

Paragon 105

Chapter 105 - 105: Klaus's Fury [Bonus]

Matin Guan, the arrogant heir of the Guan Great family, had once recklessly chased after Anna Ross, only to stumble into Klaus during his first hunt in the Sunlight Forest. It was unfortunate for him. Back then, Klaus had just awakened his Talent and Class, working to change his and his mother's situation. He was unreasonable in those days, and Matin's arrogance only fueled the tension.

Had Matin not targeted the Tier 3 monster's body—or worse, threatened his mother—he might still be alive today. But things had escalated. Klaus killed him, and that was that. Or so he thought.

Klaus never found out what Matin's family did afterward, but since no one came knocking on his door for revenge, he moved on and forgot about it. That was until now.

Slowly descending from the sky, Matin Guan landed on the ground, his spear gripped tightly in his hand, his cold gaze locked onto Klaus.

"Shit," Klaus muttered to himself, memories flooding back. "Now that I think about it, I never took his weapon back then... or did I?" He frowned, still uncertain. But before he could puzzle over it any longer, his eyes shifted to the figure standing beside Matin.

"The Mutated Zombie General..." Klaus's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "What a sinister plot." He remembered barely surviving his first encounter with the Zombie General. This time, the situation was far worse.

That time, if he hadn't killed the Mutated Zombie with that one strike, he would have struggled. Even his undistributed points wouldn't have made much of a difference.

Two enemies—one resurrected and the other far deadlier—stood before him. "I got lucky last time... but this time, it's going to be different. I can't handle them both at once." The heavens really wanted him dead, seriously.

Then, something struck Klaus as odd. Despite Matin only being Ascended and the Mutated Zombie being a Tier 5 Terror, there was something deeply unsettling about them.

"Their eyes..." Klaus squinted, noticing the strange color shifting within their irises—flashes of red, gold, and brown. He couldn't put his finger on it, but those eyes sent chills down his spine.

Klaus clenched his fists tighter, the realization hitting him like a bolt of lightning. The heavens—the so-called impartial arbiters of fate—would always be his mortal enemies. They despised him, and now, he despised them with equal fury.

"Bring it on, bozos!" Klaus roared, charging forward with renewed vigor. As he dashed ahead, he deactivated the Blackhole and had already exploded the Lotus flower. The explosion of the ice energy created a misty battlefield zone, one where he held the advantage. The swirling mist allowed him to move faster, slipping through the air like a phantom.

But Klaus wasn't the only one bolstered. The heavens had chosen to empower Matin and the Mutated Zombie as well, infusing their weapons with crackling lightning. A dangerous fight lay ahead.

BOOM!

Klaus's sword clashed with the jagged club of the Mutated Zombie, the force of the impact sending him flying backward. He managed to twist in midair, landing squarely on his feet, but there was no time to recover. Matin's spear came stabbing at his neck with blinding speed.

Klaus parried the spear just in time, using the momentum to throw a powerful kick at Matin. But the Zombie's club intercepted his leg, the blow rattling his bones.

"Damn, that hurts," Klaus muttered through gritted teeth, the pain radiating through his body. He glanced at his two opponents, their movements uncannily synchronized.

"They're working together... Is this what the heavens want? Cooperation?" His mind raced. "The heavens' weapons are working in unison... This is bad. This tribulation is different. Could this be... karma?"

Klaus shifted to the defensive, blocking a series of rapid strikes from Matin's spear and the Zombie's club. Their attacks were relentless, their coordination tightening with every clash.

Klaus's thoughts raced as he struggled against the unrelenting assault. "Is this what Senior meant when he said the heavens are unpredictable—especially when it comes to me?" he muttered, barely managing to block a strike that hurled him through the air.

"Fuck karma! This young master has more to live for, more ladies to woo! I'm not dying to your schemes!" Klaus roared, slashing his sword at Matin with fury. But once again, the jagged club of the Zombie General intercepted his attack, forcing Klaus to sidestep a powerful stab from Matin's spear.

In a swift motion, Klaus grabbed the spear, yanking Matin forward. But before he could follow through with a counterattack, a brutal strike crashed into his ribcage, sending him flying across the battlefield.

Cough! Cough!

Klaus spat out two mouthfuls of blood as he struggled to rise from the ground. His leather top was torn, revealing bruises on his pale skin. His ribs hadn't broken, but they felt as if they were shattered.

"Damn it, this bastard has to die now," Klaus growled, his eyes narrowing. He could sense that Matin was more sinister than the Zombie General, but the constant interference from the zombie was preventing him from delivering a fatal blow. He knew that if he couldn't find an opening soon, things would only get worse.

