

## Paragon 211

### Chapter 211 - 211: Six Star Blood Moon Transformation

Suddenly, a powerful red energy shot out from Klaus, parting the clouds above. It created a force field around him, which blew away the approaching Zombie Princes, sending them flying several kilometers by the sheer chaos of the strange energy.

The red moon, which had been fading, started glowing again, this time turning a deep crimson. The clouds overhead grew darker and more ominous.

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Back in the meeting room, the cold-looking lady who had been watching the battle closely continued to observe as Klaus killed the five assassins. Then, the Great Sage assassin appeared. She almost gave the order to fire the missile again, but when she saw Klaus suddenly energized and fighting back, she hesitated.

Then, the Zombie Kings, having completed the Blood Moon Ritual, began appearing one by one, pushing Klaus into a corner.

This time, she didn't give any orders. Instead, she leaned back, watching the intense, out-of-his-league battle like it was a movie. She was secretly enjoying the spectacle when, suddenly, the screen went black.

She quickly pressed a button and started asking the person on the other end of the call questions.

The voice on the other end crackled to life. "We're experiencing interference, ma'am. Something's disrupting the signal," they reported.

The cold lady narrowed her eyes, her fingers tapping impatiently on the armrest. "Interference from what? Find out," she ordered sharply.

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Back on the battlefield, Klaus, enveloped by the chaotic red energy, began to rise into the air. His eyes were closed, his body floating as if controlled by some unseen force.

Inside his soul sea, Klaus stood before the Pentaface bead, which was now spinning rapidly. A red aura swirled around it, making it look dark and ominous.

"Senior, what's happening? What's going on with me?" Klaus asked, staring at the bead. He noticed a strange, foreign energy flowing into it, and something about it felt wrong.

"It's a transformation technique," the senior replied in a calm, almost indifferent tone. "A forbidden transformation technique."

Klaus's eyes widened. The senior's casual response to something so dangerous only made his anxiety worse. "Forbidden?" he repeated, feeling the intensity of the situation, but the senior didn't seem concerned.

"No need to be alarmed, kid. This is actually a good thing," the senior said, his tone still casual. "You've been looking for a way to deal with the Zombies, right? Well, here's your chance. It's up to you now—either you handle it, or it'll handle you."

Klaus felt a cold sweat trickle down his back. "So, you're telling me I'm supposed to embrace this... forbidden transformation?"

The senior chuckled lightly. "Exactly. But remember, it's not all sunshine and rainbows. You'll gain immense power, but if you lose control, this energy will consume you."

Klaus clenched his fists, as he continued to gaze at the strange energy swirling around the spinning Pentaface Bead.

"What's the name of this technique, Senior?" Klaus asked, his voice tense with anticipation.

"It's called the Six Star Blood Moon Transformation," the senior replied, his tone still unnervingly calm.

"It draws power from the six Astra stars through the moon. When you activate it, you'll be struck by six different emotions, each one tied to your personality. In exchange, you'll gain a sixfold boost in power."

Klaus frowned. Six emotions, for sixfold power-up. "But there's a catch, right?"

"Exactly," the senior continued. "You'll have to handle those emotions, keep them in check. If you lose control or let them take over, you'll be consumed by them—forever. This power will either make you stronger than ever or break you entirely. It's up to you. All you have to do is place your hand on the bead"

Klaus swallowed hard. He was about to gain six times his normal strength—more than enough to handle the Zombie Kings and even the Queen. But there was a catch: he'd be overwhelmed by six powerful emotions that could drag him into chaos while he fought to stay focused.

It was a double-edged sword. The power could just as easily destroy him. It was risky—too dangerous, even for him. But Klaus didn't dwell on it. He needed the strength, and the longer he hesitated, the more the Assassin Lady on the outside would suffer.

With a heavy sigh, he stepped forward and placed his hand on the Bead. The moment he touched it, his mind went numb, and then chaos erupted inside him.

Greed, Fear, Jealousy, Anger, Sadness, and Lust—these emotions hit him all at once, pulling him into a confused and disoriented state.

Back on the battlefield, Klaus's suspended body started to radiate a terrifying aura. Then, he began to transform. His eyes, already red, stayed the same, but crimson lines appeared, running from his chest to just below his eyes.

His white hair turned a fiery red and flowed like a river behind him. His grip on his sword tightened, a red aura briefly surrounding it. When the aura faded, the sword had transformed into a spear, two meters long.

His armor darkened to a deep red, marked with glowing runes. Though his face still held his handsome features, red runes and lines now etched themselves across it. Slowly, he descended to the ground, and when he opened his eyes, six emotions flashed through them in quick succession.

Klaus, now something entirely different, clenched his fists for a moment before a small smirk curled his lips.

"Such a small power-up, yet you demand such a high price," he chuckled. "Let's see who gets the short end of the stick."

He turned to where three Zombie Kings were ganging up on the Assassin Lady. Her body was bruised and cut all over—she was barely holding on.

In an instant, Klaus spun his spear and moved. Within a split second, he was in front of the Assassin Lady, blocking an attack aimed at her neck.

**BOOM!**

The force of his block sent the Zombie King flying, and Klaus followed up with two more swift attacks, sending the other two Zombie Kings staggering backward. He then glanced at the Assassin Lady, his grip tightening on his spear. At that moment, his emotions shifted—greed and anger surged through him. He wanted to kill her.

And he almost did. Klaus lunged at her, spear aimed to pierce her heart. But just as he was about to strike, he stopped and stabbed the spear into the ground instead.

"You need to leave. Next time we meet, all debts will be settled. You saved my life, so I won't kill you now. But be careful—next time, we won't owe each other anything."

With that, he dashed back into battle, clashing with the Zombie Kings once more.

The Assassin Lady stood still, watching Klaus as he battled the Zombie Kings. Her mask concealed any expression on her face, hiding the emotions that flickered in her eyes. She didn't speak or make a move. After a moment, she melded into the shadows and quietly left the battlefield.

Klaus, locked in a fierce fight with both his inner turmoil and three mutated Zombie Kings, barely noticed her departure. His mind was a whirlwind of chaos, so much so that he didn't even realize when she left and appeared several meters away from the battlefield.

"Bell of Harrows!" Klaus shouted. The bell appeared, but instead of its usual golden glow, it was now red, pulsing with a chaotic aura.

Ding.

The bell rang, and a terrifying wave of energy surged out, making the three Zombie Kings roar in agony. Even Klaus, the one who summoned it, felt his emotions intensify. Sadness washed over him, and he clenched his fist, fighting to keep it at bay.

"Not today," he muttered, directing the bell toward the Zombie Kings again. The bell rang once more, hitting them hard—both mentally and within their souls. Seeing them falter, Klaus smirked and turned his gaze toward one of the cocoons suspended in the air.

A 24-meter-long needle, glowing with red energy, appeared in front of him. With a gesture using his fingers, it shot forward in a flash.

In seconds, hundreds of holes riddled the cocoon, and blood began to drip from it. Just like that, one of the unborn Abominations has been killed.

"No!" A painful cry erupted from one of the three untouched cocoons, shaking the entire space.

A greedy look crossed Klaus's face as he muttered, "Why scream now? It's just one of you. Wait until I kill all of you."

Before he could finish, a sharp vine shot up from the ground, aiming straight for his heart. At the same time, two Zombie Kings burst out from the last of the three cocoons, and from the final one emerged a stunning beauty with demonic eyes.

"Die, human!" she screamed, as hundreds of vines surged from the ground, all aimed at Klaus, who stood there with a smile on his lips. He just stood there, his eyes locked on the Zombie lady that now look more like some Demonic beauty than a mere Zombie.

The vine moved at a terrifying speed, But just as they were about to pierce him, the Bell of Harrows descended, ringing loudly. The vines were blasted apart before they could even touch him, shattered by the sonic burst.

#### Chapter 212 - 212: Blood Princes and Queen

The vines shattered, exploding under the chaotic energy unleashed by the bell. Klaus, now being covered by the bell, felt his mind clear of all emotions, returning him to his true self—the way he was before the Blood Moon Transformation.

'I need to finish this battle fast before I lose control,' he thought, now fully aware of how deep he'd fallen into his emotions. He had been consumed by fear, sadness, greed, jealousy, and intense anger. The only emotion he hadn't felt yet was lust, but he knew it was coming.

He looked ahead and saw four of the five Zombie Kings, now transformed into Blood Princes, hovering in the air. Then on the ground, one stood gripping a jagged spiked mace. With his mind clear, Klaus could finally sense the real danger.

"Can I really kill them?" he wondered. Even though his power had increased sixfold, the Blood Princes—and especially the Blood Queen, who was a Tier 8 zombie, a Sovereign by human standards—were no easy opponents.

"Demon Piercing Vines!" Just as Klaus was thinking about his next move, the Blood Queen attacked. Vines shot up from the ground, their sharp, piercing tips radiating with intense demonic energy.

