

Paragon 75

Chapter 75 - 75: Let the Ball Begin

Jealousy started bubbling up among some of the other young warriors as they watched Klaus get all the attention.

"He's acting all high and mighty because of his recent victories," one boy said, sneering. "Let's see how long that lasts."

"He's not even a Master yet," another added, his tone bitter. "He won't be so lucky forever."

"Just because of some small victory, he started using his fame to deceive the ladies. Tsk, what a showoff"

Despite the negative comments, others couldn't help but admire Klaus. "Look at him," a girl whispered to her friend. "He's calm, composed, and... well, incredibly good-looking. How I wish I could take a picture with him"

"Yeah, but it's not just his looks," her friend replied, eyes fixed on him. "He's powerful. He's already made it onto three different charts. That's something not many can say."

As Klaus and his group walked further into the ballroom, more people whispered and pointed. Some looked at him with respect, others with jealousy. The reactions were mixed—praise, awe, envy, and even some outright disdain.

"He's surrounded by girls," someone remarked, rolling their eyes. "I bet that's the only reason people talk about him."

"Say what you want," another person chimed in, "but he's earned his place. You don't make it onto those charts by being weak."

"Whatever," the first person retorted, crossing his arms. "I'd like to see him in a real fight. Let's see how tough he really is."

As Klaus reached the center of the ballroom, the attention on him was undeniable. Some greeted him politely, extending their hands in respect. Others gave him cold glances, their jealousy barely hidden behind forced smiles.

Klaus remained unfazed. He greeted those who approached him with a nod and a firm handshake, not allowing the whispers or the looks to affect him. He knew how to handle the pressure that came with fame, and he wasn't going to let anyone's jealousy or envy get to him.

"Let them talk," Lucy said quietly to him as they walked. "You've earned your place here."

"Exactly," Anna added with a smile. "They can't take away what you've achieved."

Klaus smiled back at them, grateful for their support. He had come a long way, and he wasn't going to let anyone's negativity hold him back.

Unbeknownst to everyone, Klaus had already made plans to further cement his status once he passed the City Selection and broke through to the Master stage. His achievements so far were impressive, but he aimed to solidify his reputation even more.

As Klaus and his friends settled around a large table, a young lady approached them. She had features similar to Lily's, but her demeanor was quite different. Also, Klaus being a man of culture notices her features are more developed than Lily's.

"Klaus, this is my sister Emily," Lily said, introducing the young woman.

Before Klaus could respond, Emily spoke up, her voice breaking the calm atmosphere. "The infamous Klaus himself, in the flesh!" She grinned widely, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Emily's playful tone and energetic presence contrasted sharply with Lily's more reserved and graceful demeanor. Where Lily was calm and composed, Emily seemed full of life and fun. Her arrival immediately drew attention from those nearby.

Klaus looked up, intrigued by the contrast between the sisters. Emily's lively personality was a breath of fresh air.

"Nice to meet you, Emily," Klaus said, smiling. "I've heard a lot about you," Klaus said casting a glance at Lily who said nothing about having such a lovely sister.

Emily's grin widened. "I hope it's all good things! I've been hearing quite a bit about you too." She looked around at Klaus's friends, her curiosity piqued. "So, these are your friends? They seem quite the interesting bunch."

Klaus's friends nodded and greeted Emily warmly. Mark gave a friendly wave, while Kay flashed a casual grin. Danny and Daniel exchanged polite nods, and Nia, and Asha smiled back.

Emily's eyes sparkled with interest as she took in the group. "It's always exciting to meet new people, especially those who are making waves like you are, Klaus. I've heard you've achieved quite a lot already."

Klaus chuckled. "I'm just trying to do my best. There's always more to achieve."

Emily's mischievous smile didn't fade. "Well, I'm sure you'll do even more today. But for now, enjoy the party! There's plenty of fun to be had."

Emily had just excused herself to greet some other guests when Lucy turned to Klaus and said, "She's a Senior at Celestial Mountain Academy."

Klaus raised an eyebrow, surprised. "You mean to say she's met the requirements and even climbed the Stairway to Heaven?"

"Yes," Lily confirmed with a nod. "She joined the Academy two years ago."

"That's impressive," Klaus remarked, his interest piqued. Finding out that Lucy, Asha, and Nia were all at the Celestial Mountain Academy only fueled his desire to join them. He hadn't had many friends growing

up, but now that he had begun forming bonds, the thought of rising alongside them filled him with determination.

