

## Paragon 151

### Chapter 151 - 151: Sudden Connection

As Klaus lay back, catching his breath, he couldn't help but admire Lucy. She was more than just beautiful—she was everything. He wasn't the same after he got back from the dead. It's like he has grown overnight, making him more perceptive.

'She's incredible,' he thought, his gaze softening as he watched her. But just as he was lost in his thoughts, admiring her sinful body, a voice echoed in his mind.

'He is incredible. I would've killed myself if he hadn't woken up,' the voice whispered.

Startled, Klaus blinked. It wasn't his own thought. It was Lucy's voice. His eyes widened in shock.

"Lucy, what did you just say?" Klaus asked, lifting his head to look at her resting on his chest.

"What? I... I didn't say anything," Lucy stammered, her face growing pale. She had just thought to herself how she might've killed herself if Klaus hadn't survived the assassination attempt.

"Klaus," her voice cracked as her eyes filled with tears.

"It's okay. Don't think like that," Klaus said gently. "I'm not going anywhere anytime soon. But... how is it that I can hear your thoughts in my mind?"

Lucy's eyes grew wide in disbelief.

"What?" she whispered, her heart racing.

"Yes, I can hear your voice inside my head. Can't you hear mine?" Klaus asked, his eyes searching hers. But Lucy just stared at him, wide-eyed, clearly in shock. After a moment, she shook her head.

"I can't hear yours," she whispered.

"Strange," Klaus muttered. "Try thinking of something else."

Lucy nodded, focusing on positive thoughts this time. But as she did, Klaus's expression remained blank.

"It's not working anymore," he said, confused. "But how did it work the first time?"

"What were you feeling when you said those words the first time?" Klaus asked, his voice soft but curious.

Lucy wiped her eyes and took a deep breath. "I was feeling how lonely I would be if you were gone from this world. It was heartbreaking, Klaus. I was really scared," she admitted, her eyes filling up with tears again.

'I was really scared,' she thought, and suddenly, Klaus heard her voice in his mind once more. His heart skipped a beat.

In response, Klaus focused on Lucy, reaching out emotionally. At that moment, he felt something shift—like they had established a connection.

'It's okay, my love. I'll make sure this never happens again,' Klaus's voice whispered into her mind.

Lucy's eyes widened in surprise, and she quickly raised her head. "It's working, Klaus! I can hear you inside my mind!" she said, her smile growing wider as she looked at him, her heart soaring.

Klaus smiled back, feeling closer to her than ever before.

"Klaus, I love you," Lucy whispered, burying her face in his chest, tears spilling down her cheeks. The emotion was overwhelming, and their shared connection felt like a gift. What woman wouldn't want this? The ability to hear the thoughts of the one you love—at least the ones they chose to share—felt deeper than words.

It was more intimate than anything Lucy had ever imagined. This was what love should be, she thought, and now she was fully immersed in it. Truth be told, she had been scared from the beginning. She wasn't sure what she was getting herself into when they started, but now lying on Klaus's chest, feeling his breath on her neck, she felt complete, more happy, and somehow stronger.

"Klaus," she began, her voice barely above a whisper, "I want to open every part of myself to you. All my thoughts, everything about me—my fears, my strengths, and my weaknesses. I want you to know it all." Lucy was lost in love for the first time in her life. She was really in love now.

Klaus gently brushed her tears away, smiling warmly. "I don't need to know all that to understand how much you love me. I already know, Lucy. You lying here, completely defenseless on my chest, says everything I need to hear. I'd rather get to know you naturally."

He paused, a teasing grin on his lips. "Wouldn't it be fun when I find out you're scared of spiders?"

Lucy's body shuddered involuntarily at the word spiders.

Klaus chuckled. "Heh, so you really are scared of spiders. Who would've thought?" His laughter echoed in the room as Lucy squirmed deeper into his arms, hiding her face.

"Stop it," she muttered, embarrassed but smiling as she clung tighter to him. Looking at how adorable she looks, Klaus's heart warmed.

They stayed like that for a while, wrapped in each other's warmth, before Klaus finally broke the silence.

"So, what's next?" he asked, his voice low and calm.

"I'll stay for a few weeks before I have to leave," Lucy replied. "My master gave me some time off. I think she just wants me to clear my mind before I climb the Stairway to the Heavens. She knew I'd hear about your assassination attempt one way or another, so when I broke through to the Saint stage, she brought me here herself."

Klaus nodded thoughtfully. "She sounds like an amazing person."

"She is," Lucy said with a soft smile. "She's like a second mother to me."

"A second mother, huh?" Klaus raised an eyebrow, his expression curious.

Lucy, noticing the look on his face, quickly asked, "Hey, you're not thinking anything shameless about my master, are you?"

Klaus grinned. "Not at all. Why would I be thinking about other women when I have such a sinful body lying on my chest?"

Lucy arched an eyebrow, clearly amused. "Oh, so when this 'sinful body' is gone, you'll go back to thinking about other women, huh?" she teased.

Klaus chuckled, shaking his head. "You know that's not what I meant. Besides, no one else can compare."

"I bet you'll be saying the same thing to Sister Ohema and Miriam," Lucy teased, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

Klaus smiled slightly, not liking where the conversation was headed. "Hey, let's just stay in this moment," he said, his tone a little more serious yet playful. "Where only you and I matter."

Seeing the look on his face, Lucy couldn't help but grin wider. "Oh, come on, don't get all flustered now," she teased, enjoying how easily she could push his buttons.

Klaus sighed, shaking his head with a small smile. "You're impossible. How about I show you who's in charge?" And just like that, they ended up in another marathon. Lucy quickly realized she was teasing a sleeping dragon.

She experienced the dragon's might for another set of hours before they were exhausted gain. As they lay there afterward, Lucy, now looking more flustered and weak, tried to speak. "Klaus, about my sister, can you..."

"Don't worry, my love," Klaus said with a grin. "Your sisters will learn not to mess with this young master." Lucy could only smile and rest her head on his chest, feeling a deep sense of comfort.

A while later, they went to clean up and were ready to go out after seven hours.

"You should probably put on a weak face so they don't devour you," Klaus teased, holding Lucy's hands. The past seven hours had brought them closer than ever. Lucy felt a deeper connection and warmth between them.

"Let's go," she said, and they left the room, wrapped in each other's arms. Klaus didn't mind; he was shameless enough to use their teasing to his advantage. Lucy, on the other hand, knew her sister would give her a hard time.

Shortly, they appeared in the hall, only to be greeted by a room full of ladies. Danny and the other guys were nowhere in sight. Their presence would have been comforting had they been there.

Seeing the look on the ladies' faces, Lucy's cheeks turned a deep pink. She quickly hid behind Klaus, who was unfazed by the situation.

"Well, ladies, how are we doing?" Klaus said with a charming smile, looking at the women before him. 'Damn, I am one lucky bastard,' he thought to himself.

#### Chapter 152 - 152: My Dear Mother

Klaus looked at the ladies gathered in the room, all smiling brightly. He couldn't help but feel a burning rage toward the Dark Order. They had nearly taken his life, and that would have cost him this moment—to be surrounded by such heaven-defying beauties.

"Sister Lucy, why are you hiding behind Klaus?" Anna suddenly said, her playful tone making Lucy want to strangle her sister.

"Yes, Sister Lucy, why don't you come outside with us?" Nadia chimed in, having arrived just a few hours ago. She had been dealing with her own struggles since Klaus's sudden death, so She hadn't been around when he woke up. But as soon as she got Hanna's message that Klaus was alive, she dropped everything and rushed over.

'You should probably go with them,' Klaus said to Lucy telepathically. 'I doubt your sister will pass up this chance to tease you. Better to get it over with.'

Realizing there was no escape, Lucy stepped out from behind Klaus. Her gaze fixed on the floor, she walked toward her sister, who gently took her hand and whisked her out of the room.

The others—Nia, Asha, Nadia, Lily, Ohema, and even the distant and emotionless War Goddess—followed, leaving Klaus, his mother, and his newly found big sister, Hanna, alone in the room.

Klaus turned to his mother with a grin. "My dear mother, why don't you give your son, who just escaped death, a hug?" He spread his arms wide as he walked toward her. His eyes briefly flicked to the impressive 'melons' now adorning her chest, a change he hadn't expected in her mother.

But before he could get close, his mother turned and pulled Hanna into her embrace instead.

"Mother!" Klaus called out, feigning hurt as he stopped in his tracks.

"What, not satisfied with what you got from your Moonlit Princess, and now you want more?" Klaus's mother teased, a mocking smile playing on her lips. It was clear she had overheard everything between him and Lucy.