In response, Klaus struck the side of the bell with his spear, making it ring out even louder this time. The vines shattered, but they kept coming.

However, the shockwave, containing both sonic and soul energy, crashed into the Blood Princes, sending them tumbling to the ground.

"My turn," Klaus muttered, shooting forward with his spear aimed at the Blood Queen. His movements were sharp and fast, but not fast enough. Before he could strike, a spiked mace came swinging toward his face.

Klaus blocked with his spear, clashing against the mace, but before he could twist out of the way, a powerful kick slammed into his side, sending him flying.

"Ice Beam!" Klaus shouted, summoning his Nine Stars Ice Lotus Bloom. The first star on the first petal glowed, and a wave of ice shot out, striking a Blood Prince that was charging at him from behind.

Using the shockwave from the impact, Klaus landed on the ground, swinging his spear at another Blood Prince. But before his attack could hit, another Blood Prince lunged forward.

"Shit!" Klaus cursed as he felt vines wrapping around his leg. He didn't have time to destroy them, so he slashed with his spear, cutting the vines in half.

"Come out!" Klaus roared, and the air around him turned scorching hot. In the sky above, a majestic, blood-red dragon appeared, looking fierce and deadly.

The dragon opened its mouth, and a torrent of fire shot toward a Blood Prince diving at Klaus from above. The flames engulfed the prince's wings, setting them ablaze.

It roared in pain but managed to flap its wings, putting out the fire. However, it didn't have time to recover before a powerful arc of fire came slashing down from the dragon, cutting into its body.

Klaus panted heavily, his mind consumed by jealous thoughts despite there being nothing there that could make him jealous. Maybe he wanted wings, but he wasn't sure what he was jealous about. The Transformations didn't exactly come with a manual.

But despite the pain he was in, looking at his fire dragon and the burning Blood Prince that crashed to the ground, he felt happy, but for just a moment.

'I need to find a way to block these emotions' Klaus thought sensing without him inside the bell, he would keep falling into his emotions.

He managed to kill two out of the seven Zombies, But there was no time to celebrate. The Blood Queen moved swiftly, her dark figure gliding toward him like a shadow. Klaus raised his spear, prepared to strike, but she was too fast. In an instant, she was in front of him, her clawed hand slashing through the air.

Klaus barely managed to dodge, feeling the wind from her swipe brush against his face. He countered, swinging his spear upward, but the Blood Queen blocked it with a single hand, the force of her grip sending shockwaves up the weapon.

"You won't last long, human," she hissed, her crimson eyes glowing with malice.

"I've heard that before," Klaus retorted, twisting his spear to break free of her hold. He jumped back, creating distance between them, but before he could recover, the Blood Princes surrounded him again. They were relentless, closing in with murderous intent.

"Fuck," Klaus cursed as his mind went numb. Suddenly, an overwhelming wave of lust flooded his body, clouding his thoughts. At the same time, the Blood Queen rushed at him with deadly intent, her movements oddly seductive. For some reason, he found himself distracted, unable to focus on anything but her body as she closed in on him.

"This isn't right... it's all an illusion," he muttered, shaking his head as their weapons clashed—his spear meeting the Blood Queen's claws. The force of the impact sent them both flying back.

"Trap!" Klaus muttered, realizing the danger. He summoned the Bell of Harrows again, and with a loud crash, it fell onto the Blood Queen, trapping her within its sonic cage. Klaus knew that as long as she was in the fight, he wouldn't stand a chance against the last four Blood Princes. They were strong, but he had experience on his side.

"Fuck," he muttered again, feeling the strain as the bell started draining his Star Qi rapidly. The clock was ticking, and he didn't have much time.

"I need to finish this now," he thought, but reality isn't always as one wants it. He must first cut through four abominations and an oddly seductive queen.

"Absolute Ice Domain," Klaus muttered as the entire space around him turned bitterly cold. The temperature plummeted, frost creeping over the ground.

He glanced up and saw his fire dragon locked in a fierce battle with one of the winged Blood Princes. The other two of the three Blood Princes stared down at him, their eyes wild and crazed.

The ice domain worked in his favor, boosting his speed and power, but he couldn't fly—unlike two of the Blood Princes, who hovered in the air with sharp claws ready to tear him apart. The third one, on the ground, wielded a jagged weapon gazing at him from the ground.

Monsters and Zombies don't evolve like humans. They don't automatically gain the ability to fly when they become saints—unless, of course, they have wings. For non-winged zombies or monsters to fly, they must evolve into Tyrant Monsters or Emperor Zombies.

But there are exceptions. Mutated monsters or zombies that grow wings can fly, and these Blood Princes were exactly that—mutants with wings. Klaus knew that if the battle went into the air, he'd be at a severe disadvantage. He couldn't fight effectively up there, so he was doing everything he could to keep the fight on the ground, where he had the advantage.

"Let's take it up a notch, shall we? While your 'Madam' is trapped for now," Klaus taunted, smirking as he glanced at the bell still containing the Zombie Queen. His Star Qi was draining rapidly, but he wasn't about to complain. Trapping the Queen, even if just for a while, was worth it.

"Demon Killing Circle," Klaus muttered as he swung his spear in a wide arc. Instantly, the ground within his icy domain erupted, and a swirling circle of ice about a kilometer wide appeared. The Zombies in the air felt themselves being pulled down, trapped by the crushing force of the circle.

"Now, we dance," Klaus whispered, his voice low but filled with fury. His brain buzzed with anger, but a wicked smile played on his lips as he clashed with a Zombie wielding a spiked mace.

Thanks to his past as Fruity, learning countless skills and techniques from the Soul Temple, Klaus had a vast arsenal to draw from. Hundreds of abilities are at his disposal. But he realized that using even one drained a significant amount of Star Qi. So, he chose the only skill that could tip the scales in his favor.

The Demon Killing Circle. It allowed him to control a defined space where he reigned supreme. Klaus could have used this skill anywhere, but activating it within the Ice Domain—where his affinity with the ice element was strongest—gave him every possible advantage. And with only four minutes of total control, he had no intention of wasting a single second.

"Moon Slash!" he shouted, imbuing his spear with ice as he swung it forward. A sharp, crescent-shaped arc of ice shot out, slamming hard into the spiked mace Zombie, cleaving through it like brittle wood.

"Die, you dumb creatures!" Klaus snarled, his anger surging. His mouth twisted into a bitter smirk as he started cursing the Zombies for obvious reasons.

#### Chapter 213 - 213: Chaotic Battle

"Die, you big dumb idiot!" Klaus cursed, stabbing his spear at the Blood Prince. The creature snarled, raising its clawed hand to block the attack. Sparks flew as steel met bone, the Prince's grotesque claws barely managing to fend off the blow.

"You will die, bastard," the Blood Prince growled, its voice dripping with venom. "I'll tear you apart. I'll kill you by cutting you piece by piece"

Klaus gritted his teeth, pushing harder against the Prince's defense. His arms burned with effort, but he didn't falter. "Not if I kill you first."

Klaus wasn't concerned by the fact that the Zombie just spoke. He knew they could talk, but right now, that demonic tone didn't faze him. His mind was drowning in anger, clouded by nothing but the burning hunger to kill the Zombies. And then kill some more.

"Idiot, why are you running?!" Klaus roared like a madman, charging forward with his spear aimed at the head of one of the winged Zombies. His muscles tensed as he closed in for the kill.

But just before his spear could pierce its skull, he abruptly stopped. "Moon Slash!" he yelled, swinging the spear back with precision, unleashing a crescent-shaped arc of ice toward another Zombie rushing in from the side.

"Metal Claws!" the Zombie bellowed, slashing its claws forward. A massive spectral claw ripped through the air, colliding with Klaus's ice arc. The impact was devastating, and the two attacks exploded in a flash of light and ice. The shockwave hit Klaus hard, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

"Die, bitch!" Klaus screamed in anger. He slashed his spear forward unleashing another ice arc, but the spike mace wielder blocked the attack giving the other two enough time to launch their own attack.

Red light shot from the eyes of one and a huge claw made of metallic bones tore from the other aimed at Klaus. Klaus's eyes narrowed as he stabbed his spear forward blocking the claw but he was struck on the side by the laser beam. He could have defended using the bell, but that would be setting the blood queen free.

"I am not afraid," Klaus muttered, though fear crept into his mind and heart as he rose from the ground once again. The emotions hit him unexpectedly. Now, with the pressure mounting, he felt fear—something he hadn't experienced since the start of the battle.

"Two more minutes," Klaus reminded himself. The Demon Killing Circle would deactivate in just two minutes. He had to end this fight before it was too late.

Above him, the Blood Prince and the dragon were locked in fierce combat. Klaus watched in awe, confused by the dragon's overwhelming power. It wasn't even a real dragon, yet it was handling the Zombie with frightening ease. The skill and strength it displayed put Klaus to shame.