He had promised Ohema he would get into the Academy, and that promise burned bright in his mind.

Just as Klaus was about to ask Lily another question, a voice interrupted from behind him.

"You're Klaus," the voice said with a hint of arrogance.

Klaus turned around and saw a young man with short, deep blue hair approaching him. His sharp gaze suggested he wasn't just another admirer. There was something intense about him, almost challenging.

"Yes, I am," Klaus replied calmly, studying the young man. "And you are?"

The blue-haired youngster stopped just a few feet away from Klaus. He looked him up and down with a smirk before speaking. "I'm Orion. I heard you killed a Tier 5 Terror with a single swing."

Klaus met his gaze, his expression calm. "I did," he replied.

Klaus immediately sensed trouble. He knew Orion wasn't just making small talk. The fact that he was bringing up something that had been all over the internet for weeks made it clear that Orion was testing him—probably looking for a fight.

Klaus could read people well, and he could see right through Orion's intentions. It was obvious that this was a challenge. But Klaus wasn't the type to back down, nor was he the type to rush into conflict. He decided to play along for now, keeping his cool. After all, he knew this would happen sooner or later—people were bound to test him, to see if he was as strong as his reputation claimed.

"Is that so?" Orion said, narrowing his eyes. "Must've been a fluke, then."

Klaus gave a small shrug, his tone still even. "Believe what you want."

"Arrogance over something so small," Orion said with a smirk, trying to provoke Klaus further.

Klaus didn't flinch. His eyes sharpened as he met Orion's gaze. "Only my mother gets my respect," Klaus replied coolly. "No-names like you? Not worth it."

The crowd around them gasped at Klaus's bold response. A few chuckled, while others exchanged uneasy glances. The tension in the room grew thicker as Orion's smirk faded into something more dangerous.

"You'll regret that," Orion muttered, his voice low and threatening.

Klaus didn't even bother to respond this time. He turned his attention away from Orion, clearly showing he didn't consider him a real threat. That dismissal burned more than any words could have, and everyone in the room felt the energy shift.

Orion clenched his fists, but before he could say or do anything else, Lucy stepped forward, placing a calming hand on Klaus's arm. "Let's not waste time with unnecessary fights," she said softly, glancing between the two.

Orion glared at Klaus, his eyes filled with burning anger. "A little fame shouldn't make you think you can fly close to the sun," he said coldly. "Believe me, your wings might get burned."

With that, Orion turned and walked away, his aura radiating hostility. Klaus, unfazed, took a sip from his glass, his expression calm and composed. "Tsk, you can try it any day," Klaus said casually, his voice dripping with indifference. "I don't mind exchanging pointers."

'Your neck looks clean for cutting' He wanted to add that, but he held back.

The tension hung in the air as Orion's figure disappeared into the crowd. Whispers followed his exit. Everyone knew Orion wasn't just another Ascended; he was feared and respected. Rumors claimed that he had awakened a rare class, something akin to a Grim Reaper but with wind elements instead of darkness.

People said he could fight beyond his level, even defeating Master and Grandmaster stage experts while still being a mere Level 1 Ascended.

In the Eastern Region of the Northern Union, Orion was one of the most celebrated prodigies. He was known for his arrogance, his pride, and his overwhelming strength. For someone like Klaus—who had once been a nobody—to suddenly surpass him in achievements was a blow to that pride. Orion wasn't the only one who felt this way.

Many in the room were seething with anger, their egos bruised by Klaus's meteoric rise.

Everyone wanted a piece of him.

"Klaus, you probably shouldn't antagonize anyone," Danny said, his voice laced with concern as he leaned closer. "Trust me, these guys come from powerful backgrounds. They could make you disappear overnight if they wanted."

Klaus scoffed lightly, his expression was neutral but his eyes were sharp. "Tsk, a bunch of arrogant bastards think they can threaten me?" he said, his tone calm but carrying an unmistakable edge. "They must have death wishes."

Despite Klaus's seemingly indifferent attitude, the aura around him shifted. Those sitting nearby could feel a sudden, chilling tension in the air as if the temperature had dropped. A cold shiver ran down their spines, and even Danny couldn't help but feel uneasy, though he knew Klaus was trying to reassure him.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Welcome to the 14th edition of the Felin Youth Ball" Suddenly, a young man appeared taking the spotlight.