"Mom, you know it's bad to eavesdrop," Klaus replied, though his satisfied grin showed he wasn't really bothered. They exchanged a glance and both burst into a loud, shared laugh that left Hanna feeling a bit lost. Not that she was complaining—being hugged by those 'melons' was comforting enough that she wouldn't ask for more.

Klaus and his mother glanced at the ladies gathered under the small pavilion, now surrounding Lucy. "She's in for trouble," his mother said with a chuckle.

"Her sister's a devil. Why would she do that to her?" Klaus asked, eyeing Anna, who was grinning wickedly at Lucy's predicament.

"It's a coping mechanism," his mother replied.

"Huh?" Klaus frowned, clearly confused.

"She's unsure whether you really like her, so she's using her sister to figure it out. It's her way of making sure she's doing the right thing around you and ensuring you always notice her presence," his mother explained.

"Ohh, so that's what it was. She was scared I'd forget about her after getting close to her sister," Klaus said, finally understanding Anna's actions. He remembered how Anna had sacrificed her own chance during the ball so her sister could stay with him, and suddenly, a lot of things made sense.

"Little brother, you've got quite a few women by your side now," Hanna chimed in, addressing Klaus as her little brother.

Klaus smiled mischievously. "You can join if you want."

"Nope," Hanna said, clinging to Klaus's mother. "I like being your big sister. Besides, Mom said you're a player, so I shouldn't get involved with you."

"Mom! You shouldn't say things like that to my sister. You're ruining my image," Klaus said, pretending to be hurt.

"Tsk, what perfect image? Weren't you the one making all that noise just a few hours ago?" his mother shot back, a teasing smile on her lips.

Klaus opened his mouth to protest but couldn't help but laugh again.

"But seriously, I never knew your charm was this strong. Who would've thought you'd gather this many women, Klaus? Even I'm impressed," his mother said, eyeing him with a curious expression.

"What, thinking about your status as my mother and wanting to join in? I wouldn't mind at all," Klaus teased, taking her hand with a sly grin. He really like teasing her. Not that she will pass out a chance to tease him back.

"Just be careful not to let all this get to your head," she said, her tone serious now. "There are things you can always have when the time is right, so don't get too excited. They're not going anywhere." She was trying her best to caution him about the dangers of losing control to lust.

Klaus understood. Having this many women could mess with anyone's head, and he appreciated her warning. With a sigh, they settled down. Klaus laid his head gently on her lap, feeling the comfort only a mother could give.

"Mom, I'm sorry for putting you through so much these past weeks," he said softly, looking into her eyes.

"It's okay," she replied, brushing his hair gently. "You're here now, and that's all that matters. But I want you to be more careful. Someone tried to take you from me, and now that you're alive again, they won't stop."

"Don't worry, Mom. No one can take my life but you," Klaus said, his gaze turning cold. "This time, I'll make sure no one dares to threaten me."

"Just... just don't do anything reckless," she whispered, her voice trembling slightly.

"Hey, Mom, you don't happen to have any food lying around, do you?" Klaus asked, his stomach growling loudly. Despite being a cultivator who could survive for months without food, to him, eating was still one of the most important parts of his day.

He couldn't help but remember a certain monk who was always stuffing his face with food.

'That bastard probably had all the best meals in the world,' Klaus cursed inwardly, shaking his head.

'Wait... I'm insulting myself now. That's both weird and, well... very weird,' Klaus sighed. His mother noticed his strange expression but simply smiled and headed off to the kitchen.

As soon as she left, Klaus stood up and turned to Hanna. "You okay?" he asked.

"I am," Hanna replied softly.

"You know you can be yourself around me, right?" Klaus said, his tone gentle. Having experienced his past life and now his current one, he still saw something in Hanna that hadn't changed. Even though she didn't have memories of her past self like he did, he knew her heart remained the same.

Hanna shuddered slightly, then nodded. "I know. And I'm grateful you accepted me into your family," she said, her voice full of sincerity.

"You're my sister now. You don't need to keep thanking me for everything," Klaus smiled warmly at her. Then, before she could react, he shifted positions, and his head was suddenly resting on her lap.

"You..." Hanna started, staring down at him in surprise.

"What? Aren't we family? It's only natural for a little brother to rest his head on his big sister's lap," Klaus said with a mischievous grin, clearly enjoying himself.

Hanna sighed but didn't push him away. She gazed down at Klaus, her thoughts swirling. After a moment, she asked softly, "Little brother, what are you going to do now that you're alive?"

Klaus didn't hesitate. "Well, first, I'm going to spend some time with Mom. Once she's calmed down, I'll make sure the Dark Order doesn't exist anymore."

His voice turned cold, sending a chill down Hanna's spine. "I'll kill every last one of them if I have to," he said, his eyes darkening with a quiet resolve.

Hanna shuddered at his words, feeling the weight of his determination. She knew he wasn't bluffing—he meant every word.

#### Chapter 153 - 153: The Chicken Order

After eating, Klaus spent time chatting with Hanna, learning about her life. He found out that Hanna had been an orphan since she was seven. Her parents died during a monster tide, leaving her to fend for herself ever since.

She grew up doing all sorts of odd jobs, saving whatever money she could to buy Celestial Water. Like Klaus, she had dropped out of school. But after she awakens her abilities, she starts hunting, just like Klaus, to survive and improve her life.

Her story was similar to his, except that Klaus had a loving mother who had supported him over the years. Klaus reassured Hanna that her life would now be filled with love and that she should embrace it.

Later that day, when Lucy was finally done with the other women, they let her go. She gladly rushed to Klaus's room. Klaus expected Ohema to spend the night with him, but Ohema had other plans.

"You should spend all the time you can with Lucy," Ohema said. "She'll be going back to the academy soon, and I'll still be here with you."

For some reason, Ohema didn't seem to have any plans to leave. She and the other ladies spent their days chatting and enjoying each other's company. Klaus, of course, was happy to spend time with Lucy. They cherished every moment together, sharing intimate nights.

Two weeks later, Lucy left to return to the academy. Anna and the other women also left, preparing for the upcoming Regional Selection exams, which were scheduled for two weeks later. Now, it was just Klaus, his mother, Hanna, and Miriam. Even Ohema had gone.

She mentioned she had some matters to take care of and promised to return once she was done. With Miriam still around, practically having her own room, Klaus was more than happy to spend time with her. He even tried to get hugs from her, but she just shrugged him off with a playful smirk every time.

As much as Klaus enjoyed the company, there was a quiet tension lingering in the air. With Lucy and the others gone, things felt a little too calm. But for now, Klaus embraced the peace, wondering what lay ahead.

A week later, Miriam also left, leaving only Klaus and his family. With everyone gone, the house felt quieter, and after calming his mother down, Klaus decided it was time. He entered seclusion—he had been holding back for too long. Even Hanna had been training intensely in preparation for the regional trials.

Now, seated in his training room, Klaus found himself unsure where to start. He had so much to do. In his mind swirled hundreds of techniques he had absorbed from Fruity's memories, each one ingrained in him as if it were second nature. His goal was to master them all.

A week ago, he had Hanna use her account to order some projectile weapons for him. He planned to learn how to wield those too. He wanted to be prepared for anything, and yet, he also wanted to remain hidden. No one could know he was still alive, not yet. He had unfinished business.

Klaus cherished the time he had with his mother. It felt like a dream he'd longed for, one that had finally come true. She was calm, happy, and at peace once more. That gave him the space to focus on his training without worry.

Now, his path was clear. Klaus would train, refine his skills, and prepare for what was to come, all while keeping his presence hidden from the world for just a little longer.

Well, at least that was the plan. But Klaus wasn't sure he could focus on training without stirring up some trouble first. With an evil grin and calm determination, he grabbed his phone and went online.

"Damn, I made a lot of people sad," he muttered, scrolling through the millions of messages. People had been grieving over his "death" for weeks. Klaus sighed, feeling a strange mix of guilt and amusement.

But then, without holding back, he typed out a message, his fingers moving swiftly over the screen. He knew exactly what he was doing.

"Hello, Dark Order. Looks like it was a swing and a miss. For such an anonymous and ominous organization, you sure are all bark and no bite. Tsk, who would've thought you couldn't even kill a Level 3 Master Stage warrior?"

From the way I see it, your name should be the 'Chicken Order' instead of the 'Dark Order.' What a disappointing group."

His words were brutal, but that was the point. As soon as the message went live, chaos erupted across the internet.

