

Paragon 931

Chapter 931 - 931: Who is Yuying

Who is Yuying?

Being asked this question, Klaus smiled, casting his mind back to when he first met the nine-tailed fox demon beauty.

Back then, Fruity had just lost his home, half of his Uncles, and found himself in the Tormented World with nothing but the determination to rise above all and get his revenge.

And to do that, he had to first traverse the harsh and tormenting depths of the Tormented World. He had to first visit Illusion Mountain to claim something left by his past self.

Of course, it sounded so simple, but he had to go through the Calamity Valley, where he had no idea how much he would have to sacrifice and what dangers awaited him.

But that answer came faster than he had hoped.

His first obstacle was to cross the Single Horn Flame Lions' territory by making no sound and continuing his journey in the simplest way.

However, that wasn't what happened.

Instead of having the means to sneak through his first obstacle, he was faced with danger on all sides. The hellhounds took over the region, and he couldn't get through—not if he wanted to die in his first solo major battle.

So he had to retreat and take a much longer path since, aside from moving through the territory now occupied by the hellhounds, the other shortest path was also occupied by the Medusa snake, one that could freeze him with just its gaze.

Fruity was in a bind back then, and after a few internal struggles, he chose to take the longer path. That was when he met her—beautiful like jade—waiting for him to come, for she had already seen her master coming and had prepared for it.

Before everything went to hell, losing half his uncles, Fruity had been jealous of his peers who received all the lavish life any kid would have wanted. He wanted that, but his uncles and their deep attachment to reality chose to live simply.

I mean, who could blame them? They were monks, after all, so lavish living was out of their books.

However, when he met Yuying, that treatment was what greeted him. He was showered with all the best kinds of techniques, resources, and attention.

Even without asking, it was provided, and the one behind all this was Yuying.

Thanks to her, he had started living again, not only hellbent on revenge but actually living. She made him happy and safe, and after a few years together, she showed him what it feels like to be with a woman.

Fruity was happy, and for thousands of years, she stayed with him, helping him all the way to the day she merged back with the Paragon stars to await the next life his master will live.

"Yuying is one of the most important people in my life," Klaus smiled. "She is the one who truly understands me. She knew when I was happy, sad, or angry. She can tell when I need something and when I just want to smack some people silly."

Klaus cast his mind back to the fox beauty who sometimes acted like his mother whenever he planned to laze around and do nothing. She would pull on his ear to get him moving, and he would always listen to her.

"Had it not been for her, perhaps I wouldn't be here today."

The karma involved was huge, but Klaus didn't care. For now, he was happy talking about Yuying, for in this very moment, he only wanted to talk about her.

The ladies could see the smile on his face, and for that, they could only wonder who this Yuying was and why she could make Klaus look happy and almost human.

They weren't jealous.

Instead, they wanted to know more about Yuying and, if possible, learn from her—if that meant they could have the same effect on Klaus.

However, while everyone was thinking of learning about Yuying on how to please their man, Lucy, the brainiac in the group, was having a different thought.

'She was the one who managed to bring his anger down, not us or himself. But if she isn't here and managed to do that, then she must have paid a huge price.'

With this thought registered in her mind, Lucy was finally able to see past the happiness in Klaus's eyes. She saw the sadness that lay beneath, and that broke her heart.

'She must have paid a huge price for that.' Without even knowing it, a tear fell from Lucy's eyes. She didn't know why, but deep within her, she felt a connection to this Yuying in ways she couldn't describe.

That alone made her understand the stakes of what she didn't know but was sure had happened to her.

Klaus looked at her and smiled, "She is on her way here as we speak. I am sure you all will love her when you meet her."

The ladies nodded. Every last one of them, regardless of their relationship with Klaus, wanted to meet this mysterious Yuying—the one who knew Klaus's true heart.

Klaus used the harem connection to speak to Lucy, relaying Yuying's words to her.

'Stop crying, Lucy,' she said. 'Yuying said to say hi to you and Anna, that she will see you soon.'

Lucy covered her face as more tears fell from her eyes.

The confirmation she needed was just provided, and that alone spoke volumes. She, in a way, in fact, had a connection to this Yuying, and that alone showed how much they were connected.

'What were we in our past lives?' Lucy asked, and Klaus smiled.

'Sworn sisters. You and Anna became sisters back when we were on the run from our enemies. She was like a big sister to you.

She cared a lot for you and Anna, making sure you never lacked, and when it came to it, she always made you come close to making me pass out from our night sessions."

Though Lucy was emotional, she couldn't help but blush when she heard Klaus's last sentence. Klaus just kept smiling as he added a few words...

'She is alive, Lucy. Yuying is alive, and when she gets here, I will make sure she keeps living for years to come, so don't cry. Your sister is on her way.'

His words calmed her down.

However, Klaus knew it was going to take some time for her to come to terms with what she had just heard. In a way, talking about her past was a trigger none of them saw coming, and the implications would soon start revealing themselves.

Questions after questions were asked about Yuying, and Klaus did his best to answer them, neither saying too much that would bring calamity nor saying too little that would be insufficient to answer their questions.

In the end, Klaus had to compromise and made them ask their questions when they had their alone time.

After the ice cream, they bought flowers and went to pay their respects to Asha's parents before heading back to the Arcadia Family.

During dinner, Klaus made his main reasons for coming on the vacation known, and the response was as expected. His in-laws accepted his blood.

Later, Lulu and Nari came to spend the night with him. But who would have expected that after the night of passion, something else would loom over Klaus—something he had been subconsciously holding back...

Chapter 932 - 932: Pleasure Before Meeting the 7th

"MMmmhhhH"

Asha moaned, her fingers sank into Klaus's back, drawing blood, while her legs were wrapped around his waist as the paragon thrust deep into her and shot his star juice into her.

The hotness of Klaus's star juice made her body spasm and shudder, showing she had indeed reached her peak.

Beside her, seated and staring with a blushing expression, is Lulu, the Once Supreme Rune Queen and the Mistress of Blades.

Just like her sisters, she and Nari also didn't waste time. They came to Klaus early so they can spend as much time as they can with Klaus, especially after his emotional experience a few hours ago.

So it was a night of passion, one that lasted until 5 am the next day.

However, looking at the look in her eyes, Klaus knew she still wanted to go at it again, and as a good husband, he most certainly wouldn't deny her such pleasures.

So he pulled her over and placed her on all four, making sure her ass was pointed out, staring at him with its beautiful wonders.

Klaus smiled and moved closer, rubbing his dick across her slit.

"Mmmhmm"

"Aaaahhh"

Of course, she had become sensitive from the many rounds they had gone through, so this was a rather intense one for her, one that every small movement was enough to make her body shake in ways.

Klaus thrust in, and the rest was music to his ears.

Nari was seated and absorbing the star juice. After thirty minutes, she was done and waited for Lulu to be handled before handling the other things.

When Klaus came, she cleaned the paragon rod and then took him to the bathroom. Klaus was bathed with love and care, making sure he felt their love from every small gesture.

Afterwards, they changed the bedsheet and soon hugged him as they dozed off. Their sister gave them a mission to put Klaus to sleep, and since he couldn't get tired no matter how many rounds they went, they used the traditional way, and that worked like a charm.