The Zombie unleashed terrifying attacks, but every time, the dragon shattered them and countered with fiery assaults.

Roar!

The dragon bellowed, swinging its massive tail forward. A blazing arc shot toward the heart of the Blood Prince. The Prince raised its claws, blocking the attack, but the force behind it caused a massive explosion. If Klaus had seen it up close, he would have understood how devastating the blow was.

From the explosion, fire particles filled the air. Klaus realized the dragon was manipulating those elemental particles, much like he did. But the dragon did it with a grace and style that Klaus hadn't mastered.

The dragon, which had been several meters away from the Blood Prince, suddenly vanished and reappeared behind it in an instant. What followed was a torrent of fire that consumed the Blood Prince, setting its entire body ablaze. The Blood Prince screamed in agony as it began to fall from the sky, burning.

At that same moment, Klaus, whose mind had been assaulted by strange, lustful thoughts, snapped back to focus. He saw the Zombie falling and, without hesitation, unleashed the Soul Gaze from his Eye of Malevolence. A crimson glow surged from his eye, striking the Zombie directly in the chest.

Klaus didn't need the system to tell him he had killed it. He knew the up-close attack had obliterated its soul. He could have used the Eye of Despair, but thanks to his awakening the Eye of Malevolence and that he was using it actively in combat now, and the fact that it has become 6 times more powerful, he knew he would just be wasting Star qi if he uses the Eye of Despair.

"Three down, four more to go," Klaus muttered to himself, steeling his resolve.

But that moment of clarity didn't last long. A wave of jealousy crept into Klaus's mind. "Seriously, what is there to be jealous about with these idiots?" he muttered under his breath.

While he appeared calm on the outside, inside, Klaus was battling against six overwhelming emotions. He had found a way to deal with the anger—by cursing at the Zombies, which oddly helped soothe him.

But now, jealousy was gnawing at him, and he didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Jealousy? Against Zombies? It felt absurd.

Still, Klaus knew the truth. He was, in fact, jealous—not of the Zombies themselves, but of their grotesque, powerful wings. As ridiculous as it seemed, the emotion plagued his thoughts, distracting him from the battle.

With no immediate way to calm himself, Klaus realized he had to fight through it. He needed to kill his way across the battlefield and stay focused, or risk being consumed by the emotions clouding his mind.

There were still four more enemies to kill. Thankfully, one had already been trapped in the Bell of Harrows. Despite her best efforts, the female Zombie couldn't break free. Her powerful attacks only backfired, causing her more torment than she could bear, so she stood helplessly, watching Klaus slaughter her minions one by one.

"Dragon's Breath," Klaus commanded coldly, halting his attack to make room for the dragon within the killing circle.

The Blood Prince, prepared to defend against Klaus's spear, was caught off guard. The dragon unleashed a torrent of unholy fire, engulfing the Blood Prince in flames.

"Moon Slash," Klaus whispered, his voice icy as he swung his spear, sending out a sharp arc of ice. At the same moment, his eyes glowed crimson as he used the Soul Gaze. A beam shot out from his gaze, striking the Zombie's forehead.

The ice arc tore through the air, slicing the Zombie clean in half, while the soul-crushing gaze finished what little remained of its existence.

"It'd be best if you two just kill yourselves. My best bud is here with me now," Klaus said shamelessly, glancing up at his Fire Spirit Dragon hovering above him. With the dragon around, he felt safe despite his star qi draining rapidly.

"Human, die!" one of the last two Blood Princes shouted as it lunged at Klaus with its claws. Klaus just smirked and motioned forward. The dragon slashed its tail, sending a powerful arc toward the Blood Prince.

In response, the Blood Prince swiped with a large claw, but Klaus, despite his intense anger, didn't falter. He stabbed his spear into the ground, and sharp ice shards shot toward the Blood Prince.

The creature twisted its body slightly to dodge, but that was all Klaus needed. His Void Piercing Needle shot forward, piercing one of the Blood Prince's eyes.

The zombie, with its demonic voice, screamed like a baby. But that wasn't the end. Before it could regain focus, Klaus directed the Void Piercing Needle again, stabbing its second eye.

"Torture it as long as you want," Klaus growled, anger clouding his mind, as he set the dragon on the now-blind Blood Prince. The dragon lashed its tail, sending the zombie flying out of the killing circle.

The dragon followed, leaving the last Blood Prince for Klaus to handle. Outside the killing circle, the blinded zombie was engulfed in unholy chaotic flames, screaming for its life.

Death—the thing everyone feared—would have been a blessing for it. But death seemed to be on holiday, leaving the Dragon to continue the torture, just as Klaus wished. It was both brutal and necessary for Klaus to feel something, something that would snap him back to reality.

Klaus looked at the Last Blood Prince, who held a spiked mace in his hand and smirked. "Die now," he muttered. He didn't even need a complex technique this time. Tapping into the fire particles lingering in the air, despite his Ice Domain, Klaus moved with lightning speed.

In the blink of an eye, he was in front of the Zombie Prince, ready to strike. But just as he was about to deliver the killing blow, something unexpected happened. His mind went numb, a strange disorienting sensation washing over him.

**BOOM!**

The sound of the Bell of Harrows exploding rang out, reverberating through the battlefield. Klaus immediately sensed mortal danger locking onto him from all sides. His instincts screamed, but before he could react, the Blood Prince saw its opportunity.

The mace swung down with terrifying force. Klaus, momentarily distracted, couldn't dodge in time. The heavy weapon smashed into his side, sending him flying through the air, and crashing into the ground with a sickening thud.

"Fuck..."

#### Chapter 214 - 214: Falling Into Her Trap [Bonus]

Klaus cursed under his breath as his mind filled with lustful thoughts, far beyond anything he had ever experienced. He could feel his focus slipping away, replaced by disturbing desires.

Images of the things he would do with none other than the Blood Queen, who had finally broken free from the Bell of Harrows, swirled in his mind.

"What is wrong with me?" he wondered, struggling to regain control. But no matter how much he tried, he couldn't shake off the overwhelming sensation of lust that clouded his judgment. His mind was numb, consumed by fantasies he didn't want to entertain.

"I refuse to believe I can't overcome this," Klaus muttered through clenched teeth, forcing himself to stand despite his body and mind working against him. He looked up and saw the Blood Queen lunging at him with terrifying speed. Without even thinking, his Lotus flower shot forward, exploding in her path.

The impact sent the Blood Queen flying backward, but Klaus didn't have time to savor the moment. The last Blood Prince charged at him from the side, swinging its spiked mace. Yet Klaus barely registered its presence—his thoughts were entirely focused on the Blood Queen. He needed her. He wanted her. He desired her.

His mind was in utter chaos, but somehow, he still held himself back from fully giving in to the lust. The Blood Prince's attack came dangerously close, but Klaus instinctively dodged. The dragon swooped in and took that last Blood Prince away, the Bell of Harrows also activated to aid the dragon.

The Bell of Harrows rang again, disorienting the Blood Prince further. Klaus barely glanced at it, knowing the dragon and the bell would handle the monster.

"That should take care of it," he mumbled as he moved away, leaving the Blood Prince's fate in the hands of his deadly summons.

But now, his focus was entirely on the Blood Queen. He hated that his body reacted this way, yet part of him couldn't resist the pull. As much as he knew she had to be killed, the desire to possess her battled with his will to end her life. Klaus felt torn between two conflicting urges—lust and murder.

Standing before her, his mind went blank again. Despite having been around beautiful women many times before, the intensity of this feeling was unbearable. It was as if the Blood Queen's presence alone magnified every carnal thought he had, and it was driving him mad.

His mind raced as he tried to fight it off, working overtime to counter the lust, while his hands still moved to prepare for a killing blow. But the distraction was immense. He struggled to stay focused, feeling like his grip on sanity was slipping away.

"Human, you killed all my people. Now, I will kill you," the Blood Queen said, her voice cold and dripping with malice.

Her words cut through the fog in Klaus's mind, but even though he heard her threat, the sensation she invoked within him only intensified. He knew he had to kill her—there was no other choice—but his body seemed frozen in conflict, torn between the urge to destroy and the irrational desire that held him captive.

Klaus took a deep breath, forcing his thoughts into order. This was no ordinary battle; this was a war for control over his own mind.

"At least Mom is more beautiful than her." Klaus's mind suddenly flashed back to the moment he awakened his Eye of Malevolence and accidentally caught a glimpse of his mother. The memory hit him hard, opening a small space in his mind that felt both forbidden and strangely comforting.

He didn't need to dwell on how wrong it was to use those memories in this way. The guilt didn't matter now; it was just too shameless. But it sparked a surge of urges within him. His mind began flooding with thoughts—lustful thoughts that twisted and turned like a wild storm.

