

Paragon 881

Chapter 881 - 881: Assessment (3)

"Danny, bro, how was your battle?" Klaus asked, smiling at Danny. It was evident that Danny wanted to punch a hole in the ground and hide his embarrassed self from everyone.

His moment he wanted to have never came during the battle, so he wanted to just hide from everyone.

"I think someone plotted against me. I mean, this was my chance to shine, spread my wings, and show you all how amazing I was. But I found myself in a situation that wasn't a fair battle for someone like me.

So my battle went poorly, and I would like a chance to redeem myself. Perhaps you should spar with me."

Klaus burst out into resounding laughter.

The others were the same... they all could see the frustration on Danny's face, so they knew what he was saying was true. Danny never had the chance to spread his wings like he had wanted.

Of course, they were laughing, but they also knew Danny wasn't the only one who had it ugly; most of them fell into the unfair battle Danny was talking about.

But knowing Danny, they knew if he had performed well during the battle, by now, he wouldn't have stopped bragging about how amazing he was. So it was a misfortune for him, but a fortune for them.

Klaus stopped laughing and stared at Danny. "First of all, there is nothing like fairness in a life-and-death battle. Whatever you were expecting, forget about it. When it comes to killing, asking for fair odds is just plain stupidity.

You saw who I fought with... He was several stages above me, which means the odds I went against weren't fair. But in the end, it was the Savage King who had the short end of the stick.

I killed him despite going against such unfair odds. But ask yourself, what if, when I faced the Savage King, he overpowered me? Would I have asked for fair odds when we each wanted to kill each other?

The answer is no. When it comes to life and death, there is nothing like fairness. It is kill or be killed, so the next time you find yourself in an unfair battle that is life or death, don't think you were plotted against.

Instead, look for ways to kill your opponent and keep your life. Get creative... don't ask for fairness when you can use the most shameful and evil way to remain alive. Killing has no place in fairness.

It comes and goes in under a second, so don't think it will ever be fair. All the beasts and zombies you killed also found themselves in unfair situations, but they didn't scream. They tried to kill you... So learn to hone that mindset and always be the killer...else you will one day be the Killed."

Klaus scanned the faces of everyone and sighed.

They all felt like Danny. They wanted to have a fair battle, but the Oracle messed with their battles. However, hearing Klaus's words, they started to see the errors of their ways.

"No need to look down, everyone... Your battles were indeed manipulated by someone who could control battles... someone who is born to control battlefields to the point they can decide who you face or who faces you.

I tried to find out who, but I think someone beat me to it. However, that doesn't mean you should make excuses for performing poorly.

Unfair battles are fought by adapting to the changes happening around you. So instead of making excuses, train to counter all these shortcomings so that next time, you won't be put in an unfair spot..."

They nodded, and Klaus turned back to Danny. "During the battle, you were made to fight Archers... Naturally, that was unfair, so from now on, you will train 5 hours every day using Oracle. I have designed a perfect battleground for you.

You must learn to face archers and other long-range fighters. I expect an 80% success rate by the end of next month... this means you have 47 days."

"Kay, you also were forced to fight in close combat, rendering you locked down. This is why you will also enter Oracle and train on a battlefield I created for you... Just like Danny, you are also expected to train 5 hours a day and achieve an 80% success rate."

Kay nodded, and Klaus went ahead and pointed out everyone's shortcomings. They needed to improve on those shortcomings if they wanted to rise to the level they wanted to be in combat.

Against opponents within their job classes, they could easily handle them. But when it came to fighting those outside their classes, things tended to be much more tedious.

But with the training plan Klaus had set up for them, if they followed it well, they would improve in the areas where they were lacking.

Danny would have to bridge the gap that had existed between the Brutes and the Archers. Brutes fight in close combat, while archers prefer to maintain their distance.

So if Danny can find a way to counter the Brutes' weakness against Archers, his combat power will skyrocket...

The same was true for Kay.

If he could learn to fight in close combat, even with his bow and arrows, his combat power would skyrocket. It wouldn't be easy, but Klaus trusted his friends enough to know they would be able to pull it off.

He would help them because he knew they were the ones he would go through thick and thin with. If possible, Klaus wanted them to become much stronger than they were now.

He had the means, and he would ensure that, too. But until then, they first needed to fix their flaws, and that started by figuring out how best to handle their shortcomings from the battle that had just ended.

After Klaus finished with everyone, they dispersed. But he asked Miriam to stay...

"We will be going to meet the Zombie Queen tomorrow. This time, you will be joining us... Of course, before you ask, I don't know why she wanted you there, but be prepared for anything."

Miriam nodded and left. She had some questions, but since Klaus said he knew nothing, she left to go play with Nirvana and Fury.

Meanwhile, Klaus entered the Paragon Forge to create his first Perfect Warrior... his first Paragon Fiend.

Chapter 882 - 882: Skar, The Flame Reaper (1)

Klaus had been preparing for this moment for a while now.

The Paragon Forge, something that had never appeared in this universe before, was now within Klaus's reach, making him the first and perhaps the last ever to wield it.

The ability to create the perfect version of anything.

The ability to create any weapon you wanted, provided you had the mind to comprehend the runes that went into creating such a weapon.

But that wasn't all. Klaus could create anything, meaning he could create weapons, skills, techniques, and even humans. These weren't things that could be easily made.

All of them required great understanding.

Take weapons, for instance. Out there in the Universe, some blacksmiths had trained and honed their craft for years before they could create acceptable weapons.

Of course, not all blacksmiths deserved that name. But out there, any blacksmith who could create even a common-grade weapon was respected.

Some might say common-grade weapons are just wasted, but in Klaus's opinion, common-grade weapons weren't useless; it was the person who wielded them that was useless.

A common-grade weapon in the hands of a good warrior becomes a deadly weapon. And so, common-grade weapons were good, and those who made them were respected. They spent years learning, training, and relearning.

However, Klaus just had the means to create what he wanted by simply saying or thinking it. Once the essence of the item was captured, the Forge would create the runes of the item, and Klaus would have to comprehend them.

It would be like learning new skills. Those runes were the very last detail that went into creating the item, and Klaus would have to understand them. That was tedious, but Klaus had prepared for it.

Of course, he planned on creating his first Perfect Warrior, and while he didn't have that much material to use, he had a few things that would allow him to make someone worthy of being called a Paragon Fiend...

