

## Paragon 95

### Chapter 95 - 95: A Humble Klaus

Immediately after Klaus beheaded the 50 Tier 6 Zombies, the scene vanished, and he was ejected from the Oracle. The display had been too shocking. The original plan was to use his overwhelming strength and combat skills to inspire the young elite and temper the wills of true warriors.

That strategy worked for a while—until Klaus started making them feel uneasy. The higher-ups, watching how effortlessly he was killing the monsters, began to wonder if they had gone too far. What was meant to build confidence was now planting seeds of doubt and fear in the hearts of the young warriors.

Killing the Tier 5 Zombies was impressive but manageable. They had expected Klaus to fall once the Tier 6 Zombies appeared. But, to their surprise, Klaus didn't even flinch. He remained completely focused on perfecting the technique he was developing.

After he cut down 50 Tier 6 Zombies, they realized he hadn't reached his limit yet. They considered increasing the number of monsters to overwhelm him, hoping that pushing him to his breaking point would allow them to control the narrative.

Headlines could then read:

"Even the Strong Have Their Limits"

"Klaus, the Young Prodigy, Battles Tier 6 Zombies Before Falling"

"The Rise and Fall of a Genius: Klaus Pushes Beyond His Limits"

"Unstoppable Until the End: Klaus Falls After Facing Impossible Odds"

"The Ascended Warrior Who Faced the Impossible, but Couldn't Hold On"

It would have been the perfect opportunity to teach the young elites a valuable lesson, but Klaus didn't follow their plans. His goal was to perfect his beheading technique before he faced an impossible challenge.

Had they allowed him to continue, they would have made the biggest mistake of their lives. Inside the Oracle, the monsters didn't have the same willpower as those in the real world. They lacked the fierce determination and unpredictable berserk tendencies that could activate at any moment. Those vital traits simply weren't present.

Because of this, the true strength of the monsters inside the Oracle was only about 60-70% of what they would be in the outside world. If they had let Klaus continue, perhaps only a Tier 6 Terror would have stood a chance of overwhelming him. But even then, that's assuming he used his sword without tapping into his elemental powers—or if he chose not to unleash his Lotus Bloom skill.

Waking up in the chair, Klaus removed the helmet and stared at the wall. "Damn it, I was this close to perfecting that move," he muttered, frowning.

He had reached a critical moment—learning to ignore defense to behead his target. It was the most important part of the skill, and he had just begun to grasp it when he was ejected.

"If only I had one more chance to fight them," Klaus clenched his fist, gritting his teeth as he glared at the Oracle helmet in frustration.

Klaus stood up from the chair, still fuming. The frustration of being so close gnawed at him. He paced back and forth for a moment, trying to calm the storm brewing inside.

"One more fight... that's all I needed," he whispered under his breath.

His mind raced with thoughts of what could have been. The move he was working on wasn't just another technique—it was the key to reaching a whole new level of mastery. He knew that once perfected, it would give him the edge he needed against stronger opponents. But now, that progress was cut short.

He stopped pacing and took a deep breath. "I can't let this hold me back," he said firmly. "If I want to perfect it, I'll just have to do it in the real world."

His frown faded, replaced with determination. Klaus picked up the helmet again, inspecting it. The Oracle had its limits, but it had pushed him farther than he'd expected. Now, he was ready to take on real challenges outside of simulations.

"It's time to test myself out there," he said, placing the helmet down. His eyes gleamed with anticipation. "I need a real fight."

The moment Klaus stepped out of his room, he found himself back in the large hall filled with only 199 disciples. These were the ones who had made it to the top 200, the elite among them. As soon as he appeared, all eyes were on him.

Klaus, still irritated by his interrupted fight, glanced around with an indifferent expression, though his mind was elsewhere. His gaze lingered on their neatly polished necks, something about them drawing his attention more than usual.

'What the hell... this technique is messing with me,' Klaus thought, realizing with a shock that for a brief moment, he had the urge to slice through their necks. It wasn't bloodlust, just a result of hours spent focusing on perfecting the deadly skill. The desire to execute that technique was lingering, almost reflexively.

He shook his head subtly, clearing his thoughts. "Focus," he whispered to himself, reminding himself that this wasn't a battlefield.

"Klaus, over here!" Anna called out, her voice cutting through the low hum of chatter. She was surrounded by a group of guys whose smirks and predatory stares made it clear they weren't just interested in small talk.

