

Paragon 106

Chapter 106 - 106: On the Brink of Death

Klaus gritted his teeth, feeling the energy drain from his body as the Earth Domain locked into place. The six towering pillars loomed around him, crackling with an unfamiliar power. His strength had been cut in half, and he could feel the weight of the situation pressing down on him.

"The Earth Domain... Seriously? Why does this Zombie have this kind of ability?" Klaus muttered in disbelief. He had expected a tough battle, but this felt like the heavens were stacking the odds even further against him. He was trapped.

"Brat, do you finally understand what I told you? The heavens are unpredictable. They'll throw everything at you to kill you. And this? This is nothing compared to what they're truly capable of," the voice of Klaus's senior echoed in his mind from deep within his soul sea.

Klaus gritted his teeth. "I get it now. So that's how it is... They picked an opponent with an earth affinity and gave it this sinister ability." He could feel the dark plot working against him.

His mind flashed back to the days before the City Selection Exams when Lucy helped him prepare. He had studied countless monsters and their abilities, including the Ground Mountain Koala Bear. That creature is the only one capable of using the Earth Domain. But the Mutated Zombie? It shouldn't have this power.

The realization stung. He had been caught off guard, thrown into a trap set by the heavens themselves. Now, he truly understood what his senior had warned him about. The heavens were using karma as an excuse, twisting the rules just to kill him. And it was working—his strength had been drained to a mere 50 percent.

"Fuck, this is too sinister!" Klaus growled, his anger boiling over.

"That it is," his senior's voice returned. "But you have to push through. This is just another obstacle. And what do you do when you face an obstacle? You cleave through it. This is no different.

You're a Paragon. Man up and kill these suckers... er, monsters," he finished awkwardly.

Klaus couldn't help but chuckle at his senior's slip, but the words fired him up. "You're right, senior. I can kill these suckers." His grip tightened on his weapon, determination flooding back into his veins.

Klaus charged at the Zombie and Matin, his determination blazing brighter than ever. The odds were stacked against him, and the trap set by the heavens had snared him deep. But that didn't matter now. His will refused to waver. He knew that this was it—the moment that would define him.

This was his make-or-break moment. Either he would fall, crushed by the weight of his enemies, or he would walk out alive, his head held high. There was no in-between.

With a surge of energy, Klaus gripped his sword tighter and locked his eyes on his opponents.

Klaus gritted his teeth as he clashed with the Zombie, evading Matin's spear as best as he could. The Earth Domain had severely reduced his speed, yet he still held his ground. The heavy exhaustion weighed on him with every movement, the air feeling thick and oppressive. Most would have buckled under the strain, but this wasn't an issue at all thanks to his experience fighting those realms about him.

The Zombie lunged at him brutally, but Klaus held his ground, parrying the attack and dodging Matin's spear. Every movement was slower than it should have been, and every slash brought more pain as the strikes tore apart his clothes. Blood dripped from the new wounds gracing his pale skin, staining the already shredded fabric.

"Mom's going to need to give me a serious massage after this," Klaus muttered with a grim smile. His body ached, but the thought of returning home fueled him.

Still, the frustration was mounting. Matin's spear continuously ripped his clothes, cutting through his shirt and trousers like a blade through paper.

"Come on!" Klaus growled, glaring at Matin. "Is this spear some kind of clothing destroyer? Can't you strike where it's already torn? Seriously!"

Despite his mounting frustration, Klaus couldn't escape the relentless assault of the two heavenly weapons. A powerful strike landed on his left arm, shattering it before healing instantly, only to be broken again.

He gritted his teeth, trying to suppress a groan, when another attack slammed into his right arm. This time, Klaus was ready. He used the force of the blow to propel himself forward, his sword slicing toward Martin. The spear-wielder blocked the attack but was pushed back several meters

"Good one, partner," Klaus said with a pained grin, giving the Zombie a thumbs-up. Unfortunately, he used his broken left hand, causing him to wince in pain.

"Damn it!" he cursed

Klaus charged at the Zombie again, aiming for its leg. But the attack was in vain; the leg was severed, only for the wound to regenerate almost instantly.