This time, though, the images weren't of the Blood Queen. Instead, they were of the ladies in his life: Lucy, Ohema, Miriam, Nadia, Nia, Asha, Anna, Lily... All the women he had ever harbored lustful thoughts for came rushing back, overwhelming him with desire.

Inside his soul sea, the Penface Bead, which had been glowing with red energy, began to dim. A golden aura started to surround it as if the energies were battling for dominance within him.

Suddenly, the senior voice echoed through the space. "Shameless but effective. He seems to have found his way out."

On the outside, Klaus smiled as his mind reveled in the whirlwind of lustful desires. The chaos he felt earlier transformed into a more focused energy. With newfound determination, he turned his gaze back to the Blood Queen, who was shaking off the ice energy that had encased her.

Klaus felt a rush of power coursing through him, fueled by the fantasies swirling in his head. The momentary distraction from his lustful thoughts allowed him to regain some clarity. He could sense the Blood Queen's fury as she glared at him, her eyes blazing with vengeance.

The desire to kill her remained, but now it was tempered with a strange sense of confidence. Klaus knew he could use this moment to his advantage. Instead of succumbing to the chaos, he could harness it.

"Moon Slash!" Klaus shouted as he slashed his spear, sending a powerful ice arc toward the Blood Queen. He immediately dashed forward, aiming his spear at her heart.

But the Blood Queen was faster—much faster. She stepped back and twisted her body, avoiding his attack. A moment like this would have left him dazed before, but not this time. His mind was already focused on the battle, so he kicked out, landing a solid strike on her stomach.

The force of the kick sent her flying back, and Klaus quickly followed up with another ice arc, which connected squarely with her body.

"Hunting Vines!" the Blood Queen shouted. From the ground, countless vine-like shards shot up, attacking Klaus from all directions.

Thinking quickly, Klaus stabbed his spear into the ground, causing ice to burst out and freeze the incoming shards. However, the attack didn't stop. His spear was suddenly engulfed in flames as he swung it at the Blood Queen.

In response, she slammed her hand on the ground, raising a wall of vines that blocked his fiery assault. The impact sent sparks flying, and Klaus realized he needed to change his approach.

"Not good," he muttered, feeling a sharp pain in his back. A shard of vine had pierced him, and he winced at the sudden sting. He couldn't afford to be distracted now.

With a swift motion, Klaus yanked the shard out of his back, ignoring the blood trickling down. He couldn't let her see any weakness. He focused on his surroundings, searching for a way to counter her attack.

He needed to find a way out now that he was losing ground. The gap between him and the enemy was widening. He had received a sixfold power-up, but a Tier 8 mutated Zombie was no joke. So while he waited for the Dragon to finish off the Blood Prince, he could only hold on.

His last attack would determine who would stand and who would fall. To unleash that attack, he needed the dragon to block her for a few moments.

Klaus didn't know why his sword had turned into a spear when he transformed, but he was grateful. The length of the weapon allowed him to attack while keeping some distance between them.

"Explode!" Klaus called forth the Ice Lotus again, making it explode against the wall of vines. This froze the vines to some extent. It wasn't enough to shatter them, but it would be enough for him to break through with his next attack.

"Break!" he shouted as he lunged forward, stabbing his spear into the wall of vines. Boom! The wall exploded, and Klaus was forced through it. However, immediately, he found himself on the other side, a cold chill running down his spine.

"Die, Human!" the Blood Queen shouted as she stabbed her sword toward his chest. Klaus didn't know when the sword appeared in her hands since she had been fighting with her claw all this while, but he knew he wouldn't be able to defend against that attack at such a close range.

The spear gave him some distance, but with the speed he used to destroy the vines, He found himself in a tight spot and knew that the moment the sword pierced his chest, he would die.

His mind raced for a way out, but he couldn't find one. He had fallen into her trap, and there was no way to break free.

Suddenly, just as the sword was a few inches from his chest, his eyes glowed brightly, and then his blood splashed out as the sword Pierced his chest

#### Chapter 215 - 215: Trading Death for Death [Bonus]

The red moon, which was supposed to end 20 minutes ago, finally started to fade. The sky returned to normal, and the forest regained its natural colors. Klaus, who had been thriving off the effects of the Blood Moon Transformation, began losing his power at the worst possible moment.

Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't have cared, but this time, he was in serious trouble. A sword had been stabbed through his chest, sticking out from his back—courtesy of the Blood Queen.

Klaus had intended to break her vine wall and overwhelm her with attacks while waiting for the Dragon to finish barbecuing the last of the Blood Princes. However, he had miscalculated. The wall wasn't meant for defense at all.

It was just a smokescreen for the real attack the Blood Queen had planned, and unfortunately, Klaus fell for it. He broke through the wall as expected, but he paid the price with a sword through his chest.

He hadn't expected it at all. From the start of the battle until now, the Blood Queen hadn't used a sword, so he assumed she didn't wield one. But he was wrong, and the sword in his chest was proof of that.

However, Klaus wasn't the only one impaled. Looking at the Blood Queen, Klaus couldn't help but smirk, blood dripping from the corner of his mouth and his teeth stained red.

"You didn't see this coming, did you?" Klaus said, his voice strained, as he stared at the Blood Queen, who was turning pale from the spear now lodged in her chest.

"You expected me to fall for your attack, but you failed to realize I knew you'd try something like that. You can always hide your trump cards, but you can't hide a weapon from me. I tend to be a little sensitive to weapons you see," Klaus added, coughing up more blood.

In truth, the moment she retrieved her weapon, Klaus sensed it. Thanks to the sixfold power-up from the Blood Moon Transformation, despite the overwhelming emotions and tormented thoughts, his connection to weapons never faltered.

For the first time, Klaus saw the potential of his class—the Weapons Overlord. He realized just how powerful it could be.

Throughout the battle, Klaus had formed connections with all the weapons around him, though he couldn't use them as easily as his Void Piercing Needle. Still, this didn't stop him from altering the trajectory of some of the attacks.

The spiked mace from the Blood Prince could have hit him many times, but Klaus used his connection to slow the attacks or move them slightly, reducing the impact. Of course, each time he did this, it caused him mental strain, but it worked.

So when he sensed the Blood Queen drawing her weapon, he knew he had to overwhelm her while he waited for the Dragon to finish off the last of the Blood Princes so he could put his final attack into action.

But he failed to realize he was walking into a trap. Her attack came too quickly, and Klaus struggled to adapt. He knew he was lacking in that regard, quick reflexes.

When she attacked and he was out of options to defend, he used his weapon control ability to alter the sword's trajectory. He couldn't move it much, but he shifted it enough to avoid a fatal blow to his heart.

Yes, Klaus could have moved it further away, but that would have caused him to miss his chance to stab her. And with the mental strain that followed each time he controlled a weapon with his mind, he knew missing that strike would have been dangerous.

So he opted for the old-fashioned approach: you stab me, I stab you. In this case, though, Klaus aimed to make his strike count. Unfortunately for the Blood Queen, she didn't have Klaus's control over weapons, so his spear went straight through her heart. Klaus added something extra—a cold, icy essence that began freezing her from the inside.

"You... you shouldn't have done that," the Blood Queen gasped, coughing up blood, her gaze cold despite her life slowly draining away.

"Oh? Do tell. What shouldn't I have done?" Klaus asked, not faring much better himself.

"The entire Zombie race will hunt you down for eradicating the DarkBlood Demon Zombies," the Blood Queen said as she continued to turn into an ice statue.

"I killed every last Voltax Zombie and I'm still alive. I think it's your so-called race that should be worried. And oh, before you threaten me with that Zombie Empress of yours, know that I don't care," Klaus replied, too exhausted to pull the spear from her chest.

Being so close to her, staring at her twisted expression, he felt disgusted with himself for ever having lustful thoughts about her. The feeling alone made him want to vomit, but he was also sinking into darkness.

The sword had missed his heart, but only slightly. It had grazed it, causing him to bleed internally.

He needed to remove the sword so his Overlord Healing skill could activate, but he was too tired. Now that the Blood Moon Transformation had ended, his strength had diminished considerably.

Suddenly, the Blood Queen froze completely. Using every last ounce of energy he had left, Klaus twisted the spear, shattering the ice. The Blood Queen cracked and shattered, and Klaus fell backward, hitting the ground hard.

The sword was still lodged in his chest, and his eyes grew heavy. He looked sideways and saw the dragon dissipate, leaving a cooked Zombie corpse behind.

"At least they're all dead. I can take a nap now," Klaus said with a weak smile as his eyes closed, drifting into unconsciousness. He no longer had the strength to pull the weapon from his chest.

A few seconds later, a powerful gust of wind swept through the silent battlefield, raising dust into the air. When it settled, Miriam, the War Goddess, appeared.

"Klaus!" she cried. The moment she saw him lying on the ground with a sword through his chest, she rushed to his side, instantly removing the blade. She cradled him in her arms as tears began to fall.

