing.

Lucy seemed to be improving as her actions brought Klaus to a realm of intense pleasure. Klaus was so absorbed in the sensation that he didn't notice the small smile of satisfaction on Lucy's face. She seemed content just doing that.

Suddenly, she stopped and looked at Klaus, who was also gazing back at her.

"C...can we continue inside?" she asked, her tone shy. Klaus smiled and, like a knight escorting a princess, lifted her and led her to the bed. She gently fell onto the bed and smiled up at him. Without hesitation, she resumed her task with a determined focus.

Klaus felt a jolt of surprise when she suggested they continue indoors, but he had no reason to protest. He would follow her anywhere, even to the depths of the underworld if necessary. The pleasure he was experiencing was beyond anything he had known. Suddenly, he realized where this was headed, and he was fully prepared for it.

Lucy was shifting back and forth while attending to him. Klaus was so lost in ecstasy that he didn't notice Lucy casting a peculiar glance at his younger brother, as if she were assessing him. In that heightened state, when something soft, warm, and wet made contact with his dick, his body reacted instinctively, tensing up.

He turned to see Lucy staring back at him with her lips wrapped around his dick. Klaus grinned broadly at the beautiful scene. Then her head moved. A surge of joy swept through Klaus.

Lucy, not the greatest at massages, started rubbing his balls with her head back and forth around his dick, but she appeared happy doing that. The intensity of it made Klaus feel as though he was going to pass out.

To his amazement, Lucy refused to comply when he tried to hold her head back. He could feel his load building up and ready to come any moment. Seeing she has no plan to stop, Klaus then shoots his loads into her mouth, turning her mouth white. Lucy's body trembled, but she held her tongue. Rather, she swallowed it and held for more.

"Klaus, can we do it" After taking all the juice, Lucy asked in a soft tone. In response, Klaus smiled and gently pushed her down onto the bed. "With pleasure"

Chapter 149 - 149: Tasting the Forbidden Fruit (2) [18+]

Klaus couldn't help but admire the stunning figure sprawled out on the bed. It was just too tempting to overlook. Lucy had her hands covering her face and her legs pressed together, lying flat on the bed. The only thing Klaus could see was her perfectly shaped breasts, with pink nipples standing at attention.

The light in the room caught a glimpse of some moisture around her lower area, making it clear she was aroused. Klaus took a moment to appreciate her beauty before leaning down to kiss her neck.

As soon as his lips met her skin, Lucy shivered. He didn't hold back, continuing to kiss and nibble at her neck while his left hand found its way to her breasts, gently massaging them.

Lucy let out a soft moan, keeping her voice down as Klaus kept his rhythm. Soon, her breasts were all around his face as he kissed between them, and he began to suck on them.

He spent some time sucking on her nipples, making Lucy's moans grow louder, but Klaus didn't pay attention to that. He just continued with his job. Soon, Lucy couldn't maintain her posture any longer, so she opened her legs.

Klaus felt a wave of a captivating scent assault his nostrils, causing him to abandon the breasts and look downward. There, he saw that she was dripping wet. Klaus moved slowly, kissing down her body, and when he came face to face with her Nether Region, he couldn't help but smile and stick out his tongue.

He brought his tongue closer and gently licked the small opening that was producing the juice. When his tongue touched the perfectly shaved region, Lucy let out a loud moan as her body trembled slightly. Klaus smiled and continued to lick even more.

Lucy's moans grew even louder as Klaus continued. His tongue ventured deeper, sending waves of pleasure through her. She couldn't contain her sounds anymore, but Klaus, somehow knowing exactly what to do, kept working on her with precision.

It all felt instinctual to him—the way he twisted his tongue, the perfect spots he hit. It was as if it came naturally. This made him wonder whether these instincts came from his recent memories or some other source.

But he couldn't help but smile slightly, the bastard he saw in his memories was a Monk, no way he could have such experience, I mean that's not possible, right?

Having the memories of a previous self was both a blessing and a curse, but at that moment, he wouldn't have minded having all the knowledge of lovemaking.

Klaus was so skilled that Lucy's hips thrashed against the bed. Anticipating this, he held her waist firmly, keeping her in place as he continued to pleasure her.

