

# THE LAST PARAGON IN THE APOCALYPSE

## Chapter 16: Visiting the Tattoo Parlor

After coming back from his little sale, Klaus and his mother had a delicious dinner. They ate heartily, enjoying the rare moment of good food and relaxation. That night, Klaus slept soundly, feeling a new sense of hope for both himself and his mother. As dawn broke, he woke up with a smile, ready to face the day.

He went through his morning routine, eating breakfast and dressing up. As he buttoned his shirt, his mother looked at him with a concerned expression. "Do you really have to get a tattoo?" she asked, her voice tinged with worry.

Klaus glanced at her, a bit unsure. "Mom, this is something Dad and I talked about before he went missing. I know it's not necessary, but it feels like something I should do. It's strange, but I can't explain it."

His mother sighed and tried to convince him gently. "I understand it meant a lot to your father, but do you really think it's worth it? It might be better to focus on our needs right now."

Klaus shook his head. "I get where you're coming from, but it's not just about the tattoo. It's about honoring what Dad wanted and finding some kind of connection to him."

She reached out and touched his arm. "Klaus, I just want what's best for you. You've been through so much already. Maybe it's better to wait or find another way to remember him."

Klaus nodded, appreciating her concern. "I know you want the best for me, Mom. It's just that this feels like something I need to do for myself and for Dad."

His mother looked away, conflicted. "I see. But please, think it through carefully. Tattoos are permanent, and I just don't want you to make a decision you might regret."

Klaus gave her a reassuring smile. "I promise I'll think about it. But this is important to me. I need to do this to feel like I'm honoring Dad's memory."

She hugged him tightly, trying to mask her anxiety. "Alright, Klaus. I just want you to be sure and be safe. You know I love you and want the best for you."

Klaus smiled as he hugged his mother and kissed her on the cheek. "Don't worry, Mom. If it's some ugly tattoo, I'll run off before they get a chance to put ink on my flawless skin." They both laughed before Klaus headed out.

He walked through the city gate and made his way toward the eastern part of Ross City. The city was enormous, and divided into four main sections: Eastern, Western, Northern, and Southern. There was also a special area called the Garden, where the Ross Family lived.

Ross City was home to about 60 million people and was just one of many cities governed by powerful families. When the Spiritual Qi descended on Earth, North America was unified into the Northern Union, bringing all its countries under a single power. Most countries and cities were overtaken by these powerful families, leaving only a few with their original names.

In the end, North America was condensed into many cities. It was a tough time for humanity, but now, 50 years later, people have managed to thrive, proving their resilience.

The Ross Family, though considered a minor power, wielded significant influence in the Northern Union, especially within Ross City. But ultimately, it all came down to who had the strongest punch. Klaus was a nobody right now, so his focus was on building his own strength. For now, though, he had to find Ziggy Tattoo Parlor.

"Excuse me, I'm looking for Ziggy Tattoo Parlor," Klaus asked as he stopped at a store selling cultivation equipment. Fortunately, the attendant was helpful.

"Head 12 miles that way, and then take a turn when you see the tall Identity Guild building," she directed. Klaus thanked her and set off. With his increased speed, it didn't take long to reach the landmark.

After turning, he walked for a few more minutes until he spotted a small signpost. He smiled and headed toward the store. He pushed open the door, and a small bell tinkled, drawing his attention. As he stepped inside, he couldn't help but be intrigued by the gentle chime of the bell.

As soon as Klaus stepped inside, a deep voice rumbled from behind. "What's a youngster like you doing in a tattoo parlor?"

Klaus turned to see five bare-chested men lounging, each adorned with elaborate tattoos. The aura they exuded was unmistakable: 'Grandmaster Stage Warriors.' Klaus was taken aback. Even though they tried to mask it, he could clearly sense their intimidating presence.

"Hi, Senior. My name is Klaus Hanson. My father said I should come here after I awakened," Klaus said politely, trying not to let his nerves show.

"And who might your father be?" the same man asked. From his demeanor, Klaus could tell he wasn't the friendliest.

"Pete Hanson," Klaus replied. The reaction was immediate and dramatic. All five men jumped up.

"Wait... you're Pete's son?" one of them exclaimed. Klaus nodded, surprised by their sudden, intense reaction.

