

Paragon 77

Chapter 77 - 77: The Arrogant Young Master Klaus

"Courting death" Omari shouted, his murderous gaze intensifying.

"Really? I don't feel like it," Klaus replied, his grin widening as he locked eyes with Omari. "Care to demonstrate?" His tone was playful, almost mocking, and it only seemed to infuriate Omari more.

Omari's fists clenched at his sides, and his aura flared with a burst of water energy, swirling around him like an impending storm. The air grew tense as everyone in the ballroom turned to watch, sensing the impending clash between two powerful young warriors.

Klaus stood there calmly, his golden eyes gleaming with amusement as if daring Omari to make the first move. His relaxed posture contrasted sharply with Omari's growing rage, further irritating his opponent.

"You think this is a game, Klaus?" Omari snarled, taking a step forward, his aura intensifying.

Klaus shrugged casually. "Not a game. Just curious to see if you're all bark and no bite." He tilted his head slightly, the smirk never leaving his lips. "But if you're serious about demonstrating... I'm right here. Take your best shot."

Omari's anger boiled over at the taunt. The water around him surged, swirling into a visible aura of blue energy. He clenched his fists, ready to unleash his power.

"Don't test me, Klaus," Omari warned through gritted teeth.

The tension in the ballroom was palpable as everyone watched the confrontation unfold. People stepped back, forming a wide circle around them, eager to see if the young Magnus would strike. Some of the guests whispered nervously, unsure of how this would end.

Anna stepped forward, her hand lightly touching Klaus's arm. "Klaus, this isn't the time or place..." she said softly, her voice pleading.

Klaus glanced at her briefly before returning his gaze to Omari. "It's alright, Anna," he said calmly. "If he wants to prove something, let him try." His voice was still laced with confidence, completely unfazed by Omari's growing power.

Omari glared at him, his frustration evident. But even with his power crackling in the air, he hesitated, unsure whether he really wanted to start a fight with Klaus right here in the heart of the gathering.

"Just a small bit of fame, and you think you're on the same level as us?" Omari was almost ready to strike, but a sneer from another part of the ballroom froze him in place.

Everyone's attention shifted toward the voice, and a murmur rippled through the crowd. "It's Miguel the Demon Hunter," someone whispered, clearly shaken just by the sight of him. Miguel stood tall, his robust frame intimidating, with veins bulging on his forearms like thick cords.

His reputation preceded him—he was known for only hunting down mutant zombies called Green Horn Demon Zombies from the moment he awakened.

Rumor had it that he had slain a Tier 3 Zombie General when he was just a Level 1 Awakened. There were even whispers that he drank the blood of his victims, though most dismissed that as an exaggeration.

But regardless of the rumors, Miguel's presence demanded respect. His mere entrance shifted the atmosphere in the room as if a dark cloud had settled over the gathering. His cold eyes landed on Klaus, and for a moment, the tension thickened even further.

Klaus, however, was unfazed. He tilted his head slightly and smirked, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Same level as you? Please, who'd want to be on the same level as you? I mean, look at you and then look at me." His words hung in the air like a taunt, shocking everyone.

The room fell silent. Everyone held their breath, knowing Miguel's temper was as brutal as his reputation. Miguel's aura exploded with a burst of malevolent energy, a wave of pressure sweeping across the room, causing some to gasp and step back in fear. The air grew dense with his killing intent.

But Klaus remained steady, his grin never wavering. "What? Did I say something wrong?" he added, his voice mocking and carefree.

Miguel clenched his fist, veins bulging on his forehead as he glared at Klaus with bloodshot eyes, almost as if they were dripping red.

"Tsk, how disappointing. All bark, no bite," Klaus muttered, turning his attention away from Miguel as if he wasn't worth his time. This dismissive gesture only fueled Miguel's anger further, but the final push needed to make him lash out never came.

"Tsk, a country bumpkin who got lucky and gained some fame thinks he can show off," another person sneered from the sidelines, clearly trying to provoke Klaus.

But no matter what they said, Klaus remained calm, showing no sign of anger. He simply ignored their taunts, his relaxed demeanor only adding to their frustration. It was as if their words couldn't reach him, and that indifference irritated them even more.

Klaus's expression shifted subtly, his eyes narrowing with disdain as he stared at the group. Ohema had warned him about situations like this—jealousy, sneers, and provocations. He knew better than to let it get to him, at least when the insults were only directed at him.

