

THE LAST PARAGON IN THE APOCALYPSE

Chapter 1: The Beginning

The sun hung low in the sky, casting a warm, golden light that painted the clouds in shades of amber and pink. It was a breathtaking, almost surreal sight. Suddenly, the heavens rumbled, and the mountains shattered, sending debris flying in all directions. The surreal clouds parted, revealing a white-haired youth wielding a crimson-blazing longsword, standing in the air.

The air around him was wild, whipping his hair back as he locked eyes with a towering figure. The figure stood a massive three meters tall, with a twisted face and two horns protruding from his forehead. In his hands, he gripped a giant spear crackling with lightning.

"Lowly human, you dare block me?" the horned giant snarled, radiating an intense killing aura.

"Really? From where I stand, it seems you're the one blocking my way. You're even blocking the sun with your height," the white-haired youth replied with a disdainful smile.

"Human bug, I will crush you and enslave your entire civilization," the horned man growled, tightening his grip on the spear.

"Tsk, you couldn't do anything two years ago. How do you expect to fare this time?" The white-haired youth's eyes glinted with a hint of sadness as he spoke. Then, his aura exploded, and he pointed his sword directly at the horned giant.

"I will cut you down, hunt down your friends, and destroy them. After that, I will find your wretched race and exterminate it. This is my final promise to you," the white-haired youth declared, his gaze burning with fury.

"A mere human race dares to be arrogant? Do you think your little strength can rival my thousands of years of cultivation?" the horned giant sneered.

"We humans don't need that much time. Today, I will show you why the human race will forever soar to the stars," the white-haired youth said,

dashing toward the horned giant. Space itself seemed to explode as their weapons clashed.

"How... how is this possible?" the horned giant gasped, lying on the ground, his body covered in blood. The white-haired youth stood imposingly over him, his sword pointed at the giant's throat.

"How? Well, it all started about 50 years ago," the youth began.

About 50 years ago, Earth was a vibrant place teeming with life and happiness. Technological advancements had reached new heights, and ambitious nations had finally succeeded in sending people to Mars for exploration. Over the years, many were able to permanently relocate to the red planet.

Although interstellar space travel hadn't been fully achieved, humanity was on track to accomplish it. Life was good. The Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs) had been met, ushering in a new age of prosperity. The third world

war never happened, and trade on the blockchain entered a revolutionary phase.

Slowly but surely, humans were gearing toward a new era—an era that promised to set them on the path of evolution and help them attain their true potential. Unbeknownst to them, that evolution was nearer than they anticipated.

It was April 12th, 2070. Life was going on as usual when, suddenly, the air turned gloomy, and breathing became difficult. People started acting strangely. Trains lost their coordinators, pilots lost control of their planes, and machines began to malfunction.

Communication was severed, and panic quickly set in. Homes, schools, parks, and airports all descended into chaos. People who had been laughing and playing with one another suddenly turned vicious. They began biting and eating their fellow humans.

Siblings attacked each other, and teachers went after their students. Chaos reigned everywhere, and all life was in peril. But then it got even worse. Domestic animals, once beloved pets, started mutating. Puppies became vicious, turning on their owners, and mosquitoes grew more robust, biting with deadly intent.

The situation spiraled further out of control as wild animals began evolving, becoming more ferocious than ever. Cities were thrown into turmoil. The animals, both domestic and wild, along with humans who had now become zombies, started killing indiscriminately.

However, unlike the sluggish, slow zombies depicted in movies, these zombies were fast and vicious, making survival even more difficult.

Humans were dying like chickens. Within a week, the population had dropped by a staggering 20%. The military stepped in, using all their might to defend against the chaos, but as the days passed, their grip on the situation began to slip. More monsters kept appearing, and the zombies grew stronger with each kill.

Then, one day, from the six habitable continents, six individuals emerged, displaying strange and powerful abilities. They harnessed fire, lightning, ice, and other elements to protect themselves. It was then that people realized that just as the monsters had grown stronger and fiercer, humans too had started to gain extraordinary powers.

These six individuals led soldiers in clearing cities, securing safe zones, and rescuing those who couldn't defend themselves. A few months into this struggle, the tide began to turn. The human race started pushing back. Zombies were driven out or killed, and humanity began to reclaim its cities.

