

Paragon 461

Chapter 461 - 461: Public Display of Affection

Right after Lucy and the four Fairies descended, they became the center of attention. Their beauty was otherworldly. Both males and females couldn't take their eyes off them.

They kept tracking them with their eyes until they came near the pavilion where Klaus and his pals were resting.

Asha called out, drawing even more attention. Klaus quickly stood up from the edge of the pavilion wall and jumped down. That was when his eyes fell on the Fairies he hadn't seen in a while.

But he couldn't focus on them for long because before he could react, Asha jumped forward, her arms open for a hug.

Klaus didn't deny her the chance as he went in for the hug immediately, causing jaws to drop, eyes to narrow, and, well, fists to clench.

"Klaus, I missed you so much," Asha said, tightening the hug.

"I missed you too, my little overpriced buyer," Klaus smiled.

When he met Nia and Asha, it was right after the Zombie Tide in the Everlasting Zombie Forest, where he made friends for the first time.

Back then, Nia and Asha bought the Zombie Stones (Cores) for several times more than the market price.

Of course, Klaus, who needed money then, wasted no opportunity to take advantage of the inflated price and sold to them.

The second time they met was when he returned from his massacre in the Ruin City forbidden Zone. It was also when he first met Hanna, his now-adopted sister.

But ever since they separated, he hadn't seen them again. Now, in his arms was the Fairy who had dreamt of him every single night.

After several seconds of hugging, Asha broke the hug and quickly ran toward Anna and Lily.

The two vixens had finally reunited with the third member, making them the three vixens who had sworn to band together against Klaus in bed.

Since they were the youngest among his women, it was only natural for them to ally.

Of course, two of the vixens couldn't hold themselves back and had done some things. They would have to talk about that with her later.

Klaus, now free from Asha and under the scrutiny of thousands of eyes, ignored everything and looked to Lucy, Nia, Aoi, and Lulu, who were walking toward him.

"Ladies, it's been a minute since we last met," Klaus said with a smile, but then his body stiffened. He felt something wrap around his leg, waist, and arms, and he slowly started to rise from the ground.

Before he could comment, he was moved—or more accurately, dragged—toward Lucy, whose lips immediately connected with his under the watchful eyes of everyone.

Jaws dropped.

Eyes widened. ".."

Fists clenched.

But none of that mattered. Finally, the boy who had charmed her heart with just an unaware photo was right in her arms... Well, it's more like dangling in her arms.

Lucy wasn't holding back her affection. Their kiss lasted a whole minute before they broke it. Then she sensed the stares directed at them and blushed. Naturally, she became shy and chose to bury her face in Klaus's chest.

"I miss you too, love. But you might want to release me now," Klaus said, feeling the strong vines binding him.

He was taken aback for a moment. Although he could break them, it would require putting some effort into it. But then again, Lucy wasn't using her full strength, so nobody could truly tell how strong the vines were.

One thing was certain—those vines were not ordinary. Klaus made a mental note to discuss them with the senior Fairies later.

Although it was important, having four Fairies standing before him took precedence. He had to attend to them first.

"Lucy dear, if you keep hugging me, you're going to make some people jealous," Klaus said, smiling at Nia, Lulu, and Aoi, who blushed lightly.

Lucy quickly moves away to her sister Hanna to allow Klaus to do his thing. He has the floor now.

"So, how are we going to do it? Group hug and call it a foursome, or single with a kiss? Your choice." He smiled at the three ladies who, at that very moment, wanted only one thing—the earth should open and swallow them whole.

Klaus held a smile on his face, standing there just to see what the ladies would do.

Naturally, none of the three ladies had ever had any romantic encounter with him. He met Aoi, had a duel, and spent a night out with her during the Regional Trial.

That was all. They never kissed, and they didn't sing their feelings out. But it didn't take a genius to know how she felt. In fact, Lucy had reported a lot of things to him.

Lulu was also the same, but she tried to keep it calm. She refrained from visiting Lucy often due to her extremely shy nature.

Nia was no different. But never in their wildest dreams had they anticipated freezing when faced with the most interesting guy they had ever met.

'The feeling... the good feeling—it's radiating off them,' Klaus thought inwardly, sensing their gentle emotions.

'Even the stars are rooting for me,' Klaus mused with a smile and decided to ease the shyness the three ladies were caught in.

The Ice Lotus appeared and hovered above them. Klaus moved and appeared before them. Then, like a fortress, an elegant-looking ice dome materialized with a large Ice Lotus on top of it.

Everyone immediately gasped, appraising the majestic ice dome that had appeared. A few tried to scan it, but the demon-killing circle appeared, preventing all senses from invading the dome. Of course, there were a few exceptions.

Klaus didn't really care. He moved toward Nia and took her by the waist. Before she could protest, their lips connected in a gentle kiss lasting a few seconds.

When he let go of her and moved to Aoi, Nia was stunned and flustered. Of course, Klaus didn't mind that for now.

Just as they had been eager to meet him, he had also looked forward to meeting them.

He planted a kiss on Aoi's lips, leaving the sword-wielding lady, whose father would love nothing more than to cut Klaus into a hundred pieces, utterly breathless.

Lulu was next. When Klaus was done, the three ladies stood before him, their faces flushed and expressions utterly unreal.

Nobody could have expected something like this. In fact, something like this shouldn't have been possible.

Three of the most beautiful fairies in the academy had just been claimed by a newcomer. If that wasn't shocking enough, the three seemed frozen in place, unable to react.

Klaus smiled at the ladies before going for yet another round of kissing them and gently appraising their butts for future bedroom battles.

It was surreal. But outside the ice dome, things were heating up. The majestic structure had started to draw even more attention.

All around, inner disciples who had descended and outer disciples alike began making their way toward the direction of the imposing, magnificent ice dome.

Naturally, trouble was about to erupt. Klaus had just effectively declared to the entire academy that Fairy Nia, Aoi, Lulu, and Lucy were his.

Jealous guys were undoubtedly coming for his head. Klaus, however, just stood there, waiting for the ladies to unfreeze after the third round of kissing.

A few seconds later, they finally unfroze just as the dome deactivated.

"Brat, you're that Klaus I keep hearing about," a third-rate villain sneered, stepping forward.

Klaus smiled.

Chapter 462 - 462: The Most Hateful Brat in the Academy (1)

Klaus didn't immediately respond to the blatant provocation hurled in his direction.

His focus remained on the three ladies, who had calmed down slightly yet were still flustered, considering they had just experienced their first kiss in such an awkward setting.

"Why are you all so flustered? Big Daddy Klaus has finally arrived. It'd be best if you get used to it now because I plan to keep you on your toes," Klaus said with a wink, making their cheeks turn beet red.

Naturally, the guys watching this spectacle erupted in curses aimed at Klaus. Of course, those were the loudmouths.

On the other hand, the prideful ones simply seethed in silent rage.

At that moment, over ten thousand killing intents were locked onto Klaus, but he couldn't care less. In fact, he seemed to thrive on the situation.

Why? Because, deep down, Klaus considered himself a pitiful existence.

After all, someone marked by the heavens for death is a pitiful existence. Klaus may be lively and cheerful most of the time, but he wasn't always happy.

This had been especially true recently. He'd been plagued by a nagging feeling that his life was in constant danger, and it had started to affect his mood when he was alone.

But that wasn't something he could decipher easily, considering the heavens could strike at any moment. That's precisely why the academy felt like the perfect place for him. Every day brought new drama, and Klaus wanted nothing but to cherish it all.

"Oh, and by the way, Lulu," Klaus added with a playful smirk, "I love that picture. I'd love to see you in that outfit again."

The Spirit Mistress blushed furiously and quickly hid behind Aoi, her flustered expression only fueling Klaus's amusement.

When he left Arcadian City with Miriam after their training, Lulu sent him a message that she immediately deleted.

She regretted sending it, so she had to delete it.