"If it regenerates this fast, cutting its leg won't do any good," Klaus thought, eyes narrowing. He didn't want to waste time on attacks that wouldn't make a difference.

"This motherfucker has to be beheaded," Klaus growled, dashing at the Zombie once more. This time, he aimed for the neck, hoping for a clean cut. But Martin, ever the sneaky bastard, stabbed at him from behind. Klaus was forced to abandon his attack to block the spear, a costly mistake.

The Zombie seized the opportunity, landing a powerful blow to Klaus's back, sending him crashing to the ground face-first.

"Fuck, my back!" Klaus yelled, a chill running down his spine. His spine hadn't broken, but the pain was intense. He rolled on the floor, using the momentum to kick the ground and propel himself back up.

The Zombie swung its weapon again with crushing force, but Klaus was ready. He dodged the heavy strike, making the weapon slam into the ground instead. The impact sent shockwaves through the air, pushing Klaus backward with surprising speed.

He braced himself, anticipating the force, and used the momentum to propel himself into a fierce clash with Matin.

The clash of sword and spear created a deadly rhythm, a symphony of metal that echoed in the confined space. Klaus gritted his teeth, his frustration growing.

"This idiot is more skilled than the real bastard," he muttered, realizing that the heavens were controlling the Zombie and Matin. He knew better than to judge their abilities by their own standards.

"Die!" Klaus shouted, aiming for Matin's neck with a powerful slash. But Martin, ever the crafty opponent, blocked with his spear, pushing Klaus back a few steps.

"If you don't want to die, I'll beat death into you," Klaus said, determination in his voice.

He paused, his eyes narrowing as he questioned his own sanity. "Wait, what am I saying? Am I losing my mind, too?"

But the moment of doubt passed quickly. "No matter, I'll beat death into you again."

With renewed focus, he sidestepped a devastating blow from the Zombie and redirected his attention back to Matin. The clash resumed, Klaus channeling the momentum from his dodge into a relentless assault.

Klaus was using the shockwaves from the Zombie to boost his own speed. It was a dangerous tactic, but effective.

BOOM

Suddenly, the pillars around him shrank, closing in on Klaus. He felt an intense pressure on his shoulder as if a heavy weight was crushing him. Just then, a powerful kick landed on him, sending him flying through the air until he crashed into one of the pillars.

"Ahhh!" Klaus screamed in pain. When he hit the ground, the side of his body that struck the pillar was burned. His left arm was dripping with blood, and his left leg was slightly burned, with blood seeping out.

Unfortunately, he remained trapped within the domain. He knew he couldn't escape unless he defeated the Zombie. His vision was blurring, and his grip on his sword was slipping away by the second.

"Fuck, I won't fall here," Klaus gritted out, charging at the Zombie and Matin, pain radiating through his body.

BOOM

He was hurled through the air again. This time, he managed to land on the ground, but his wounds widened, causing him to groan in agony.

"If this keeps up, I'll die. I need to come up with something." He attempted to behead the Zombie and Matin repeatedly, but every time he got close, one of them blocked his attack while the other struck him down.

His body was battered, bruised, and aching, but Klaus's resolve remained unbroken. He tried to think of a solution, but his mind was clouded with pain. His senior had warned him that his Lotus wouldn't be able to defeat them, and now he understood why.

"Fuck the heavens," Klaus roared, his voice echoing through the forest. "I won't go down without a fight. Today, we'll see whose life is tougher—the slum kid who lives with his mother or the useless heavens that only plot against a kid."

"Today, we'll find out if I'm destined to become a Paragon or die like a chicken." He distanced himself from the Zombie and Matin, then flicked his wrist. A red, burning orb appeared in his palm, growing rapidly. It soon reached the size of ten basketballs, glowing with intense heat.

"I hope this works." He charged toward the Zombie and Matin, and when he was within 300 meters of them, he hurled the glowing orb in their direction.

Struggling with his aching body, he dashed back, glancing over his shoulder. As the fireball neared within 50 meters of its targets, the Zombie leaped into the air, swinging its club.

"Not today," Klaus muttered coldly, sprinting further away.

"Explode!"