The five men's eyes widened in shock and recognition. One of them, a burly figure with intricate dragon tattoos, stepped forward, his expression shifting from surprise to intense excitement.

"Pete Hanson's son? It's been years!" he exclaimed, his voice tinged with a mix of nostalgia and reverence. "Your father was a legend around here!"

The others crowded around Klaus, their faces lighting up with emotion. "I remember when Pete came in here, looking to get that tattoo," said another, pointing to a particularly striking design on his own arm. "He told us stories about you even before you were born."

Klaus was taken aback by the enthusiastic response. "You knew my father?" he asked, trying to process their reaction.

"Of course! We all did," said the burly man, clapping Klaus on the shoulder with a grin. "Your father was one of the finest warriors we ever knew. He had a way of inspiring everyone around him. he saved our lives several times"

The man's voice softened as he continued, "We haven't heard about him in a long time. We really did miss him. It's good to see his legacy is still alive."

Klaus smiled, feeling a mix of pride and sadness. "He's been missing for a while. I'm just trying to follow in his footsteps."

"Well, you're in the right place," the man said, his tone shifting to one of warmth. "We'll make sure you get the best treatment here. Your father did us all a great service; it's time we return the favor."

The atmosphere in the room shifted from one of intimidation to camaraderie and respect. Klaus was immediately welcomed, and the men guided him to one of the chairs with friendly gestures.

"You must be surprised by our reaction," James said with a warm smile. "We knew your father when we were younger. By the way, I'm James. That bald fellow is Matt, the hairy one is Xian, the bulky one is Jojo, and the lean one is Ziggy."

Klaus nodded, taking in their names and the friendly tone.

"Tell me, Klaus," Jojo asked, "when did you awaken?"

"About five days ago," Klaus replied.

"And you've already reached the 6th Level? Hahaha, indeed, you're definitely his son," Ziggy said, his laughter echoing through the room. The others joined in, their laughter full of admiration and pride.

Klaus smiled back at the group. "I can imagine you have a lot to tell me, but today isn't the day for it. We've been away for a while and just returned. It seems coming back now was no coincidence. Pete put so much effort into coming up with this design," Ziggy said, pulling out a small book from a drawer.

He opened it, and the book magically unfolded into a large sheet of white paper with an intricate drawing. Klaus stood up to get a closer look. As his eyes locked onto the design, he felt his senses begin to fade and his vision blur.

"You can sit down," Ziggy's voice cut through the haze. "I'll prepare everything so we can get started."

Just before Klaus lost consciousness, Ziggy's voice pulled him back to reality, and he slowly sank back into the chair, his mind struggling to grasp the meaning of the design before him.

The design on the large white paper was mesmerizing. It featured a grand, circular ring with an intricate and elegant pattern that twisted and curved, creating a dynamic, flowing shape. Within this massive ring were nine smaller rings, each containing a different star design. The stars varied in shape and style, adding to the complexity and beauty of the overall piece.

The combination of these elements made the design both captivating and awe-inspiring.

"Take off your shirt and lay face down on the chair," Ziggy instructed after gathering some tools. Klaus obediently removed his shirt and lay down. There was something about the design that had stirred an unexpected urgency within him; he felt an almost instinctual need to get the tattoo as soon as possible.

"Since this is your first tattoo, it'll hurt a bit," Ziggy warned as he wiped Klaus's back with a chemical solution.

As Ziggy prepared to start, something subtle yet significant shifted in his demeanor. It was almost imperceptible, but there was a change—something different in the way he moved, a quiet intensity in his focus. Klaus and the others in the shop remained unaware, their attention fixed on the task at hand.

With steady hands, Ziggy began his work, the tattoo needle buzzing as it made contact with Klaus's skin. The moment the needle touched him, Klaus's consciousness abruptly slipped away, leaving his body behind. Yet, the others in the room noticed nothing unusual. They went about their business, chatting and moving around as Ziggy focused on his task.

Klaus's body remained in the chair, flinching occasionally from the needle's touch, but his mind had already drifted far away, detached from the physical sensations that should have been coursing through him. Ziggy, absorbed in his work, continued as if nothing was amiss, the intricate design slowly taking shape on Klaus's back.