The discovery that killing zombies and monsters made people stronger quickly spread. Bold and bloodthirsty humans went into a frenzy, slaughtering zombies and monsters alike. It was a brutal struggle. While many monsters died, so did countless humans. Yet, as more people became stronger, the creation of safe zones accelerated.

Half a year into the apocalypse, humanity began to adapt. The old governments collapsed, and new rules were established. The dozens of former countries were no more. Instead, power was consolidated over entire continents.

The six continents were reorganized into unions, with one powerhouse governing all the territories within. A year later, more powerhouses rose to prominence, absorbing smaller nations. Strength and influence became the new currency of power. These powerhouses began to name themselves Legacy Families, Great Families, and Clans.

Two years into the apocalypse, humans had managed to block off most of the infested cities and forests. Life became more stable, and people began to enjoy a semblance of peace once more.

Five years into the apocalypse, humanity had regained a semblance of its previous peaceful life, thanks to the tireless efforts of cultivators, known as warriors. These warriors were the backbone of society, protecting the world from threats. Everyone wanted to become a warrior, and children who began to awaken superpowers were chasing that dream. It was a prosperous era for humanity.

But on July 21st, 2081, everything changed. The frozen continent cracked open, and from beneath the ice, a mysterious race emerged—later known as the Ice People. They came with shocking technological equipment far beyond anything humanity had ever seen. Their sudden appearance sent shockwaves across the globe.

Their presence stirred hostilities, leading to a fierce battle between the human race and the Ice People. Many died on both sides. Just as the conflict was about to escalate into a full-scale war, six powerful individuals from the human race—already recognized as heroes—appeared and stopped the fighting in an instant.

Nobody knew what was discussed behind closed doors, but after ten days of secret negotiations, the humans and the Ice People signed a treaty of peace and mutual cooperation. The six human heroes would soon be known as the 6 Overlords. Not long after, a powerful warrior from the Ice People joined their ranks, making them the 7 Overlords.

This new alliance between the two races thrust humanity into a new era of prosperity, setting the stage for a brighter future.

Life gradually improved as brave souls ventured out to hunt monsters, striving to grow stronger. Through their combined efforts, both the human race and the Ice People discovered new mineral reserves, thanks to their enhanced strength and advanced technology.

Spiritual Qi became the cornerstone of daily life. People cultivated it, and in doing so, they began to ascend through various realms. The mysterious screen that appeared upon awakening revealed the stages of power: Awakened, Ascended, Master, Grandmaster, Saint, and more.

As humanity advanced, they realized that monsters and zombies grew stronger too. In response, the various unions implemented reward systems, incentivizing warriors to venture into the wild and hunt down these ever-evolving threats.

For a time, this balance held, and prosperity seemed within reach. However, 30 years later, a disturbing discovery was made: newborns were no longer awakening like their predecessors. Powerful parents, desperate to ensure their children's strength, began capturing monsters, forcing their children to kill them in hopes of triggering an awakening.

But despite their efforts, the children remained ordinary humans.

Panic swept through society as the future of the human race seemed uncertain. However, after several tense weeks, a revelation came to light. Newborns possessed special mutation genes, which could only be awakened when they turned 16. This discovery brought hope back to humanity and ushered in a new era of expectations for the younger generation.

A special drug was created, designed to stimulate the latent mutation genes in those who had not yet awakened. When the first batch of youths used it, the results were astonishing—they became significantly stronger than the previous generations. From that point forward, everything began to fall back into place.

Power still lay in the hands of the strong, while the weak could only endure. Forty-five years into the apocalypse, yet another new race emerged—the Sea Borns, who claimed 70% of the oceans. Unlike the initial hostility faced by the Ice People, the Sea Borns were welcomed more smoothly. They brought their unique technologies and cultures, integrating into the new global order.

Eventually, the 7 Overlords became 8, and from there, fate continued to shape the world.

As powerful families maintained their dominance, new geniuses were born daily. The arrogance of the strong persisted, and while life appeared good on the surface, beneath it all, the power struggles, betrayals, and conflicts never ceased.

But all of this would change.

One fateful day, a boy—a boy who had been overlooked by everyone, a boy who wanted nothing more than to buy a house in the city and make his mother happy—would awaken. That boy was Klaus.

On his 16th birthday, Klaus would awaken, not as just another warrior, but as the last paragon. His awakening would usher in a new era, one that would shake the heavens and challenge the deepest abyss. His legend was about to begin, and it would turn the tides of history in ways no one could have predicted.