Being sandwiched between the loving embrace of two naked beauties, Klaus dozed off like a baby. However, his sleep was cut short when he suddenly woke up in a place that caused his face to pale immediately.

[The Silent Plains of Veythralis - Battlefield of the 7th Paragon]

Klaus appeared on a scorched battlefield, one filled with the mutilated bodies of the dead. Some died losing their heads, some lost half their bodies, and most, a severe cut opening their stomachs and chests.

The stench of blood and iron filled the air, and the heat of the battlefield was palpable. The kind, Klaus, was immediately assaulted with it.

Looking all over, thousands, perhaps millions of bodies lying strewn with no hope of ever returning to life or even having peace in the afterlife, he could only wonder who was cruel enough to put them through this kind of trauma.

Their spirits were traumatised before they even died, for this battlefield didn't show a noble battle; it showed a massacre, one that was given with no mercy.

"Where the fuck am I?" Klaus asked...

"So you are finally here." He wasn't even done when a deep voice spoke from behind him. Klaus turned sharply, his instinct screaming to run away. However, he didn't, and that was when his gaze met a handsome figure with crimson eyes.

He is clad in a tattered battle armor, one forged using the most durable metal in the universe. His crimson long hair flowed behind him, appearing like it was mixed with the blood of the slain.

On his forehead, a pentaon-shaped gem, one that Klaus has seen before because it is in his 7th Core, is embedded.

Looking at the replica of his face, Klaus couldn't help shuddering.

He was afraid of himself, and that spoke volumes.

"Are you scared?" The figure asked, jamming a few inches of his long sword in the ground and placing the left hand on the hilt while the right rested on the left.

"No shit, Sherlock. I am a pacifist and a vegetarian, so being around this much blood is not inspiring confidence."

A smirk appeared on the figure's face, "At least we managed to recover our humor. That is good to know."

Klaus tilted his head, seeing a painful expression appear and vanish from his face. Then again, the figure is terrifying, so perhaps he was just seeing things.

"I am Magnus Alric, the 7th Paragon and the one they called the Battle Paragon." Klaus looked at him for a few minutes before a sign escaped his lips.

"I was warned by Paragon that I would be meeting you soon, but who would have thought that you would come when I was having fun on my vacation. That is not cool, Magnus. At least you could have waited for me to end the vacation first."

"Bad for you, I guess." Magnus turned and looked into the distance as if looking for something. After a few seconds, a sigh escaped his lips.

"It will be happening soon." He said.

"What will?" Klaus asked.

"The awakening. You've just registered the first Ascension stage cultivator in your world. It took 40 Ascension stage warriors to trigger the awakening during my time, but you are the last of us; you carry all our karma and our good luck.

This means the heavens wouldn't make things easy for you. I also know you have awakened the Star Monarch bloodline, which is good, but also a curse.

If I had to guess, you've likely already discovered its brilliance and know what it can do, and you've even started using it.

It is good that you did, but the moment you get more than 30 Ascension stage warriors, the awakening will be triggered, and that will be when you will know what the heavens can do and how menacing they are."

Klaus sighed, already expecting something like that, for he and the senior had come to the same conclusion.

He knew the moment the heavens saw his strength rising, which in this case, was the strength of those around him, they would respond.

"Somebody has already reached the Ascension stage. Who is that, and how do you know?" Klaus asked, not knowing who could have already reached that stage.

The vampire queen clearly needed a few weeks to fully absorb his blood, and he most certainly is not expecting the others to make progress either.

So then, who?

"You will find out soon enough. A lot of things await you. However, you are here for something else."

"I know. So, where do I begin?" Klaus was already aware he was about to receive his memories from his seventh incarnation.

"You will start from 10 days before the awakening. You are here to relive my world awakening and see what you will be facing, which I have no doubt will be several times severe than mine.

This is also to prepare you for when you awaken my bloodline and what to do when the hatred breaks free again."

Klaus turned pale when he heard what Magnus said. He knew what was coming, for he had already felt it.

"It is going to be painful and heartbreaking, but you must go through this process, for if you want to have a shot at saving your world, you must awaken my bloodline and do better than me.

So be ready, for this is the only way."

Chapter 933 - 933: Odyssey Of The Hated One (1)

[Caelmir (World of The High Humans) - Ten Days Before The Awakening.]

"Hehe, Magnus, stop tickling me," a beautiful human lady spoke through her giggle, smiling and rubbing the head of a young, drop-dead gorgeous young man who had his fangs sunk deep in her breast.

"I am not tickling you. It's just that you are too addicted to me," Magnus said, licking the blood at the corner of his lips.

"And whose fault is that?" Evelyne smirked, looking at her husband, her emerald-green eyes conveying determination, love, and commitment.

She was one of the five ladies who chose to love the hated one, or as most called him, the Tainted Blood Prince.

Magnus, the only vampire in the world of humans, had been hated since birth. Even his own father wanted nothing to do with him.

His siblings ridiculed him every chance they got, so his life had been hell for years. However, Magnus didn't care anymore.

He used to seek the approval of others, doing everything he could to be loved and accepted. But no matter what he did, it was as if there was a fog covering everyone's eyes, casting the illusion that he was the bad guy.

So no matter what he did, nobody associated with him.

From the moment he was born, only his mother ever cared for him and showered him with the love any mother would give to their son." The authentic version is on NovelFire.

But now, he had five more beautiful ladies in his life, and while that brought him some form of love and care, something he always wanted, he was still hated... perhaps even more this time.

But now, having the blood of five ladies in addition to his mother—the only human blood he had ever drunk since his vampire side awakened—Magnus was happy and fulfilled.

Evelyne was a noblewoman.

Her parents were nobles who served under King Alric, Magnus's father. She was the ideal daughter, the one who was to marry another noble, not the hated prince who wasn't even recognized as one.

However, despite the hate he was showered with, Evelyne saw past that and fell in love with him, and that love was all Magnus ever needed.

When Evelyne and his other wives entered his life, he became the happiest man in the world, and that alone was something the heavens hated unbeknownst to Magnus.

So he had been living this happy life for the past 40 years.

However, he was worried, and that was due to the message hovering before his eyes, something everyone could see, for it appeared in front of every last person 50 days ago.

[[The Awakening of your World Descends in 10 Days, 12 Hours, 24 Minutes. Good luck, Paragon. You are going to need it]]

However, while everyone else received the message of the countdown, Magnus had a few extra words added to his, and for the past 50 days, he had been trying his best to understand what they meant.

Evelyne looked at the smiling Magnus, and a warm, loving expression appeared on her face.

"Don't worry, Magnus, we will protect you. My sisters and I will protect you."

"I know, my love. I just don't want you five to be the ones saving my ass in the end. Knowing my bad luck, I might end up finding myself in trouble."

Evelyne smiled. "I guess that is what you get for being the strongest and the most handsome in the world."

"Hush... The walls have ears, and we wouldn't want those High humans hearing that. I don't want another public hate during these uncertain moments."

"MMmmhhhH."

Magnus bit into Evelyne's arm and drank her sweet blood again. The fiery auburn-haired beauty moaned, feeling the pleasure overwhelm her body from the bite.