Once again, she was too late to save him. Just like in Arcadian City, she had arrived too late when he needed her most. Her tears flowed freely as she did everything she could to wake him up.

Suddenly, planes and vehicles started arriving in the forest as the reinforcements Klaus had called for forty minutes ago finally reached the battlefield.

Klaus had already killed every last Zombie, leaving the War Goddess holding his cold body in the midst of the silent battlefield.

The soldiers and warriors who had arrived stood silently, staring at the bloodied battlefield and Klaus's unconscious body in the War Goddess's arms. No one made a sound. They simply stood there, watching.

They had come to fight, but it was clear they had arrived too late. However, that wasn't their main concern. What truly stunned them was the sight of Klaus—the same Klaus they knew—having cleared a battlefield full of thousands of these terrifying Zombies, now lying dead and beheaded all around them.

It was too shocking. They were all in a daze, just standing there, trying to process what they were seeing. The War Goddess's tears continued to fall; she was clearly going through a lot.

Suddenly, the sky cracked open, revealing a dark inner space. The whole army looked up at the sudden change, but before anyone could react, a woman they all instantly recognized appeared through the crack.

She looked cold—so cold that none of the warriors dared make eye contact with her. The moment she appeared, she vanished and reappeared beside Miriam. The crack in the sky closed behind her.

"Stop crying, little sister. He's not dead. He just needs time to heal," the woman said, placing her palm on Klaus's chest.

With a flick of her wrist, space cracked open again, and before anyone could fully understand what was happening, the woman, Miriam, and Klaus vanished, leaving behind only the dead Zombies and thousands of Zombie stones (cores).

#### Chapter 216 - 216: Miriam's Mental State

"Fuck, that was a close one," Klaus groaned as he forced his eyes open. He was lying in a large room with a huge, comfortable bed. His chest was wrapped in bandages, and his vision was blurry. His eyes felt like they were the heaviest thing in the world.

The pain in his chest and inside his body hit him hard as he slowly adjusted to the light in the room.

"Klaus," a weak voice suddenly called from beside the bed. Klaus knew turning his head would hurt, but hearing such a soft tone from Miriam, the War Goddess, he had to look. Yes, Klaus remembered every detail about everyone, no matter how small.

His brain and his skills as a Universal Enigma made it impossible for him to forget. Even if he didn't want to remember, his mind would hold onto everything. So when he heard her weak voice, he couldn't ignore it. There she was—Miriam, the emotionless, ruthless War Goddess, weeping like a baby.

Klaus didn't know much about her, but like any curious guy, he had used the internet to learn a few things. From what he found out, Miriam didn't like people.

Not at all. She hated humans. She protected them, but she despised them. Nobody knew why, but that's just the way she was. Ever since she started her rise to power, no one had ever gotten close to her.

According to rumors, she only liked one person—the Leader of the Overlords. Some even said they were sworn sisters, but aside from her, Miriam hated everyone.

So, to see her showing emotions like this, Klaus didn't need to be a genius to know she had broken down. Her heart and mind were clearly in chaos. The look on her face said it all and Klaus could tell she was in pain both mentally and emotionally.

"Miriam, help me sit up," Klaus said, trying to get her attention. As expected, Miriam moved quickly, climbing onto the bed to help him. Despite the searing pain in his body, Klaus sat up with her help, though his body kept reminding him just how much it hurt.

Klaus looked around the room and immediately realized this wasn't his. He leaned back, resting his head on the pillow behind him. Miriam, who had just helped him sit up, was about to move away when Klaus gently grabbed her hand. She tried to pull free, but she felt powerless.

You'd think someone with her strength could easily break Klaus's grip, but at that moment, all her strength seemed to vanish, and she just kept weeping.

"You know, if people saw you like this, they'd start thinking you've been faking the whole emotionless, ruthless War Goddess act," Klaus said, trying his best to lighten the mood. "Even I'm having a hard time believing it."

But he was right—Miriam didn't stop crying. Klaus was at a loss. He was far better at flirting with women than comforting them.

"Klaus... I'm useless," Miriam suddenly blurted out, her quiet weeping turning into full-on sobbing. Klaus's heart hurt for reasons he couldn't quite understand when he heard those words.

"Stop lying to yourself," he said softly. "Someone like you is far from useless. You're the protector of this whole region. A useless person could never do that."

Klaus knew why she said it. He knew she was blaming herself for not being able to save him—twice now—when he had been on death's door. It was too much for someone who claimed to be his big sister. But...

But Klaus stopped himself from finishing that thought. There was no point in digging deeper into her pain right now. Instead, he sighed and held her hand a little tighter.

"Miriam, you've done more than anyone could. I wouldn't be alive right now if it weren't for you. Twice, you saved me when no one else could. So don't say you're useless. You're far from it. Just being here is more than enough"

Miriam's sobbing slowed, but tears still streamed down her face. She looked at Klaus with red, swollen eyes, her lips trembling. "But I couldn't stop it... I couldn't stop any of it," she whispered. "You almost died because of me. Twice. I am a failure."

Klaus shook his head, forcing a smile through the pain in his chest. "You didn't fail. I'm still here, aren't I? You got me out of there." Of course, he knew saying those words wouldn't make much difference but he still has to say them.

"Stop crying, Miriam. If anything, we should be happy I'm still alive. Who knows when I might try dying again," Klaus joked, hoping to lift the mood. But Miriam wasn't in any condition to laugh.

"Klaus..." she tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come out. Her mental state was too fragile. "I couldn't do anything right. I couldn't save you... I couldn't save Big Sister. Mom was right. I'm just... I'm just a useless thing," she choked out, and the dam of tears burst again.

Klaus held her hand tightly, feeling that he was finally getting closer to the real source of her sorrow. But he didn't push. He just let her feel his presence, hoping she would open up in her own time.

He wouldn't let go. Klaus knew for her to be this devastated over his near-death experience, something deeper was going on. It had to be psychological.

"Klaus, do you think I'm useless?" she asked, her voice shaky, as she looked at him with eyes he would never forget. The pain in her gaze, the need for validation, and the overwhelming self-doubt were all too clear.

'What happened to her to make her feel like this?' Klaus's heart ached, not from any lustful thought but from the sheer agony he saw in her eyes. They were the eyes of someone who had doubted themselves for a long time, someone carrying an immense burden of guilt.

She looked broken, sad, and completely unsure of herself. Klaus could see it as plain as day—the need for validation, the desperate search for acceptance. There was no mistaking it. And in that moment, Klaus understood that Miriam was in deep pain, far beyond anything she had ever let anyone see.

"Miriam..." Klaus started softly, choosing his words carefully. "You're not useless. You're far from it. Whatever happened in the past doesn't define you, and it doesn't make you less of the person you are today."

He didn't know the full story, but he knew he had to reassure her. Miriam wasn't just some cold, emotionless goddess. She was human, with wounds of her own. And right now, she needed someone to remind her of that.

"Klaus, I'm not a good person. I'm not a good sister. I always let down the people that mattered the most. I'm the worst," she cried, her voice cracking under the weight of her emotions.

Klaus tightened his grip on her hand and shook his head gently. "Hey, hey, stop that," he said softly but firmly. "You are not useless. And I'm not just saying that because I clearly want to steal your heart."

Miriam paused for a second, still crying, but something about Klaus's words made her listen.

"No, I mean it," he continued. "From what I've seen, someone who made my mom smile every day can't be useless. I don't care what anyone's said or what you've been through, but know this—you'll never be useless in my eyes. Far from it."

Klaus raised her hand to make sure she was focused on him. "So stop blaming yourself and read my lips: you are not useless. You hear me?"

Miriam stared at him through her tear-filled eyes, her breath hitching as she tried to process his words. The doubt was still there, but Klaus could see a flicker of something else—a spark of belief, or at least the hope for it.

"I... I don't know..." she whispered, still uncertain.

"You don't have to know right now," Klaus said gently. "But trust me on this. You're worth more than you think."

With the little strength he had left, Klaus gently pulled Miriam closer, placing her head on his chest despite the pain that surged through him. His Overlord Healing was working overtime, but the ache still persisted. Even so, he didn't care. Miriam needed this moment more than he needed relief.

"Miriam," he whispered, "it's okay."

She wiped her tears, her breath still uneven. After a while, she muttered "Klaus, I want to tell you a story,"

#### Chapter 217 - 217: Past Wounds

She wiped her tears, her breath still uneven. "Klaus, I want to tell you a story," she said softly, her voice steadier now. Klaus felt his heart skip a beat—finally, she was about to open up.

He nodded, letting her take her time. "I'm listening," he said, his voice gentle and patient.

Miriam closed her eyes for a moment as if gathering the strength to speak. She clutched his shirt a little tighter, and then, with a shaky breath, she began.

"It's about my sister... and how I failed her," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. The pain was still there, raw and deep. Klaus stayed quiet, knowing this was the story she'd been holding inside for far too long.