Unfortunately for her, Klaus was on his phone at the time and saw the message. It was a picture of Lulu, who seemed to have undergone physical training and was sweating—or perhaps she had drunk water, some of which had spilled onto her chest.

This caused the twin sisters on her chest to cling to her outfit, making them more prominent. The attached message read, 'I am missing you already, my training partner.'

It was an awkward situation, yet Klaus was very happy and tempted to go back to Arcadian City and tap that ass. But he had other priorities then, so he held himself back.

Naturally, Lulu looked pronounced in the chest area, and Klaus—who had already drooled over Miriam's big sisters on her chest—was becoming something of a chest guy.

He had been waiting for the right moment to do something, and now he finally got the chance.

"You dare ignore me?" Zaid Nabil shouted again, fixing his eyes on him—or more like his soul. Zaid was a Spirit Master who specialized in soul attacks.

'I dare him to attack my soul,' Klaus thought, delighted when he felt Zaid trying to lock onto his soul.

The reason? He had recently discovered something about the Pentaface Bead.

The bead made him immune to all soul attacks, regardless of their power. He didn't understand yet whether the bead could also attack on its own. So, he wanted to try it out and see how it works.

This was also why Klaus couldn't wait to unlock the bead's secrets.

Klaus wanted to test it on him. Of course, first, he wanted to learn more about the group of eight who had appeared to tempt him.

He knew nothing about them, but it seemed they knew everything about him. Even his date of birth.

Unlucky for them, while Klaus might be a bastard, there was someone with even more venomous words: the one and only privileged disciple in the academy, Asha.

Just as Klaus was about to engage with the eight who had appeared, Asha arrived and took hold of his hand.

"Do you want to know who they are?" Asha asked.

Klaus gave her a gentle peck on the cheek before answering, "It would be my honor, Fairy Asha."

Asha blushed, and the three ladies standing nearby grew jealous. Why? Because Asha was much bolder than them in some ways, they didn't have the spirit even to start walking it.

And with Klaus's arm around her waist now, they were barely holding back their jealousy.

They wanted that, too.

If only they knew Klaus was doing it to make them envious of the little witch doctor.

"That one with the short dark hair and a donkey frown is Zaid Nabil. He's a hater. He's also from the Nabil Great Clan," Asha said.

Klaus raised an eyebrow. He knew Miriam's family would come after him eventually; he just didn't expect it to be this soon.

But he welcomed it.

"The moody one is Kim Jiwon. He's also from a great clan, but he's an idiot hater. The perverted-looking one is Richy Mason. He's from a great clan, too, and a perverted hater.

That bitch is Kate Duncan—a devoted hater of Sister Lucy and every beautiful lady in the academy. She's a jealous, hater bitch. The idiot beside her is Hunter Duncan, the self-acclaimed strongest legacy in the world. He's a stupid hater.

That bitch with the fire eyes is Sofia. She's the leader of the strongest faction in the academy, the Fire Dragon Hall. Well, she's a very bitchy hater who hates Sister Lucy for being too awesome."

Asha gave Lucy a wink, and Klaus tightened his grip on her waist. He had already fallen in love with the girl in his arms, and no matter what, he would never let her go.

Finally, he had found a woman after his own heart—a woman he could be shameless with. That woman was Asha, the witch doctor.

"The other lady beside the very bitchy hater is Amelia, and like her hate, she is a low-budget hater of Sister Lucy. She is also the leader of the third-strongest faction in the academy, Sky Phoenix Sanctuary.

Don't pay much attention to her; she isn't that hateful, considering she doesn't have the strength to back up her hate." Amelia clenched her fists, but she couldn't do anything.

The reason everybody fears Asha is that the academy doesn't want her to kill people. They don't know her abilities, but they've heard rumors of her performing rituals now and then.

They feared her, and Asha knew that, and that was why she wasn't holding back.

"The last one is Seojin Choi. As for him, he's just an ass-kisser, so don't regard him. In fact, you can even buy him with wealth. He also leads the second-strongest faction, the Celestial Wind Pavilion.

"In my eyes, he doesn't even know what he wants, so have some mercy on him," Asha ended her introduction with a smile. She then stood on her tiptoes and kissed Klaus's cheek.

Klaus brushed his hand against her waist, making her blush and giggle.

However, while she was happy, the eight she had clearly disrespected were fuming.

Klaus turns to them and flashes a mischievous grin in their direction.

Chapter 463 - 463: The Most Hateful Brat in the Academy (2)

Every disciple wore a distinct expression on their face—some even displayed two or more emotions at once.

The reason?

They each recognized the eight inner disciples who had appeared before Klaus. They knew them because they all aspired to be like them. Why? Hunter was a prodigy who had topped the Union Trial during their batch.

He was also a powerful spearman with a class that suited his name.

He is an exceptional hunter. He had amassed significant battle experience even before joining the academy. It was said that he had killed a Tier 6 monster while still a mere Master-stage warrior (Tier 3).

Then there was his sister, who was also a formidable mage. Of course, Zaid, Richy, and Kim were all prodigies who naturally commanded attention. On top of that, they hailed from prestigious clans, placing them at the top of the food chain.

But while these five seemed mighty and revered in everyone's eyes, the three faction leaders were the ones that truly captivated them.

Everyone wanted to join one of the top three factions in the academy, so seeing Klaus and Asha openly disrespect them left many unsure of how to feel.

Of course, their anger, shock, and hatred were about to reach a new level.

"So, we have a Hater, an Idiot Hater, a Perverted Hater, a Jealous Hater Bitch, a Stupid Hater, a Very Bitch Hater, a Low-Budget Hater, and an Ass-Licker. Does that describe them well?" Klaus asked, his voice loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Yes, that's a perfect summary of who these idiots are," Asha replied with a teasing smile aimed at Hunter's group.

Klaus nodded and tilted his head. "So, what does a group of over-privileged, poorly dressed, idiotic, and continentally stupid haters want from me?" he asked.

"You bastard!" Zaid's anger exploded, though he held himself back.

Why? Because he didn't want to kill Klaus accidentally—or so he convinced himself. He had to restrain his fury, just like the other seven did.

However, Zaid was so enraged that his facial expression contorted into something both ridiculous and grotesque.

"First of all, my name is Klaus, not 'bastard.' Second, why has your face turned into a baboon's butt?" Klaus taunted, using his tracker to snap an image of Zaid's face.

Finally, Zaid couldn't hold back and attempted to move—but Klaus raised a single finger, stopping him with his tracker. Klaus then shifted his attention to Hunter.

"I was told you hate me. Care to explain why?" Klaus asked, feigning righteousness.

"I don't need to answer to a bastard country bumpkin!" Hunter spat, his composure slipping. A little more, and he'd completely lose control.

Hunter had been bottling up his anger for a long time. All he'd ever wanted was to crush Klaus—for two reasons.

First, Klaus had shattered his record as the youngest Tier 3 warrior to kill a Tier 6 monster. Second, Klaus had disrespected his family.

Adding to that, whatever Klaus had done back in Union City only stoked Hunter's hatred further. He wanted nothing more than the chance to separate Klaus's head from his shoulders.

But luckily for Klaus, there is a no-killing policy.

Klaus smiled at his answer and turned to Kate. "A beautiful face with no brains. I wonder who lied to you and told you that you could amount to my woman. From where I stand, you don't even measure up to her pinky."

"That said, you should probably stop using makeup. It's making you look like an old lady who has been rejected by her grandkids."

Klaus instantly hated Kate for reasons he did not understand. Just looking at her made him feel one emotion—extreme disgust.

He would gladly separate her head from her shoulders if he got the chance.

Everyone who knew how dangerous Kate could be held their breath, waiting for her to make a move. But like the others, she didn't dare, knowing that breaking the rules could get her expelled or, worse, thrown into a hell mission as punishment.

Klaus looked at the others standing beside her, shook his head, and smiled.