"Please, Magnus, we both know if they all gang up, they can't even touch your hair. Maybe you have to show them your strength and the danger, and perhaps they will accept you."

"No need. I just want to handle whatever this awakening is and retire from this warrior life. I want to spend the rest of my life loving you all and creating a better life for my mother."

Evelyne just shook her head and made sure her man had enough of her blood before dressing up.

"Just don't underestimate yourself. I don't know what Paragon means in this context, but I know a paragon is a person viewed as a model of excellence. And you, Magnus, you are such a person."

With that, she walked away, joining the rest of her sisters, spending the afternoon with Magnus's mother.

Back in the room, Magnus sat on the bed, staring at the wall as if it were a reflection of himself. After a few seconds, he sighed and then lay down.

"Model of excellence, huh. I guess I have to become more excellent so I can protect you all because something keeps telling me a danger is coming—one that even I, nor my undead, can underestimate."

Magnus stayed in the room for a few minutes before dressing up and then vanishing.

The next moment, he appeared standing atop a tall mountain covered by white mist and surrounded by towering floating stones.

"Asmodeus," Magnus called out.

A dark portal opened the next second, and a dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-horned, three-meter-tall demonkin stepped through.

He knelt before Magnus. "My lord, you called."

"Yes. And I told you not to kneel before me. Stand up." Asmodeus obeyed and stood.

"What can I help you with, my lord?"

"You said you've lived for thousands of years already, right?" Asmodeus nodded.

"Then, can you tell me anything about who a paragon is?" Asmodeus instantly turned pale at Magnus's question, as if he had heard the greatest threat to his life. He took a few steps backward.

Magnus raised an eyebrow. "Are you alright, Asmodeus?"

"I am, my lord. It is just that hearing you speak the forbidden name—and nothing happened—took me aback."

"What do you mean by the forbidden name?" Magnus asked, confused.

The name was more like a word, and that word could be mentioned by both him and his wives, yet nothing happened. So why was Asmodeus assuming something bad should have happened?

"The name you just said is known as the forbidden name. I can't say it aloud, for if I did, the heavens would strike me where I stand, or even worse, they would come at me during my tribulation.

In fact, my lord should stop saying it altogether. You might not be aware, but saying the forbidden name is like asking the heavens to add to your bad karma, and soon, they will use it as an excuse to destroy you."

Magnus raised his brow, hearing such ridiculousness. Just a name carried this much danger?

If that was the case, then why had they called him so, and what did all this mean?

This all doesn't make sense. When the apocalypse descended 74 years ago, everyone who awakened a class saw this as a new beginning. The heavens wanted them to grow and ascend past their limitations.

It was a chance for them to soar, so he never understood why the heavens would name drop, which, from what he learned now, is a trap meant to destroy him.

"I advise you, my lord, not to speak this forbidden name, for it is a trap set by the heavens, and many have fallen prey to it."

Chapter 934 - 934: Odyssey Of The Hated One (2)

[Caelmir (World of The High Humans) - Nine Days Before The Awakening.]

Magnus sat under an orange tree, eating a neatly peeled orange. He was the only one there, and perhaps that was for the best, for he wasn't in a good mood.

The day before, he had met Asmodeus, the second undead he had awakened since he awakened his class 57 years ago.

Asmodeus is an ancient demon, one whose evil ways even made Magnus skeptical about whether he should unleash him during battles or keep him in the darkness for a while.

Of course, while Asmodeus is the most evil person he has ever met, the demon summoner had helped him greatly, and the day before, he had given him insight into things that made Magnus see the evil he had fallen into.

Asmodeus told him who a paragon is and what they stand for.

He told him what it takes to be a paragon, how the relationship between a paragon and the heavens stands, and what it meant to even say that word.

In the end, Magnus knew he had fallen into a trap, and unknowingly, he had spread this curse to his wives and mother. They are the only ones who knew he had additional messages attached to the countdown.

They had tried to research the name Paragon with him and even said that name hundreds of times. This, from what he had just learned, means he had fallen for the schemes of the heavens, and that alone is the kind of evil he had never heard of before.

"So I am a paragon, and apparently, the heavens hate me more than even someone like Asmodeus, who is the incarnation of evil," Magnus smirked. "This is just great."

Unlike the other paragons that came before him, he had yet to receive a visit from his past selves. So far, his power is something he alone has consolidated over the past 57 years.

He had no powerful bloodlines that would help him go against odds so grim that many would run from them. Of course, he, sitting at the peak of the Chaos stage, can already fight Ascension stage beasts.

However, not all Ascension stage beings can be handled by him. He doesn't have that much power.

However, when he put his mind to it, he could kill all the Ascension stage warriors he wanted, but at a cost he didn't have in him to pay, not when he was already having the best time of his life with his wives.

But now, hearing how impressive paragons are, he started to suspect the heavens just hated him for nothing, for if he compared himself to what he heard about paragons, he was in no way one of them.

"Maybe I am just overthinking things. I mean, the heavens gave me a powerful class, a powerful weapon, and five beautiful wives. I say they are my friends here, for they saw through the hate and blessed me with five beauties."

Magnus smiled and stood up.

He slowly started moving to the other side of the mansion. On his way, he passed by many maids and guards who, upon seeing him, looked at him with disgust in their eyes.

Even mere maids looked down on him, but he didn't care. He used to, but not anymore.

Magnus moved through the large mansion and appeared in a garden where his mother was spending time with his wives. This copy comes from content on MVLEMPYR.

He joined them, and they started spending the afternoon like one happy family.

[Eight Days Before The Awakening]

"Mmmh, Lene, your blood has become even sweeter since the last time I tasted it, and that was five days ago." Magnus licked his lips, watching the bite mark on Lene's breast heal in under five seconds.

Lene smiled.

She has silky black hair with streaks of silver, pale skin, and violet eyes like dusk.

Her form is perfect for Magnus, and judging by how he was loving her blood, the discovery that he might be a paragon, someone hated by the heavens, had washed from his mind.

"You should treasure me, then, my love, and I will forever supply you with my blood," Lene said, looking at the hardened vampire rod poking her.

"Oh, I will. For the sake of your blood, I will fight against all odds to forever savour that taste."

They didn't know what this awakening was all about, so they were just having fun for now and preparing for when the countdown hit zero.

"Did your parents send men again?" Magnus asked. "I saw some priest-knights leave the mansion this morning."

"Don't worry about them. Despite losing my virginity and having long given up on the path of a priestess, they still think I am worthy, but we both know they just want my power to hold more power.

My leaving was the best thing that has ever happened to me, and since they are secretly afraid of you, they tried to use my mother-in-law to get me back.

Too bad they came to my best friend," Lene smirked.

She had awakened a rare priestess class that allowed her to harness the power of the moon to control the weather.

This power is one the Holy Church coveted but could never have, for their priestess had long fallen in love with Magnus, and there was nothing they could do about it.

They hate him, but they are also afraid of him, for they know what he is capable of.

"The offer still stands. Just give the word, and I will send Asmodeus. It will be over in under 12 hours," Magnus laughed.

"I am not killing them, Magnus. They are still my family, though I don't really care about them much."

"Just saying. Killing them will make things much more peaceful."

Lene smacked his head. "You should stop spending time with Asmodeus; he is slowly turning you evil."