"I wasn't always like this," she continued. "Cold, distant. I used to feel things—happiness, anger, sadness. I used to care. But something happened... something I could never undo."

Klaus felt her body tremble slightly against his. He didn't interrupt, just held her close, offering the comfort she desperately needed.

"She was everything to me, Klaus. My sister... she was my light. But I wasn't there when she needed me the most. I couldn't protect her," Miriam's voice broke, and she paused, struggling to keep her emotions in check.

Klaus's chest tightened. He didn't need to say anything; he knew this pain ran deep, deeper than any wound his gentle touch could heal.

"What happened?" Klaus finally asked, his voice low and tender, urging her to continue when she was ready.

Miriam took another deep breath, her grip tightening. "She died. And it was my fault." Klaus listened closely as she began telling her story.

It turns out, she wasn't always the cold and ruthless goddess everyone thought she was. In fact, she was far from it. What she revealed shocked Klaus—she was the daughter of one of the five great clans on Earth.

Yes, the five great clans. Besides the Legacy families, who rule the eight unions, and the great families that govern the cities, there are five other clans. From the little she shared, these clans are even more powerful and mysterious than the Legacies.

Even before the apocalypse, they were incredibly powerful. The oil conglomerates, the energy companies, the mining moguls, and all the influential organizations on Earth—these are the great clans.

Governments respected them greatly, and their influence was supreme. Miriam is the second daughter of the first wife of one of these great clans. She and her older sister were the only daughters of that first wife.

Yes, before the apocalypse, the rich and powerful often had many wives. It was only after the apocalypse that ordinary warriors began following the same practice.

Miriam loved her sister dearly, and she was the only one she truly cared about. However, because of their status as business moguls, they weren't allowed to go out and play with their peers. But Miriam was a wild card.

Despite the scolding and disappointment from her parents and even her step-siblings, she didn't care. She would always sneak out to have fun. Sometimes, she'd come home late, only to be protected by her sister, who always waited up to help her sneak back in.

Though her sister hated doing it, they were sisters, so she always helped Miriam whenever she got into trouble. This continued for a while, until one day, Miriam guilt-tripped her sister into taking her to a sword competition at a dojo far from home.

Since her older sister had more privileges to go out, Miriam knew she was the best person to help her. So, after using some underhanded means, which she greatly regretted later, her sister agreed to take her to the competition. Even before the apocalypse, Miriam had been fascinated with swords.

Long story short, after the competition—which she lost, by the way—she convinced her sister to take her out for ice cream. They could've gone home much earlier, but she didn't want to. She did everything she could to spend more time with her sister, knowing she wouldn't be able to go out on her own later.

However, while she was having the best moment of her life, the sky darkened, and the apocalypse descended. It happened so suddenly that before they could even understand what was going on, chaos erupted around them.

She panicked, but before despair could take over, her sister started leading her away. They knew their father wouldn't have let them go out without some kind of protection, but the chaos was overwhelming. By the time they reached their car, her sister was bleeding everywhere.

Miriam could have stepped up and taken her to a hospital or done something, but she froze at the sight of all the blood and her sister struggling to breathe. Before she snapped back to reality, the parking lot was packed with people rushing to get into their cars.

She could have acted, but instead, she just stood there, watching. That was when a car came out of nowhere and ran over her sister.

Miriam stayed frozen in that spot for two whole hours, just staring at the space where her sister had been. Eventually, she passed out. When she woke up, she was back home. That was the day her family disowned her.

"She looked right at me, Klaus," Miriam said, her voice trembling. "She smiled at me, so warmly. She could have survived if I hadn't been so useless." Tears streamed down her face like a flood.

"They didn't even let me say goodbye to her," she said, clenching her fist in anger and sorrow.

"I killed her. I know I killed her. All she wanted was to go on a date, but I guilt-tripped her—no, I blackmailed her—into taking me to some stupid sword competition. And because of that, she died. I was useless, cruel, and emotionless to her feelings. I'm a bad person."

Klaus continued to listen as she began cursing herself, saying all kinds of hurtful things she could think of.

"No, you're not," Klaus said finally. "You were just a kid who wanted to have some fun. Nobody knew this would turn out this way."

Miriam shook her head, her expression filled with pain. "You don't understand, Klaus. If I hadn't forced her to take me, she would still be alive. I keep replaying that moment in my mind, wishing I could change it. I can't escape it."

Klaus took a deep breath, trying to find the right words. "Miriam, we all make mistakes. You were just a child, and you didn't know the world would turn upside down. Blaming yourself won't bring her back."

"But it feels like I should have known," she replied, her voice breaking. "I should have seen the signs. If only I hadn't been so selfish..."

"It wasn't selfishness; it was just a desire to bond with your sister. Everyone has regrets, but you can't let them consume you. You need to forgive yourself." Klaus's eyes softened as he looked at her. "She wouldn't want you to live like this."

Miriam paused, staring down at the bed as tears continued to fall. "How can I move on? How can I forgive myself for something like this?"

Klaus sighed. "You can start by honoring her memory. Live your life in a way that would make her proud. Turn this pain into something meaningful. Fight for others, help them, and be the person she believed you could be."

Miriam's expression softened, a hint of a smile breaking through the sorrow. "You really think so?"

"Absolutely," Klaus said, his voice steady and encouraging. "You're not just some average person. You're the goddess of war in this entire region. That's a huge responsibility. You're already honoring her by fighting for others. You're strong, and you have the power to make a difference."

"But what if I'm not enough?" she asked, her voice trembling slightly.

"Then you keep trying until you are," Klaus replied. "No one is perfect. Everyone has doubts and fears. It's what you do with those feelings that matter. You can't change the past, but you can shape the future. Embrace the love she had for you.

Let it guide you."

Miriam nodded slowly, the flicker of hope in her eyes growing brighter. "I want to believe that. I really do."

"Then believe it," Klaus encouraged. "You've already taken the first step by acknowledging your pain. Now, let's turn that pain into strength. Fight for the people who need you. Fight for her memory."

"Thank you, Klaus, I really needed to hear that," Miriam said softly after absorbing his words for a while.

## Chapter 218 - 218: Changing Bond [Bonus]

Despite the pain wracking his body, Klaus still held Miriam in his arms, making sure she was alright. His Overlord Healing passive ability was working in overdrive, but he could still feel the deep ache within. He didn't know what was on the sword that stabbed him, but the pain was intense.

Even with all the pain, he wasn't complaining. He knew that what Miriam was going through was far worse. From what she had told him, Klaus knew she had been blaming herself for years. The events that led to her sister's death were too heartbreaking for her not to feel crushed by it.

Klaus understood everything she was going through. Despite his own situation, he knew he had to let her vent for a while. So for the past four hours, the emotionless, ruthless, and bloodthirsty war goddess had turned vulnerable, pouring all her tears onto his chest.

"Are we done crying?" Klaus asked with a slight grin. After four hours, her tears finally stopped. Of course, he couldn't handle another round, so he cracked a joke to lighten the mood.

Miriam lifted her head slightly, her eyes puffy and red, but a small smile tugged at the corner of her lips. She gave Klaus a playful shove, her strength still evident even in her weakened state.

"Shut up," she muttered, though there was no anger behind her words. The heaviness in the air seemed to lift, even if just a little.

Klaus chuckled softly, though the movement made the pain in his chest flare up again. He winced but didn't let it show. "Hey, it worked, didn't it?"

Miriam wiped her face with the back of her hand, sniffing. "Yeah, yeah... don't get used to it." She sighed, her expression becoming more serious. "I'm sorry you got caught up in all this. I... I never meant for it to happen."

Klaus shook his head gently. "There's nothing to be sorry about. We both have our scars, Miriam. What matters is that we keep moving forward."

"You sound really old for someone your age," Miriam said, giving him a playful look, her smile returning.

Klaus raised an eyebrow and grinned. "Says the 60-year-old grandma. Wait, are you even 60? By my calculations, you should be over that, right?" He teased, glancing at her with a smirk. The apocalypse had started 50 years ago, and from her story, it was clear she had been a teenager when it all began.

Miriam scoffed, crossing her arms. "Watch it, or you might not make it to 30," she shot back, though the warmth in her gaze betrayed her lightheartedness.

"Touché," Klaus chuckled. "Still, I can't believe you've been kicking ass since before the world fell apart. Guess it explains why you're a war goddess."

Miriam rolled her eyes but didn't deny it. "Age is just a number when you've lived through as much as I have," she said, her tone softening. "Besides, who's counting?"

Klaus nodded. "True enough." He paused, then added with a sly grin, "But for the record, you don't look a day over 20."

Miriam let out a genuine laugh, shaking her head. "You're lucky you're hurt, or I'd show you just how young I still am."

Though the apocalypse was a terrible event, it did bring some unexpected benefits. One of humanity's greatest dreams—slowing down the aging process and extending life—became a reality. While it's not true immortality, those who cultivate don't age as quickly as they used to. Every time they break through to a new level, they gain a boost, which extends their lifespan.