Klaus entered the forge and sat down on a comfortable mat. The moment he sat down, his mind connected to everything in the forge.

[Are you ready, brat?] the senior asked the moment Klaus sat down.

"I am a senior. It is about time I use all the means I have to bring out as much fight force as I can muster," Klaus sighed. "Your theory about the awakening might actually be true, so until the heavens determine we are strong enough, I want to have as much force at my disposal."

[You are on the right track, brat. But don't overwork yourself. You have dozens of brains, and mentally, your mind is robust, but mental exhaustion is something you can't avoid... so take it slow sometimes.]

"I will take that into advisement, Senior," Klaus smiled and then waved his hand.

Three things appeared.

A blood essence that was radiating an intense heat.

A white and orange orb that was also radiating an intense heat.

And a pile of metals, Klaus got from Nadia. For now, she wasn't looking to create any more puppets, considering she now had 27 Void-stage puppets that could grow with her.

Every time she broke through a realm, her puppets moved one stage. So she had no reason to create new ones. Until he had the mind to control all the puppets inside her Puppet shop, she would never need these metals.

Klaus looked at the three things and waved his hand again as piles of Space Crystals appeared on the ground beside them, and a few Star Dust Crystals also piled up.

"For now, I don't have a stronger body to use, so I will use the metals and the metallic limbs of the Demon Spider and a few materials from the other beasts to create my first Paragon Fiend.

Later, when I get new and powerful bodies, I will upgrade him."

[How many of them do you want to create?] the senior asked.

"I plan on going for quality over quantity, so just nine. I will call them the Nine Paragon Fiends, just like how I have the Nine Paragon Guards.

I learned a long time ago what it takes to rise through the ranks after reaching the Chaos stage, so I won't create many just because I have the means.

I will create a few and make them incredibly powerful... This way, just one of them will be enough to clear the battlefields."

[That is a good plan. If you don't have the means to improve them, they will become weak in no time, so take your time and create mighty warriors, once capable of following a paragon into battle.]

Klaus nodded and started to calm his nerves. He already had a vivid image of the kind of warrior he was about to create.

"So far, only Nyxthar can be described as a perfect warrior among the dozens of warriors currently under my banner. That is not good enough. I want them all to become terrors in battle.

With this new addition, they can train and see to their growth, because I need to train as well. I need to master all my skills to perfection. So far, I have the means to kill a Chaos stage warrior, even if they are at their peak.

It will be a gruelling battle, but I have the means to kill them. But what if an Ascension stage warrior appears? What if a Nether stage warrior appears? Or even what if there are multiple Chaos stage warriors...

With my current form, even if I am at the Ascendent stage, killing an Ascension stage warrior wouldn't be possible... So I need to become much stronger.

I need to awaken at least 8 Elements and not less than four soul bodies before the Awakening."

Klaus sighed and then went back to calming his nerves down...

After a while, he decided to start the process. Because his mind was connected to the Forge, the moment he made up his mind, the Forge came to life.

Klaus waved his hand, and all the materials he would be adding to his forge were sent into it. Along with the blood essence, His star monarch blood essence, Flame Core, Space Crystals, and other things, the 10,000 Soul spirits he had collected so far entered the forge too.

Klaus was ready to start.

"He shall be called Skar, The Flame Reaper..." Klaus began.

Chapter 883 - 883: Skar, The Flame Reaper (2)

"He shall be called Skar, The Flame Reaper.

Handsome and Charming like his master. Presence both soothing and dangerous...

Born from the blood of a Phoenix, forged through the flames of Nirvane, and refined using the Flame of Fury.

The Perfect Warrior.

The perfect Flame User.

The Perfect Scythe User.

His battles shall be bathed in flames, scorched in eternal damnation, and burn with the fury of hell.

His very presence will ignite the skies, and his footsteps will leave trails of ash in their wake.

With a heart forged in the fires of war, Skar will be relentless, his strength unparalleled, his resolve unwavering.

His body will be a perfect blend of flame and flesh, empowered by the immortal essence of the Phoenix, making him invulnerable to the ravages of time.

His bones, laced with the Phoenix's blood, will allow him to rise from even the gravest of wounds, as if death itself fears his return.

With the Nirvane flames coursing through him, he will command the power of the inferno, bending fire to his will, summoning torrents of flame with a mere thought.

He will wield the Scythe of Death, an ethereal weapon forged from 10,000 souls of several thousand Space Crystals and star dust crystals.

The blade will be sharp enough to sever the fabric of reality itself, cutting through both flesh and spirit with ease.

His aura will be a relentless storm of fire and fury, and where he walks, the land will be scorched, vegetation withering, and foes reduced to cinders.

In battle, Skar will dance with death, each swing of his scythe a graceful yet deadly arc, carving through his enemies with the precision of a master.

His flames will scorch both friend and foe alike, making the battlefield a hellish domain where only the strongest survive.

Skar will be the embodiment of destruction and rebirth, his battles an eternal cycle of blazing fury, death, and the promise of rebirth in the flames.

His very soul will be linked to the inferno, forever bound to the flame that gives him strength, and it will be through that flame that his true power will emerge.

This warrior, born from the fires of creation and destruction, shall be a terror on the battlefield, his very name enough to strike fear into the hearts of all who oppose him.

Behold, the First Paragon Fiend.

Skar, The Flame Reaper"

Klaus finished his words.

He had thought long and hard about what to say and how to say it, but when he started, it felt as if he knew exactly what to say. The words flowed freely from his mouth, and for a while, he was immersed in the moment.

When he had said all he needed to, he stopped. But he had managed to capture Skar's essence. He envisioned a warrior whose main strength was fire.

He envisioned a warrior who wouldn't fear death.

He envisioned a warrior who held dominion over battles—someone who could command death on the battlefield. He wanted that, and so he commanded it.

Now the Paragon Forge went to work. It was forging the true essence of the warrior Klaus desired. If he could comprehend the runes of what he wanted, the Forge would handle the creation.

Suddenly, Klaus felt his attention pulled into the core of the forge. He appeared inside a domain of flames, where millions of runes filled the space.

The moment Klaus appeared, the runes began moving into his mind. The first few thousand entered his mind within seconds.

However, as the seconds passed, the movement began to slow.

Klaus could read the runes because he possessed the "Universal Enigma" passive skill. He could read the runes, and they all had to do with the Flame Element.

For some reason, Klaus didn't know why, but he was gaining an understanding quickly. It felt surreal, almost like he didn't even have to think.