Magnus laughed. "Just kidding. I will never harm your family, not even when they are a bunch of hateful moon worshippers."

"And that is why I love you." Moaning sounds filled the room once more as the two started another round, one filled with love and blood.

[Main Palace - King Alric and Queen Isolde (Magnus' Mother)]

"How are you, my king?" Queen Isolde asked, looking calm at the king, who, despite her presence, still looked occupied with some documents.

Of course, part of it was intentional since while she would love his third wife to abandon Magnus and reclaim her throne in the court, he knew she would never do that.

She knew how much she loved Magnus, and for that, he was angry, but as the king and ruler of the entire world, he couldn't care less what she did with her life; he had a whole world to look after.

Also, he has 11 more wives he loves and spends time with, so one who doesn't conform to his wants isn't worth it.

"If you are still here to plead that I add him to the elite unit that will defend this world should the worst happen in eight days from now, then don't waste your words. The Caelmir army has no place for tainted blood," the king said, not even turning to look at Queen Isolde.

She clenched her fist, anger bubbling in her eyes.

Then she stood up and walked toward the door.

She indeed came to find a spot for her son, like the other queens did for their children, but she wasn't even allowed to make her case.

When she reached the door, she turned and spoke, a message that would manifest to the king in a few days' time, but by then it would be too late to take action.

"He is your son, too, Alric."

Chapter 935: Odyssey Of The Hated One (3)

[Magnus Mansion - Training ground - Magnus vs Clara & Ria. Five Days Before The Awakening]

CLANG!

Two weapons met—one a sword held by a shoulder-length, golden-haired beauty. She was Magnus's fourth wife and one of the best swordswomen in the world.

However, despite her skill with the sword, no matter how hard she tried, she just couldn't get past Magnus's defense.

He was always two steps ahead, making sure his red-bladed scythe always found its mark, no matter the situation.

"You still haven't taught me how to use the Scythe Magnus. Or was your promise only a way to get inside my pants?" Clara asked, exchanging a few sword attacks.

Magnus chuckled, "Part of it is true. I did want to get inside your pants, and don't worry, I will teach you after the awakening. But in case I died before I had the chance, then I will ensure in our next life you become a scythe user instead of a swordswoman."

"Tch, annoying"

Suddenly, a flame rope emerged from the side, crafted by Ria, the third wife, from her flame elemental, with the intention of binding Magnus's legs and giving Clara a chance to get close.

Perhaps, this time, after thousands of duels, they would be able to defeat him.

However, when the rope came close, Magnus moved his legs swiftly across the ground, evading not only the ropes but also managing to close the gap between him and Ria, landing a smack on her ass.

The redhead beauty blushed but bent the flame around her, creating a cage that trapped both her and Magnus inside.

The next second, she was on the outside while Magnus remained in the cage.

Looking at the smile on her face, Magnus smirked. "You never learn from your mistakes, Ria. You used this trick in our last battle, and we both know how that ended."

Magnus tapped his right foot on the ground.

Ria smiled. "I didn't repeat the same mistake, Mr. Vampire. Why don't you try breaking out and see?"

Magnus lifted his scythe and took a swing, using the same strength he used the last time he was trapped in the flame cage.

CLANG!

This time, his scythe bounced off the walls of the cage, causing Magnus to raise an eyebrow.

"Like you always say, instead of creating something new, improve on your previous mistakes.

I did.

Thanks to my recent breakthrough in comprehending 25% of the Flame Law, it will require three times the strength you used last time to make a dent in this cage, and twice that to destroy it.

But before you can break free, I have enough time to do this."

Ria snapped her fingers, and a large flame dragon rose from the ground and descended on the cage. However, before it touched the cage, Ria snapped her fingers again, and it vanished.

"Impressive. You have come far in your understanding of Flame Law. Looks like you're ready to face the Ascension stage tribulation."

"We all will after the awakening. However, until then, let me show you more of my progress since the last time we fought."

For the next hour, Ria and Clara coordinated and managed to force Magnus to put more energy into the battle. He wasn't defeated per se, but the issue with the dragon could be counted as a win for them.

"I had the same dream again three days ago, and when I woke up, my understanding of the Flame Dragon Art had improved.

"I'm sure before the awakening, I will be able to apply my law to the Flame Dragon and finally have a solid dragon that can rival even Ascension stage beasts," Ria said as she received a shoulder massage from Magnus.

Clara, on the other hand, was seated, meditating since she had gained clarity into one aspect of her sword mastery during their battle, and she didn't want to miss the chance to make progress.

"I guess it's only you and your sisters that make progress just from dreaming," Magnus smiled. "My dreams are always me running butt naked through a scorching forest."

"I'm sure you've made progress in the Butt-Naked Forest Running Art. You should put it to the test," Ria teased.

"Why don't we put it to the test inside and see who ends up running butt naked?" Magnus raised her in a princess carry, and soon, moaning sounds came from inside.

After five hours, Clara was done and joined them.

[The 5th Wife - Four Days Before The Awakening]

Swish

Thud

An arrow streaked through the air, coated in ice, striking one eye of a Tier 12 stage spider monster. It was just one arrow, but it killed the spider instantly, freezing its insides solid.

Magnus also swung his scythe, cutting another Tier 12 spider monster. Around them lay frozen or severed bodies of thousands of spider monsters.

It was a clear sign that the two had been at it for hours already, and judging by the many spiders still coming, they would need a few more hours to clear the nest.

"You know, Dahlia, when you said I should escort you to retrieve a venom sac, I never expected us to find ourselves facing an entire nest of Green Poison spiders."

Magnus severed the body of a spider monster and jumped forward, landing on another, crashing it with sheer force.

"Is this your version of a stroll through the forest and perhaps a date on the side?"

Dahlia, a beauty with long, short black hair, pale gray eyes, and an athletic build, smiled, shooting three arrows in rapid succession, each finding its mark.

She briefly turned and looked at Magnus, who, despite killing thousands of spiders, still hadn't broken a sweat or looked disheveled.

"I mean, this is like a date, right? Just the two of us, bonding over the massacre of green poison spiders. I say it's a date, alright."

"Unbelievable."

Magnus knew she truly believed that. Among his wives, Dahlia was the most battle-hardened and the only one who didn't like spending time away from her Bow and Arrows.

She always liked to be out there fighting, for that was where she was raised—in battle, surrounded by death and destruction. He tried to bring her home, but she frequently visited the battlefield.

Today was one of those days, and Magnus could only smile to himself. After two more hours, they ended the battle.

Dahlia removed the venom sac from the Level 3 Ascension stage spider monster they had killed.

"With this, I will be able to complete my god-killing arrow project."

Magnus looked at the venom sac and smiled. Venom from these spiders was very potent, and as such, having a whole sac of it was akin to being handed Azrael's blade.

While the king was looking into making weapons to kill Ascension stage beasts, Dahlia had already looked past that stage and was aiming to kill two realms above the Ascension stage.

Her warrior side made her a very dangerous person, and so she hadn't even considered wasting any more time after acquiring what she came for.

They went back home, and after spending some time together, she returned to work, aiming to complete her arrows before the awakening, just like her sisters, who were also striving to make progress before the countdown hit zero.