Comments, responses, and outrage flooded in instantly. The Dark Order, notorious for their shadowy influence, had just been humiliated—publicly. Klaus leaned back, satisfied. He didn't need to check the reactions; he knew he had struck a nerve. Now, the real fun would begin.

And with that, Klaus returned his phone to his pocket, chuckling softly to himself. Training could wait a little longer. Trouble had already started brewing.

"Breaking News! Reports just coming in confirm that Klaus Hanson is alive! Yes, you heard that right—Klaus, who was presumed dead after the intense battle during the Invasion of Arcadian Mine, is alive and well. In fact, he has just humiliated the notorious Dark Order with a single, scathing post online.

From sources, it seems Klaus expressed disappointment that the Dark Order couldn't finish the job. In his own words, he mockingly referred to them as the 'Chicken Order.' The internet is exploding as Klaus's fans are trolling the Dark Order relentlessly!"

News outlets everywhere started picking up the story, broadcasting Klaus's sudden return to the public eye and the brutal face slap he delivered to the Dark Order. The once-feared organization was now the laughingstock of the web, with memes, comments, and endless trolling flooding social media.

Klaus's presence online had turned into a media storm, with fans celebrating his survival and enemies seething in silence. The Dark Order's reputation had taken a serious hit, and Klaus was the one holding the hammer.

Now, his first step toward revenge was set in motion. Klaus knew an organization like the Dark Order wouldn't let such humiliation slide. He was counting on their retaliation. He hadn't slept peacefully in weeks—the mere thought of the Dark Order still lurking in the shadows infuriated him.

Every sleepless night only fueled his anger. The failed assassination attempt still burned in his memory, and he was determined to make sure they regretted it. They needed to understand that Klaus Hanson was not someone to trifle with. He wasn't the weak target they thought he was.

Klaus began making preparations, every move calculated. His mind raced with plans for revenge, each more dangerous than the last. He didn't want them to just suffer—he wanted to crush their entire existence.

The look he saw on his mother's face when he woke up still burned deep within him. He had heard from Lucy how devastated she had been during the weeks he was dead. According to Lucy, after the news of his death reached his mother, she fainted and remained unconscious for an entire week.

When she finally woke up, her broken state made her seem like a mad woman. She started absorbing Mountain Dew every single day and began cultivating. It was painful to watch her endure all of that.

Lucy also revealed that his mother had been blaming herself for being too weak to protect him, and for that reason, she held herself responsible for his death. Secretly, Klaus had cried a few times in the bathroom after Lucy went to sleep.

His goal had always been to awaken and ensure that his mother never stopped smiling. But because of him, for 72 long days, she hadn't smiled—not even once. This shattered his heart, and Klaus knew he would never find peace until the Dark Order was no more.

"This should be enough for now," Klaus muttered, nodding in satisfaction as he reviewed the chaos his post had already caused. His work had just begun, and the Dark Order would soon realize they had made a fatal mistake.

This time, Klaus would strike back, and when he did, there would be no mercy.

Chapter 154 - 154: The Pentaface Bead Awakening

In a dark, lifeless room, a dark-haired figure wearing a mask could be seen sitting quietly, resting his chin on his fist. However, despite his calm demeanor, there was this unsettling aura surrounding him giving him the presence of danger. Suddenly, a device in the room began beeping.

"My Lord, it is done," a masked face appeared on the screen after he answered. "Number 92 has been taken care of."

"Good. Now, move to the next phase. He failed to complete the job. I hope you won't," the lord said, his voice calm but commanding.

"Arrangements have been made, my Lord. He will be moving out in a few days," the masked figure replied.

"Good. Make sure he succeeds. I don't think I need to remind you of the consequences of failure," the lord added.

"My Lord." The masked figure bowed before the projection faded from the screen.

"What a headache," the masked man muttered, his tone devoid of emotion. Not that it mattered—his mask hid any possible expression.

Moments later, the device beeped again. This time, upon answering, another masked figure appeared on the screen. But instead of remaining seated, the man in the room stood and bowed slightly.

"Dark Lord," he greeted with a soft bow. The mask worn by the figure on the screen was different, it has been marked with a golden line beneath the left eye, clearly signifying higher authority.

"I trust you've made the necessary provisions. This must be completed within two weeks. The damage is more severe than we anticipated," the golden-marked mask figure said, her voice unmistakably female.

"Yes, Dark Lord. Everything is in order. Klaus Hanson will be dead within the next two weeks" the masked man replied, his tone respectful.

"Good. Know that failure this time will bring severe consequences," she said coldly before the screen went dark again.

-

-

-

After setting his bait, Klaus turned his attention back to the main task. The brief memory of his past self had given him more than he had hoped for. Though it wasn't all rainbows and sunshine, he had certainly gained something valuable.

His mind was now filled with a myriad of techniques, each more terrifying than the last. All the techniques his past self had learned from the Soul Temple were now within his grasp. He could use any of them if he wished. However, he first has to access them and see which ones will best suit him.

Most of the techniques were suited for spear and staff wielders, but there were also some for swords, bows, and even mages.

He had everything he could need within his mind, and he was eager to learn it all. However, before he made that decision, he wanted to see if he could awaken the Nine Divine Soul Bead Art technique he had received from the Old Monk. He wanted to see if he could awaken the Pentaface Bead.

Klaus was curious to learn more about it. Observing how Fruity used it, Klaus saw its potential. All of Fruity's tribulations involved sitting back and letting the bell handle the work. Klaus wanted the same ease, so he planned to see if he could manifest it in his current life.

Klaus knew his soul sea was far stronger than Fruity's, and with his powerful energy source, he was confident he could awaken the Nine Divine Soul Bead Art. But his real struggle lay within his heart.

From Fruity's memories, he knew that to awaken the technique, one needed a certain level of inner peace. In that aspect, Fruity had to be commended—his heart, even if only for a moment, was pure enough to achieve it.

Klaus, on the other hand, didn't have a peaceful heart right now. Anger boiled inside him, clouding his spirit. That was why he had spent days quietly with his mother and Hanna, trying to center himself.

He was learning how to stay calm in the face of chaos, and he had made some progress. Most of that was thanks to Lucy, who spent nights with him, offering a more... intimate form of comfort.

But now, sitting here, all Klaus could think about was how he was going to kill every member of the Dark Order. The various cruel ways he was going to do that and how he planned to go about it. His mind is in chaos.

"Well, that's one way to calm my heart, I guess," he muttered to himself. If slaughter was a path to inner peace, did that mean psychopaths were the most at peace with themselves? The thought was disturbing, though Klaus barely realized how much it reflected his own state of mind.

Sitting in a lotus posture, he forced his heart to calm. The anger still simmered, but he pushed it down. He began chanting the incantations for the Nine Divine Soul Bead Art. He had memorized them by heart, and the words flowed easily from his lips without any trouble.

The moment Klaus began chanting, he felt something shift deep inside him. It was subtle at first, but soon he could sense a presence rising within him. He didn't understand how or why, but it was as though something long dormant was awakening, trying to come toward him.

---

Far away, perhaps outside the bounds of time itself, a massive faceless statue stood atop a mountain. Its imposing figure cast a dark, torturous shadow over the land as if doom itself was descending from the heavens. If Klaus were there, he would've said something like, "This is one large motherf\*cker." The statue was colossal, towering high into the sky.

Suddenly, it began to tremble. No, it didn't just tremble—it shook violently. The entire space around it quaked, and cracks began forming in the ground beneath it. The once steadfast statue now had fractures running along its surface.

Then, a strange chanting filled the air, echoing throughout the space. The moment the chanting started, the statue began to slowly rise into the air. It wasn't gentle—the rising was accompanied by more shaking as if the statue resisted.

In a sudden burst, the statue shattered into pieces, sending debris flying everywhere. Dust clouded the area, making the sky and earth lose their color for a brief moment. The explosion was chaotic and monstrous.

When the dust settled, a pentagon-shaped bead hovered in the air, pulsating with a dark aura. Each pulse of the bead was like a heartbeat, and with every beat, a hum vibrated through the space, causing it to warp and distort.

The chanting grew louder and darker, and from the swirling clouds above, a portal slowly opened, casting an eerie shadow. A powerful suction force began pulling at the bead. At first, the bead resisted, but as the chanting deepened in tone, it surrendered and flew obediently into the dark portal.

---

Back in Klaus's training room, he remained seated, chanting softly. Suddenly, he felt something foreign enter his soul sea—a dark, pulsing presence unlike anything he had ever experienced before.

Klaus's body shuddered as his consciousness suddenly slipped into his soul sea. The instant he arrived, another shudder coursed through him. His eyes widened as he took in the sight before him. Inside his soul sea, next to the familiar nine doors, was a massive dark-violet bead, floating ominously.