It was as if he knew exactly what came next. As the runes came and went, the speed began to increase. Eventually, Klaus found his mind moving faster than he could think. Within ten minutes, millions of runes had entered his mind.

In under an hour, the last rune entered his mind. Klaus opened his eyes on the outside, feeling his brain go numb for a second before his eyes widened.

"Looks like my understanding of the flame has expanded yet again... and this..." Klaus flicked his hand, and his nirvana flame appeared in his right hand.

Using his left hand, he picked up a small part of the flame and started pulling, stretching it like rubber. The flame became malleable... tangible, even.

"Ha... hahahaha..." Klaus burst into resounding laughter as he stretched the flame. "Without even knowing it, one part of my problems has been solved.

I have comprehended some aspect of the Flame Law."

[Congratulations, brat. Judging by how malleable it has become, you have comprehended about 15%. That is enough to boost your combat power.] The senior said in a happy tone.

"But how? I never understood the flame law until now. This is a complete shock to me."

[Don't be too shocked, brat. You have lived many lives. Who is to say one of those lives hadn't comprehended the flame law?]

Klay quieted down, hearing the senior's words. They made sense. And without much thought, Klaus suspected Kaden was involved, as he had been the one close to awakening all eight major elements.

Ice, Fire, Lightning, Water, Darkness, Wind, Light, and Earth.

He had managed to awaken Ice, Fire, Lightning, Wind, and Earth before Pickle Berry sacrificed her elemental body to save him. This meant he had to be responsible.

'But to think I have already comprehended an elemental law to some degree. Even before I reincarnated as Fruity, I had only reached 47% comprehension of the Ice Element. And I only made headway back then when I was at the Ascension stage. So this is just...'

"This is good. This is really good... With this strength, I can do a lot of damage on the battlefield." Klaus laughed.

Suddenly, the forge surged, and Klaus, who was connected to it, smiled. "It has begun... In five hours, I will meet my first Paragon fiend."

Klaus closed his eyes and started meditating.

Chapter 884 - 884: Skar, The Flame Reaper (3)

Since this was Klaus's first time using the Paragon Forge, he paid close attention to the process, watching as complex formations worked in sync to create what he desired.

He didn't know how, but somehow, everything was coming together, and all he could do was watch. A couple of hours passed, and Klaus remained focused on the process.

'A minute more...'

Klaus's heart was beating faster than it should, but he grounded himself, anticipating the outcome of his first creation.

'Maybe I should have created a few arrows and weapons before going for a full human being from the start.'

In the end, all he could do was wait. He had already started the process, so there was no stopping it.

As the seconds ticked down, his heartbeat quickened until, suddenly, a low hiss came from the forge at the center of the main structure. It opened slightly, revealing a large red egg lined with intricate golden runes.

The heat radiating from it was felt by Klaus, but he wasn't bothered by it. However, what bothered him was the feeling of something within the heat. It was foreign, yet familiar, and for a moment, he thought about it... Then it clicked.

"That is the Flame Law... and judging by the intensity, I'd say that's beyond 10% comprehension." Klaus's eyes widened as he processed the information.

"If that's the case, then I have a feeling he'll be coming out cooler than I expected." Of course, the wait had been too long, as the egg cracked, releasing an even more intense heat.

Suddenly, the crack widened, and slowly, the shells of the egg fell away, revealing perhaps the most smug person Klaus had ever met in this life.

At the center of the forge stood a handsome young man with red eyes, short red hair, and a bone structure to die for. He was undeniably handsome.

However, looking at his slender, athletic physique, covered in leather armor—one featuring a tight fit that was neither too tight nor too loose, just tight enough to highlight the thickness of his thighs, and a jacket lined with phoenix feathers—one had to admit the forge had a sense of style.

Inwardly, he wore a vest made of one of the most durable materials in the universe—Yuven—and strengthened using complex runes, ones Klaus instinctively knew were forbidden for obvious reasons.

Also, Skar had emerged as a Peak Void Stage Phoenix, thanks to the Bloodline Nari had given to Klaus. But aside from that...

Skar was handsome, but it wasn't just his looks or style that took Klaus aback. It was the fact that Skar had one hand in his pocket and was resting a sleek, yet deadly, scythe on his shoulder, smiling back at Klaus.

Moments like this, Klaus was supposed to say, "Cool."

However, he merely chuckled, knowing that in the good looks department, he beat Skar, but in the style section, Skar was ahead of him.

'I will suppress this motherfucker before he takes all the girls from me.' Klaus smiled and vanished, appearing before his creation.

Klaus walked around him like a stylist examining his model. After a while, Klaus smiled and stopped in front of Skar.

"Welcome to the land of the living, Skar. I know you already know my name, so no need to ask," Klaus smiled, and Skar did the same.

"You are handsome," Skar said.

"I know," Klaus replied, like the narcissist he was. Both he and Skar laughed. From the moment Skar came out, Klaus could see the easy-going personality oozing from Skar's body. That made him smile.

It was enough for him, as he knew that having such a personality would enable Skar to execute the tasks he would be given well.

Having a personality that would allow him to connect with people was the key thing Klaus was after. But he could also sense that primal fear all prey felt when Skar stepped onto the battlefield.

In a way, Skar was the perfect warrior he had been after. He had an on-and-off switch, one where he was a monster one moment and a loving human the next.

"How do you feel in your body?" Klaus asked.

"Perfect. I feel like a baby," Skar said with a smirk.

"So, you know I just created you," Klaus asked, and Skar nodded.

"I don't know anything about my life growing up, but in a way, it doesn't feel weird. I am connected to you, and so I feel like I have existed for thousands of years already."

Klaus nodded. "That is good to hear."

"Tell me about yourself," Klaus asked.

Skar nodded and began, "I have awakened the Supreme Star Phoenix bloodline, granting me the ability to channel the infernal energy of the stars.

I have perfect Harmony with the Flame element, and I already have a 25% understanding of the Flame Law. I also have a 2% comprehension of the Space Law... though weak, I can use it to move swiftly across the battlefield.

I also have an Innate Domain, though my understanding is only at the 'Novice' level."

"What is the name of your Innate Domain?" Klaus asked.

"Flame Reapers Dominion. I don't have much control over it in battle, but I have a skill that allows me to Overheat the 1 km around me. The skill is called 'Melt Me,' and like its name, it indeed melts the body down to the bones.