Chapter 936: Odyssey Of The Hated One (4)

[Magnus Mansion - Garden - Magnus Wives and Mother - Two Days Before The Awakening]

Magnus' mother sat quietly in the garden, looking worried.

She had gone through all the connections she had in the elder court and high guilds to get her son a chance to be taken into their ranks, allowing him to fight alongside brothers in arms, even if it were just temporarily. But no matter what she did or how hard she tried, no one even bothered to let her make her case.

It was like her status as a queen didn't matter to them. Their hatred for Magnus and who he is couldn't be wiped away even after a whole queen went on her knees to beg them.

This left her frustrated to the point that she just couldn't hold back her emotions anymore.

She came to the garden to cry those tears away, but halfway through, all five wives of her son arrived, each rushing to her side.

"Mother, why are you crying?" Clara asked, wiping the tears from her eyes. They'd on occasion seen her cry whenever her son was ridiculed and riddled with insults.

She tried to cover up, but as ladies who wanted what was best for their man, they knew he would die many times over just to see his mom happy, so they tended to give her attention just as much as they did for him.

Seeing her sad was akin to seeing Magnus sad.

"Stop crying, Mother. We are here, and no matter what, we will never let the vision come to pass," Ria said, holding Queen Isolde's hands.

"She is correct, Mother. I am done with the God Killing Arrows. No matter the threat, even if three realms are about me, I will be able to kill it, so don't worry about that vision." Dahlia, in her own way, assured the mother of her husband.

"Listen to them, Mother. We have all been trained ten times more intensely than we ever did in our entire lives just to make sure that vision didn't come to pass. We are strong now, Mother," Lene said, rubbing her palm on her back.

"You said it yourself, Mother, not all visions come to pass. This time, we have prepared well and will make sure this one is one of those that couldn't come true," Evelyne added with a touch of certainty.

As the first wife and the strongest among her sisters, whenever she spoke, all of them knew she meant it.

She was committed to ensuring that everything that made her man and her sisters happy was fulfilled, so she made sure her mother-in-law understood that.

Of course, her words and those of her sisters made some sense, and that alone was enough to bring some light into the world of their mother-in-law.

She looked at all of them and smiled...

"I am grateful that you five came into his life. Magnus is happy now, and that alone is all I could ask for. But I want you all to make me a promise.

When it comes to it, and there is no other way, you will be sure to hold him back because we both know there is only one way to prevent the vision.

Promise me you will do that."

The five ladies nodded, though in their hearts, they still didn't want to follow through with the plan. But deep down, they knew what she said was indeed the only way if the worst they feared came to pass.

The only question now was whether her plan would yield the result they wanted.

Of course, for now, they wanted to make sure their mother-in-law was all right, so they spent the rest of the afternoon with her.

[Dahlia's Workstation – The Five Wives' POV – Two Days Before The Awakening]

All five ladies found themselves in Dahlia's workstation after she invited them to spend the afternoon with her and see what she had made for them.

Upon arrival, she handed each of them a weapon.

She handed a rectangular box that opens on both sides to Evelyne, the first wife. Once opened, 100 compartments will be revealed, each housing a thin blade.

"These blades have been crafted using the bones of a 14-legged Demon Spider and coated in 14 dangerous poisons.

Just one cut from it is enough to kill even an Ascension stage warrior. Now, imagine driving it through their heart. A stage above the Ascension stage will even succumb."

She turned to Lene and handed her a spear made from the same material. "It won't be your main weapon because it was meant to be your killing weapon. Be sure to use it at the right time."

Ria was third. "You don't use weapons, so I made you a spray. You don't have to get close. Just spray it and use your flame to carry the toxin to your targets. That will be enough to give you an edge."

"As for you, Clara, I know aside from Magnus, you love your sword more than anything, so I made you a scabbard. Just slide your sword in now, and by tomorrow, you will have a poison blade that remains potent for 24 hours."

All four sisters looked at Dahlia and each gave her a nod of approval.

"I knew you were special from the day Magnus brought you home. Now, I'm happy I didn't secretly take you out on a hunting trip and make you disappear," Evelyne said, making Dahlia smirk.

She was the fifth wife and had only joined the harem five years ago.

But just like the rest of her sisters, she loved Magnus, so she quickly adapted and started making sure whatever made Magnus happy was protected, which included her sisters.

They were happy to accept what she had made for them.

On the shelf were neatly lined 200 two-meter-long arrows, each crafted with care and refined using poison and runes.

That made each weapon deadly, and they could see that. They could sense the danger coming from each, and as warriors, they knew just one of the arrows could kill them many times over.

These brought them some form of security, knowing that when it was at its worst, there were 200 arrows capable of tilting the odds in their favour.

"But would this be enough?" Lene asked, holding the spear in her hands. "You all can see how worried Mother-in-law has become over the past few days. Would our preparations and these weapons be enough?"

Her sisters each sighed in their hearts.

If they were being truthful, then the answer was no. It wasn't enough, and while they all didn't want to say it, they knew they had to do something more.

In the end, they didn't want to regret it, so while they could hold themselves back and resolve partially to the fact that they were happy now and had made adequate preparations, they also knew things weren't as calm as they expected them to be.

But moments like that are what made them human. They weren't gods and could not defy fate. So they knew they could only do so much, and that alone was enough to show their conviction.

Fate is a sneaky little bastard, perhaps a bitch, but in the grand scheme of things, it is what makes everything resolve to its destiny...it makes everyone resolve to their destinies.

Chapter 937: Odyssey Of The Hated One (5)

[The Third Undead - Magnus's POV - One Day Before The Awakening]

"Finally, the master can summon the next Undead," Asmodeus said, standing on Magnus' left. On his right is a dude, not too terrifying nor too easygoing.

He has one eye on his forehead and wields a giant Saber. He is Magnus's second undead, the One-Eyed Grim Saber, Eryx.

He is a level 7 Ascension stage undead and the one Magus has been keeping hidden the most. So far, to the rest of the world, he has only one undead, which is Asmodeus, also a level 7 Ascension stage warrior.

However, in reality, Eryx is the one he most certainly places most emphasis on because of his eye.

Asmodeus is powerful... Terrifying even, however, Eryx's eye is one that can even kill Nether stage warriors and severely injure domain stage beings.

His Void Eyes can bypass defenses and deal true damage, making him a dangerous opponent.

Because of this, Magnus has kept him hidden from all, only known by his mother and five wives.

However, this time, he plans on unleashing him just like how he plans on unleashing an unrestricted version of Asmodeus should the worst happen when the countdown hits zero.

Eryx looked at Asmodeus and smirked.

"You make it sound like only I is not enough to protect the master," he said.

Asmodeus also smirked, "Not to burst your bubble, one eye spawn, but when it comes to protecting the master, I am the one qualified to hold that role. Your role is more like taking care of the small fries."

"Tch. Just because the master took you on some missions doesn't mean you are the strongest. I was kept hidden as a trump card, that should tell you something."

"Oh, please. I have been alive long before your great-grandfather was thinking of chasing your great-grandma. Show some respect here, Mr. One eye." Asmodeus smirked, turning his back on Eryx.

"You knew my great-grandmother, but I am stronger than you. What does that tell you, Mr. Thousands of years old?"