Five faces—emotionless yet disturbingly expressive—were etched into its surface, their eerie gaze fixed on him.

He swallowed hard, his throat dry. The object was imposing, far more real, and terrifying than anything he had seen in Fruity's memories. It loomed over him, radiating a sense of dread. He doesn't know where the fear is coming from, but he sure was scared shitless looking at the bead.

"Why the hell am I scared of this thing?" Klaus muttered under his breath, unsettled by the bead's presence.

"You should be scared, brat," Suddenly, the senior inside his soul sea said making Klaus look toward the first door "That thing... that's one of the Nine Forbidden Relics. Having it here is both a blessing and a curse."

Klaus raised an eyebrow, half curious, half alarmed. These days, he just doesn't get a breather about so many things wrong with things around him. He was about to ask what a Forbidden Relic was when the entire soul sea began to shake violently.

"Senior! What's happening?" Klaus panicked, feeling the space around him tremble.

"How... how is this possible?" His senior's voice, usually calm and wise, was now filled with shock. It was the first time Klaus had ever heard him sound unsettled. This made him feel something is wrong, but what...?.

#### Chapter 155 - 155: Awakening The Eye Of Malevolence

"Senior, what's happening?" Klaus asked again, panic creeping into his voice. Around him, the space in his soul sea continues to tremble violently. The once calm, multicolored sea beneath him now boiled like a raging tsunami. He stood frozen in the middle of it all, completely unsure of what was going on.

"Listen carefully, Klaus," the senior's voice came through again, more urgent than before. "You're about to awaken a third eye, and when I say 'third eye,' I mean a spirit eye—but this isn't the real thing. This is a type of spirit eye that should never have existed in this world, not in this life."

Klaus blinked, trying to make sense of the words, but the panic in the senior's voice only made things worse. It was rare for the senior to sound this rattled, which made the whole situation even more unsettling.

"Senior, tell me what's really happening. Forget karma and all that," Klaus insisted, his voice sharp with urgency.

The senior sighed deeply. "I can't tell you much, trust me. If I reveal anything forbidden, your next tribulation will be your last." His tone was grim, and Klaus gulped, his heart pounding as he listened.

"You're awakening a spirit eye, but not just any spirit eye. This one shouldn't be possible for a human. It's called the Eye of Malevolence, and like its name, it's an evil eye."

Klaus's breath caught in his throat. "An evil eye? What does that even mean?"

"Awakening this eye is like inviting torment and torture into your life. Yes, it grants powerful abilities, but it comes with a heavy cost. Your mind will be filled with dark thoughts—constantly. It will corrupt your peace, Klaus. After today, you won't be able to have a peaceful moment with anyone, not even your mother," the senior warned.

Klaus swallowed hard again. Panic gnawed at the edges of his mind, but he forced himself to stay calm. "Senior, is there no way to stop this? Anything you can do?" he asked, his voice betraying his desperation.

"I wish there was, but this is beyond my control now. Once it begins, there's no stopping it."

Suddenly, the soul sea parted. From beneath, a dark green, menacing eye began to rise slowly. Klaus felt a strange heat in his eyes as the eye emerged from the depths of the soul sea. It rose ominously from beneath the sea and stopped when it was just a few meters away from Klaus.

The eye hovered a few meters away from Klaus, its presence foreboding. He raised his head and locked eyes with it. Though the eye looked real, something about it was deeply unsettling. It wasn't just that it was blinking—it was the way it blinked as if it was alive.

The moment their eyes met, Klaus's vision instantly darkened. After a brief pause, he opened his eyes again, only to find they were no longer golden. His eyes had turned a terrifying, blood-red. The change was sudden, but it was real, and looking at Klaus, one could tell he had changed. He is still him, but he isn't him.

"Tsk, who would have thought I'd panic over this greenhouse eye?" Klaus spoke suddenly. But his voice wasn't his own. It sounded more mature, darker, yet strangely commanding—a bizarre mix of tones.

"I didn't expect you to awaken this early," the voice continued, "but it's for the best. The sooner I take control, the faster I can grow." Klaus's voice, or what sounded like his voice, clapped his hands together, looking amused instead of scared.

Clapping his hands together, Klaus started to chant. It wasn't calm like before the bead awakens. This one is more chaotic and dark. Listening to it sounded eerie.

As the Chanting filled the turbulent soul sea, the green eye, with its terrifying veins, started to shudder, as if it were afraid. It began to retreat into the multicolored sea again. It's both bizarre and amazing for some reason.

However, it didn't have time to escape. Just as it was descending, golden strings, formed from runes shot out of Klaus's eyes. Countless glowing golden strings moved swiftly and bound the eye.

The eye of malevolence shuddered, trying to break free, but the strings were too strong and seemed to be hurting it. The more it shuddered, the more painful it appeared. The strings look sturdy and bind the eye like a chain.

"Tsk, all bark, and no bite," Klaus spoke in his strange voice as he formed a hand seal.

Suddenly, the Pentaface bead spun, revealing its first face. From this face, a bell emerged. The bell grew larger until it was large enough. It moved and, in one gulp, swallowed the green eye.

Klaus formed another hand seal and from the bell, a ringing sound filled the air. Immediately the bell rang out the raging soul sea calmed instantly. The only sound now was Klaus's continuous chanting. The eye, swallowed by the bell, stayed inside like an obedient child.

Slowly, the dark aura around the eye began to fade into the bell. It took over thirty minutes, but eventually, the only thing left was the green eye. This time, however, it no longer looked just terrifying; it had an alluring quality to it that made it both attractive and dangerous.

Suddenly, the eye shuddered and transformed into runes. The bell rose, and the runes flew into Klaus's eyes. As they entered, the first door within his soul sea opened slightly, revealing a red star. It was visible only for a moment, but when Klaus gazed into it, his eyes, which had been turning green, shifted back to a deep red.

Then, beside the Pentaface bead, a menacing red eye appeared, hovering with a sinister presence. It looked more real and terrifying. But looking closely, it appeared projected yet real at the same time. However, the sinister air around the green eyes wasn't there. It looks oval with dark red pupils looking back at Klaus with an emotionless expression.

"That's more like it," Klaus muttered with a smirk. Then, he vanished from his soul sea. Back in his training room, he fell backward and passed out.

After five hours, Klaus woke up with a splitting headache. "Damn, my head hurts," he muttered. He grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and drank it, then slumped back down.

"I passed out, huh?" he said with a blank expression.

"Wait, why isn't my head filled with tormenting thoughts like the senior said?" Klaus wondered and then reentered his soul sea.

"What the...?" Immediately he appeared back inside his soul sea, he was greeted with a terrifying sight.

"Brat, are you okay?" Before Klaus could react to the terrifying red eyes inside his soul sea, the senior spoke.

"Senior, what is that thing?" Klaus asked, pointing at the eye, still not fully grasping the connection between him and it.

"You tell me. Somehow, you've managed to purify the Eye of Malevolence into something new," the senior said, causing Klaus to raise an eyebrow.

"This is great, I guess," Klaus muttered, now sensing the connection between himself and the eye. He blacked out when the eye appeared but now woke up to a sudden connection to what was meant to torment him for the rest of his life, one would tend to want to get to the bottom of it all, but not Klaus who knew exactly what happened.

'Was it Fruity...or some other bastard from my past' He just doesn't want to get into it now.

He then turned his attention to the Pentaface bead.

"Senior, what can you tell me about this eye and the bead?" Klaus asked, hoping for more information. Yet again, the senior did not provide a concrete answer.

"Just don't focus on what isn't there. Your existence is a special case. Even if you don't sense it yet, the more you grow, the hungrier the heavens become in their attempts to kill you. Don't ask for what isn't there."

"But what I can tell you is that these two objects are your strongest abilities. Use them wisely and try not to show off too much," the senior added, making Klaus smile.

Klaus had seen what the bead could do in Fruity's memories, but he knew he had unlocked something deeper. Inside Fruity's soul sea, there were no beads or doors. For him, they were present, and he could feel their terrifying power. After admiring his new dark powers for a while, he joked,

"Senior, you don't happen to be a monk from many years ago, do you?"

#### Chapter 156 - 156: Void Piercing Needle

Klaus's question seemed casual, but he was being serious. In Fruity's memory, it was the Old Monk in that strange space who had given him the Nine Divine Beads, the first form. Now, Klaus sensed a strange familiarity between the tone of that Monk and the senior lurking in his soul sea.

