

Paragon 81

Chapter 81 - 81: War Goddess

A graceful woman with striking features entered the ballroom, instantly drawing everyone's attention. Their eyes widened, and jaws dropped as people gazed at her in awe. She appeared to be in her late twenties, carrying herself with an aura that demanded respect.

As she approached, Anna, Lily, Keen Felin, and everyone else bowed slightly. "Greetings, War Goddess," they said in unison.

'War Goddess?' Klaus thought, feeling confused. He had never heard of anyone by that title before. This was the first time he had ever encountered such a name.

But even though Klaus didn't know who she was, the reverence in the room was undeniable. Out of caution, he decided to follow suit.

But just as he was about to bow, the woman suddenly appeared beside him, gently placing a hand on his shoulder. Klaus froze mid-bow, startled by the unexpected touch. Slowly, he turned his head to see the War Goddess smiling warmly at him.

"You, my friend, don't need to bow. You and I are the same—we are both built for war," the lady said, her words causing shock to ripple through the room.

The War Goddess, the most powerful being in the entire Eastern Region, had just called Klaus, an Ascended, her equal. It made no sense. War Gods and Goddesses were the pillars of each region, chosen by the Overlords themselves to protect their lands. Their power was unrivaled, their importance supreme.

In each region, there was either a War God or War Goddess. It is known that when the apocalypse struck, the selected few who fought alongside the Overlords were bestowed the title War Gods or Goddesses. These individuals were tasked with safeguarding the regions in the Overlords' absence. Their strength was said to be beyond comprehension.

For someone of such stature to call Klaus her equal left everyone stunned and speechless.

"Do you know why I said you and I are the same?" the War Goddess asked Klaus, her focus solely on him as if the entire ballroom had faded away. Her authority was absolute—no one dared to question her actions.

"I really don't know," Klaus replied, his voice calm.

The War Goddess turned to Klaus with an amused smile. "Come on, little brother," she teased, her tone light. "I heard everything you said about leadership and the essence of battle. You don't want me to form a different opinion of you, do you?" Her smile grew wider, clearly enjoying the moment.

All around the room, people were stunned into silence. Even Anna and the others standing beside Klaus couldn't believe their ears. Did the War Goddess really just call Klaus her "little brother"? Surely they must have misheard.

The aloof, proud Goddess—who never regarded anyone as her equal—had just addressed Klaus, a seemingly insignificant figure who had only recently begun to make a name for himself, as her brother.

"You wouldn't want to waste your big sister's visit, now would you?" she added playfully, causing even more jaws to drop. "After all, you're the reason I'm here."

The entire room held its breath, trying to comprehend what they had just witnessed.

Klaus raised an eyebrow, a grin spreading across his face. "Well, if you put it that way, this little brother won't hold back." His mood shifted instantly, an undeniable connection sparking between them. He could feel it—the woman standing before him was like him. She wasn't someone who followed the rules; she was someone who broke them. Arrogant and powerful—that's what Klaus sensed from her.

And for some reason, it made his blood surge with excitement.

"I'm guessing you hate the title 'War Goddess,' don't you?" Klaus said, his eyes locking with hers. "It puts you in a box and forces you to play by their rules. But you and I both know—screw the rules." His grin mirrored hers, their energy syncing as if they were two parts of the same force.

"I knew I would like you," the War Goddess said with a smile making everyone watching stare in shock. The moody war goddess is smiling.

Everyone in the room was unsure how to react. What they were witnessing was far from anything they expected. Klaus, instead of being intimidated by the War Goddess, seemed to come alive in her presence. This was the same War Goddess known for her arrogance, the one who ruled over the Eastern Region of the Northern Union with an iron will.

Rumor had it that she is sworn sisters with the leader of the Overlords, giving her a strong reason to carry such an air of superiority. She rarely acknowledged anyone, treating them as insignificant. But now, this legendary figure was not only speaking with Klaus, she was laughing and resting her hand on his shoulder. It baffled everyone.

Who was Klaus, and how could he inspire such behavior from someone so untouchable?