"Naturally, I should kill all of you because I don't like having enemies. It's always better to eliminate them and have peace of mind. Luckily for you guys, my hands are tied right now.

"That said, I won't hold back if you come against me on the outside. Trust me, none of you have what it takes to kill me." Klaus then turned his gaze toward Sofia.

"And that includes you, Madam Sovereign. You may think that because you are a Sovereign, you are invincible. Think again. No matter how powerful you are, in my presence, you are nothing.

"In fact, even if you eight were to band together, you wouldn't be able to touch a hair on my head. I could kill all of you before you even realized what happened."

Klaus smiled. "If you don't believe me, watch this."

In the blink of an eye, he vanished. A split second later, he reappeared behind Sofia. His index finger pressed lightly against her neck.

Sofia immediately turned pale. And it wasn't just her—all the inner and outer disciples held their breath, cold sweat breaking out on their backs.

Before entering the academy, they had seen Sovereigns as beings who stood above all others. Sure, there were Transcendents and Ascendents, but they were exceedingly rare and seldom revealed themselves.

For most, the highest existence they had ever encountered was a Sovereign, which made them appear godlike in their eyes.

So, to witness a mere Grandmaster effortlessly subdue a Sovereign left them utterly shaken. Fear gripped their hearts as they tried to reconcile how someone could be dangerously powerful and strikingly handsome.

Klaus smirked, and in the next moment, he was back beside Asha, who greeted him with a cute smile.

"Like I said, you losers don't have what it takes to come after me. Normally, I'd say something like, 'If you don't believe me, we can duel.' But I've entered something of a growth phase recently, so instead, I'll say this...

"If you don't believe me, we can have a death match to decide who gets to live."

Klaus's declaration sent another wave of cold sweat across everyone present.

"Of course, I'm not an unreasonable person, so I'll give you losers a handicap. The deathmatch will be between me and all eight of you at once. And yes, you can use any tricks you've got up your sleeves.

"I don't mind. All I want is to separate your heads from your bodies. Just looking at your faces disgusts me—especially you, Kate Duncan.

"You should really take my advice and stop using makeup. You're scaring the other disciples."

Klaus's words were sharp, each syllable cutting like a blade. The crowd wanted nothing more than to flee and never lay eyes on him again.

Why?

Because at that moment, Klaus appeared like the son of an angel of death and a demon prince. His presence was terrifying.

Kate Duncan's anger skyrocketed, hitting a metaphorical 100% as she neared her breaking point. She could explode at any moment.

Just as she was about to erupt, the temperature around them spiked, rising several degrees instantly.

Klaus immediately felt a bad premonition. But before he could react, the very space above them cracked open.

A stunning red-haired woman stepped from the rift, her piercing gaze locked squarely on Klaus.

Chapter 464 - 464: Fire Queen Nari

The beautiful redhead appeared through the space rift and hovered in the air, her gaze fixed on Klaus. As soon as she appeared, the instructors started arriving at the scene.

The reason was simple: the presence that had emerged was extremely dangerous. The alarms didn't recognize her identity, so they alerted the instructors.

Head Instructor Victor was the first to arrive. He was the strongest in the outer section, after all. But the moment his eyes fell on the redhead, his expression shifted from combat readiness to weariness, fear, and dread.

The other instructors who followed reacted the same way. They all recognized Nari, or as most called her, the Fire Queen. She was also known by another name: the Destroyer.

Because of her fire element, creation is not something she indulges in. She is all about destruction.

Of course, Nari ignored them all and began descending. Soon, her feet touched the ground, and she started walking in Klaus's direction.

Asha looked weary, fear gripping her. She recognized the most dangerous woman in the world—or rather, the most destructive woman in existence.

And that woman was walking toward her.

Klaus, who knew she had come for him, stood behind Asha. For some reason, he could tell things wouldn't end well for him.

Why?

Because he had failed to keep the promise he had made to her.

Nari stopped in front of Asha, making the witch want to disappear on the spot. The eyes looking back at her were filled with rage, threatening to burn her to ash.

But then, Nari gently touched her shoulder and pulled her aside. Her fiery gaze landed on Klaus, who managed a guilty smile.

"Big Sister Nari, glad to see you again—ouch!" Klaus didn't even finish before a fire-infused hand latched onto his ear.

"So you remember me, huh?" Nari said coldly.

"Of course, how could I forget the most amazing overlord to have ever graced this world with beauty?" Klaus squirmed in her grip as his ear neared the melting point.

Every disciple was in shock, not daring to breathe for fear they would be reduced to ash. They knew the lady, who she was, and how ruthless she could be.

And that lady is a few meters from them.

"Your words of flattery won't save you, Klaus. You promised to call me, but you didn't." Nari twisted his ear, making Klaus wince in her grasp.

"Yeah, well, you know, I was very, very busy with—ouch!" Klaus screamed when her other hand touched his shoulder.

"Want to take that again?" Nari said, setting Klaus's shirt on fire.

Every disciple gasped when Klaus's shirt ignited. Of course, Klaus screamed. Even though he had an affinity for fire, his resistance wasn't strong enough to save him from the pain of a pseudo-phoenix flame dancing on his skin.

"I'm sorry, Big Sister Nari. I forgot to call you." Klaus chose to apologize before the crazy woman burned him to ash.

"That won't do. You have to compensate me for using me as your wingwoman, and then, when you succeeded, you dumped me." Klaus wanted to argue that she did nothing since he was the one who used his charm and past life knowledge to win Queenie's heart—well, partially win her heart.

"Ouch!"

"Well, say something." Nari increased the flame intensity, making Klaus scream.

"I am sorry for using you as my wingwoman and dumping you, big sister Nari," Klaus promised himself he would make her pay one day.

"Better. But I am still angry." Nari removed her arm from his shoulder, but the deed had already been done. Klaus's shirt was burned off, revealing his finely-tuned athletic body and his magnificent-looking tattoos on his back.

All the ladies started drooling, looking at the finest physique they had ever seen.

"How are you, Klaus?" Nari said, wrapping her right arm around his neck and pulling him closer. "I missed you, Klaus."

"I am fine, and I miss you too, Nari," Klaus responded with a dejected smile. 'Queenie was right, this woman is crazy.'

"Oh, no longer calling me Big Sister again?" Nari smiled.

"Well, I was trying to save my skin, so I had to appear formal. That said, I will report you to Queenie and make sure she gets revenge for me," Klaus said, hoping his request would be accepted.

"Tsk, do you think she has what it takes to beat me? I have to remind you, if can easily subdued you; how much more would it take to subdue her?" Nari shamelessly said, hoping Queenie didn't hear what she said.

Unluckily for her, the Asura Queen was in the void, watching and hearing everything. She was cooked.

Head Instructor Victor and the other instructors, along with every single disciple, couldn't believe their eyes. They just couldn't believe what was happening right before them.

The notorious Fire Queen, Nari, was now standing with a mere Grandmaster-stage warrior, and from the way they appeared, they seemed to know each other very well. They couldn't wrap their heads around it.

Of course, Klaus noticed their expressions and decided to get back at Nari for awkwardly defeating him.

"Head Instructor Victor, I know you're wondering who this intruder is. Well, her name is Nari, and she calls herself the Fire Queen, not that anyone believes that.

But, well, that's what makes her happy, so why not? While she is shameless for beating her sister's Prince Charming, she is also skilled with fire and promises to become a lecturer in the fire department.

I hope there's a slot for one more teacher."

Klaus cast the 'I dare you to beat me up so I can run to my overlord girlfriend and complain. I bet she would love to beat you up for me' look.

Nari smiled and then looked toward Head Instructor Victor.

"What he said is true. I want to become a lecturer, and Klaus has volunteered as my assistant. I hope there is a slot for us."

Klaus immediately felt yet another bad premonition.

'I should run away and never return,' Klaus gave Head Instructor Victor a weak smile.