He couldn't help but ask. As expected, the senior said nothing in response to his question, nor did he mention Klaus's recent brush with death. Klaus wondered if the senior was paying attention at all. Still, he didn't push for answers.

He nearly died, yet the one having residence inside his soul sea said nothing about it, clearly, he doesn't want to say things he doesn't want affecting him later.

Instead, he focused on studying the Pentaface bead. So far, he had unlocked only two faces, just like Fruity. He had access to the [Bell of Harrows] and the [Eye of Despair].

However, unlike Fruity, Klaus didn't need to bring the bead out when using these skills. The bead stayed within his soul sea, while the abilities manifested externally. He also discovered that the red eye he had awakened was now linked to the [Eye of Despair].

This meant that whenever he activated the skill, the terrifying red eye would appear. And because Klaus had star qi, his abilities were far more powerful than Fruity's. He realized with a smirk that he had become a walking nightmare.

The senior eventually told him a bit about the new eye's abilities. Klaus could now see with his eyes closed, but that wasn't the most impressive part. He could sense everything within a 40km radius, and if he focused in one direction, his range extended to 70km.

Aside from the enhanced sight, Klaus discovered something even more intriguing when he activated the skill through his eyes. He could sense when someone was lying. Clearly, it wasn't the best ability for combat, but in situations where the truth is needed, he can be a lie detector.

But what made the eye even stranger was that he could maintain his golden eyes while using this ability, though the effect would be significantly weaker compared to when he switched to his red eyes, he could still maintain his charming golden eyes while observing his surroundings.

But the red eyes offered more than just the ability to detect lies. With them, Klaus could see a person's soul to some extent and even manipulate it directly. This manipulation opened up a variety of dangerous possibilities. One of these was soul shock, where Klaus could overcharge a person's soul, leaving them vulnerable.

There was also the soul imprint, which allowed Klaus to leave a mark on someone's soul. This made it easier to influence or control them without their knowledge. To a certain extent, he could even penetrate their mind. Of course, the senior said he wouldn't be able to do that just yet, he is still weak.

The abilities seemed endless, and Klaus was determined to unlock every one of them eventually. He knew he was treading a fine line between power and danger, but the allure was too great to ignore.

"Uh, Senior, you don't happen to have a way for me to transfer techniques and skills to others?" Klaus finally spoke after examining the bead for a while.

"I do have a method," the Senior replied, "But you'll need to give me something of equal value in return to balance the karma."

"Fair enough," Klaus answered, nodding as he began to think. After a moment, he said, "I'll share a secret with you. I believe that should be enough for this transaction."

A while later, Klaus opened his eyes, still in the training room. But the second he did, he regretted it. "Sorry, Mom," he muttered with a sheepish smile. His new ability to see with his eyes closed had activated automatically, and he saw everything. And by everything, he meant everything.

Quickly, he deactivated the ability and calmed his racing heart. With a faint smile, he retrieved the package he had asked Hanna to order for him. He didn't have the shamelessness to discuss his new connection with Lucy with the Senior, so he left that topic for later.

For now, his next plan was to master using projectile weapons in combat. The weapon he ordered was a set of Needle-type weapons known as Viper Piercing Needles. These double-edged needles could be thrown by a skilled marksman or, in Klaus's case, controlled using his mind.

Opening the package, he found 360 sleek, golden needles, each about 4 inches long. They were thin, razor-sharp, and designed for precise strikes. Just holding one made his fingers tingle with excitement. This was going to be fun.

He grinned. "Time to get to work."

Klaus's star qi surged, and with a single thought, he connected with the needles. Sixty-six of them rose into the air, but almost immediately, he felt the strain. His vision blurred, and his face turned pale from the pressure on his mind.

"So that's my limit," Klaus muttered, feeling the weight hammering his brain. He felt every fiber of his brain stretching just but keeping the needles suspended.

Quickly, he released most of the needles, letting 60 drop back into their case. A wave of relief washed over him as the strain eased. His head cleared a bit, but he continued manipulating the remaining six needles, experimenting with their movements.

He didn't have a proper technique to control them in combat yet, but that didn't stop him from trying. The needles whipped through the air with terrifying speed, obeying his mind's commands. He gestured with his hands, and the six merged, forming a single thick needle that shot forward with a burst of speed.

Then, with another gesture, the needles separated. Klaus paused, a realization hitting him.

"Oh snap, I forgot!" he muttered, slapping his forehead. "I have a technique for this."

He remembered the [Ten Thousand Soul Needles] technique that his Senior had given him. It was specifically designed to manipulate needles created from his star qi. Flipping through the skill in his mind, he found what he was looking for—a method to control the needles with precision and power.

"Void Piercing Needle," he whispered, picking one of the attack patterns. He began practicing, merging the six needles into a single, larger one. But when he followed the pattern, something felt off. It didn't come together like he'd hoped.

"I need more needles," Klaus realized.

Ten more needles flew from the case, joining the six. Now, sixteen of them formed into a thick needle. But even with more power, it still wasn't enough.

"Not enough...," he muttered under his breath, his mind racing for a solution.

He released his control, and the needles scattered back into the air, hovering around him like a swarm of golden fireflies. Klaus quickly analyzed them, calculating the exact number he needed for the technique to work efficiently.

"Thirty-three," he muttered. That was the magic number.

He added 17 more needles to add to the original set, but as soon as he did, the familiar headache flared up again, sharp and throbbing. "Flying them solo puts less strain on my brain than merging them all together," Klaus grumbled. Despite the discomfort, he gritted his teeth and pushed forward, determined to form the Void Piercing Needle.

Slowly but surely, the needles came together, twisting and coiling in the air, until they formed a thick, gleaming golden needle, extending about 12 inches long. It hovered in front of him, vibrating with power.

Klaus stared at it for a moment, then smiled. "Now we're getting somewhere."

Klaus's eyes shifted to the titanium dummy standing a few meters away. Without hesitation, he gestured with his hand, and the Void Piercing Needle shot forward like a bullet. It cut through the air with a faint hum before drilling straight through the dummy's forehead, leaving a clean, gaping hole.

Klaus grinned evilly. "Now that is dangerous," he muttered drawing continuous holes in the dummy. A while later, a 6-foot dummy stood with holes littered all over its body. Klaus nodded with satisfaction and then went about pushing himself further by learning some more patterns from the [Ten Thousand Soul Needles] technique.

Chapter 157 - 157: It was An Accident, Mom [Bonus]

Klaus spent four full days in the training room, pushing his mental limits. Even though he had the Weapon Overlord Class, which allowed him to control weapons with his mind, it didn't mean he had perfect control without effort. It only gave him easier control compared to most, but he still had to work hard.

His mental strength was crucial if he wanted to keep the needles flying for a long time. Of course, he didn't let this challenge hold him back. Instead of settling for controlling just 33 needles and a single attack pattern, he pushed further.

Now, after four days, he could effortlessly control 54 needles without much strain and had even mastered three more attack patterns from the [Ten Thousand Soul Needles] technique.

Along with the [Void Piercing Needle], which allowed him to combine 54 needles into one long, 14-inch needle for a powerful strike, he had also mastered three new techniques: [Swarm Attack], [Infinity Piercing], and [Jagged Strike].

The first, [Swarm Attack], involved sending all 54 needles to fly independently. As the name suggested, the needles would attack together, with some taking alternate paths to maximize piercing damage—just like a swarm of bees, but deadlier.

The second technique, [Infinity Piercing], took things to another level. In battles with hundreds or even thousands of enemies, speed was everything. This technique allowed him to kill multiple enemies at once within his attack range. The key was mental capacity. If your mind was strong enough, you could scatter the needles around and kill enemies both in front and behind.

Klaus, now blessed with divine sight, knew he could keep killing even with his eyes closed. All He needed was to keep his mental capacity in check and the killing would never stop.

The last attack pattern was a variation of the Void-Piercing Needle, but this time, the needle had sharp, jagged edges. Not only would it pierce the target, but it would also slice through them, making it a deadly killing technique that would solve many of Klaus's problems in battle.

Although the three added are no match for the Void Piercing Needle, there was no harm in learning them.

After four days of intense training, Klaus finally took a break. He consumed some monster cores, which helped him level up to the Level 4 Master stage, earning him 400 undistributed points. During the battle at Arcadian City, he had used all his points after reaching Level 3, so the only ones he had left were the fresh 400 points from his latest level up.

Feeling the surge of new strength, he opened his status window and smiled, satisfied with his progress.