Using it casually is not an option, as it is dangerous. Of course, another aspect of my Innate Domain is the ability to spread all skills I use to a 12-mile radius. Meaning I can kill 12 miles away without moving.

As for the last aspect, within my Innate Domain, all flame users, if allies, will get a boost, while enemies will suffer immensely.

But I can keep it up for just 2 hours when being used actively. However, I can keep it active indefinitely if I merely want to use it to stay aware.

It is taxing to use, but I guess with more mastery, I can keep it active for a long time. On that side, I have 10 skills, and I have mastered all of them to perfection.

So I guess the only thing I need to do now is to master my Innate Domain and form my foundation technique, which I already have some ideas for. After the foundation technique, I will break through to the next stage.

All in all, I am ready for battle."

Klaus smiled... 'He is perfect... even more perfect than I had hoped.'

"Oh, I also have a soul body..." Skar formed a hand seal, and a small orange phoenix with white pigments appeared and landed on his shoulder.

Chapter 885 - 885: Plotting Against Skar

After hearing all there is to know about Skar, Klaus nodded with a satisfied grin.

Not only did Skar come out with ten skills mastered to perfection, but he also has an Innate Domain and a rather powerful Soul body—one that can fight on the outside. Of course, doing so is dangerous, but in a controlled environment, a soul body can unleash its brilliance.

Naturally, Soul bodies are often regarded as the perfect spiritual manifestations of a warrior. They are the epitome of perfection, and depending on how intelligent you are, so will your soul body.

However, using them in active combat is where the problem starts to rise. The moment a soul's body dies, the main body dies too. It's as simple as that.

This is because the soul body is the soul transformed into an almost tangible form—Spirit Form. It may be powerful, but when damaged or killed, the main body withers away.

However, there are two ways to handle this. Soul bodies are designed to strengthen the main body as they mature to a certain stage.

Skar's soul body isn't there yet, but when he gets there, the soul body can augment the main body, raising the strength level to an all-time high. Most warriors use this method—in fact, almost everyone uses it.

That is because it is the most practical way to augment oneself or weapons. Gods do it, as do the supreme and celestial beings.

Of course, the second way is letting the soul body fight on its own.

However, there is another method that has only been theorized but hasn't been attempted before. The third method involves creating physical bodies for the soul.

It was only a theory, but most experts concluded that it is possible. But so far, nobody has managed to do that. In fact, nobody even tried it because failure means death, and as it stands, people value their lives.

However, if anyone manages to create physical bodies for their soul, they become two people, rather than calling their soul a perfect clone.

The moment the soul gets a body, it can go outside, travel millions of light years away, and live a separate life from the main body.

Of course, there are Perfect Clones that do that too. But the clones are limited. They can learn skills, techniques, combat styles, and even the laws, but they can't apply 100% of what they learn to the main body.

At best, perfect clones can transfer 70% of what they know to the main body. Most use them to cultivate techniques and skills.

However, a Soul body gives everything to the main body— all their cultivation, in case they rise above the main body. The moment they merge back with the main body, all they know is transferred to it.

Essentially, a soul body, if placed in a safe environment, can cultivate tirelessly while the main body roams freely.

But since sending a soul body away weakens the soul, the moment they build the perfect body for the soul, all limitations will be taken care of.

It is the best way to grow endlessly on two fronts.

However, that was merely a theory, so nobody wants to even consider it. Klaus thought of it in his fourth incarnation and even considered it in this new life... but for now, he can only be happy with what he has.

"Why don't we spar... Looking at your foundation, I say you can push me to some extent, so let's spar," Klaus said excitedly. Of course, Skar grinned.

"You make it sound like you're stronger than me, master."

"You may be perfect, but not spotless... I will reveal them soon enough," Klaus said, opening the door to the outside.

He walked out and appeared in the large room where most of his friends were. Skar, of course, swaggered out, looking at everyone with a smile on his face.

"Everyone, this is Skar... He will be joining the team from here onwards." All of them nodded and flashed Skar a welcoming smile.

Skar waved at everyone. "I am happy to join the team."

Nyxthar sauntered over and stopped before Skar, measuring him from head to toe before turning to look at Klaus. "His law comprehension is advanced, but weak. Master, why don't you let me dismantle him and rebuild him?"

Nyxthar said with a smile, causing both Klaus and Skar to smile in return.

"His Law is indeed weak. That is because he only mastered the Flame Law to 25%. His main law, the Space Law, is still at 2%.

You've already reached 25% in Void Law, and the Darkness Law is at 45%.

Naturally, you are stronger than he, so why don't I, who doesn't have much comprehension of the laws, dismantle him instead?

I need to stretch my muscles and see if he can push me to use half of my strength."

"That is okay with me. But I will still dismantle him after you fracture him." Nyxthar grinned, and Klaus shared in his ideology.

Skar suddenly felt like prey standing before two predators. 'I need to wipe the smug off their faces, Master or not.'

Standing not far away, Veylor smirked. "They started already, two maniacs who only know battle."

"Now that I think about it, Nyxthar was the only one Master sparred with back then. It was like the remaining six of us were merely teammates."

"Tsk, annoying. Nyxthar even said one time back then that Master Promise would take him to the Underworld to take the Death Trial and become a true Death Knight, one recognized by Yama."

"I say we gang up on him and beat the crap out of him. If the two of us can't do it, we'll wait for Unik and Benna to join us, and even if that isn't enough, once Yaw and Hans are reunited with us, we can handle him well." Eren clenched her fist, looking in Nyxthar's direction.

Slowly, Nyxthar turned and gave them a wide grin.

"Bastard..."

Klaus and Skar moved over to the plain field to spar, which, in Skar's mind, was about to be a battle of perfection. One, he would have to show everyone why they called him Skar, the Flame Reaper.

Everyone moved to watch a good battle... a spar.

Chapter 886 - 886: Klaus Vs Skar (1)

Klaus stood 30 meters away from Skar, a saber in his hands, while Skar held his scythe, looking closely at Klaus. A few seconds later, Klaus smiled...

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Born ready," Skar answered.

Klaus smiled. "Technically, you were created... forged even. But I guess whatever makes you happy will do." Skar smiled, and then his aura surged.

The moment his aura exploded, he moved, appearing before Klaus. He swung his scythe, unleashing a wide strike, one that came with a force that caused the air to warp around the blade.

BOOM!