For women, the benefits were even more pronounced, thanks to their yin qi. Yin qi is the essence every woman possesses, and research has shown it's what helps them maintain their beauty. But that's not all. Married women, especially those with active sex lives, improve their yin qi by absorbing the yang qi from their husbands.

This process further enhances their beauty and youthfulness as they advance in cultivation. But even without absorbing yang qi, women still maintain their youthful appearance as they grow stronger. Miriam, for example, was over 60 years old, yet she looked no older than 20.

"Still," Klaus said with a grin, "to think I'm here comforting someone who could be my great-grandma... this is wild."

Miriam shot him a glare but couldn't help the small smile that crept onto her face. "Watch it, or that 'great-grandma' might just knock you out."

Klaus laughed. "I'll take my chances."

After spending a great deal of time teasing her, Klaus finally felt his pain easing. He decided to get out of bed and walked over to the window.

"So, you brought me to Arcadian City? How thoughtful," Klaus said with a smile. "I guess this is good—my mom won't know I got hurt again."

Miriam, now lying on the bed, clearly exhausted from all the crying, replied, "Well, I wasn't the one who brought you."

Klaus raised an eyebrow, surprised. "Huh? If not you, then who?"

"It was the Leader of the Overlords," Miriam explained, her voice soft and tired. "She arrived just in time when you were dying. She used her energy to help heal the cut on your heart and brought us here."

Miriam clearly wasn't in a state to make any decisions when she found Klaus lying there with the sword in his heart. If it hadn't been for the Overlord, Klaus might have died—maybe. She was grateful to the Overlord but couldn't shake the feeling of blame for so many things.

"Well, I guess I'll have to thank her when I meet her," Klaus said before walking back to the bed.

"You should probably sleep. You look tired," he suggested, lying down next to her. "But if you can't, I wouldn't mind giving you a massage. It might help you fall asleep faster," he added with a shameless grin.

"Pervert," Miriam said, pulling the blanket over herself.

Klaus laughed softly, enjoying the playful banter. "What? I'm just trying to help you relax," he said, propping himself up on one elbow to look at her. "Besides, a massage isn't a bad idea, is it?"

Miriam peeked out from under the blanket, her eyes narrowed playfully. "Are you sure that's all you want to do?"

"Absolutely! I'm just a gentleman offering a friendly service," Klaus replied with mock innocence.

Miriam rolled her eyes but couldn't hide the smile on her lips. "Alright, Mr. Gentleman, but just so you know, if you try anything funny, I will end you."

Klaus raised his hands in mock surrender. "I promise to behave. Just close your eyes and relax. You deserve it."

After a moment of hesitation, she nodded and settled back against the pillows, pulling the blanket up to her chin. Klaus moved closer, his hands gentle as he began to massage her shoulders.

As his fingers worked their magic, Miriam let out a contented sigh. "You know, this isn't so bad," she admitted, her tension slowly melting away.

Klaus smiled. "See? I knew I had a hidden talent."

"You're not half bad," she replied, her voice softer now. "Just don't quit your day job."

Klaus chuckled, feeling a warmth spread through him as he continued. The atmosphere in the room shifted, becoming more comfortable as they shared this moment.

As Miriam began to relax, her eyelids grew heavier. "Klaus?" she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Yeah?" he replied, glancing at her.

"Thanks for being here. I... I really needed this," she said, a hint of vulnerability creeping into her words.

Klaus smiled to himself, wishing his mom could see how her dear son had bagged yet another fairy. But who was asking? He knew he still had a long way to go and wasn't about to take advantage of Miriam while she was vulnerable. If he wanted to make his move, he would do it like a man—when she was sound-minded and aware of her emotions.

After a while, Miriam finally drifted off to sleep, thanks to Klaus's heavenly touch. He gently set her down, ensuring she was comfortable. Once that was taken care of, he sat back on the bed and decided to enter his soul sea. He had been unconscious for three days, and before falling asleep, he sensed something had changed within his soul sea. He figured it was the perfect time to investigate.

With that thought in mind, Klaus closed his eyes and focused, allowing himself to slip into his soul sea.

#### Chapter 219 - 219: Terrifying Changes [Bonus]

"What the fuck is going on here?" Klaus shouted in shock as he suddenly appeared in his soul sea. Everything about his soul sea was now a surprise to him. If he hadn't been there many times before, he would've thought this was some kind of prank. But it wasn't. The senior's response made that clear.

"Brat, you're finally here. Good. You came just in time, or things would've gotten bad," the senior said from behind the first door.

"Senior, what is happening?" Klaus asked, still confused. As usual, his soul sea was a swirl of multicolored energy, with nine imposing doors.

But now, something had changed. The Pentaface Bead had been moved away from the door, and the Eye of Malevolence was in a new position too. And there is another thing new now in the soul sea.

But it wasn't just that the Pentaface Bead and the Eye of Malevolence had been moved. It was the strange changes happening to them. The Bead now had golden runes revolving around it like rings. The runes glowed brightly, exuding a power so immense that the Bead seemed unapproachable.

"Senior, what are those lines around the Bead?" Klaus asked, his eyes narrowing as he studied the strange phenomenon.

"Those runes... they're ancient markings. Power seals. It looks like the Bead is trying to unlock something, but it's not ready yet, so it's created these barriers. Golden runes like those aren't common—they're dangerous." The senior said

"Dangerous?" Klaus raised an eyebrow, feeling a wave of unease wash over him.

"Yeah. That power isn't something you can touch without proper preparation. If you try to use the Bead in its current state, it could backfire, and the energy will destroy you instead."

Klaus took a step back instinctively, keeping his distance from the glowing Bead. He thanked his lucky stars he didn't use the bead after he woke up.

"So, it's unusable right now?"

"Not exactly," the senior said, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "The runes are there to stabilize the Bead, to make sure it doesn't break under pressure. But that means you need to be cautious. If you try to force it or draw power from it without fully understanding how these seals work, you're playing with fire."

Klaus frowned, feeling frustration build up inside him. He has relied on the Pentaface Bead in his recent battles, and now it was essentially locked down. "Is there any way I can use it safely?"

"Not exactly," the senior replied. "But do you see the golden energy beneath it? If you manage to absorb it, your mind, body, and soul might become strong enough for when the Bead unlocks whatever it's holding back."

Klaus sighed slightly, still eyeing the swirling golden energy. "What is this golden energy?"

"It's a powerful form of your Star Qi—many times stronger. But I'd recommend you don't touch it until you reach the Grandmaster level."

Klaus's curiosity sparked. "What happens if I do it now?"

The senior sighed. "Well, you might explode, which is the easier way out. Or, the hard way—you survive, but your meridians explode, leaving you a mindless dummy for the rest of your life. Either way, it's not advisable."

"Damn, senior," Klaus said, shaking his head with a small smile. "You didn't have to go full-on villain with your speech. You could've toned it down a bit."

The senior smirked, his tone lightening. "Well, I thought I'd make sure you really understood the risks. Don't go thinking you're invincible."

Klaus chuckled despite the tense situation, feeling a brief moment of levity. But he quickly refocused, glancing back at the golden energy. As tempting as it was, he knew better than to risk his life for a shortcut. He still had battles to fight, and now wasn't the time for reckless decisions.

"Alright, noted. I won't touch the golden energy until I'm ready," Klaus said, mentally shelving the thought for later.

For now, Klaus couldn't use the Bell of Harrows or the Eye of Despair, but that wasn't too bad. It gave him time to examine his other skills more thoroughly. The Fire Spirit Dragon and the Nine Stars Ice Lotus Bloom still needed intense study, and Klaus intended to do just that.

"By the way, senior," Klaus said, his brow furrowing, "do you think I can let the Lotus Flower and the Dragon absorb this energy? It feels like too much for just me to take in."

The senior paused for a moment before replying, "Well, you could try, but I can't guarantee success. There's potential, though."

Klaus nodded thoughtfully. "Then I'll get back to it later," he said, shifting his attention toward the Eye of Malevolence.

"Please don't tell me I can't use this one either," Klaus muttered, eyeing the glowing artifact. Like the Pentaface Bead, the Eye of Malevolence was also undergoing some kind of upgrade. Green runes now spiraled around it, just like the golden ones on the Bead.

The circumstances surrounding the Eye of Malevolence's awakening had always been strange. That time, Klaus had felt like a completely different person. The moment the Eye appeared in its eerie green form, Klaus had changed too.

Of course, he knew that something or someone had taken control back then. But to this day, he still didn't know who or what it was. It wasn't Fruity, because he didn't sense the usual calm, monk-like presence when he woke up.

Klaus had never mentioned it to the senior, and the senior hadn't brought it up either, so Klaus had shoved the unsettling mystery to the back of his mind.