Name: Klaus Hanson

Age: 16

Talent: Celestial Elemental Overlord

Class: Weapons Overlord

Bloodline: Dormant

Physique: Nine Reincarnation Divine Body

Realm: Master - Lvl: 4/12

Strength: 1,230 | Agility: 1,270 | Stamina: 1,240 | Defense:1,100 | Intelligence: 1,100| Health: 4200

Star Qi: 143,672,600

Stat Points: 400

[Next Level up: 10,000/31,228,800]

"After the Regional Selection, I'll go hunting again in a Tier 4 Forbidden Zone," Klaus muttered, staring out his window. He had been given a Blank Pass, that would allow him to enter any zone without restriction.

He plans on using it to enter a Tier 4 Forbidden Zone where the weakest monster is a Tier 6 Dark or Tier 6 Zombie Captain. He needed time to level up and what the best way if not more killing. He plans on killing more and even trying his hands on Tier 7 Devils or Zombie Kings to see if he can earn some elemental cores.

After seeing Fruity's Ice awakening, he was determined to awaken his too. Indeed, he was jealous of the violet-haired pampered renegade Monk.

When he asked about what happened after he died, he learned that after he killed the Zombie King, the battle had ended. But instead of celebrating, the atmosphere was filled with tension and pain due to the assassination attempt on his life.

What shocked him more was hearing that even Miguel and the other youngsters, who once despised him, were upset at the thought of his death.

Of course, Klaus knew that most of them were probably just mad because they didn't get the chance to take revenge themselves before he died. This made him smile darkly, thinking of the chaos he would soon unleash on his enemies.

With only three days left before the Regional Selection, which would now be held in Hiroshi City—the second-largest city in the Eastern Region—he started to prepare both mentally and physically. Originally, the event was supposed to take place in Arcadian City, but after the invasion, the city was still rebuilding its defenses.

The assassination attempt on Klaus had also forced the higher-ups to change the venue. Klaus found out that three guards who were protecting the Domsday Bow were killed by the assassin. So even though it technically wasn't Arcadian City's fault, Klaus knew humans had a peculiar tendency to place blame when they were hurt or grieving.

After making sure he was ready, Klaus left the training room and entered the hall, where his mother was seated reading quietly. Without saying a word, he walked over, sat beside her, and rested his head gently on her lap. His mother responded with a soft smile, brushing her hand through his hair.

"Mom, have I ever told you how beautiful and graceful you are?" Klaus asked, his voice warm and sincere.

"Tsk, you don't have to coil your words, Klaus, I know you want to say how hot my body looks" His mother who has known him all his life was quick to pick on the underlying tone in his words.

"You are indeed hot Mom" Klaus admitted.

"Is that why you were peeking?" his mother asked, leaning in closer, her eyes narrowing playfully as she gazed into his.

Klaus's heartbeat sped up, not from their closeness, but because she was right. He had accidentally peeked when he first awakened the Eyes of Malevolence. In that brief moment, he saw things he was never meant to, and no matter how hard he tried, the image was burned into his mind.

"Mom, it was an accident," Klaus admitted, his voice turning shy, a rare blush creeping across his face.

"Hehe, I never knew the almighty Klaus Hanson, the ladies' man, would stoop to peeking at his own mother," his mother teased, cupping his cheeks with a mischievous grin.

"Mom!" Klaus groaned, his cheeks flushing a deep red from embarrassment. "I told you, it was an accident," he repeated, though he knew it was pointless. His mother wasn't going to let this go anytime soon. She was going to milk it for all it was worth.

But what really puzzled Klaus was how she had even known he peeked—accidentally, of course. 'How could she have sensed it?' he thought, bewildered.

The senior had told him it would be nearly impossible for others to detect his divine sight, especially when he wasn't emitting any killing intent. So how had his Ascended mother picked up on it so easily? Is she perhaps a war goddess in disguise, Klaus thought flashing with many assumptions.

'Is it because I have no defenses against her?' Klaus wondered.

He had always been vulnerable around her, never putting up any barriers. Maybe that's why she could sense even the slightest hint of his presence, even when he hadn't meant to peek. With a sigh, Klaus resigned himself to his fate. His mother could charm him any day, and he knew it. So it was hard to say she could sense his presence even when he wasn't there.

"Mom, I will be leaving tomorrow with Anna and Hanna for the Regional Selection at Hiroshi City, will you be lonely" Klaus asked taking the discussion to a new topic.

"I will be, but we can spend today together. Your sister is still training so we can spend the day together, just you and me" His mother said making Klaus smile cheerfully. They stay like that talking about a lot of things.

The next day, he left with Anna and Hanna using one of Ross's family jets. Once again, Klaus was reminded of why he should buy his own jet.

#### Chapter 158 - 158: Hiroshi City [Bonus]

Hiroshi City is the second-largest city in the Eastern Region and the 11th-largest in all of the Northern Union. Like any great city, it is managed by a powerful family—the Hiroshi Great Family, known for their unparalleled skill in swordsmanship.

At the head of this family is Ryo Hiroshi, the King of Swords and patriarch of the Hiroshi Great Family. Across the entire Northern Union, Ryo is regarded as the strongest Great Sage, second only to Miriam, the War Goddess.

Though Miriam is unmatched in raw power because she is a sovereign, a stage above a great sage. But Ryo's battle experience is legendary. During the early days of the apocalypse, it's said he single-handedly cleaved through thousands of Zombies, all while carrying a ten-year-old child on his back.

It was said He had started with a team, but they were all overwhelmed by the sheer number of zombies around them. Despite this, Ryo's determination and unmatched sword mastery allowed him to face down the hordes without flinching.

Some even claim he's immune to Zombie bites. That is because when he returned from that fateful mission with the daughter of the current Northern Union leader, his body was covered in bite marks, yet he remained fully human.

In the end, Ryo is not just a legend in battle but also the architect of a grand city. Hiroshi City is vast, stretching miles wide, with an elegance that reflects Ryo's greatness. Towering buildings rise into the sky, impressive landmarks catch the eye, and flying cars zip through the air.

The roads are smooth and well-kept, lined with sleek vehicles. The air itself feels clean and breathable, a stark contrast to the chaos outside in the forests and the forbidden Zones.

"This place is beautiful," Hanna said, gazing out the window as they flew toward their hotel in a flying car. The Trial was in two days, but Klaus wanted some time away from home to explore Hiroshi City, so they arrived early.

"Before and after the Regional Selection Trial, we can tour the city if you want," Klaus replied, mentally noting a few spots he wanted to check out. One great thing about flying cars was the view—you could see the entire city from above.

Klaus sat in the car with Hanna and Anna. They were meeting Lily and the others at the hotel they will be staying in, but for now, he is using the time to admire the city with his enhanced vision—his Spirit Eye. He wasn't using its full power, though. The last thing he wanted was to accidentally peek at something he wouldn't be able to forget.

His mother had never let him live down the incident when he had unintentionally seen her bathing. It was a complete accident, but she never missed a chance to remind him. Every other minute, she'd tease him, making sure he couldn't forget.

A short while later, they arrived in view of the Third Finger Royal Hotel, a five-star establishment that Lily had booked for the group. They had an entire suite to themselves. As soon as they landed, a hotel attendant greeted them.

"Welcome to The Third Finger Royal Hotel, Mr. Klaus, Miss Anna, and Miss Hanna," the attendant said politely, bowing slightly.

"No need to be so formal, sister. We're all friends here," Klaus replied with a warm smile. His casual tone made the lady smile back, and she led them toward a private elevator.

Lily had been thorough, ensuring Klaus wouldn't draw attention by appearing in public. She knew all too well the risks. His recent post about the Dark Order had made him a target, and the last thing they needed was for eyes to track him to the hotel.

His friends were worried, but Klaus wasn't. He didn't particularly care about staying hidden. His confidence had grown, and deep down, he wanted to test himself. He was certain he could handle anything thrown his way.

"Klaus, you're here!" Lily said as Klaus, Anna, and Hanna stepped into the large, extravagant hall.

'She stopped calling me Brother Klaus, huh? Looks like she's becoming more confident,' Klaus thought, noticing the change in how Lily addressed him. It was the same way Anna had started calling him just 'Klaus.' Before, it was always 'Brother Klaus.' He smiled and replied,

"Lily, you're looking particularly delicious this evening."

At his shameless comment, Lily blushed slightly and quickly moved to stand beside Anna and Hanna.

"Klaus, you really shouldn't tease my sister like that. She has a soft innocent heart," Kilian said, walking up to Klaus with a grin. They shared a brotherly hug, followed by the same greeting from Mark, Danny, Daniel, and Kay.