This time, the punchline touched Asmodeus, making the evil demon glare at Eryx, who smirked and turned his back on Asmodeus.

Magnus smirked, knowing that adding a third undead was the only way to maintain some form of neutrality in his undead legion.

Unlike most necromancers who can summon undead skeletons and raise the dead, Magnus's necromancy isn't the typical one.

For him, the only way he could do that was to meet some conditions. The first undead he summoned, Asmodeus, required him to slay 1000 Transcendents and 100 Ascendents while he was a sage. It took him five years to get it done.

For his second undead, Eryx, he was tasked with killing 10,000 Ascendants, including 1,000 Void stage enemies, and completing some special recommended quests.

This involved entering one of the world's dangerous forests to hunt down a Forest Monarch, one of the seven overlords of the wilds.

It took him 15 years to complete the task.

For his third undead, he killed 100,000 Ascendent stage, 10,000 Void stage, 1,000 Chaos stage, and 10 Ascension stage beasts.

What Magnus didn't know was that the awakening would have happened much earlier if it hadn't been for his actions.

His thirst to awaken a third undead led him to kill more than he should, which in turn prevented the heavens from seeing his world as worthy of awakening.

Now that he had met the requirement, he knew he had to prepare well.

Magnus drew the spell circle on the ground and placed the heart of an Ascendent beast at the center. He formed a seal and said a few words.

"From the souls of the slain, the screams of the weak, and the heart of the evil, I summon thee, the harbinger of blood, rise, my humble undead, your master calls."

The moment the chant ended, the spell circle glowed red, and the heart at the center was consumed. In its place, a red portal formed, and for a moment, time seemed to stop as Magnus and his undead awaited the being that would be emerging from within.

Slowly, a sweet voice came from the portal, causing Asmodeus to break into a cold sweat.

"Asmodeus, is that you I sense?"

The evil Asmodeus took a few steps back instinctively, "Oh no, why does it have to be her?"

To answer his question, a beautiful redhead emerged from the portal, locking gazes with him, a smile that looked even more evil than Asmodeus's graced her lips.

"Big sister... How have you been?" Asmodeus asked, his voice low as he contemplated running from the one person he wouldn't like to see in this life or the next.

Then again, he is an undead, so dying is virtually impossible.

The red-headed beauty clad in skin-tight red leather armor seemed to hold some grudge against Asmodeus. She reached to her side and pulled out two short swords that were pointed at the tip, yet sharp all around.

"The last time I recall, you said something like, 'If I ever had one wish, I would wish for you to never see the light of day,' and then you stomped on my face and pushed me into the Laughing Void.

Looks like you meant to kill me, Asmodeus, your own flesh and blood. Now, tell me, should I do what was about to happen, or should we take it to the undead dimension where you can actually die?"

Asmodeus looked at Magnus, "Master, you wouldn't just let her torture me, right?"

Magnus smiled, "Actually, I would love to see how this plays out." Magnus took two chairs from his storage bag and handed one to Eryx.

They sat down and started to watch the siblings, who, from what it looks like, would kill each other 10,000 times instead of just being normal siblings.

It took five hours, but Alesi, the blood huntress, managed to release some of her pent-up frustration after Asmodeus tried to kill her a while back.

By the time she got back to wherever Asmodeus had sent her, the evil demon had managed to get a master and had long left the dimension of the undead.

But who would have thought she would also be summoned by the same master who now brought them together, giving her all the time in the world to torture Asmodeus.

However, while she would love to spend the next years torturing her little brother, all that had to wait because she had just learned the world is awakening tomorrow, and as someone who had seen and participated in an awakening before, this soured her mood, and she finally told Magnus what was coming.

"Listen to me, master. World awakening isn't simple at all. Tomorrow, thousands, perhaps millions, will die, and there is nothing you can do to help them.

This is because when we talk about world awakening, the heavens pick two worlds they claim are of equal standing and pit them against each other.

You might be the challengers, where you will be transported to the world of the defenders. That is, in a way, good somehow. At least your world won't be damaged if you manage to win.

If you're the defender, ensure all non-contracted beasts and monsters are taken care of.

Kill them all, for the heavens will see them as your enemies, and they will pit them against you. In a way, you will be fighting a battle on two fronts."

The moment Magnus heard this from Alesi, his third undead, he ran off.

For the first time in decades, Magnus sought an audience with his father, knowing that the only way to save the world was to work together.

Chapter 938: Odyssey Of The Hated One (6)

[Caelmir Grand Palace - King Alric Vs. Magnus]

"Stop there, Tainted blood," a guard shouted, pointing his weapon at Magnus.

"I said stop there." This time, he unleashed his Chaos stage strength, trying to push Magnus back. However, the vampire didn't even flinch.

He kept walking, and even when three more auras bombarded him, only his shirt was blown back by the wind.

Suddenly, three Ascension stage warriors appeared in the air and unleashed their aura, aiming to push Magnus back. However, to everyone's shock, he just smirked and kept walking toward the door of the palace.

This display was just too much for anyone to comprehend.

However, before anyone could join in, an evil laughter filled the space. "Children, my lord and master may be merciful, but I, Asmodeus, am not. Do well to remember that."

Like a parent reprimanding his children, every last one of them halted, unsure if they wanted to go against Asmodeus' words. Of course, Magnus wasn't about to stop him.

Today, he was scared, and that alone made him throw all caution to the wind and actually face all those who had tried to suppress him.

He played the weak for long. Today, he will show everyone his true nature if that is what it takes to make sure his father hears reason.

"Magnus, you stinky blood, who gave you the permission to barge into the palace? Are you looking to die?" Suddenly, a handsome young man who was at the 5th level of the Ascension stage appeared in the air, pointing his spear at Magnus.

This time, he stopped and looked at him.

"I don't have time for your nonsense, brother. I am here to talk to the king."

"Who is your brother?" The firstborn of King Alric shouted, his aura flaring. He is one of the many thorns on Magnus' side. His childhood has been one hell of a time, and still is, thanks to him.

So while he may call him brother, Magnus was just hoping he would see reason, but it seemed he was still the same person.

Magnus had had enough of his nonsense, so he made the only logical decision he deemed necessary. "Asmodeus, cage him."

"With pleasure."

With that, Magnus started walking again. The crown prince, who wanted to attack, suddenly felt his surroundings sealed, and then a chain wrapped around his neck like a dog.

"Be a good puppy and I won't add torture to it." Of course, as an arrogant person, he didn't listen to Asmodeus, who made the decision for him and turned him into a screaming dog.

Magnus didn't even care to look back at what Asmodeus was doing to the first prince.

Inside the palace hall, the king, who saw all this, had bloodshot eyes when the door swung open.

"What is the meaning of this, Magnus? Are you rebelling?" one elder shouted, pointing his finger at Magnus.

"SILENCE, WORM."

Magnus's voice took hold of all five elders inside the hall. Then, with a wave of his hand, they were all thrown out of the hall, and the gate was locked behind them.

"What do you want?" King Alric asked, looking lazily at Magnus. He held no fear in his eyes, for he knew Magnus could not kill him, and Magnus also knew that.

Even without being there, he could sense the gaze of seven people far stronger than him, locked on his vitals. They are the seven sages of Caelmir, the strongest existences in the world.