But he had never forgotten. Now, as he stared at the red Eye with its swirling green runes, a feeling crept over him—something was happening. Whether it was good or bad, he couldn't tell. But he knew it wasn't normal.

He turned to the senior, who still lingered behind the first door inside his soul sea, watching everything unfold.

"Senior... what's going on with the Eye?" Klaus asked, his voice low, trying to mask his unease.

The senior was silent for a moment before finally speaking. "The Eye of Malevolence is... evolving, like everything else in your soul sea. But it's more unstable than the Bead. Whatever energy is driving it, you'll need to be careful, brat. This isn't the same Eye you've been using."

Klaus narrowed his eyes. "Unstable how?"

The senior sighed, his tone grave. "The Eye is feeding on something deeper within you—your anger, your hate, even your fear. It thrives on negativity. If you're not careful, it'll turn that power against you. You could lose yourself like you almost did before."

Klaus's heart skipped a beat. He had always known there was something dangerous about the Eye, but this confirmed his suspicions. "So what do I do with it? Just leave it alone?"

"No, you do exactly the opposite. Resist the negativity and embrace the change. That way, you will have supreme control over it," the senior's voice echoed in Klaus's mind, laced with warning. "You have to know, brat, the Eye of Malevolence is something you shouldn't underestimate.

You have no idea how powerful it is. So, man up and see if you leave here a sane man or an insane one."

Klaus gulped, but he didn't panic. He stood still for a moment, steeling himself. Then, with determined steps, he moved forward until he was face-to-face with the terrifying red eye.

Without hesitation, he reached out and gently touched it. The moment his hand made contact, a chilling numbness spread through his mind.

He didn't know how it happened, but as soon as the numbness took over, his personality shifted, just like the first time the Eye had awakened.

A smirk curled at the edge of his lips. From his palm, a surge of red energy shot forth, wrapping itself around the Eye. It shuddered violently for a moment before settling. The green runes that had been swirling around the Eye turned blood-red, though they continued their eerie spiral.

Klaus's smirk deepened into something darker, more sinister. His gaze shifted to the Pentaface Bead, and with the same twisted grin, he eyed it knowingly.

Then, in an instant, he vanished from his soul sea and woke up back in the real world.

The moment he regained consciousness, Klaus broke out into a cold sweat. His heart pounded wildly, his breath shaky. He was terrified of something—something he had felt deep inside. And he knew exactly what it was, but he couldn't bring himself to fully acknowledge it.

"I am my own fear," he thought to himself, the realization chilling him to his core.

Klaus reached into his space ring and pulled out a bottle of water, drinking deeply to calm his nerves. The cold liquid did little to wash away the lingering dread that clung to him.

Still, he couldn't ignore the changes in his soul sea. Steeling himself once again, he re-entered his inner world, ready to examine the Eye and whatever transformation it had undergone.

#### Chapter 220 - 220: Soul Hook

As soon as Klaus re-entered his soul sea, he was greeted by the sight of a terrifying red eye with red runes spinning around it. The moment his gaze met the red eye, his vision blurred for a few moments before he regained clarity.

"What the fuck was that?" Klaus muttered, shaking his head.

"Seriously, why can't anything in my soul sea show some care and gentleness when they're trying to bless me with something?" Although he complained, a small smile tugged at his lips.

The blackout he had just experienced wasn't a bad thing—in fact, it was good. He had received a technique from the red eye, and judging by its nature, it was exactly what he desperately needed.

During the battle with the zombies, Klaus used the Eye of Despair along with his Eye of Malevolence to launch a soul attack that killed a Zombie Prince.

But it wasn't all sunshine and rainbows. The attack was powerful, but he paid a steep price for it. The severe headache and soul strain were the consequences he had to endure for using the Eye.

The senior had already warned him not to use the Eye of Malevolence in that way until he reached the level of a Saint. Despite his vast soul sea, he still wasn't strong enough to handle powerful soul attacks through his eye.

The strain would be too much for him, and Klaus knew that. But in such a terrifying battle, where the odds were against him, he couldn't just sit back and not put everything on the line. He had to push hard, and luckily, he managed to win this time.

However, Klaus knew he wouldn't make the same mistake again. Using the Eye of Malevolence like that was reckless. Now, he needed to prioritize, and the Eye of Malevolence had given him a new path forward. He no longer had to rely on the Eye of Despair every time he wanted to launch a soul attack with his Eye of Malevolence.

Aside from being able to see all around him without even opening his eyes, he now had a way to deliver a soul attack that would benefit him in the long run. Yes, he had received a technique, but it wasn't what most would think.

The Soul Gaze ability of the Eye of Despair allowed him to deliver a devastating attack instantly upon locking eyes with a target. However, the new technique, called Soul Hook, was different—its name said it all.

All Klaus had to do was use it. Once it landed on the target, it would create a hook that connected his soul to theirs in a one-way link. This link had a single purpose: to steal the soul strength of the target and add it to his own.

Of course, it was temporary, but it was exactly what he needed right now. By linking another soul to his, Klaus could strengthen his own soul, which in turn would allow him to use Soul Gaze without suffering as much backlash.

Additionally, this would let him use the Void Piercing Needle more effectively, as his soul would be charged with another's energy. As long as he maintained the connection—or multiple connections—within a 60km radius, he wouldn't run out of soul strength.

This also meant he could now see everything within that 60km range. However, Klaus usually limited himself to using a 4km radius when activating his skills, because within that range, his abilities had their maximum effect.

The Bell of Harrows delivers a much stronger attack within that 4km radius, the Eye of Despair worked the same way, and although he could now control the Void Piercing Needle within a 20km range (up from the previous 10km), he still preferred the 4km range. At that distance, even the strongest targets would have difficulty dodging his Needle.

But aside from using the Soul Hook to steal soul strength, Klaus could also use it to empower others. But he wasn't naive enough to believe he should just give away his soul power to help others. He would rather steal their strength and end the battle before risking both their lives.

With the new upgrades, he could now see through illusions as if they weren't there. No one could charm him anymore—at least, no one he had already laid eyes on. Cynthia Ross had the strongest effect when it came to charming him, but with this upgrade, he could resist all forms of charm.

Previously, without turning his eyes red, his control over the Eye of Malevolence was limited. Now, however, he could use it more effectively without needing to turn his golden eyes red.

Of course, in combat, he would still use the red version since it allowed him to track his target's movements much better.

Klaus also noticed that he could now see people's intentions to some extent. While he could already sense someone's intentions by paying attention to their aura, with the Eye of Malevolence, he could now get a glimpse of their thoughts just by locking eyes with them.

This will allow him to see to some extent, a person's darkest intention toward him. Of course, he would rather not in other to kill them with no record of their intentions which in tend would delete all forms of guilt, but Klaus knew he had to be careful.

This would require greater soul strength, but he knew he could do it. He wouldn't always use this ability since it might make him look like a creep, but in situations where trust was needed, he could study people without them realizing what he was doing.

The most important change, though, was his growth as a Spirit Master. During the battle in the Demon's Abode, Klaus had used his Soul and Mind control over weapons multiple times to change their trajectory or slow them down.

He maintained a connection with the weapons throughout the battle, but his control was limited. He couldn't fully influence weapons held by others—like stopping them from being used or destroying them.

He still didn't have the strength to destroy such weapons, but now, his control over changing their direction had improved. He could alter the trajectory of a weapon and even slow it down to reduce its impact.

In the final moments of his battle with the Blood Queen, when he was caught in her trap, her sword was aimed at his heart. At the last second, Klaus used every ounce of his soul and mental strength to change the sword's path. Although it was a small adjustment, it missed his heart by a fraction, only cutting a small part of it.

If it weren't for that last-minute advantage, he would have died. However, with this new advantage and control over weapons, he could now prevent accidentally falling into traps.

As a Weapons Overlord, he is very sensitive to weapons. Whenever a weapon is drawn, he immediately notices which one is more dangerous to him. It's even better than tracking someone's movements. All he has to do is be within the 10 km, and if a weapon is drawn nearby, he will sense it.

He doesn't know much about his Weapons Overlord class since it didn't come with a manual. But he knew he would soon see its effects as he grew stronger.

This aspect of his class is overpowered. Klaus understands that as he gets stronger, his control over weapons will also improve. He can't help but imagine how cool it would be to kill people with the weapons they are holding.

"Now, that is something to look forward to," he muttered before turning to the last thing that appeared in his soul sea.

"Senior, what is that?" Klaus asked, looking at a red mark or more like a rune large enough to fill an entire bus, exuding a bloodthirsty aura. Just looking at it made Klaus want to run off from his own soul sea. The rune is red and all around it, a red arcane form of energy keeps swirling around it.

That portion of his soul looks like a slaughterhouse, exuding a very potent bloodthirsty aura that Klaus just couldn't handle lightly.

The senior voice echoed as he replied

"That is a seal... it's the Seal of Slaughter."