Klaus blocked the attack. However, he was pushed back a couple of steps, demonstrating the power of that one swing.

'Dude is strong.'

An excitement went through Klaus's body, making him feel as though he was about to experience a great battle, one he would remember for a long time.

He ducked, feeling the wind whoosh over his head as Skar came for another wide swing. Klaus closed in and landed a quick jab with his saber, which was sidestepped by Skar, giving him another chance to attack with his scythe.

However, Klaus used his Phantom Steps to close the gap again and unleashed an overhead slash and a diagonal swing, one that forced Skar to use the length of his scythe to deflect and counter by twisting his body 180 degrees and unleashing an attack with his leg.

Klaus calmly absorbed the blow and then redirected it into his own attack. Skar jumped back, knowing his perfectly calculated strike was defended and deflected back to him.

'Good one, Master. But how about I take it more seriously?'

A smile appeared on Skar's face as he activated his own movement technique, 'Star Phoenix Movement Art'. The technique had 7 forms like Klaus's own, but Skar had mastered five out of the seven.

Of course, while his skills had been mastered to 'perfection', the only technique in his arsenal that was the 'Star Phoenix Movement Art', he had only mastered the first two forms to perfection. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th forms were still lacking.

He only had a 'Master' level mastery of those three forms. But Skar wasn't using them. He started using the first form, 'Flame Step', which he had perfect mastery of, to move.

Wherever he stepped, it was lit on fire, causing the battlefield to slowly start to engulf in flames.

However, Skar's 'Flame Step' was met with Klaus's 'Phantom Step'. Naturally, they were equally matched, but that was possible because Klaus's mastery of 'Phantom Step' was only at the 'Master' level of skill mastery.

He was basically lacking in the mastery department. However, there was something about 'Phantom Step' that made it match Skar's 'Flame Step', which had already reached perfection.

The reason for this abnormality was the ability to move with the wind.

Klaus wasn't using any element like Skar was with the flame. However, 'Phantom Step' naturally harnesses the wind, allowing him to move like a ghost.

'Master's movement technique is good. I wonder if he can keep up with me if I increase the pace,' Skar thought. Then, with a dash, he moved, and before Klaus could step forward, Skar appeared behind him with a powerful slash of his scythe.

'Damn, that was careless of me.'

Klaus smiled as he crossed the saber behind him. Skar's scythe landed on it, sending him flying. Klaus landed on the ground and rolled a couple of times before he regained his footing.

However, before he could get back into battle, the ground he stood on started melting, turning the soil into hot, metallic molten lava, which immediately latched onto Klaus's leg.

'That is the Flame Law.'

Klaus was more than excited to see the smart play Skar employed. However, he wouldn't be caught off guard by mere lava.

He activated 'Vanishing Step' and moved away, appearing far from the lava. Of course, he made sure to move close to Skar, who also moved. Using the length of his scythe, he attacked Klaus with it.

But Klaus weaved past it, twisting his body at an unnatural angle before landing a kick on Skar, sending him flying.

However, unlike how Skar used the lava to try to restrict Klaus, the Paragon was much more creative. He wove the Flame Laws into strings and latched them onto Skar's legs and arms.

Two flame pillars appeared from the ground, and the strings latched onto them, suspending the Flame Reaper. It was a precise and well-coordinated attack—one that left Skar hanging by a thread—literally.

Klaus looked at the hanging Skar and smiled. "Looks like we found ourselves in a hanging situation."

Skar stared down at Klaus with a smile. "That was a smart move, master. I never knew your understanding of the flame law was that high."

"What can I say? I am the type that turns small things into something bigger."

"I can see that. However, do you think that is enough to stop me?" Skar asked, still not making any attempt to free himself. In his head, he knew he could easily break the strings formed from the 'flame law.'

Of course, he was about to find out who he was clashing against. Klaus was no easy target, not when the laws didn't really apply to him in most cases.

"Skar, you have to know this before we resume the battle. When it comes to me, nothing makes sense. I don't follow the rules, so you shouldn't either.

Trust me, I am the best fighting partner you will ever have. Because whatever I do will require extra effort to defend against"

Skar studied Klaus's expression for a few seconds and nodded. "I will be serious now."

Klaus smiled and then snapped his fingers. "Go ahead, break the strings first."

Skar gritted his teeth as the strings of flame wrapped tightly around his limbs, holding him suspended in the air. His body was forced to remain still, but his mind was far from idle.

'This won't hold me for long,' he thought.

With a surge of his will, he focused on the power of his Flame Step, his aura flaring as the fire around him intensified.

The strings began to smolder and smoke, their grip on him weakening as he summoned more of his own strength.

Klaus stood below, his saber at the ready, watching with a smirk as Skar struggled to break free. "Like I said, the rules don't apply, so get creative."

Chapter 887 - 887: Klaus Vs Skar (2)

Skar's eyes narrowed, the flame in his body now swirling with intense ferocity.

'I don't intend to lose this easily.' His muscles tensed, and with a roar, he activated the first form of his Star Phoenix Movement Art—Flame Step—at full power. The flames around him exploded, igniting the very air with searing heat.

The strings of fire that held him snapped under the force of his power, and Skar descended like a comet, landing with a crash that sent shockwaves rippling through the ground.

His scythe was already in motion, the blade aimed directly at Klaus.

But Klaus was ready. With a flick of his wrist, he vanished in a burst of wind, appearing behind Skar in an instant. He aimed a powerful slash at Skar's exposed back.

Skar, sensing the movement, spun around, his scythe clashing with Klaus's saber in a deafening sound. Sparks flew as the two weapons collided, each strike pushing the other back. The sound of metal against metal rang through the air as the battle intensified.

"You're fast," Klaus said, his voice full of admiration. "But not fast enough."

Skar's grin returned. "We'll see about that."

Standing two miles away, Klaus's team watched the battle with varied expressions.

Queenie had been paying attention to Klaus from the moment the battle started, and at every turn, her expression narrowed.

"I wouldn't last a moment against him. That footwork is just the first form of his movement technique, but it is already this powerful. What happens when he starts using the second or fourth forms?"

Her sisters had the same thought.

"Makes me wonder what he will become once he reaches the pinnacle of the technique," Miriam added, also watching Klaus's movements.

"It looks fluid, effortless, and just beautiful..." Anna couldn't deny the allure of watching Klaus move like a ghost, weaving one attack after another.