After exchanging greetings, Klaus scanned the room. The hall was elegantly decorated, filled with an air of luxury and comfort. It was the perfect spot for them to unwind before the big Trial.

"So, what's the plan for tonight?" Klaus asked, his eyes still wandering, taking in the grandeur.

"We thought we'd relax, get our minds off things before the Trial," Daniel said, leaning against a plush chair. "Maybe a drink, maybe just chill."

Klaus nodded, but his mind was elsewhere. His Spirit Eye still buzzed with the urge to activate, to sweep the area for any unseen threats, but he held it back. He needed to relax, too, though part of him felt restless, always on edge after his recent encounters.

"Drinks sound good," Klaus said, smiling as he joined the group. "But not too much, or we'll end up missing the three in two days"

Kilian laughed, already sipping something strong. "Oh, come on! One night of fun won't kill us!"

Lily raised an eyebrow at him. "You say that, but you're always the one knocked out first."

"Not this time," Kilian protested, though the grin on his face betrayed him.

As they settled in, the mood was light, filled with laughter and playful banter. Hanna, Lily, and Anna sat together, quietly chatting, while Klaus found himself lost in thought again. Despite the warmth of the moment, something keeps looming over him, something ominous. It wasn't fear—he was confident in his abilities.

But something in the back of his mind nagged at him, something he couldn't quite place.

"Hey, you okay?" Lily's voice snapped him back to the present. She stood beside him, her usual sharp gaze softened by concern.

"Yeah, just thinking," Klaus replied, shrugging it off. "Nothing serious."

Lily didn't seem convinced, but she let it go. "You know, you don't always have to carry everything alone," she said, her tone gentle.

Klaus smiled at her, appreciating the sentiment. "I know," he said. "But some things are just harder to share."

Lily sighed but didn't press further. Instead, she joined the others, leaving Klaus to his thoughts.

As the night wound down, the group enjoyed the last of their drinks before heading to bed. While the others fell into a restful sleep, Klaus remained wide awake, staring at the Pentaface Bead in his soul sea. He couldn't afford to waste time. There was something about this relic, something powerful, and he intended to unlock its secrets.

The senior had told him it was one of the Forbidden Relics. He hadn't said much else, but the word "forbidden" was enough for Klaus to understand the gravity of what he was dealing with. This wasn't some ordinary artifact; it held something dangerous and ancient, something that could either help him or destroy him.

For hours, Klaus focused on the bead, trying to understand anything he could about it. He didn't need anything grand, just something that could put him at ease. But after hours of trying, nothing surfaced.

By the time morning arrived, Klaus was no closer to unlocking the bead's secrets than when he had started. With a heavy heart and tired eyes, he sighed and set the bead aside.

Afterward, he joined his friends for breakfast. Despite the sleepless night, Klaus managed to put on a smile. He could see Lily and the others already seated, enjoying their meal.

"Morning," Klaus greeted as he sat down, grabbing a piece of bread from the table.

"Morning," Anna replied, noticing his tired face despite putting on a calm face. You could only applaud a lady for their keen sense. "Rough night?"

"Something like that," Klaus shrugged, keeping the details to himself.

"Klaus, we have received an invitation" Lily suddenly said taking out a sleek-looking envelope.

Chapter 159 - 159: Meeting A Dear Friend

"The Hiroshi Family invited us for dinner this evening at the Hiroshi Estate," Lily said, handing Klaus a golden card.

Klaus raised an eyebrow, taking the card from her. The weight of the invitation was evident not just in the card's ornate design but in the significance behind it. The Hiroshi Family didn't extend such invitations lightly.

"They must really want to meet us, huh?" Klaus said, examining the card. The Hiroshi Estate was famous, and any dinner there promised to be more than just a meal—it was an event, a show of status, and sometimes even a test.

Lily nodded. "It's an honor, but it's also about making connections. Ryo Hiroshi himself might be there. It's a good chance to meet him."

Klaus smiled slightly, though his mind was already working. 'Ryo Hiroshi... the King of Swords,' he thought to himself. This dinner might not be as casual as it seemed.

"Well, I guess we better prepare then," Klaus said, placing the card down and turning back to his breakfast.

The Hiroshi Family's influence was vast, and though Klaus wasn't overly concerned about impressing them, he knew better than to underestimate anyone with their kind of power. The fact that they extended an invitation carried weight, and Klaus understood that the true purpose behind it would only be revealed once they stepped into the Hiroshi Estate that evening.

"That being said, Klaus, tone it down a bit when we go there today," Anna said, raising an eyebrow in warning. She knew Klaus far too well to let him go in without a heads-up.

Klaus grinned. "Anna dear, are you worried I'll cause trouble?"

Anna sighed, but before she could respond, Lily chimed in. "She's serious, Klaus. Taro Hiroshi has a tendency to stir up trouble, and since we're not in our domain here, it's best if you don't get tangled up with him. He's what most would call... a prick." Her face scrunched in mild embarrassment as she said the word.

Klaus leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms with a thoughtful look. "Ah, so there's always one of those, huh?"

"Always," Anna replied with a knowing smirk. "Just this time, we don't need you making things worse."

Klaus chuckled, but his eyes were full of mischief. "Fine, fine. I'll play nice... until I can't."

Lily shook her head, clearly unconvinced. "Just remember, we're there to make alliances, not enemies." Klaus is no heir to any Great Family, so he doesn't care about impressing anyone, unlike Anna and the rest. They are there to extend their family influence, so knowing Klaus and his troubles, they start warning him before heading over.

Klaus gave a mock salute. "Scout's honor."

But even as he joked, Klaus knew this dinner was no casual affair. There would be more than food served at the Hiroshi Estate—power plays, hidden agendas, and maybe even a challenge or two. He could feel it in his bones and he was looking forward to it.

Later that evening, a sleek flying car arrived to pick them up and take them to the Hiroshi estate. Thanks to Nadia, who always ensured his wardrobe was on point, Klaus looked sharp. His mother had also added some flair to his dreadlocks, giving him a mix of charm and intimidation. He looked both cute and dangerous at the same time, a balance he never minded.

His friends were dressed just as well. Having a close friend who modeled for the number one fashion company in the world certainly had its perks. Even after Klaus died, Nucci Fashion Trend X remained on top of the charts. In fact, it hadn't just stayed strong; it became even more successful.

The only trouble came from the investors. They had tried to make things difficult for Nadia, but before it spiraled out of control, an anonymous buyer swooped in and purchased the shares of the other investors. Then in a twist, every bit of the shared bought was handed to Nadia to manage. So now, she has 100% control over her company and it's thriving even better than before.

After about half an hour of flying, they arrived at the estate. From 2km away, Klaus could see the sprawling Hiroshi estate, stretching for miles in every direction. It was grander than he had imagined.

"This place is incredible," Klaus muttered, his eyes wide as he took in the sprawling estate.

They landed and were quickly ushered into another car, which drove for another twenty minutes before they arrived at a large mansion that stood elegantly like a castle.

"Welcome to the Hiroshi Estate. I am Lanki, the butler of the Hiroshi Great Family," said a man who looked to be in his late thirties. He was dressed in a dark suit, impeccably neat. He doesn't need an introduction to know he is a butler.

"Please follow me," he instructed. Klaus and his friends complied and began to follow him, Klaus sensed a powerful aura around Land and he knew if he were to clash with this man, he knew he'd be in serious trouble. Though Lanki was just a Sage, the energy around him felt far more dangerous than the Zombie Kings Klaus had faced during the invasion at the Arcadian Mine.

"You are Klaus," A voice spoke

Klaus and his friends stopped and turned to see a young lady, around Lucy's age, walking toward them. Her presence was striking, and Klaus felt an unexpected jolt of curiosity. Who was she?

"Master Klaus, this is Young Miss Aoi Hiroshi, the third daughter of Ryo Hiroshi," Lanki introduced her with a slight bow.

Aoi smiled warmly, her demeanor friendly yet poised. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Klaus," she said, her voice clear and inviting.

For some reason, Klaus felt Nervous and excited at the same time looking at Aoi Hiroshi. He just couldn't place his finger on it, but there was something about her that he found curious. Of course, he doesn't know what, just yet. "Nice to meet you, Aoi," he replied, trying to sound confident.

The atmosphere shifted slightly as Aoi stepped closer, her gaze curious. "I've heard quite a bit about you. They said you cleared an entire battlefield with a single attack. That is impressive"

Klaus nodded, unsure of what to say. He glanced at his friends, who seemed just as intrigued. "Yeah, it's been quite the journey," he finally said, hoping to keep the conversation light.

Aoi's smile widened. "I'd love to hear more about it. Maybe after dinner?"