'Bloodthirsty, horny bastards,' Klaus thought in his usual sarcastic tone. Even though Anna had placed second in the Top 200 selections, making her one of the strongest, it only seemed to make things worse. Her new status had drawn even more unwanted attention, and now she was in a tricky spot.

Klaus sighed, his earlier irritation fading as he started walking toward her. "Being beautiful is a disease", he muttered under his breath, though a small smirk tugged at his lips. He couldn't help but feel a bit amused by the whole situation.

Death stares, gritted teeth, and angry glares followed Klaus as he moved through the crowd. He looked like an elf straight out of a painting. His white hair flowed down his back, and his golden eyes shone brighter than ever. Nadia had also made sure his wardrobe was top-tier.

He wore black trousers and a violet shirt with intricate embroidery, the outfit topped off by a sleek pair of LandMax shoes that matched perfectly. He looked more like a model on a runway than a boy walking among his peers.

He was simply too handsome, and the other boys weren't having it. But Klaus didn't tell them to be ugly—Lol. He walked past them without a care and stopped beside Anna. Ignoring the bitter stares, he casually wrapped his arm around her shoulders, pulling her close.

"Are you okay?" he whispered, his voice soft but loud enough for the onlookers to hear.

Anna's face flushed slightly as Klaus pulled her in, but she quickly composed herself. The tension in the hall grew thicker as the other disciples watched in stunned silence. Some of the guys clenched their fists in frustration, their jealousy palpable.

Anna nodded, smiling up at Klaus with a grateful look in her eyes. "I'm fine, thanks to you," she said softly, though there was a hint of relief in her voice. The bloodthirsty glances she'd been dealing with moments ago seemed to vanish the second Klaus arrived. His presence alone was enough to silence any unwelcome attention.

Klaus gave her a small smile, though his eyes darted to the crowd for a moment, catching the glares aimed at him. He could feel the hostility, but he shrugged it off, unfazed.

"Good," Klaus said, still keeping his arm around her as they stood together. "Let's get out of here."

They walked to a quieter corner of the hall, away from the clamor of the remaining disciples. When they reached a secluded spot, Klaus finally let go of Anna's shoulders but continued to hold her hand. He turned to her with a genuine smile.

"You were amazing, Anna," Klaus said, his eyes meeting hers as he glanced at the projection of the rankings. "I knew you'd give me a run for my money."

The display showed the top performers, and despite Klaus's staggering points, Anna's score also stood out. The gap between her and the third-place contestant was significant, a clear sign that she had performed exceptionally well.

Anna's smile widened, a mix of pride and relief in her eyes. "Thanks, Klaus. I've been working hard, and it feels good to see it pay off." Although she tried her best to look natural, the pink flush on her cheeks sold her away.

'She is blushing,' Klaus thought.

'What is with ladies and blushing?' Klaus has already experienced many blushes; he even made Ohema, the mysterious Ohema, blush in their last conversation, ending the call before they could continue.

So he knew it was a trait in ladies. But seeing Anna that way made his heart jump a bit. 'She is so cute,' He said inwardly, but then the face of another moon goddess with silver hair appeared in his mind, clearing that thought away.

Klaus nodded, squeezing her hand gently. "You deserve it. You've got skills and determination. It's impressive."

As they stood there, absorbed in their own conversation, the noise of the hall seemed to fade away, leaving just the two of them in their own moment. Suddenly, a section of the hall creaked open, and five figures emerged. Klaus and Anna were jolted from their thoughts.

"It's her," Anna said, her eyes widening as she saw the last person enter the hall.

"Big Sister," Klaus said, recognizing the War Goddess as she walked in. She smiled warmly when she saw Klaus and Anna.

"Little brother, you are indeed something," the War Goddess said, her eyes twinkling with approval. Klaus couldn't help but smile at her words.

"I don't like to brag, Big Sister," Klaus replied with a grin. "After all, I'm a humble person. But I have to say, betting against me was probably the biggest mistake you ever made."

The War Goddess chuckled softly. "Oh really? I guess that's fair. You've certainly surprised everyone," she said, turning her attention to the others.

Klaus and Anna moved closer to join the group. The War Goddess's presence seemed to draw the attention of everyone in the hall, and a hush fell over the crowd as they awaited her words.

"Congratulations, everyone"