Even Klaus didn't have all the answers. But deep down, he knew something about himself. Despite his humble beginnings and quiet demeanor just weeks ago, there had always been a fire burning within him—a quiet arrogance, one that was now beginning to surface. He had been biding his time, but now, with each passing moment, his confidence was growing.

Klaus was destined for more. He was meant to become a Paragon—an existence so powerful that even the heavens and the rules themselves would bow before him. Paragons were not born to obey; they were born to rule. They were beings meant to look down on the world with the same disdain that the War Goddess now displayed.

And Klaus, though still at the beginning of his journey, was finally starting to embrace that path.

Klaus flashed a smug smile, glancing around the room. "I am Klaus, after all—everyone likes me," he said, his tone dripping with confidence.

Lucy and his friends couldn't help but shake their heads. Who was he kidding? Plenty of people wanted him dead, and with every passing moment, their hunger to take him down only grew stronger.

The War Goddess, still smiling, asked, "I heard you'll be joining the selection exams for Celestial Mountain Academy."

Klaus nodded.

"Well," she continued, her smile widening, "now that you're my little brother, I expect nothing less than first place. Anything short of that, and I'll make sure you don't even get a chance to enter the regional selection."

The room fell into stunned silence. Did the War Goddess just set an impossible goal for Klaus? The selection exams for Celestial Mountain Academy were infamous. Every year, the world's most talented prodigies competed, each one fighting for the coveted top spot. The exams were grueling, with constantly shifting challenges designed to weed out even the best.

Many geniuses had failed to claim the top spot in the past, proving that talent alone wasn't enough.

For the War Goddess to place Klaus in such a position was nothing short of remarkable. Those who wanted to see Klaus fail were quietly rejoicing, already picturing his downfall.

But Klaus didn't flinch. He simply smiled back at her. "I don't mind living up to Big Sister's standards. But let's say I do take first place—would Big Sister offer me something special to mark my achievement?"

He knew exactly what she was doing and understood the stakes. But Klaus also knew how to play the game.

"Of course," the War Goddess replied with a smirk, "if you manage to take the first spot in the City Selection, I'll grant you anything you desire—so long as it doesn't cross my bottom line."

Klaus's grin grew wider and he quietly looked at her chest area. Those two mountains are clearly calling for his attention. "Well then, Big Sister, be prepared. This little brother of yours will make sure you keep that promise."

The War Goddess's eyes twinkled with amusement. "I look forward to seeing what you're capable of," she said, her tone both challenging and encouraging. "Prove me right, and you might just surprise everyone."

Klaus gave a confident nod. "I won't let you down."

As the War Goddess turned to leave, the room's tension began to ease, but the chatter quickly resumed. Everyone was abuzz with the dramatic turn of events. People whispered about the audacity of Klaus's challenge and the unexpected support from such a formidable figure.

Lucy and his friends gathered around Klaus, their expressions a mix of worry and admiration. "Are you really going to take on that challenge?" Lucy asked, her voice filled with concern.

Klaus chuckled quietly. "Of course. If Big Sister wants me to, the least I can do is make her happy," he murmured, making sure the War Goddess wouldn't hear as she moved away from the room. But He underestimated the keen hearing of a cultivator.

The War Goddess moving out heard everything but just smiled and went away.

"You're handling this quite well," Emily, who was now standing beside Klaus and his friends, commented.

"Well, Big Sister wouldn't give me a task she doesn't believe I can't handle," Klaus replied with a smile. Although he didn't know the War Goddess very well, he respected her greatly. Her confidence in him had made a positive impression.

"You're something else, Klaus. This just shows you're a real man," Keen Felin said, giving Klaus a friendly pat on the shoulder.

Around them, friends were smiling, while foes were frowning. Despite the mixed reactions, the moment was centered on Klaus. It was clear that, for today, he was the focus of attention.

Suddenly, the lights dimmed, and an ambient glow filled the room. Soft music began to play in the background, signaling that it was time to dance. Everyone started pairing up, looking for their dance partners.

Klaus, who hadn't expected this moment, was taken aback. It wasn't that he didn't know how to dance—his mother had taught him from the age of five, so he was quite skilled at moving to the music. The real issue was that he had come with two ladies, and the situation required him to choose just one to dance with.

The question now was, who would he choose? Lucy or Anna