"This..." The head instructor didn't know what to say, or rather, he had no authority to do anything, especially when an Overlord was involved.

He was the leader of the outer section of the academy. His job was to ensure the new outer disciples were catered to and stuck to the rules. He was also to ensure no harm came to any of them.

Aside from that, he was also responsible for ensuring their studies went well and reporting regularly to the dean. That was about his work as the head instructor.

So, getting caught in such a situation was rather awkward and the weakest moment of his life. Also, he was scared of Nari. That's because he had witnessed first-hand just how terrifying she could be.

Just like him, Nari also fights alone. That was because unless your fire affinity matched hers, you couldn't stay within a 4km radius of her on the battlefield. That was her radius of intense heat.

He was at a loss for how to proceed.

Luckily for him, the space cracked open then just when he was caught in a corner. A bald man walked through the rift. Head Instructor Victor sighed in relief when he saw the bald fellow.

However, the moment his eyes landed on the bald newcomer, Klaus felt tears start rolling down his face.

"Uncle Monk..." he muttered.

Chapter 465 - 465: The Most Fear Disciple

Back in his life as Fruity, Klaus was a mischievous monk. Back then, his mother and Haniva sacrificed themselves to send him away, where he was taken in by a group of monks.

He grew up with them and was very happy around them. He had hundreds of uncle monks to play with.

He called them Uncle Monks because that was what they said he should call them. Though he knew some of them by their names.

His life was good. But while he was close with all the monks, he was closest to one of them.

This one was none other than his Uncle Monk. Of course, he called them Uncle Monk, but this one held a special place in his heart. He had been with him daily while growing up in the monastery.

He practically raised him. This means he was the one who endured Fruity's (Klaus's) mischievousness the most.

He was with him when he awakened his ice element. He was also there when the Lightning Valley attacked the monastery for his head because he awakened a forbidden Ice.

Unfortunately for this particular Uncle Monk, he died during the battle. The attack that nearly killed Fruity was the same attack that took his life.

Back then, Fruity was very angry, but his uncle was already dead. He was sure of that since he had seen his body before it vanished into the ice world.

He missed him dearly, even after many reincarnations.

So, watching a carbon copy of his Uncle Monk appear again in this life; his emotions flared up a bit.

Of course, he quickly took hold of his emotions and wiped his tears, ensuring no one noticed. But Nari and the bald man saw it.

"Dean, glad you are here," Head Instructor Victor said with a relieved sigh. The bald fellow who appeared was the Dean of the entire academy.

He was a middle-aged man with a bald head and handsome features. Clearly, he has a monk class, which explains why he looks and dresses like a monk.

"Overlord Nari, good to see you again," the Dean said respectfully.

"Good to see you too, Old Lu," Nari replied teasingly.

"So, you still haven't changed, huh? The same old troublemaker, I see," the Dean said, his tone suggesting he was all too familiar with her antics.

In truth, Dean Lufy was her headmaster back in high school, years before the apocalypse descended. They were very familiar with each other.

"What do you think, Old Lu? Do you want to employ me?" Nari asked with a teasing smile. This smile, while it appeared cute and playful, carried an undertone that made every disciple watching her shudder.

She is crazy—that much is certain.

Klaus stood beside her, her arms wrapped around his neck. His ladies and friends were looking at him in shock. Of course, they seemed to have a better handle than Nia and the newcomers.

Anna and the rest had already met and lived with an Overlord-level existence and knew far more than the average human.

So they seem to be handling things well. Even though Klaus said nothing about his time in Stone Valley, they aren't surprised he has an Overlord as his friend.

The only friend who seems to have a good handle on him.

"Of course, you are welcome to come and lecture here. But are you sure? You were always busy in the past when I asked," Dean Lufy said.

"That was because I was indeed busy. But not anymore. I have much more free time now," Nari replied with a smile, squeezing Klaus's neck.

"Okay then. I'll have a place ready for you to stay," Dean Lufy said, locking eyes with Klaus, who was looking back at him.

For some reason, he felt a sense of familiarity, kinship, and guardianship as he looked at Klaus. This made him want to get closer to him, but he held himself back. There would be opportunities in the future.

Of course, while he was able to keep himself calm, Klaus was on a different wavelength.

Luckily, Nari wasn't letting him go, which prevented him from flying toward Dean Lufy and hugging him. That was what he wanted to do at the very moment, even forgetting about what was happening for a moment.

The talk about her accommodation was, of course, just the dean being polite. Nari could come and go as she pleased, as he was one of the few who knew the top of the mountain was the residence of the Overlords.

"You don't have to worry about where I will stay, Old Lu. I'll just stay with this brat. Just have someone add another bed to his room. I won't be sleeping on the same bed as this pervert."

"Tsk, as if anyone would want to sleep on the same bed as you," Klaus smirked, which made Dean Lu see him in a new light. It even fueled his zeal to approach him.

So far, Klaus was the only one who could joke around with Nari without her going berserk. Even Queenie can't boost that.

From time to time, aside from Nari one-sidedly making her life miserable, she couldn't do anything to her for fear she would go crazy and cause trouble.

Nari is not all rainbow and sunshine.

Old Lu could only smile at the two troublemakers. Of course, he welcomes it. He wants to get close to Klaus.

In fact, he had been holding himself back since the first time he saw Klaus's photo.

"Then that settles it. I'll be staying with you. And don't worry, I won't stand in your way of having fun with your cute little women." Nari smiled at Nia and the other ladies in Klaus's life.

"Dean, isn't this against the rules? An instructor can't live with a disciple, right?" Klaus decided to change his stance on the whole arrangement of staying with her.

It would be fine if she just appeared to lecture and then left. Staying with him is akin to sending him to Alcatraz.

Of course, the dean wasn't about to let Klaus bring him down with him. Just like everyone, he is scared of Nari.

"We will make this exception for the academy's sake. Of course, we will compensate you for your generosity."

"For my generosity? Uncle Monk—I mean Dean, this is not acceptable. This woman is crazy." Klaus was practically pleading for help, but things didn't seem to be going his way.

Queenie had warned him, but he hadn't listened. Nari was too childish, much like her sister Lucil. So, while Klaus's failure to call her made her angry, she also wanted to spend more time with him and conveniently used the situation as an excuse to shirk her duties as an Overlord.

"Don't worry, Disciple Klaus, I will personally compensate you." The dean smiled before glancing at Head Instructor Victor. "Make sure his room is arranged to accommodate two people."

With that, he opened a rift and left. As a peak Transcendent, using the void to travel long distances was a trivial task for him.

"I am cooked," Klaus muttered with a forced smile, glancing at the head instructor.

"Just because I have more apples in my fridge doesn't mean I stole them. I'm just saying."

Head Instructor Victor smiled knowingly, understanding Klaus's metaphor.

Suddenly, Klaus was lifted off the ground and started soaring into the air.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Klaus wriggled, trying to escape the grip of the crazy fire lady.

"What does it look like I'm doing? I'm taking you to see Big Sister. She misses you but too shy to come here herself. Of course, she could secretly kidnap you, but I don't want her doing the dirty work."

Klaus sighed, glancing back toward his ladies. "I'll be back as soon as I'm free of this crazy fire la—" He didn't even finish his sentence before the space around them cracked, and they vanished into the rift.

Every disciple stared upward, frozen, only snapping out of their daze once the rift closed. Anna and Klaus's friends quickly went to check on the four ladies, who were still in shock from what had just occurred.

Asha, Nia, Aoi, and Lulu were gently led to sit down and calm their nerves. The Overlord appearing like that, treating a disciple so casually and warmly, was beyond shocking.

And it wasn't just them. The eight haters were equally dumbfounded. For the next hour, they couldn't even take a single step.

Just like that, Klaus had inadvertently become the most feared disciple in the academy.

Chapter 466 - 466: Like Old Times

The space cracked, and Dean Lufy stepped out before it closed. However, instead of moving after landing on the ground, Dean Lufy stood there, his expression suggesting he was deep in thought.