"But Skar is no easy opponent. I can't even bring myself to think I lasted a minute against him. They both are monsters," Lucy remarked, and her sisters nodded in agreement.

Meanwhile, on the side, Nyxthar watched Klaus and Skar battle it out with a calm expression. Eren and Veylor were beside him...

"What do you think, Nyxthar? Can you last a minute against Master?" Eren asked, attempting to tease Nyxthar.

"Master is no easy opponent, and we both know that when it comes to combat, especially close combat, there is no one better than him.

But this is not the version of him from before. This is a much weaker version, and while he is impressive, I can handle him and even defeat him... that is, if we go purely by close combat. Active skills-wise, and he would destroy me."

Eren just smirked, not knowing if Nyxthar's brain worked like theirs. 'No wonder he never had any friends back then. His mind is just like a master's, always thinking about how best to execute the next skill...'

"What about Skar? Can you win against him? So far, he is matching master in both speed and endurance. Can you do the same?"

"I can defeat him easily. Of course, I can do that because of my experience from before eternal sleep. However, aside from me and Master, none of you can last a minute against him... especially you, Veylor."

"Tsk," Veylor chuckled. "You make it sound like I am the weakest among the Doom Guards."

"None of us are weak, Veylor, it's just that you are not up to standard. I mean, you nearly died when you tried to look down on Master's guards back then. You saw what she did to you... In case you forgot, let me remind you.

The one named the Fox lady had you tangled in countless strings, and had you not been one of us, she would have killed you with a snap of her finger." Nyxthar laughed, and even Eren couldn't help giggling.

Veylor gritted his teeth, fist clenched. "That crazy Nine-Tailed Fox... The next time we meet, I will pay her back for the humiliation."

"Then you'd better start training like your life depends on it. Right now, you can't even face Skar, and Eren is an assassin, so it will be a game of hide and seek. Maybe start with Master's wife, who uses poison.

I witnessed her archery skills during the battle. She's better than you, so you'd better start with her.

After you manage to defeat her, Skar will step in. I know you wouldn't be able to defeat him, but if you manage to last ten minutes with him, I'll step in to prepare you for your inevitable defeat against... what was her name again?"

"Yuying," Eren said.

"Yes. Better prepare, Veylor. Knowing her, she's diligently making her way to Master as we speak."

Veylor shrugged and moved away. If he stayed too long, Nyxthar would make him cry. After he left, Nyxthar turned to Eren...

"The same applies to you. You'd better sharpen your daggers... that demoness will come again, and well... I don't have to remind you what happened the last time."

Eren glared at Nyxthar and chuckled before dissolving into the shadows. The next second, she appeared behind Luna and her sister Nuna.

Nyxthar chuckled. "I forgot how satisfying it is to tease them."

"However, the master is lacking. The previous him would have long dismantled this brat by now. Then again, this is a friendly spar, so he's holding himself back."

Klaus and Skar had been sparring for 30 minutes already; however, aside from the first win Klaus secured, he hadn't secured another yet.

That is normal, considering Klaus wasn't utilizing the 8% space law he currently possesses. Skar was using both flame and space law, and based on how he was moving and pushing Klaus back, his close combat skills were perfect, firm, but, in Klaus's eyes, still lacking.

If only Klaus were aware, Nyxthar also thought the same of him.

To his wives, Klaus's battle moves are perfect, but to Nyxthar, he is not. He is still lacking, and that alone raises the question: Can there truly be a perfect warrior?

This question was asked by many, but the answer remained unknown. To many, there are perfect warriors, but to others, those perfect warriors are flawed.

So then, when can there be a true, perfect warrior?

Even a better question: what is a perfect warrior? What makes one a perfect warrior?

Can there ever be a perfect warrior? If yes, then how can one become a perfect warrior?

After two hours, Klaus and Skar ended their spar. Klaus saw where he needed to improve, and Skar was in the same situation. But for now, the concept of a perfect warrior remained shrouded in mystery...

Chapter 888 - 888: Visiting Again

The next day after the battle, Klaus, Queenie, Miriam, and Jaguar got ready to pay the Zombie Queen another visit. After all, Klaus had made her aware that they would be coming the day after the battle with the Savage Zombies.

They left around 7 a.m.

On their way, Miriam became curious about why a zombie Queen wanted her there. "I wonder why she wants me to come along. Is she maybe planning an ambush?"

Klaus smiled, taking her right hand. "Your life is not in any danger, if that is what you are worried about. With me there, I think she would think a million times before doing anything stupid.

Though I also couldn't help but wonder why she wants you there."

After a moment of thought, Klaus decided not to make Miriam worry too much, so he ended the questions and instead began discussing more encouraging topics as they neared the City.

A couple of meters before they entered the innate domain, the zombie lady who had come to inform Klaus of their queen's willingness to meet again was waiting for them, clad in her red battle armor, mask on, and hood covering her head.

"Welcome, everyone," she said, walking toward them. "My queen sent me to bring you."

"That is cool with us," Klaus responded, and they started following her. Of course, after entering the gate, Klaus couldn't help but look around again.

He observed the thousands of zombies clad in red. All their clothes were made of the finest leather. Queenie had provided the materials when she was seeking an alliance with them two decades ago.

"I have a question, lady... Why are you all wearing red?" Klaus's curiosity got the best of him, so he asked. Not that he could be blamed. He needed an answer, for he just couldn't understand why thousands of zombies chose to wear only red clothes.

"The red is a color our queen cherishes, and so, after saving all of us, we adopted that color and will forever wear red."

'I guess this is a cult, but with overpowered zombies,' Klaus concluded. Not that he hadn't already suspected the queen was the cause of the red color. Hearing it made him feel a sense of fulfillment.

Soon, they approached the building where they had met the Queen the last time. Still, it was guarded by two level 5 Void stage zombies.

Klaus and his ladies entered, while Jaguar followed a few steps behind. Once they entered the hall, the Zombie Queen was the first person they saw.

Naturally, that was only normal, for she was seated on her throne, her legs crossed as she supported her chin with her left hand, which rested on the armrest of the throne.

The two Peak Void stage guards stood behind her, looking straight at Klaus.

The five zombie Elders were also there, seated on one side this time, reserving the other side for Klaus and his women. The zombie lady led them to their seats before taking her own seat, the one reserved for her.

She was the 6th Zombie Elder, so she joined the meeting.