His fears were realized faster than he expected. As Klaus tried to steady himself, Matin's spear came hurtling toward his heart. He sidestepped, but it wasn't enough—the spear pierced his shoulder joint, sending jolts of searing lightning through his body.

"Cough..." Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth. The stab was deep, the pain sharp and unrelenting. Klaus grimaced; he had been just a fraction too slow.

"Damn it," he cursed, forcing himself to distance himself from Matin, but there was no reprieve. Before Klaus could react, a piercing attack erupted from the ground, stabbing into his back with brutal precision. He was thrown through the air, hurtling straight toward the Zombie General, who was already poised to strike.

"Shit," Klaus muttered, but his words came too late. The Zombie's club smashed into his left shoulder, the sickening sound of bones cracking filling the air. The force sent Klaus flying once more, his body crumpling under the repeated blows.

"Fuck..." he groaned.

"After all this, some pampered greenhouse legacy flower dares to compare himself to me?" Klaus growled, narrowing his gaze. "If I don't put them in their place, my name isn't Klaus." He rolled across the icy battlefield, narrowly evading a strike from the Zombie General, who now appeared more intelligent, using the terrain to his advantage.

The ice battlefield Klaus had created was beginning to crumble, but he had anticipated this. He knew his advantage was fleeting, a momentary edge that would soon disappear.

As the jagged club of the Zombie swung toward him, Klaus reacted swiftly. A flower manifested in his palm, and with his right hand, he swung his sword, blocking the club's impact. Simultaneously, he leaped into the air, dodging a spear thrust from Matin, who had attempted a sneak attack from his blind spot.

Klaus flung the flower toward Matin, detonating it mid-air. The explosion momentarily froze Matin in place, encasing him in ice. But Klaus's victory was short-lived. Before he could deliver the finishing blow, the Zombie charged at him again, its club raised for a deadly strike.

"Damn you, brute! Let me take out this bastard, and then we'll have our one-on-one!" Klaus shouted in frustration, though he knew his words were pointless. With no choice but to abandon his attack on Matin, Klaus turned to face the Zombie.

His sword gleamed crimson as he channeled his fire essence. With a swift motion, he unleashed a powerful arc of flame, cutting deep into the Zombie's chest. But the satisfaction of the hit was fleeting—the wound healed almost instantly, the Zombie regenerating with unnatural speed.

"Fuck, the heavens are such cheats," Klaus cursed under his breath, realizing how unfair this battle had become. But even as frustration gnawed at him, Klaus steeled himself. There was no point in complaining now. He had to fight on.

Martin broke free from the ice with a fierce charge. Klaus reacted quickly, blocking the strike and delivering a powerful kick that sent Martin stumbling backward.

"I killed you once; I can do it again!" Klaus growled, his eyes narrowing at Martin's cold, unyielding gaze. But something about Martin felt off, tugging at Klaus's instincts. 'What is wrong with him?' Klaus wondered, his unease growing as Martin grew colder with every attack.

Before Klaus could dwell on it further, the Zombie General lunged at him again. Klaus evaded the strike and countered with a swift, powerful attack to sever the Zombie's neck. But just as his blade was about to make contact, Martin's spear intercepted it with precision.

"Shouldn't there be a timer on this?" Klaus muttered in frustration. "Like, if the heavens can't kill me in a few minutes, I win?"

But the battle showed no signs of ending. The synergy between Martin and the Zombie made it impossible for Klaus to land a decisive blow. No matter how hard he struck, one of them would always be there to disrupt his attacks.

Klaus clenched his teeth, frustration boiling inside him with each blocked strike. No matter how fast or precise his attacks were, they seemed futile. The Zombie was tough—its rugged exterior and monstrous strength made it nearly impossible to penetrate. And even when Klaus landed a hit, the creature's superhuman healing rendered his efforts meaningless.

Martin was no better. He was far sneakier now than when Klaus had killed him the first time. There was something off about him, something that made Klaus's skin crawl. Each time Martin moved, a chill ran down his spine.

"Something's wrong," Klaus muttered under his breath. But before he could piece together what was happening—before he even knew what to stop—six massive pillars of earth exploded from the ground, encircling them in a 2-kilometer radius.

A strange blue field began to form between the pillars, crackling with energy. Klaus felt it the moment the fields connected. His strength was cut in half, and his movements were suddenly sluggish and heavy.

"The Earth Domain," Klaus cursed under his breath. "What the hell? How does this Zombie have an ability like this?"

But it was too late. He was trapped, and his enemies were closing in.