Lucy's eyes roll backward as she doesn't know aside from death, there is another side that can make one become breathless. Klaus was cleaning her nether region with both finesse and pleasurable experience that left her screaming his name in various notes like she was leading an orchestra.

A few minutes later, Lucy reached her climax. Her body trembled, and she released, her essence covering Klaus's face and mouth. He paused for a moment, surprised by how pleasant it smelled and tasted. But since this was his first time and hasn't tasted some before, he swallowed and continued, licking the walls of her nether cave, ensuring Lucy felt every sensation.

Her body vibrated like a massage chair as she came, trembling from the intensity. After a few moments, she collapsed onto the bed, completely drained.

"Klaus... it was incredible," Lucy whispered breathlessly.

"I know, right? If I had known it was this sweet, I wouldn't have been such a gentleman back then," Klaus said with a teasing smile, kissing Lucy's neck.

Her body trembled at his words, sending a shiver through her, a pleasant shiver though from the look on her cheeks when she heard that.

Lucy's breath hitched as Klaus's lips moved from her neck to her collarbone, leaving a trail of warmth in their wake. She clutched the sheets beneath her, her heart racing as his touch ignited something deep within her.

"You are full of surprises, Klaus," she whispered, her voice soft but filled with emotion. "I never imagined I would end up like this, at least not this early in our relationship. But...But this nice."

Klaus chuckled, his hand gently tracing the curve of her waist. "Neither did I," he admitted, his voice low, "but here we are." He paused, looking into her eyes. "And I wouldn't change a thing."

Lucy smiled, feeling a rush of warmth flood her chest. "Me neither," she said softly, brushing her fingers against his cheek. The intimacy between them was undeniable, a connection that went beyond just physical attraction. It was something deeper, something neither of them had fully realized until now.

Klaus leaned down, pressing his forehead against hers, their breathing in sync. "You mean a lot to me, Lucy," he whispered. "More than I can put into words. I nearly died, but now that I am back, alive and kicking, I don't wanna have any regrets anymore"

He couldn't help but remember what the Monk, his past self said when he appeared in the strange place, "Disappointing isn't it, to die a virgin" Klaus wanted to bitch slap him but at that time he didn't know who he was so he held back. But now remembering that, he could only endure and slap himself the next time they met.

Lucy's eyes welled up with emotion, but she quickly blinked the tears away, not wanting to ruin the moment. "You mean the world to me too, Klaus."

She paused for a moment, then whispered, "I want to feel you inside me." Her eyes squeezed shut as the words left her lips, clearly too embarrassed to meet his gaze. She could already feel Klaus's firm length brushing against her thighs, which only heightened her desire.

Klaus's expression softened as he looked at her. He could see the mix of nervousness and longing on her face. Gently, he tilted her chin, guiding her to look at him. "Are you sure?" he asked, his voice calm and reassuring.

Lucy opened her eyes slowly, meeting his warm gaze. Her heart raced, but she nodded. "Yes... I'm sure."

Klaus smiled, leaning down to kiss her softly, his movements slow and deliberate. He wanted to make sure she felt safe and comfortable. As his hand slid along her body, he could sense her anticipation growing. He moved with care, positioning himself between her legs, letting the moment build.

"I'll be gentle," Klaus whispered against her lips as he slowly guided his azure dragon toward her entrance, which was already wet with anticipation.

He teased her by brushing his rod against her, drawing another soft moan from Lucy. Klaus wasn't in any rush; he had her permission now, and he knew that, in time, this moonlit goddess would be his completely.

For a few more moments, he continued to tease her, feeling her body tremble beneath him. Then, positioning his dragon at the entrance to her nether cave, he leaned in and said softly, "It'll only hurt for a moment."

Lucy nodded her heart racing, bracing herself for what was to come. Klaus began to push gently, feeling the resistance of her tightness. Her body, untouched and unfamiliar with this sensation, gripped him as if reluctant to let him in. But Klaus was patient, easing in slowly, using her natural lubrication to help.

He moved carefully, making sure not to cause her unnecessary pain, allowing her body to adjust as he entered. Lucy's breath quickened, her hands gripping the sheets tightly as she felt him stretch her. It was intense, but the way Klaus moved, taking his time, made it bearable.