After she sat down, the zombie queen started to speak. "Welcome, everyone. The last time, we couldn't get on the right track, leading to the meeting ending abruptly. However, I believe that, learning from our previous mistakes, we will be able to have a productive conversation this time around."

Klaus smiled, knowing deep down the Queen was talking to him. Of course, he understood the pun, so he smiled and replied, "I believe today is a good day too..."

The Queen nodded and then turned to Miriam, who was looking rather closely at the Zombie Queen from the moment they entered the hall.

"This is our first time meeting, so allow me to introduce myself. I am the Vampire Queen, leader and ruler of Vampire City.

We were once allies with the humans up until recently. However, long before we became allies, we lived in this city, far from all humans and minded our own business."

She prefers to call herself the Vampire Queen, though she is a zombie. She was not quite there yet, for Klaus knew that zombies, which can mutate, are later known as Zombie Vampires or Vampire Zombies.

They would love to call themselves vampires, but regardless of what mutation they undergo, they will remain zombie vampires. The only time a zombie becomes a vampire is when Klaus feeds them his blood.

Of course, not all vampires can mutate using his blood. The last time he made that mistake, he had to employ the help of all his beasts to hunt them down and kill every last abomination he created.

A few escaped, but he ensured that the danger he created was mitigated to some degree.

But this time around, Klaus knew one thing: these zombies are the kind he wanted to turn into some of the most dangerous vampires in the universe.

But for now, the zombie queen could call herself a vampire...She might just earn that title soon.

"That is impressive, Vampire Queen. I am Miriam, but most prefer to call me War Goddess of the Eastern Region... and yes, the title is a mouthful, but I don't mind being called that."

The Zombie Queen smiled behind her mask, "I guess it suits you. Although we've isolated ourselves from humans, I had the privilege of witnessing you battle a horde of monsters 34 years ago. So I know you truly deserve the war goddess title."

Miriam smiled, feeling rather happy hearing those words from a stranger. Klaus and Queenie raised their brows, watching her converse with the Zombie Queen.

They were like long-lost friends who had reunited after being apart for years. Miriam didn't seem to be thinking about why she was having such a casual conversation with the Zombie Queen.

However, she was soon swept into the realization, causing her to frown slightly. But the Zombie Queen didn't allow her to overthink anything, for the next second, she asked a question that deepened Miriam's frown.

"So, War Goddess of the Eastern Region, do you have siblings?"

The meeting was supposed to be one where humans would negotiate a new alliance, so why did it suddenly turn into a conversation about siblings?

'Isn't that too personal?' Miriam couldn't help wondering.

"You don't have to answer if it's too personal. I know I can be nosy sometimes." The Zombie Queen's smile showed in her red eyes, hidden beneath her hood.

Chapter 889 - 889: Revealed

Miriam stared at the Zombie Queen for a few minutes before turning to Klaus.

Of course, Klaus just smiled at her, making no attempt to make her change her mind or go ahead and answer the question. In the end, Miriam chose to answer.

"I used to have siblings, but not anymore." She sighed, and they chose to speak more about her past, considering she had made it a point to overcome her trauma.

She had told her sisters, and even Klaus's mom knew of her tragic past. Thankfully, talking about it was enough to help her free herself from some of the guilt.

So, telling a stranger who seemed to be more nosy about other people's personal lives wouldn't hurt.

"My sister died on the first day of the apocalypse, and since then, I have been on my own. The family I came from is a strange one. So I guess I stopped seeing them as a family several years ago.

But I am happy now because I have a new family, one filled with amazing people. I have a loving husband, a lot of sisters, and friends, so I guess I didn't lose much. Though I still miss my big sister."

Miriam said with a smile. Klaus held her hand, knowing that talking about her big sister was a sore topic for her. However, he also knew she had to talk about it, and the Zombie Queen made sure of that...

"You don't have to answer if you don't want to..." If not for the mask on her face, Miriam would have seen the guilty smile on the Zombie Queen's face.

"How did your sister die?"

Miriam smiled slightly before a sigh escaped her lips, "It was a few moments into the apocalypse. We were trying to make our way to our car when, out of nowhere, a car sped toward us.

My sister managed to push me forward, but she couldn't move fast enough, so she was struck down. I couldn't do anything to save her." At first, she would have cried, but now, a smile was on her face, showing how much she had grown.

Her sister is gone, and instead of focusing on the negative, she chooses to focus on the positive. They shared many good memories together, so she was focusing on those.

"She was the most caring person, even doing her best to ensure I survived, disregarding her own life."

It's not too much to ask, but discussing the tragic past can sometimes be difficult. Today was one of those times, but because Miriam had done it so many times, she managed to keep her composure this time around.

The Zombie Queen looked at Miriam for a full minute before a sigh escaped her lips. At that moment, Klaus sensed something wasn't right.

The air around the Zombie Queen changed, and since his connection to reality was rather strong, he sensed it. However, the Zombie Queen made no nefarious moves. Instead, she spoke, a tone that pulled at Miriam's heartstrings.

"The brain is one funny organ... sometimes, in an attempt to come to terms with a tragedy, we tend to create a vivid imagination of what we wanted, and the brain will take it as if it were real.

What if I were to tell you that day, your sister didn't die... what if I were to tell you that day, your sister kept her promise and took you home?

It was a Tuesday... the day everything changed. I remember I was getting ready to go on a blind date..." The Zombie Queen laughed, "That bitch, she set up a blind date between me and her hoping to prank me.

So I guess it was a good thing you blackmailed me that day, Miriam. I remember you saying something along the lines of, 'If you don't take me to the Sunlight Dojo to join the sword competition, I will tell Father you started to date a commoner.'

I was a little scared back then, but thinking about it now, it was just the young me overreacting. But your blackmail worked, and I took you to the dojo where you lost abysmally. Your loss was the big take of that day.

You couldn't even win a single match. Afterwards, you were so frustrated that I had to take you to an ice cream shop, where you ate to your heart's content.

But perhaps if we had gone home right after the competition, things would have been different. But then again, who knew what would have happened to me if I had turned into a zombie surrounded by thousands of guards instead of a few at the gate?

So I guess you saved me then and forever.

It was supposed to be me saving you that day, but you saved me. That day, when we got back, right when we entered the compound, I felt the hunger, the one that made me want to eat you.

However, I couldn't. I just couldn't, so I attacked one guard and then the next, and before I knew it, there was blood everywhere. I tried to hold on to my sanity, but I just couldn't.