It took him five whole minutes to calm himself.

"He called me Uncle Monk, and for some reason, I liked that. What is this strange feeling? Why does it feel like I'm forgetting something very important?" Dean Lufy muttered with a small frown.

When Klaus mistakenly called him Uncle Monk, something stirred within him—a feeling that made him believe he was forgetting something.

Something that held deep meaning to him. Something that might explain this strange feeling in his heart.

Ever since he first saw Klaus's image trending online, he'd felt a sense of familiarity with him. And now, seeing him in person, he couldn't shake the feeling that he was meant to know him—and more than that, to protect him.

"I need to meditate," he muttered, entering his room and beginning to meditate like a monk. A few minutes later, he opened his eyes and stood up.

"I can't concentrate," he said before leaving the room. A few seconds later, he vanished. His next destination was a Forbidden Zone, where he planned to kill some monsters to release stress.

He wasn't known as the Battle Monk for nothing.

The space cracked open once more on top of the academy's mountain, and Nari flew out, holding Klaus in her arms. The look in her eyes was far from encouraging.

"You're a crazy woman, you know that, right?" Klaus said the moment he gained his freedom.

Nari stuck out her tongue and called out playfully, "Big sister, I brought your boyfriend!"

She turned to Klaus, flashing a teasing smile.

"In two weeks, I'll come down and live with you. Don't you dare dirty the room?"

With that, she vanished, leaving Klaus frowning behind her. A few moments later, Klaus snapped out of his daze when he sensed someone appears behind him.

He turned around and saw Queenie staring at the tattoo on his back. The moment he faced her, she also snapped out of her daze.

"That sister of yours is crazy," Klaus said, walking toward Queenie, who stood there with a small smile on her face.

"You'll get used to it," she replied, watching as Klaus approached.

Her heart skipped a beat when their eyes met. Fortunately for her, Klaus didn't do what she was anticipating. Instead, he gently took her hand and pointed to a tall building perched atop the mountain.

"Wanna watch the sunset with me, like old times?" Klaus asked. Queenie was quick to nod. If he hadn't asked, she would have.

Klaus's lightning angel wings appeared, and he wrapped an arm around her waist. Moments later, they were atop the building, settled at the edge.

"That's a long way down," Queenie said, peeking over the edge.

Klaus chuckled, his thoughts drifting back to when they first watched the sunset together in the Stone Valley. Back then, she'd said the same thing. He smiled, knowing she would survive even if she fell from space.

"You don't have to be afraid. This young master is here to protect you," Klaus said, slipping in a shameless comment as always.

As expected, Queenie smiled. After a small hesitation, she rested her head on Klaus's shoulder.

Nari, watching them from kilometers away, grinned mischievously.

"Nice one, big sis. Now all that's left is to get into his pants."

Cough.

Queenie coughed, making Klaus turn to face her.

"Are you okay?" Klaus asked with a caring gaze.

"I am fine," Queenie said. Inwardly, though, she was raining all kinds of insults on Nari for making such a snarky comment. Nari tuned the wavelength, making sure Queenie heard everything she said.

Nari had an ability that allowed her to hear from hundreds of miles away. In fact, in the entire world, her hearing abilities were unmatched.

This allowed her to pick up even the smallest sounds if she wanted to and also transmit her voice across miles using the same method.

Of course, it wasn't the only ability she wielded, but that was by far her most used skill, considering she liked to spy on people and learn more about them.

The overlords dared not gossip behind her back, nor would they want to test her other abilities—one of which even Queenie didn't know. It was her strongest ability, and she wouldn't let even her closest family and friends know about it.

Well...

"How have you been, Queenie? Is everything going well?" Klaus asked after sitting in silence for a few minutes.

"I am fine. And if you're asking about the alliance with the Moon People, that, too, is going well. I met with the other Overlords, and they are now working around the clock to get the union leaders on board."

"I see. It's good that things are working out well," Klaus said, nodding.

If things go well, the Moon People will move to Earth, saving them from the constant attacks by the Lunar Beasts.

With 70% of the moon occupied by Lunar Beasts, they would sooner rather than later be overrun. They couldn't do much against such a relentless onslaught despite their strength.

Of course, once they leave, they can team up with the humans and potentially liberate the moon from the Lunar Beasts later.

"How about you? How is the move to the academy?" Queenie asked.

"So far, I am managing. Although I would love to get into some action immediately, things seem to be picking up better than I had hoped.

But I don't think I'll have much fun, considering the crazy redhead has now made me a feared individual to all," Klaus replied with a smile, shaking his head.

"Well, you've made yourself a feared disciple when you sneak up on a sovereign like it's a walk in the park," Queenie smirked.

She had witnessed everything while piercing through the void.

"It's not my fault those idiots are weak. The sovereign lady is decent, considering she awakened her fire element and even leveled it up. The others, though, I don't think they could last a single strike," Klaus bragged.

Queenie smiled, knowing all he had said was indeed true. If it had been before Klaus helped her pass her tribulation, she would have doubted him.

But after seeing the techniques and skills he unleashed during the tribulation, she now saw him in a new light. The young man beside her was a monster among monsters.

"How did you do that? You know, how did you suddenly appear behind her?" Queenie asked.

Although she had seen his movement, which was almost like teleportation, it wasn't the teleportation she knew.

Teleportation is a default skill every warrior receives after breaking through to the Sovereign stage. But Klaus isn't a Sovereign, so how could he suddenly appear behind Sofia?

"I'll tell you if you kiss me," Klaus said with a cute smile.

Queenie's cheeks immediately turned red upon hearing such a shameless request. Of course, she wasn't about to give in to his demand.

But then Klaus whispered something into her ear, immediately making her lift her head and clench her fists.

Chapter 467 - 467: She Cares

At one point, while her head rested on Klaus's shoulder, Queenie's left hand brushed against Klaus's finely sculpted abs, unknowingly.

Klaus, of course, was enjoying it and didn't say a word. But now, after asking for a kiss and blushing, he drew her attention to her wandering hand.

Queenie immediately pulled her hand away, her face heating up as she blushed even harder. Klaus, however, took her hand gently and placed it back on his abs.

"No need to be shy. This is all yours," he said with a playful smile, watching her hesitation.

For a moment, she froze, unsure of what to do. But then, her fingers spread out, and she began to run her hand across his abs again, tentatively at first.

"Just make sure your hands don't go any lower," Klaus teased. "Little Klaus tends to get excited easily."

It took a moment for Queenie to catch the reference, her eyes dropping to his trousers—the only piece of clothing left after Nari had burned his shirt to ashes.

Her blush deepened when the meaning dawned on her, and she quickly looked away, flustered. Klaus's smile widened.

He liked seeing her so helplessly shy like this. After all, she would inevitably return to her busy and moody self once he was gone.

Of course, Klaus would ensure she kept smiling even after he returned to the academy. They stayed like that for minutes, watching the sun dissolve into the horizon in the west.

"That was beautiful. We should do it again," Klaus said softly.

"I think so, too," Queenie replied. "Too bad you're here to study, and I wouldn't want to disturb your focus."

"You won't be disturbing me. You can never disturb me," Klaus said with a reassuring smile. He knew she was worried about him, but he was equally concerned about her.

There was a reason for this. Klaus had started to feel something familiar about her. It was still faint, barely noticeable, but it was there. He knew it would soon become more pronounced.

"Although you're strong, there are still a lot of things you lack experience in," Queenie continued, her tone thoughtful.

"Strength alone isn't enough. You need experience in other fields. So, while I'd love to watch the sunset with you every evening, I wouldn't want to interfere with your studies."

Klaus sighed. She was right. For now, he needed to focus on understanding Earth and the dangers it held.

The senior had told him Earth wasn't simple. It harbored secrets—secrets powerful enough to destroy galaxies.