But then someone crossed the line. They mentioned his mother.

That was a mistake. A mistake they would never forget.

"You think being arrogant will be enough to protect you and that slut mother. of yours"

Klaus's calm exterior cracked for just a moment, and a dangerous gleam flashed in his golden eyes. The air around him seemed to grow heavier. He turned his gaze toward the person who had commented, locking eyes with them, his face now devoid of the usual humor.

"You should choose your words wisely," Klaus said quietly, his voice low but filled with an edge of danger. The room, already tense, became even more silent. Everyone watched closely, sensing something had changed.

The person who had spoken looked startled for a moment, but they tried to mask their fear with a sneer. "What? Can't handle a little—"

Before they could finish, Klaus took a single step forward, and the tension in the air snapped like a wire. The sneer on the person's face faltered as he realized he had made a serious error.

Klaus wasn't laughing anymore. The atmosphere grew cold and heavy as his golden eyes locked onto the person who had insulted his mother. The young man's words faltered as fear gripped him, his bravado quickly fading.

"Klaus, you there—" the young man tried to shout, but he never got the chance to finish.

In a flash, Klaus moved. Before anyone could react, he was standing in front of the man, an ice shard pressed firmly against his throat. The sharp, cold edge glistened a silent warning that froze everyone in place.

Gasps filled the room as everyone instinctively stepped back, distancing themselves from the dangerous situation. The bold sneers and arrogant comments disappeared instantly, replaced by wide eyes and a suffocating tension.

The young man stood frozen, his breath shallow, clearly terrified. Klaus's eyes, now icy and unforgiving, locked onto him with a deadly focus. The silence that followed was almost unbearable.

"Say one more word," Klaus whispered, his voice cold and sharp as the ice at the young man's throat. "And I'll make sure it's your last."

Everyone stood still, eyes wide, stunned by the sudden shift in the air. The atmosphere had changed completely. Klaus, who had been calm just moments ago, now radiated a deadly aura, like a reaper ready to strike. His opponent, the young man who had foolishly provoked him, was frozen in place, too terrified to even blink, fearing that any movement might lead to his immediate death.

"Klaus, calm down," Emily's voice suddenly cut through the tension, snapping everyone out of their trance.

All eyes turned toward her, some sighed in relief. She was trying to diffuse the situation before it spiraled further out of control.

"She's right," another voice chimed in. It was Diana, a young lady dressed in an elegant white gown. Her calm, soothing presence seemed to soften the room. "We're all here as friends. Instead of fighting, we should be using this time to interact and share ideas."

Klaus didn't say anything at first, his golden eyes still fixed on the young man, who was now visibly trembling. The tension in the room was thick.

"Klaus, please," Lily added, stepping forward. "Listen to Sister Emily and Sister Diana. We're supposed to be allies, not enemies."

After a moment, Klaus finally relaxed, his deadly aura fading away as he took a step back. The young man visibly sagged with relief, though his face remained pale from the near-death experience.

"Fine," Klaus said, at last, his tone still icy but less menacing than before. "But this is your last warning. You can mess with me, insult me, say whatever you want. But never—" his voice dropped dangerously low, "—in this life or the next, should you threaten my mother. Trust me, I might be a country bumpkin, but when I strike, not even the death god himself will be able to save you."

His words sent a chill through the room, and no one dared make a sound. Even those who had been whispering sneers earlier now kept their heads down, unwilling to meet Klaus's gaze.

Emily placed a gentle hand on Klaus's arm, trying to ease the tension further. "Let's not spoil the evening. We're all strong in our own ways. Let's focus on that instead."

Klaus took a deep breath, letting the tension in his body dissolve. He gave Emily a small nod, appreciating her effort to de-escalate the situation.

The young man who had been on the receiving end of Klaus's wrath took a step back, clearly shaken. He glanced at Klaus, his eyes filled with fear and regret, and then quickly melted into the crowd, hoping to disappear from sight.

As Klaus rejoined his friends, the atmosphere slowly returned to normal, though an uneasy silence still lingered in the air. The young warriors had witnessed a glimpse of Klaus's true nature, and no one would dare challenge him so lightly again, well for a moment I guess.

"Klaus, I challenge you to a Verbal duel"