"I am sorry, Miriam... I truly tried, but I just couldn't, so I had to turn to you, where there was no one around. I didn't save you that day, Miriam. You saved me.

After killing the guards at the gate. I came at you, and because of how scared you were, you couldn't fight back.

So I bit you, and that was when everything changed for me. That bite changed me, for your blood gave me my sanity back, and it triggered the mutation that gave all the vampire zombies in this city their power.

Without you, we wouldn't be where we are now... we would have been part of the savage zombies you killed yesterday."

By the time the Queen ended her words, tears were flowing from Miriam's eyes uncontrollably.

It was like a lock in her mind had been unlocked, pulling all the buried memories of that fateful event that had left her grieving all these years.

The way she had seen her sister's death was quite different from what actually happened. But who could blame her?

She was 14 years old back then, so instead of remembering how her sister turned into a zombie and killed humans, even going as far as sinking her teeth into her arm, she had instead fabricated memories and made them her truth.

But now that her sister, whom she had long thought had died, had just revealed the truth, forcing her mind to open, pulling out all those memories.

"I really am sorry, Miriam..." Tears fell from the Zombie Queen's face as she looked at her sister sobbing in Klaus's arms.

Chapter 890 - 890: Becoming The Zombie Queen (1)

[54 Years Ago. Day: Tuesday. Time: 10 minutes Before The Apocalypse]

Lick.

Lick.

"You do know you're 14 years old, right? Licking your fingers like a snotty child makes you look weird," a redhead lady said to her sister as they walked through a garage.

"Big sister Tifa, you're too cruel. How can you refer to me as having a snotty nose? I'm just making sure the flavour of the ice cream is cleaned off my hand," Miriam said, almost causing her sister to laugh.

Miriam held her hand as they walked. After a while, Miriam spoke again.

"I'm sorry for blackmailing you, big sister. I just wanted to spend some time with you before Father sends me to that godforsaken private school."

Tifa turned and looked at her sister, smiling. "Don't worry about it, Miriam. I would've wasted my time going on that date anyway.

It was Sophia who set up that blind date to prank me and get content for her page. I would've been pissed if I found out that was the case."

"Big sister, don't you already have a boyfriend? Why do you have to go on a blind date again?" Miriam asked, and her sister Tifa scoffed.

"I don't have a boyfriend, okay? I only have friends, but none qualify to be my boyfriend." Tifa laughed again.

Miriam looked at her sister and smirked. "You make it sound like you have a checklist that must be checked before someone can become your boyfriend. Let me tell you, big sister, I may only be 14, but I know having a boyfriend is simple.

Not all boyfriends become your husband, so stop checking the list and get yourself a man."

"Ouch, what was that for?" Miriam asked, rubbing her backside.

Tifa giggled. "That was for being unruly. At this rate, I'm going to have to tell Dad to send you to an all-girls' private school."

Miriam laughed. "Even better. There are many angels waiting for me there," Miriam teased, causing her sister to just laugh and shake her head.

The Nabil family is a big one. Their father has seven wives, each of whom has more than one child. They came from the 4th wife, and despite having several siblings, the two of them are each other's best friends.

They banter a lot, and every second, Miriam manages to come out on top. So Tifa losing today, too, was no new thing to her. She just likes spending time with her troublemaker sister.

After a while, they arrived at where they had parked their car and zoomed off. Soon, they were nearing their castle-like house. It is a rather large castle where every last important member of the Nabil family resides.

[Three minutes Before the Apocalypse]

"Miriam, I think I'm getting sick. I feel weird, and suddenly, I feel like devouring any food," Tifa said with a frown.

"You're not getting sick, big sister. You are sick. Knowing you, food is not your best friend." Miriam used the back of her hand to check Tifa's temperature.

"You're burning up, big sister." Miriam gave her diagnosis, and it was spot on.

"Yes, I am. I'd better hurry and get home so I can have some medication." Tifa sped up the car, soon arriving at the gate. The moment the gate opened, they entered and alighted just a few steps away from the gate.

The guards would drive the car to the garage.

"Young Miss Tifa, are you alright?" One of the guards asked when they saw the sweat on her forehead.

"I'm fine. Just a mild fever... I'll be okay in a day." Tifa answered before taking Miriam's arm and starting to move inside.

However, five steps later, she halted. At that moment, everyone felt the air they were breathing grow heavy as a blue panel appeared before their vision.

[[Welcome to the Apocalypse.]]

All of a sudden, screams started filling the air, coming from all directions. Tifa's grip on Miriam's arm tightened. Slowly, she turned her gaze toward Miriam, bearing her teeth as saliva flowed from the corner of her mouth.

Her eyes turned red, and her face turned pale. Green veins appeared on her face and hands, and almost every visible part of her body had green veins lining it.

Miriam stared at her with a look of fear, for at that moment, what she saw on her sister's face was terrifying.

"Big sister, are you alright?" She asked, and in response, Tifa released her hand.

"Miriam... R-Run... Now," Her words came out hoarse, almost like she was trying her best to fight against the part of her that wanted nothing more than to rip Miriam's throat out.

And she did.

She fought against her hunger.

But not for long, since the next second, she moved past Miriam and punched one of the guards coming at Miriam.

There were eight guards at the gate that day. One of them became a zombie and came after Miriam, but Tifa was fast and killed him, tearing a chunk of his neck before ripping his head off.

Fear gripped Miriam, making her feel like her legs were rooted to the ground. She couldn't move or talk.

After Tifa killed the zombie, she turned and looked at Miriam, fighting the urge to pounce on her before turning toward the guards.

That was when the massacre occurred, traumatising Miriam to the point she had to create her own truth, one where her beautiful sister saved her at the expense of her own life.

What she saw that day was savagery... one that left her broken for 54 years. When her sister was done killing the last guard, she lunged at Miriam, who couldn't even move.

Even at that moment, her sister tried her best to hold back her hunger, but in the end, she took Miriam's arm and bit into it.

However, something changed when she tasted Miriam's blood; something within her snapped. The change was immediate. The green veins on her body vanished. But her skin remained pale.

Her hunger subsided, but when she looked at the scared look on Miriam's face, she knew she had broken her. Of course, she wasn't planning on running, but then she saw her father and 50 guards coming after her with guns and other weapons drawn

That was when she knew she had to run.

"I'm sorry, Miriam, but I have to go. However, I will stay close... I will." With a leap over the giant gate, Tifa disappeared into the wild.