Because of this, Klaus was determined to uncover the truth, especially now that he was closer than ever to the best source of information he could find.

"I will listen to you. But whenever I'm free, and you are too, I want you to bring me here so I can spend time with you," Klaus said, his tone firm and sincere, leaving no room for doubt.

Queenie smiled at his words, a soft blush creeping onto her cheeks. His manly resolve stirred something within her, making her heart race. "I will," she replied, her voice tinged with warmth.

"Klaus, you still haven't finished the tale of the Immortal and the Thief. You know, the one you started telling me back in Stone Valley," Queenie said suddenly, her tone curious.

Klaus chuckled at the memory, her unexpected request bringing a smile to his face. Of course, he remembered.

He'd been using the story to draw closer to her, to find a way into her guarded heart. He'd promised to continue it later, but the chance had slipped away when she had to leave.

"I'll tell you the rest later," Klaus replied. "For now, let's just enjoy this moment together. Besides, you have a lot to share with me, especially Earth's secret. You know, the good stuff," he added with a teasing grin.

"I know I promised, and I will tell you everything," Queenie said, her eyes meeting his. "But as you said, let's spend some time together first."

"Okay," Queenie said softly.

Klaus noticed her hands becoming a little more assertive, though they still avoided venturing anywhere near his "little brother."

"By the way," Klaus said, his tone shifting, "do you think, with humanity's help, the moon people can one day return to their world?"

"I don't know," Queenie replied thoughtfully. "Mom said the Lunar Beasts are far stronger than me—many times over. Right now, the only thing keeping them safe is the safe zone they're in. She didn't explain much about it, but I think it has something to do with laws."

"Laws?" Klaus raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

"Yes, laws," Queenie said. "Once you become a Sovereign, you start to sense the laws of the universe. This ability helps you form what the system calls the 'Law of Self.' It's about understanding yourself and the laws around you."

"Do you have a law?" Klaus asked, his curiosity getting the better of him. It was a bit of a silly question, but Queenie, smitten as she was, didn't laugh. Instead, she flashes him with a soft smile.

"I do have my own law, but I won't tell you," Queenie said with a playful laugh, the sound so enchanting it made Klaus's heart skip a beat.

"I see. I never knew the woman I was chasing could be this wicked," Klaus replied, feigning hurt though a knowing smirk tugged at his lips.

Deep down, he was certain she'd reveal it to him in time. For now, he wouldn't push her.

"Then, can you tell me more about this 'Law of Self'?" Klaus asked, his curiosity shining through.

For some reason, Queenie smiled, relieved that he wasn't prying into the mystery of her Law of Self. Deep down, she feared his reaction—whether he might hate or fear her—if he ever learned the truth.

Right now, she was the most terrifying existence on Earth. Her nature was something that can be described as the face of death. When in battle, she is feared by both allies and foes.

Whenever she unleashes her aura, it shatters the resolve of anyone in its presence. Dangerous didn't even begin to describe her.

Sometimes, even she felt the weight of her own aura pressing down on her, overwhelming her spirit. It was why she kept it restrained, choosing for now to hold herself back.

But her aura wasn't the only thing about her that was terrifying. Her sword intent was a nightmare, a force that could crush even the bravest of warriors.

Yet Queenie herself remained unaware of the truth—that she was the reincarnation of the most powerful, brutal, and wicked sword expert the universe had ever known.

And then there was her Law of Self. That secret was a burden too heavy to share, especially with him.

Call it a woman's way of protecting what she holds dear, but Queenie couldn't bring herself to reveal something so dark and dangerous about who she truly was.

If she ever told him, she would do it slowly, piece by piece, ensuring Klaus didn't break under the weight of the revelation.

But even that might not change the inevitable truth—she was a being forged for slaughter, a menace born to kill.

She might not fully realize it yet, but soon, she would start to walk the path destined for her. A path that would earn her the title:

The Asura Blood Queen.

Chapter 468 - 468: Nari's Intervention

Queenie's fingers gently brushed through Klaus's hair as she gazed at his sleeping face, now resting peacefully on her lap.

She finally gave in to the allure of his striking features, the handsomeness that made it hard to look away. Klaus, as always, had fallen asleep effortlessly.

It all began when he started forming his cores. Ever since, it was as if a spell had been cast over him, lulling him into slumber whenever he was comfortable.

And comfort, for Klaus, often came in the form of his head resting on a lady's lap. He didn't even need a minute before succumbing to sleep.

Unlike many who rested with one eye open, Klaus surrendered entirely. When he drifted asleep, it was almost unsettling to witness.

Considering how vulnerable it made him, one might find it troubling, but Klaus remained unbothered. He trusted that the senior would wake him when in danger.

Though that might incur some karmic debt, it was hardly a concern for him.

Still, something about this would make one find it troubling. But for Queenie, who had always felt shy and guarded around Klaus, this moment felt like an opportunity—an excuse to take him in truly.

Her fingers gently moved a stray strand of hair from his face, her gaze lingering on his features. His closed eyes, sharp jawline, and serene expression captivated her.

"Handsome..." she whispered, her cheeks flushing a soft pink.

A faint sigh escaped her lips...

"Who are you, Klaus? Why can't I stay focused when you're near me—or even when I think of you?" Her voice was low, almost trembling, as her hand continued its gentle path through his hair.

This moment, she realized, might be her only chance to get this close to the white-haired bastard resting so peacefully on her lap without looking all flustered.

"You came into my life and gave me more than I could ever ask for, yet whenever I look at you, my heart aches. I hate this feeling—I hate this sense of uneasiness like I'm going to lose you at any moment, like I can't protect you when you need me like. Like I can't be there for you in the ways you deserve.

I hate this feeling."

Her soft blue eyes began to well up as she stared at the sleeping beauty. If Klaus knew he had caused such a breathtaking woman to cry, he would never forgive himself.

Nari, who was far away, listened in on Queenie's words. But after hearing just a few, she couldn't bear it anymore. She chose instead to stop listening and watch.

Her hands clutched her pounding heart as she watched her dear sister tear up. She didn't know what Queenie was going through but somehow hated seeing her so vulnerable. But she doesn't understand the emotion, for she cannot.

Yes, she had wanted her to experience these feelings, but she had never expected it to be so devastating.

Queenie sobbed softly for a few minutes before a faint smile curved her lips. Leaning down, she let her lips brush against Klaus's.

She held the kiss for just a few seconds before pulling away, her cheeks flushing a deep red, streaked with the marks of her tears. Naturally, this resulted from stealing a kiss from someone while they were asleep.

She was painfully shy, so this was the only way she could muster the courage. Even then, the act left her utterly flustered.

But like a cruel twist of fate, her moment of tenderness was short-lived.

"What a weirdo. You waited until he was asleep to kiss him."

Nari appeared out of nowhere, hovering smugly behind Queenie, who immediately wished for two things.

First, for Nari to drop dead in the most excruciating way possible.

Second, for Nari to get hit by a train.

Why did she have to appear now, of all times, to fan the flames of her embarrassment? This was just too humiliating.

"Nari, what are you doing here?" Queenie whispered, using her cultivation base to carry the words without disturbing the sleeping figure. She was careful—too careful—not to wake Klaus.

"What does it look like I'm doing? I'm here to make sure you don't chicken out tonight," Nari said, landing gracefully on the ground.

"What do you mean?" Queenie asked, narrowing her eyes. She already suspected Nari was up to no good, but she truly had no idea what nonsense was brewing in her sister's mind.

"What I mean is, this is your chance to get some. Klaus is right here, asleep in your arms. Don't let this opportunity slip by."

"I'm not going to take advantage of him, you idiot! Do you think I'm that desperate?" Queenie shot back, glaring daggers at Nari.

"LOL, relax!" Nari chuckled, waving her hand dismissively. "I'm not telling you to get into his pants. Calm down, big sister."