Of course, killing the king isn't impossible, but Magnus wasn't planning on doing that.

"The awakening is happening tomorrow, and we will lose if we don't kill the six remaining Forest Monarchs. I killed one 2 years ago, but the six left need to be handled now."

The king raised his brow, hearing Magnus's words.

He had been looking for the one that killed one of the forest monarchs, but came out empty-handed. Who would have thought the abomination in his bloodline was the one who did it?

"If you don't have anything to say, you can leave. I will pardon you for your actions today, but don't repeat them again." The king waved his hand, dismissing him.

"You are not listening to me, Father. The awakening is not some higher calling like those idiots are preaching. It is a battle of survival, and having these six beasts alive is half the battle lost.

They must be killed now."

The king frowned, revealing his cultivation base, one that made Magnus take a step back. 'He had reached level 8.' Magnus saw the danger, but he didn't falter.

"Listen to me, boy. I don't know where you got this theory from, nor do I care. But hear me and take it to heart: the only reason you are not dead yet is because of your mother. You will do well to remember that.

Now, get out of my sight."

Magnus remained rooted in the same position he was in.

"Ha," a laugh escaped his lips when he saw the anger on his father's face.

"Coward," Magnus muttered, causing the king to frown. "You, King Alric, are a coward. Growing up, I only wanted one thing, and that was to be noticed by you.

But no matter what I did, no matter how many I saved, you only seem to hate me more. I spent many nights wondering why, but I never knew why.

Now I think I know why. It's because you are scared of me, scared of my power. You and your wannabe sages claim the world is protected, claim to be the world protectors, but when the danger is above your expectations, you cower in fear.

If that doesn't make you cowards, then I don't know what is. But don't worry, because my mother and wives are also living in this world, I will save it.

Unlike you and your goons, I actually want what is best for this world." Magnus turned and started walking outside.

He expected his father to at least take him seriously this time, but all he received was hate. At least this time, he knew why, and while that was just his assumption, he didn't care about his father anymore or what he stood for.

He had taken matters into his own hands, and that alone shows he doesn't fear him anymore.

When Magnus was out of the hall, the seven sages appeared.

"What are your orders, King? Should we take care of him?" one of them asked, his face hidden beneath a hood.

"I don't think you have what it takes to kill my master." Before the king could give an answer, a pressure that caused all seven sages and the king to drop to their knees enveloped the hall.

Alesi appeared out of thin air and locked gaze with the king, looking down at him like he were a mere insect.

"My master has given you one last chance, and you blew it. From today onwards, I will make the decision he never had the heart to do. If you even sneakily or directly look at him funny, I will kill you.

From today, stay away from him. Master may not have the heart to kill his own father, but I do, and I will kill you and your entire bloodline without feeling anything."

With that, Alesi vanished.

They have work to do... work that she isn't sure can be accomplished within the next 19 hours, for the end of the world starts in 19 hours.

Klaus woke up sweating profusely...

Chapter 939: Bad Dream

"Klaus, what is wrong?"

Klaus woke up to the worried voice of his wife, Lulu.

She held him in her warm embrace, rubbing his chest as Klaus panted heavily.

He finally woke up from the trip down memory lane, and the feeling he got was one that overwhelmed him more than he expected.

Magnus told him there would be pain and heartbreak, but he forgot to tell him how it all started. Klaus, who had relived his childhood memories, woke up to the harsh reality of his 7th incarnation.

First, there was heartbreak, one he had started feeling from the time he turned 16, when he awoke his class.

His life before then was normal.

He had friends and a few love interests, but when he turned 16, it was as if none of that had ever mattered.

It was as if he had never had friends or siblings.

Everyone overnight despised him.

His father looked at him with disappointment, and his siblings stared at him with ridicule.

Of course, to some extent, this feeling of hate and insults started to mean nothing to him.

But as the only human to ever care for him, whenever he heard people disrespect his mother, it bit him deep in his heart, and for that, Klaus couldn't help but shed a few tears.

Then there is a part where he was on the verge of experiencing the awakening.

Klaus was leaving the life of his past self, and while he had yet to know what happened, what his third undead Alesi told him scared the shit out of him.

So he woke up with a heartbreak filled with pain, the kind he was feeling for the first time. Even now, as he sat on the bed, hugged from both the front and back, he could sense it.

He could feel it, like the heavens are looking down on him with scorn, waiting patiently for the day they get their chance to take everything from him.

Klaus turned and looked at Lulu, taking her looks in with a gaze that made him feel like it had been thousands of years since he last saw her.

In his memories, Evelyne, Magnus's first wife, is a carbon copy of Lulu, and the strangest part is that they both are spirit masters.

Klaus smiled slightly, "I am fine. It was just a bad dream."

Lulu and Nari looked at each other, thinking the same thing. The feeling they got from Klaus wasn't one that could be categorized as a bad dream; it was one of pain and fear, and that alone told them he wasn't in the right mindset to talk to them.

So they didn't bother him. Instead, they bathed him and sent him back to bed. He needed to sleep and calm his nerves down a bit.

They stayed for another hour to make sure he was alright before leaving.

Thankfully, Klaus didn't enter another memory yet, so after ten hours of sleep, he finally woke up.

He sat on the bed and started recalling all he had experienced, this time with a clearer mind. It took him a while, but eventually, he managed to stand and dress up.

Then he went to the main mansion where his wives were helping with dinner. He joined them, and soon dinner was ready.

Klaus ate just fine, but his wives could see he wasn't alright, so after dinner, they stayed for a few minutes before leaving the Arcadia mansion for a cinema.

Klaus had to say the one among them who suggested the cinema deserved a whole month with him. The movies helped him calm down his nerves.

The night was spent with Miriam and Nia, who had been waiting their turn all this while. Klaus, of course, recovered by the next day thanks to his two wives.

The next day, they went to the triplets' family, where they spent the entire day.

Perhaps because of the memories and love he felt from his family, Klaus became more active in the lives of the ladies around him.

He had already seen how not knowing much about his women was affecting them.

Had he paid more attention to Nadia, he would have known she had some issues she had to sort out with his mother.

He would have known what happened to Asha's family and would have known Nari had sisters and brothers from the orphanages she had stayed at back in the day.

Of course, now that he has, he will make sure they all have the closure they need.

The time with Nova, Stella, and Aria's parents was just too fantastic. But it didn't stop there. After spending the night with Asha and Lily, the next day, they went to Vida's family, who also live in Arcadian City.

They spent half the day there, since Vida's parents are both adventurers, and they had been called on a mission that Klaus didn't want to hold them back from.

Vida stayed behind to make sure they took Klaus's blood before joining the rest of her sisters. Thankfully, her parents returned the same day and gave it to them.

The vacation in Arcadian City concluded with a visit to Nia's family. She, too, has three sisters, but they aren't warriors like her.

The senior is into fashion, the second is a doctor, and the third, the one who came before Nia, considering she is the last born, is a performer.

She can play quite a lot of instruments.

However, regardless of their profession, Klaus knew his blood would find a way to make a warrior out of them.

Once all was settled, they left and went to Hazel City, where they spent a day with Sofia's parents. Klaus, for some strange reason, felt that both Sofia and her parents weren't humans.