Suddenly, something gave way, allowing Klaus to push deeper into her, widening her nether cave. Lucy let out a painful sigh, a single tear escaping from her eye. Klaus gently wiped the tear away and whispered, "The hard part is over now. I'll make sure you enjoy it from here on."

Lucy nodded, gripping the bedsheet tightly as she braced herself. Klaus began moving slowly, giving her time to adjust to the sensation. He wanted her body to get used to him before he increased his pace. Even though it was just the beginning, Lucy's body was already trembling under him.

This is her first time, so she is both nervous and expectant. She may not admit it, but she has been craving for this moment for weeks. Now that she was getting it, she felt both happy and nervous. Nervous because she doesn't know where this will lead. Happy because she is officially becoming Klaus's first woman.

Klaus kept his movements steady and slow, but soon, his tempo began to rise. Lucy's moans grew louder as his thrusts became more intense. Soon, the room was filled with the rhythmic sound of their bodies hitting each other, the heat between them building with every passing moment.

Chapter 150 - 150: Tasting the Forbidden Fruit (3) [18+] - Bonus

Pah! Pah! Pah! Pah!

Klaus kept thrusting, and Lucy's voice was soft, praising him between breaths. Their passion grew more intense with every second, the tension between them rising as if even the roof of the room might split from the sheer force of it.

Neither was in the right mindset to stop, both were caught in a wild frenzy. Klaus felt like he was floating on Cloud Nine, while Lucy was lost on her own rainbow mountain, far beyond reality.

They were no longer in this world, lost in each other's pleasure, their bodies moving in sync.

"More," Lucy gasped, her voice trembling. Her fingers tightened their grip around Klaus, holding him like he was her lifeline. Klaus didn't hesitate, driving his vein dragon into her deeper and harder, making her body arch in response. A soft, trembling cry escaped her lips as her whole body quivered under his intensity.

Soon after, Lucy felt herself nearing her climax, her body clinging to Klaus even tighter. Her breathing quickened, and with a sudden burst, her dam broke, sending her over the edge.

A fragrant scent filled the room, her essence spreading around them, making the moment feel even more intoxicating. Klaus, who was relentlessly thrusting, couldn't help but notice how strangely fragrant she smelled, but he was too focused on his rhythm to stop.

A while later, Klaus felt his own climax approaching, but he wasn't ready to finish yet. He had to show the Princess of Vine and Woods who is in charge, to show her that he was the Don, the one in control.

Before he would let himself come, he would make sure Lucy reached her peak at least three times. He was determined to leave her trembling with pleasure, and to let her know she had fallen for a monster—not just a beast on the battlefield but a force of nature in bed.

She might have protested if she knew what Klaus was thinking, but the pleasure was too overwhelming. But even if she knew, She would only conclude that being with someone like Klaus wasn't such a bad thing after all.

Thirty minutes later, Lucy came for the second time, and again, the air was filled with that same fragrant essence. Klaus, still unrelenting, pushed her further. Another Twenty minutes passed, and she came for the third time.

Her body shook with pleasure, unable to take any more. Klaus, though barely holding on, wasn't done yet. He was lost in the pleasure, so much so that when he felt himself about to release his Star Juice, he couldn't pull out in time.

Lucy, still caught in the bliss of the moment, didn't notice either. Her moans filled the room, her body trembling, lost in the waves of ecstasy. Then suddenly, she felt it—Klaus's hot Star Juice started flooding inside her, making her body heat up instantly.

"Klaus!" she gasped, jerking slightly, but he was too far gone to pull out now. He kept going, unloading every drop inside her. The Moon Princess felt her body warming, a mix of lust and fear washing over her.

She wasn't on any medication, and she knew what this meant—pregnancy was a real possibility. But as her body continued to heat up, that fear melted away, replaced by a strange sense of acceptance.

'So what if I become his baby mama? I love him,' Lucy thought, feeling his body still pressed against hers, his iron rod still inside her. She couldn't help but sigh knowing she had finally crossed the line and entered the next stage of their relationship.

She has finally become Klaus's woman and there is no mistaking that.