Queenie's glare intensified. "Whatever you're thinking, I won't do it."

"Tsk," Nari smirked. "All I'm saying is, why don't you cuddle with him instead of sending him away? I can see it in your eyes, big sister—you like him, and Klaus likes you too."

"So what's stopping you? You're the leader of the Overlords, yes, but you're also human. You have feelings, don't you? Don't let this moment pass without making any progress."

"Klaus might be holding back because he sees you as an Overlord first and foremost. So why not take the lead for once?"

Nari began to rise into the air, her mischievous grin never wavering. She knew Queenie better than anyone else. They had been through too much together for her not understanding her big sister's guarded heart.

In Nari's eyes, Klaus was the key to unlocking a side of Queenie that had been buried under years of bloodshed and duty.

Aside from Klaus, no one else was bold—or foolish—enough to match Queenie's strength or personality.

Nari had appraised countless men, spying on them and analyzing their potential. Not one had come close to fitting the profile.

But Klaus? He was different.

And for that reason, Nari was determined to push her sister toward this chance. Queenie deserved to be more than a sword-wielding berserker warrior; she deserved to be a woman who could feel and love—not just someone who slaughters.

"Just make sure you wear your one-piece sleepwear. We don't want Klaus waking up to a body covered in clothes."

Nari vanished from Queenie's sight, leaving behind a mischievous chuckle. If she stayed any longer, who knew what might happen to her?

Queenie sighed, her gaze dropping to her lap. Her mind raced through countless thoughts, but her heart spoke louder in the end.

"What the hell? If Big Sister were here, she'd be all over him. I might as well take advantage of this moment to make some progress."

Her cheeks flushed as she said that. After a few deep breaths, she and Klaus disappeared, reappearing in her room. She gently laid Klaus on a rather small bed.

Her face burned as she removed her clothes, slipping into sleepwear that barely covered her chest and nether region.

Her slender legs and shapely figure were on full display.

"I can't believe I'm following that madwoman's advice," she muttered, exhaling sharply before slipping into bed beside Klaus.

Moments later, Klaus's hand shifted, wrapping around her waist. A small smile appeared on his lips.

Chapter 469 - 469: First Shared Dream

"Have you heard? Blood Sword is coming to challenge Domain Sword after defeating The Steel Bastion in just three moves," a young man said, seated at a table with his friends inside a bustling inn.

The entire room's attention shifted to their table as soon as the words left his mouth.

"I guess it was only a matter of time before he reached this side of the world. I heard he's the son of a powerful king," someone else chimed in.

"Yeah, a prince who chooses to roam the world challenging swordsmen? That's insane," another remarked.

"I even heard his father, the king, wanted to crown him, but he refused. Instead, he chose the way of the sword," added a lean man who appeared to be a swordsman himself.

"It's admirable, sure, but this obsession with challenging every swordsman he encounters? It just doesn't sit well with me."

"Well, what can I say? He's a prodigy. In just four years, he's challenged 665 swordsmen and emerged victorious every single time. That's beyond admirable," the innkeeper joined the conversation.

"Maybe he's trying to set some kind of record," one patron suggested.

"Personally, I think he's looking for someone. No sane person would be this obsessed with challenging swordsmen," the innkeeper added, her words drawing everyone's attention.

"You don't think..." one of them started.

"Yes, I think he's seeking her out," the innkeeper said. "The only one who swept across this world like that was the Blood Princess of the Asura race. If he continues at this rate, he'll break her record—and do it even faster."

"That makes sense. The Blood Princess took ten years to defeat a thousand swordsmen, and Blood Sword is only four years in but has already defeated over six hundred."

"I need to witness this fight. I heard it's happening in the Abandoned Arena tomorrow afternoon. I'll head there using the teleportation gate."

Everyone nodded, making their plans to witness the legendary battle between the infamous Blood Sword—known by many as the Mad Swordsman—and Domain Sword, a legendary soldier said to have led his men through countless battles.

After everyone finished up their day, they all started making their way to this Arena. The crowd, numbering in thousands, used different teleportation gates to reach the Abandoned Arena.

Meanwhile, inside a private room at the inn, a young woman with fiery red hair, piercing red eyes, and an endearing and menacing expression smiled.

"So, you've finally appeared. I guess I'll have to deal with you before you go astray," she said softly. A few seconds later, she vanished from the room.

The next day, a crowd of thousands gathered in the Abandoned Arena, eagerly awaiting the duel between Blood Sword and Domain Sword.

"I can't believe I'm about to witness a duel between two legends!" one person exclaimed.

"Who do you think will win?" another asked.

"They're both Sword Saints, but I think Domain Sword has the edge. I heard his sword qi and sword intent are both at the Profound stage, while Blood Sword's sword intent is only at the Enhanced stage, though his sword qi is Profound."

"He's bound to lose, then," someone chimed in.

"I think so too. But I don't believe it will be easy for Domain Sword."

"That's for sure. I happened to witness Blood Sword's duel with the Steel Bastion. He only unleashed three techniques, and it was still enough."

The crowd buzzed with speculation, their anticipation growing as they waited for the swordsmen to appear. Blood Sword finally arrived two hours later when the sun reached its zenith at noon.

For all his reputation as a madman who roamed the land challenging anyone in his path, one couldn't ignore another fact: the man was a feast for the eyes.

The bastard was handsome.

His red hair shimmered like silver in the sunlight. He had a perfectly chiseled bone structure, a neat jawline that could cut glass, and lips that demanded attention.

The ladies all around inside the Arena held their breath.

It was true that he was mad, but the air around him radiated something unexpected—like a wealthy, privileged prince who chose to walk among the commoners instead of living the life of an arrogant royal.

This contradiction made him approachable, friendly, and strangely relatable in a way that only added to his allure.

As soon as he appeared, he began waving at his fans.

"Thank you all for gathering here. As you know, ever since I picked up the sword, I have sought a peer to defeat me. But so far, none have been able to, though I must admit, they are all great swordsmen.

Today, I will be challenging the renowned Domain Sword, the one said to possess the legendary Nine Astra Domain Sword technique.

I want you all to witness this legendary fight. I will accept the outcome like a gentleman, whether I win or lose.

That said, to my ladies, after the duel—if I win, we shall celebrate, but if I lose, I suppose I will not be worthy to celebrate with you fine women of the Narhian Kingdom."

The ladies around him blushed upon hearing this. Their comments and cheers continued as they waited for Domain Sword. Blood Sword was seated in a lotus posture, his sword lying before him.

Two hours later, Domain Sword had yet to appear. Many began to grow restless. However, just as the clock struck two, a graceful figure wearing a mask entered the arena.

Blood Sword smiled and opened his eyes, but the smile quickly vanished when his gaze fell on the figure.

"You are not Domain Sword," he said.

"Indeed, I am not him," a female voice replied. "Domain Sword was kind enough to give me his sword."

"Who are you?" Blood Sword asked.

"I go by many names: The Wild One, The Untamed Sword Tigress, The Redhead Menace... However, those are mere titles. My true name is The Blood Princess, and I have come to challenge you to a duel, Blood Sword."

The entire arena fell silent at the mention of her name. Excitement was caught in everyone's throats as they waited for Blood Sword's response.

It didn't take long before he spoke.

"I accept your challenge, Blood Princess. Make sure you do your best, for I will do mine."

The arena erupted. No one had expected this turn of events, but they embraced it. The infamous Blood Princess, rumored to be the strongest young prodigy of the Asura race, had finally appeared—and she had challenged Blood Sword.

This was set to be a legendary battle. Or so they thought.

A man descended into the arena and read the rules to them. A few minutes later, the two were positioned 30 meters apart.

"You have challenged me 66 times, Blood Sword, and I rejected them all. Do you know why?" the lady asked.

"I don't, Fairy Blood Princess. Why don't you enlighten me?"

"Oh, I'll tell you, but only if you manage to defend against my attack. Don't worry, I'll hold back so you don't accidentally die."