It was strange, but after Sofia awakened her dragon bloodline, Klaus started to sense some similarities between her and her parents.

Of course, just like Vida's parents, they are also warriors, so his blood has found good and fertile soil. It will bring out their potential.

They then spent another day in Orange City with Amelia's family before going to Felin City to spend a day with Lily's family.

With her sister and brothers joining the Paragon Force, they spent their time only with her parents. It was a pleasant visit, and after everything was settled, they left.

Klaus has visited all his in-laws, and now he is back to spending the last phase of his vacation getting to know his wives and potential ones.

After visiting their parents, he has noticed some changes in the way they interact with him. This was a qualitative boost in their relationship, one that, Klaus welcomed.

So he wanted to know them more and, if possible, slap the paragon stamps on their asses before the vacation was over.

It took close to 14 days, but when all was said and done, Klaus managed to learn more about his women than he had ever expected to know.

But he was glad they had those moments, and when they finally arrived at the Grand Moyl Resort, where Ohema had reserved in case some freaky time would be happening, Klaus was left with nothing but pleasure, one he was looking forward to since the first day they left Moonville.

Chapter 940: Grand Arcane Formation

[Bermuda Triangle – Hidden Fort]

Before the apocalypse, the Bermuda Triangle was a mystery nobody had been able to decipher.

It was a place nobody dared casually traverse in fear of being swallowed.

Many called it the doorway to hell, for apparently, it had swallowed many ships and planes that passed through or over it.

Some called it the maw of the Leviathan, for those who believed in ancient myths thought the abyssal Leviathan lived there and had been feeding on ships and planes that passed through.

Of course, to the scientist, it is claimed that a black hole is hidden beneath the sea, and the electromagnetic pull it exerts has formed that region, making it a dangerous place where traversing it is strongly advised against.

However, among the many theories that have been proposed and partially validated, none have explained why it appeared and what it meant. In a way, they all made assumptions and believed in it.

However, just because there was no true reason why that region appeared and what it stood for, doesn't mean nobody knew.

In an undersea structure resembling a dome, a team of scientists, each equipped with futuristic technology, is actively scanning and picking readings in the region near the Bermuda Triangle.

Suddenly, a red beeping sound started sounding inside the research dome, prompting the scientist hidden within to start analysing the results.

It took just a minute for grim looks to appear on their faces.

"Dr. Shyra, the grand formation is breaking," one brown, handsome scientist said, looking at the spikes in the reading on his monitor.

He looks human and possesses human features, but his eyes are those of a beast, specifically a panther.

Dr. Shyra, a slim beauty with thin glasses perched on her nose, appeared beside the young man, her attention so keen that she seemed not to want to miss anything.

With her golden eyes shining like a panther hidden beneath a bush under a moonlit night, waiting for their prey, she scrutinized the spikes and readings.

After a minute or two, she pressed the screen on the watch wrapped around her slender arms and spoke into it.

"This is Dr. Shyra Khen, badge number 8792, Mission report."

A voice spoke from the other end, "Speak, Doctor."

“Please report to the elder council. Let them know the Grand Arcane formation is breaking. Estimated time before complete breakdown: 43 days.

My team needs immediate extraction. Time before total annihilation, 24 hours.”

“What?” The voice sounded alarmed. He understood what was happening, but he was so shocked that he didn’t know what to do.

“Listen, whoever you are, tell the elder council the hidden race is breaking the formation, and if my team is not extracted within the next 24 hours, all data gathered over the years will be lost, and with it will be all 14 of us down here.

I don’t want to die, so better get on your ass and report now.”

The man nodded, as if he were being stared in the face. He pressed a button on his computer, and the next second, a Void stage warrior clad in leather armor entered the room.

The sword on his back looks futuristic and radiates an energy, the kind that makes it look deadly.

He waved his hand, and the room was sealed. Then he retrieved a device and pressed a button on it. A second later, a handsome face appeared in a holographic form.

“General Sahran Velk, the grand arcane formation is breaking. Dr. Shyra and her team require immediate extraction.”

With no response, the general turned off the call.

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[Zanbathu – Main City of the Bast Race – The King’s Fortress]

When the apocalypse descended, Earth formed into six unions. They were once the continents, but they later became unions. Then, a few years later, the ice in Antarctica shattered, and the ice-born appeared.

A couple of years later, the water people also appeared, believed to be the lost city said to have been swallowed by the sea thousands of years ago.

Then, recently, the moon-borns also appeared, and that was when people started to see that there is more to Earth than meets the eye.

Many started wondering when the next hidden race will appear.

At the moment, inside the most advanced city in the world, one that nobody on Earth, aside from one person, knew, a meeting to decide the fate of the whole Earth is underway.

Seated on a throne, built by the greatest minds the Bast race had to offer, is a man whose mere gaze can end the lives of many. His posture is calm, and the way he was even breathing made it seem as though he didn't need it.

He held in his hand a screen showing an image of one person.

"Klaus Hanson, the strongest Earth has to offer," he muttered, shaking his head.

Seated on another throne beside him is a beauty by her own standard. Just like the King, she is also of brown skin, but with a lighter shine to hers.

Her dark hair flew down her back, and judging by the air around her, she is no greenhouse flower.

She also held the same screen showing Klaus's image.

Not far from there, standing, is a beauty that if Klaus or any Earthling were to see her, would immediately recognize.

Princess Eshira, the second-born in the royal family, is the greatest spy the Bast race has ever had. She also held the same screen with Klaus's image on it. One hand was behind her, clenched into a fist.

Then, away from here, are seven elders, each holding an image of Klaus.

"My king, I think we should go ahead with our plan to take over the entire Earth. If the strongest on Earth is a mere Transcendent, then I think we have been wasting our time guarding the Grand Arcane formation for nothing.

They can't even produce a decent warrior capable of fighting when it comes to it."

"I think so too, my King," another elder said.

Princess Eshira frowned, hearing them.

Of course, while she could use her status as princess to stop them, she was but a void stage expert while all seven elders were level Chaos stage warriors, and her father was already at the peak of the Chaos stage.

Doing so would be too disrespectful.

But she knew she had to do something to stop the king from making a decision. For years now, the Bast race had remained hidden from all.

Their role was one that was bestowed upon them years ago, and as a race endowed with natural talents and powerful warriors, they'd grown far beyond the imagination of Earth.

The role as bodyguards of Earth was starting to crumble. They wanted to become rulers, and as ambitious as they could be, they sent their best spy to gather information for them.

She came, spent years gathering information, and now that she presented her findings to the elders, they wanted to take over the whole Earth.

“Listen to me, Elders.” Princess Eshira started to speak because she knew she had to say something. “Instead of attacking them, why don’t you instead talk to them... I am sure you can come to understand Earth is in no way weak.”

All seven elders glared at her and were about to shut her down when the door to the hall swung open.

The elders wanted to shout at the person who interrupted their meeting. But when their eyes landed on the towering General Sahran Velk, they swallowed their words.

“We have a problem, my king. The Grand Arcane formation is breaking.”

The king stood up the next second, and with a swing, the void shattered, disappearing into it. The elders followed the next second with the last being General Sahran Velk, the Queen, and Princess Eshira.