"Uh, Klaus, something's happening to me," Lucy whispered, her voice shaky. Suddenly, she felt a burning sensation in her lower abdomen, just above her pussy. The heat was growing stronger, and she couldn't tell if it was from lust, the fear of becoming pregnant despite her acceptance, or something else entirely.

Klaus quickly pulled out his dragon which still has energy in it and looked at where Lucy's hand rested on her abdomen. Just below her stomach, something faint began to appear. A few seconds later, it became clear.

"A star tattoo?" he muttered. Within seconds, the faint mark solidified into a glowing star-shaped tattoo on her skin.

Lucy brushed her fingers over the tattoo, confused. "What is this?"

"I'm as clueless as you," Klaus admitted. "But do you feel any discomfort?" His tone shifted from curious to concerned.

Lucy shook her head, looking surprisingly energized. "No, I feel fine. Better, even!" Her voice was bright and full of energy. It was a stark contrast to how drained she'd been just moments before, leaving Klaus to raise an eyebrow in suspicion. Her sudden surge of energy wasn't normal.

Just a few seconds ago, Lucy was drained, but from her tone now, she looked and sounded energized. Klaus became curious so he decided to try something.

"Do you want to experiment more?" Klaus asked, his mischievous grin returning.

"Still hungry, huh?" Lucy's voice had changed, bolder and more confident. It was like she was becoming a different person, shedding the shyness she usually carried.

Klaus chuckled. "Looks like I'm a good influence. Who would've thought the shy Vine Princess could be this bold after Tasting the Forbidden Fruit"

"Do you like it when I'm bold, or should I go back to being shy?" Lucy teased, wrapping her hand around his now-hard iron rod, and giving it a firm stroke.

"Please, be as bold as you can be. You're going to need that confidence after you walk out of this room," Klaus smirked. His words made her freeze for a moment as she realized what he meant—they hadn't activated the noise-canceling system in the room. All their sounds, moans, and movements had likely been heard by anyone nearby.

"Oh, fuck," Lucy cursed, her eyes wide with embarrassment. It dawned on her that not only had they been overheard, but any cultivator with heightened senses would've heard them clearly.

Klaus grinned. "No need to be shy, my love. This is what lovers do. Let the rest be jealous as they listen." His voice was louder now, making sure anyone who was listening knew they were aware of the eavesdropping.

"My sister won't let me live this down for months," Lucy blushed, her cheeks pink from both pleasure and embarrassment.

Klaus chuckled softly. "If it's any consolation, she'll be in the same situation one day. Just use this time to gain some experience." With that, he activated the noise-canceling system, sealing the room in blissful silence.

Lucy smiled at Klaus's words. At least he still had her sister in his heart. It counted for something. She leaned in, her confidence now fully awakened, and pushed Klaus down onto the bed, making his iron rod stand proudly once again, pointing towards the ceiling.

"Then let's see just how much experience I can gain," Lucy whispered with a wicked grin, straddling him as her hands ran down his chest.

Lucy rose slowly, positioning her Nether cave over Klaus's iron rod, her eyes locking with his as she calmly took control. Lowering herself onto him, she took on the cowgirl posture.

She slid gracefully, letting Klaus's hard iron rod open her tight walls once again. Placing her harm on his chest, Lucy started moving up and down, letting his rod explore her cave to the deepest depth.

She wasn't very experienced, but that didn't stop her. The more she moved, the more she learned how to please them both. For Klaus, it was heavenly, watching her confidence build with every thrust. After what felt like countless minutes of blissful riding and Lucy blessing him a few times, Klaus finally released, filling her inner walls with his Star Juice once again.

But they didn't stop. This time, Klaus took control, making her bend forward as he worked his way into her from the back. Every movement, every thrust was electric.

The next couple of hours were spent in a whirlwind of heated passion, exploring each other's bodies. Klaus felt complete satisfaction, while Lucy, after every session, only seemed to grow more energized, her stamina increasing with each round.

Klaus couldn't help but wonder about the change in her. She was glowing, almost too energized. He made a mental note to have an awkward conversation with the senior residing in his soul sea when the time and mood allowed. There was something strange about the star tattoo and her renewed energy.

Unbeknownst to Klaus, just when the star tattoo appeared on Lucy, a small half-moon tattoo had also appeared on his back, glowing faintly inside one of the star tattoos on his back.