"Bring it on." Blood Sword's eyes narrowed. He, too, has a battle stance, ready to fight. However, that stance only lasted for a few seconds before his eyes widened.

In the next instant, his body was locked in place, overwhelmed by an onslaught of helplessness, bloodlust, and despair.

"Asura Blood Menace Art." Blood Princess shouted as she brandished her sword, "First Form." He gracefully steps forward, "Infinity Blood Swords."

Blood Princess unleashed her attack, and instantly, countless blood swords filled the arena.

Blood Sword, who was locked in place, unleashed his sword intent and sword Aura, trying to break free from the bind. However, it was all for nothing. He couldn't even move.

However, he created a dome around him, which managed to tank some of the swords.

"Ha... Ha... Ha..."

Blood Sword panted, his body covered in cuts, as he collapsed to the ground. The arena felt silent. Nobody dares make a single sound. The display was just too overpowering. Deep in their hearts, everyone was terrified.

Nobody had expected Blood's sword to be able to defend against the hundreds of blood swords, each filled with potent blood qi.

They all expect him to die, luckily Blood Princess showed mercy and only allow Blood sword to defend against 30% of her attack the contain only 30% of her strength.

They were terrified. Yet, while the crowd was still in shock, Blood Princess walked toward Blood Sword, still on the ground.

She stopped before him, removed her mask, and revealed her breathtakingly beautiful face and eyes.

Her hand gently brushed a strand of hair from Blood Sword's face as she smiled. The smile faded almost immediately, and she muttered in a serious tone.

"Stop wasting your potential."

Queenie suddenly woke up, her forehead drenched in sweat. Klaus's hands were still resting around her slender waist.

She turned to face him. "Who are you, Klaus?" she muttered. She continued to look at him with a complicated expression as she recalled the dream she had just had.

Gently, she took his hand off her and left the room.

It was morning, and she went for a swim not far from the room. A few moments later, Klaus also woke up, a smile tugging at his lips.

'And so it began.'

Chapter 470 - 470: Inside The Pool

Klaus sat on the bed, surrounded by a hundred Tier 8 cores filled with elemental energies. He shattered them one by one, absorbing their power.

"So that bastard lied to me, huh? He was beaten black and blue," Klaus grinned, recalling what Number Three had told him.

The dream Queenie had shared with Klaus. They both experienced the same dream about the same event; however, one of them woke up confused while the other was smiling over something trivial.

"The next time we meet, I'll be sure to rub it in your face, you bastard." Klaus was genuinely happy. His past incarnations had been a menace to him lately.

Number Three, the Asura god from his past life, had lied to him about his first and only failure—when he was defeated by Queenie's past incarnation, the Asura Queen, or as most called her, the Blood Princess.

In truth, he was so weak that the Blood Princess only used 30% of her strength to defeat him. Had she wanted him dead, he would have certainly perished.

Klaus could only smile as he continued absorbing the cores.

A few minutes later, the last core was absorbed. Klaus stood up, stretching, and made his way toward the pool, where Queenie, still in her sleepwear, was calming her pounding heart inside the pool.

"Good morning," Klaus said as he appeared at the pool.

Queenie, unaware of his presence, immediately crossed her arms over her chest, shielding the two melons that were 70% visible due to how small and revealing her sleepwear was.

"Oh please, I'm going to see them one day, so you might as well get used to it. And don't worry, you're not fully naked," Klaus smiled, watching how childish she had become. It was as if she had been caught doing something she shouldn't have.

'Remove your hands, big sister. By the way, I'll give you two some privacy. See you later, sister,' Nari said, using her unique ability before leaving the mountaintop entirely.

A few seconds later, Queenie sighed and lowered her hands, even going further. "Do you want to join me?"

"It would be my pleasure," Klaus replied, removing his trousers and leaving only his pants before immediately jumping into the pool.

"How was your night?" Queenie asked as they swam side by side.

"It was fantastic. But sorry, I fell asleep early. I've been getting sleepy lately," Klaus said.

"No need to apologize. I actually enjoyed watching you sleep," Queenie blushed.

"Hmm...I see. I guess I'll do my best always to satisfy your fetish," Klaus said with a smile.

"What fetish? I just loved seeing you sleep. Considering you're always training, I never pegged you as someone who would sleep."

"I sleep a lot, dear. And now that you've developed a fetish for watching me sleep, I guess I'll sleep even more," Klaus said, his smile widening.

"You!" Queenie's cheeks turned red. She scooped up water and splashed it on Klaus's face.

Klaus smiled and responded with his own splash. Soon, the laughter of an Overlord and a Shameless Bastard filled the pool.

Nari, who couldn't entirely leave the place, smiled as a tear fell from her eye. This time, she decided to leave and would return later.

She couldn't bring herself to leave her sister alone with the mischievous brat who knows no shame. But alas, she had to give them some privacy. Not that she couldn't see if she wanted to, even from miles away.

"I like your sleepwear," Klaus said, making Queenie blush. The clothing clung to her body in a rather revealing way, and now that she was in the pool, it became even more so.

"I... I am trying something new," Queenie managed to say.

"Well, I love it. You should keep trying more of these," Klaus said, smiling.

"Really?" Queenie looked genuinely happy to hear that.

While Nari had made her wear such clothing, the question remained: where did she get them from? Since they were her clothes, it only meant she wanted to wear them.

The reason, however, stemmed from her twin sister, Ohema. Back on the moon after the tribulation, while Klaus was unconscious, the two sisters, who had finally become true sisters, spent a lot of time together.

One of those times, Ohema asked her about her relationship with Klaus. Her answer back then had been, "It's complicated."

Of course, Ohema took it the way she wanted and decided to lecture her on how to seduce Klaus.

In one of their lessons, she suggested using such revealing clothing to attract him. And so, Queenie took her advice. Now, hearing Klaus liked it, she was beyond happy.

'Thank you, big sis,' she said inwardly.

If only she knew, revealing or not, Klaus had already set his sights on her and wouldn't have allowed her to slip through his fingers.

Klaus moved closer to her and placed his hands on her shoulder. "I love them. And don't worry, I'll stay here for another night if you don't mind, so I can appraise the rest if you have any."

Queenie blushed, knowing she had a bag full of them. In fact, she wasn't sure which ones to buy, so she had bought a whole lot.

"I don't mind if you stay another night, but you must go back down to the academy. Your friends must be worried."

"Okay, I will. But for now, let's spend some time together," Klaus said, moving his face close to hers. Queenie didn't resist but also didn't make any advances toward him.

In the end, their lips met, and the kiss began. It started slowly, but it grew a little more intense as time went by. Of course, it was just a kiss and nothing more.

But the kiss alone was enough to leave both of them panting for breath after 10 minutes of intense tongue battling.

"That was awesome," Klaus said, looking Queenie in the eye. Of course, she was blushing like a tomato.

"I hope you're not going to run away, right?" Klaus asked in a teasing tone. Their first kiss had been rather awkward.

Queenie was the one that kiss him, then run away. The second kiss came when Klaus helped her with her tribulation back on the moon.

The third was right after they left the moon. That kiss had been haunting her ever since. But now, with Klaus in her arms, she didn't want it to end.

And so, the Leader of the Overlords decided to give her heart to Klaus, who, in one way or another, was about to experience a world of pain from a certain redhead.

But for now, they continued to kiss, neither ready to take things to the next stage. In fact, Klaus didn't want to make any advances today. This time, he wanted to wait and let the ladies make their move.

An hour later, the two were in each other's arms, lounging in cabana chairs, still kissing. Klaus didn't mind, as he had already experienced this before.

Ohema was the same, so he wasn't surprised when Queenie also went in for the kiss. Three hours later, they were done and freshened up.

Queenie wanted to show Klaus around her home. Of course, Klaus and the senior were also looking for the item the senior had mentioned, which would help with his illusion class.