"Sure," Klaus replied, and just like that, their interaction was over. Aoi turned and walked away, leaving Klaus and the others watching her go.

"Sister Emily said she ranked number 12 on the Inner Disciple Ranking Chart at the Celestial Mountain Academy," Lily mentioned, her eyes still following Aoi.

"Wow, that's impressive," Anna said, glancing at Klaus, who seemed lost in deep thought. Then they started moving again. Of course, Klaus didn't respond to the comment Lily made, so they followed Lanki instead. Soon, they arrived at a large garden.

As soon as they appeared, familiar faces greeted them.

"Hello, my dear friend Miguel! How have you been?" Klaus exclaimed, his mood shifting instantly. It was like he was seeing a long-lost friend. But everyone around knew better. These two were no friends; calling them mere enemies would be an understatement. They were mortal enemies.

The air grew tense as Klaus smiled, but his eyes held a glint of mischief. Klaus was looking for trouble with Miguel. Miguel returned the smile, but it was tight-lipped, masking the animosity simmering beneath the surface.

"Just trying to survive, Klaus. You know how it is," Miguel replied, his voice casual but laced with underlying tension.

Perhaps anticipating something like this, Miguel chose his words carefully, but they only made Klaus narrow his gaze in amusement. After all, he had just survived an assassination attempt on his life; one could say he was indeed trying to survive the past weeks.

"Touche, Miguel, touche," Klaus said, a smirk playing on his lips. "You and I could have been best friends if you weren't such a dick."

Klaus's raw words caught everyone's attention. Miguel clenched his fist clearly annoyed by Klaus calling him a dick, but before he could fire back, Anna and Lily pulled Klaus away. The night hasn't even started yet and he has already started causing trouble.

## Chapter 160 - 160: Trouble Under The Mountain

"Why do you always have to poke the bear?" Anna asked, her exasperation clear. Her sister had given her the mission to keep Klaus out of unnecessary trouble, but the night hadn't even started, and she could already feel a headache coming on.

"Because it's fun," Klaus replied with a wide grin. "Besides, he needs a reminder of who he's dealing with. Plus, Miguel is a big guy, although it looks like I hate him, he is kind of a friend"

Lily sighed, shaking her head. "Just try to keep it civil, okay? We don't need another scene."

"You two shouldn't leave his side," Daniel said, dragging Klaus's male friends away. "We're going to mingle and see if we can get lucky tonight." Without even looking back at Klaus, they all left trying their best to win some before the night was over. Klaus couldn't be the only one surrounded by ladies, they needed some too.

Klaus found himself alone with the two fairies, who were now tasked with de-escalating any mischief he might try to stir up.

"Tsk, traitors! But hey, I get to keep two fairies with me," Klaus said, placing a hand on the shoulders of Lily and Anna. The two ladies blushed slightly, making Hanna raise an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Oh, big sister, you can join in if you want! Here, come in for a hug—let's make this a foursome!" Klaus said, flashing a mischievous grin.

Hanna smirked but opted for a drink instead of indulging her younger brother's shameless antics. Their mom had already warned her not to fall for Klaus's charm, but unfortunately, Lily and Anna were too naive to know better.

As Klaus leaned back, enjoying the moment, he couldn't help but think that the night was only just beginning. With the fairies at his side and trouble brewing on the horizon, he felt a rush of excitement.

At one side of the gathering, which looked like a mini version of the Felin youth ball, a group of youngsters continued to quietly observe Klaus. Both male and female eyes were fixed on him, though for different reasons.

"Look at him, using his fame to deceive those ladies," one of the young men muttered, his voice dripping with bitterness. The look on his face said it all—he was jealous, plain and simple.

A female companion beside him raised an eyebrow. "Deceive? Or maybe they just like him?" she teased, smirking slightly, enjoying how much it bothered him.

The young man scoffed. "Please, he's nothing special. Just a flashy show-off. I bet without his fame, they wouldn't even glance his way."

But his clenched fists and narrowed eyes told a different story. Watching Klaus surrounded by two blushing fairies seemed to be pushing his buttons in all the wrong ways. The other youngsters exchanged glances, sensing the underlying jealousy in his tone.

Miguel who was watching was also looking at Klaus with angry looks. Seeing Klaus get that close with Anna made him want to rush over there and kill him. But he wouldn't or more like he couldn't and deep down, he knew that.

On another side far from the gathering, Aoi looks at Klaus who is laughing and feeding grapes to the Blushing Lily and Anna.

"He doesn't look like someone who's ranking on the Union Chart," the young woman said, clearly intrigued by how carefree Klaus seemed.

"He sure has a free spirit," another added, her tone curious. "I wonder if he realizes the calamity he's called upon himself by publicly disrespecting the Dark Order."

Standing beside Aoi were her two older sisters, each resembling her but with a more mature air. One of them, her expression stern, nodded. "He may be bold now, but crossing the Dark Order... that's a death sentence in itself."

Aoi glanced back at Klaus, who was laughing with Lily and Anna as if the world wasn't full of dangers waiting for him. "He doesn't seem like someone who's concerned about his own survival," she mused.

The eldest sister smirked slightly. "Or maybe he's just good at hiding it. People like him always pay for their recklessness sooner or later."

Aoi's gaze lingered on Klaus, wondering if he truly understood the consequences of his actions—or if he was just fearless, tempting fate with every move he made. Klaus's disrespect toward the dark order was something that made even the strongest raise an eyebrow. Some called him bold while others called him foolish. But in reality, Klaus doesn't care even in the slightest.

"Do you think Taro will create a scene today?" one of the ladies asked, her tone low but curious. "He seems to have some hidden animosity toward Klaus, especially after it came out that the Queen of Vine is dating him."

The mention of Taro, their younger brother, caught Aoi's attention. Taro, the last-born of the Hiroshi Great Family, was just as much a skilled swordsman as the rest of them. But his pride always gets the best of him. He is a menace to youngsters and they seem concerned.

The eldest sister sighed, crossing her arms. "Taro's never been good at hiding his jealousy. Especially when the Queen of Vine is concerned."

"Honestly, I'm surprised he's kept quiet this long," the other sister added. "It's obvious he's been simmering ever since the rumors about Klaus and Lucy started circulating. Klaus has that effect on people, and for him to take the girl he has his eyes on, I am impressed even"

Aoi glanced across the gathering, her eyes searching for their brother. "Taro won't let this go easily," she said, her voice filled with concern. "If he's planning something, it might get ugly."

The eldest sister nodded. "We'll have to keep an eye on him. The last thing we need is a public spectacle, especially with Klaus being... Klaus."

"Well," the other sister smirked, "if anyone's going to stir up trouble tonight, it'll be Taro. And Klaus isn't someone to take arrogance from his peers lying down. You saw what he did to a whole Legacies."

Aoi's gaze flickered between her sisters and the carefree Klaus, feeling a sense of unease settle over the gathering. Tonight might not end quietly after all.

Just as they had predicted, in an elegant room within the estate, a young man sat on a plush bed, his eyes flickering in and out of focus. Kneeling between his legs was a young woman, her head moving rhythmically, clearly, she was the source of the man's strange expressions.

A while later, when she finished, she stood up with a satisfied smile. The young man remained on the bed, a grin plastered on his face. Moments after she left, another figure entered the room without bothering to knock. The newcomer smiled upon seeing the young man basking in the afterglow.

"Young Master, did you enjoy my gift?" Han asked, his tone smug.

"Indeed, she was the best one yet. Good work, Han," the young man on the bed replied. "But tell me, why are you here?"

"Klaus Hanson is in the estate," Han said casually. The moment those words left his lips, the young man jumped off the bed in excitement—though, being stark naked wasn't exactly the best time for such enthusiasm, especially if you're a guy.

"Really?" he asked, eyes wide.

"Yes," Han confirmed with a smile.

The young man's grin twisted into something darker, more sinister. "Perfect." Without wasting another second, he slipped into the bathroom, and after a short while, he emerged, fully dressed and ready for action.

"Klaus Hanson," he muttered coldly, his voice dripping with resentment. "You stole my girlfriend. Today, I'll see whether you really have what it takes to steal what belongs to Taro Hiroshi."

His words hung in the air, sharp with the promise of violence, making Han's smile widen.

"Are we going to make a scene, Young Master?" Han asked a glint of excitement in his eyes.

Taro's gaze hardened. "We'll see. One way or another, Klaus will regret ever crossing me."

With that, he strode out of the room and headed toward the gathering area. Nobody knows what's brewing inside his head, but one thing is certain, the night is bound to be more than just a dinner.