

THE LAST PARAGON IN THE APOCALYPSE

Chapter 12: Fighting a Peak Ascended Human

Klaus stood with his sword firmly in his grip, his eyes locked on the direction the voice had come from. In an instant, a figure appeared, wielding a spear and radiating a menacing aura. The chilling cold that swept over Klaus made him shiver. He glared at the young man, who stood slightly over six feet tall.

The man's gaze flitted from Anna Ross to Klaus, and then to the body of the Tier 3 monster lying on the ground. Klaus's sharp senses caught a flicker of fear in the man's otherwise icy expression when he saw the monster's corpse.

"Slut, hand over the flower, and accept your death," the man snarled, his voice dripping with hostility. "Do you think you can just take something that belongs to my Guan Family?"

Anna Ross's voice was sweet but trembled slightly as she responded, "Matin, don't push your luck. My team was the first to spot the flower. We fought an entire pack of wolves to get it. Why are you trying to steal it from us?"

The Nine Life Yin Flower was no ordinary flower. It was incredibly rare and highly coveted, especially among female Awakened individuals. The flower enriched their Yin essence, purified their bodies, and enhanced their beauty. For the wealthy, it could be mixed with Mountain Dew to boost the affinity of those with rare constitutions.

"Are you out of your mind?" Matin's voice grew louder, full of anger. "That flower is meant for the Guan Family. We've been tracking it for weeks. You have no right to it!"

Anna's eyes narrowed as she defended herself. "We've already earned it through our own struggles. It's not like we just picked it up from the roadside. We fought hard to get it, and you can't just take it from us because you want it."

Matin sneered, his anger evident. "The Guan Family doesn't need to justify anything to you. Hand it over now, or face the consequences."

Anna took a step back, her expression resolute. "I won't let you intimidate me into giving it up. The Nine Life Yin Flower belongs to my Ross Family. My team fought for it so don't even think you can have it just because you want."

Klaus watched the exchange with a calm look on his face. But from what he was seeing, he could tell the young man was in the wrong. He saw how Anna Ross was struggling from the Wolf which means she took something from it. This alone shows the young man is just trying to rob her.

But he didn't say anything, he stood there looking at the two display their verbal conflict.

"Hahaha, which team are you talking about?" Matin laughed coldly. "Those idiots all died at the hands of my team. The few who managed to escape are being hunted down as we speak. To be honest, you should just surrender and let me have my way with you. After that, I might consider letting you go."

Anna's face paled, but she tried to maintain her composure. "You're a monster, Matin. How can you be so heartless? Those are people, you monster"

Klaus's body shook, anger appearing in his eyes as he looked at Matin who had a perverted look on his face. Klaus didn't know why, but seeing that look made his own killing intent start to exude subconsciously.

"Consider yourself lucky that I haven't decided to deal with you myself," Matin sneered. "I could easily take both you and your precious flower by force. But I'm giving you a chance to avoid a more gruesome fate."

Anna took a deep breath, trying to steady her nerves. "I'd rather jump from a tall building into a pile of crap than let you lay your filthy hands on me."

Matin's expression darkened upon hearing her response, but he didn't respond immediately. Instead, he turned his cold gaze toward Klaus. "Brat, who do you think you are?"

Klaus didn't even glance at Matin. With a casual motion, he extended his hand and absorbed the monster's corpse into his space ring. "I am a Nobody," Klaus replied dismissively.

Matin's face twisted with rage. "Nobody? Do you dare speak to me like that? You're nothing but a worthless trash. You think you can just brush me off?"

Klaus remained unmoved. He knew Martin was trying to provoke him, but he refused to take the bait. From how things appear, he is after the monster's body too, but he underestimated Klaus's greed for money, he wasn't about to let some ingrain take away his battle spoils.

Matin's temper flared, and his voice grew more threatening. "Listen up, you little brat. I am the third heir of the Guan Family, a peak Ascended, you dare be arrogant in front of me

That monster body will be mine after I kill you two, well, after I kill you and take my price from her and then kill her" Matin smiles evilly saying that.

Klaus finally turned to face Matin, his expression calm and resolute. "If you want a fight, then bring it. But don't expect me to be swayed just because you're some arrogant heir from a powerful family. I, Klaus Hanson, won't lower my head to anyone anymore. So if you're too quick to reincarnate, then come at me."

Matin's eyes narrowed, his fury evident. "Die, you nameless brat!"

With a roar, Matin's spear shot forward, its tip glinting dangerously. It seemed almost to appear directly in front of Klaus. But Klaus only smirked and sidestepped with ease. He had just boosted his Agility with the remaining 100 points, making Matin's attack seem slow and clumsy by comparison.

Klaus moved with calm precision, easily evading the spear's thrust. Matin was momentarily startled but quickly recovered, charging at him again. "Die, scum!" he shouted, stabbing forward with renewed anger.

Once more, Klaus sidestepped, letting Matin's spear stab harmlessly into the air. The ease with which Klaus avoided the attacks seemed to fuel Matin's rage.

"You can stop and run off anytime you like," Klaus said coldly. "I still don't have a good standing, so I don't want to make unnecessary enemies. However, if you attack again, I'll draw my sword against you. Then we'll become fated enemies—one will live, and one will die."

Anna Ross, standing a few meters away, glanced at Klaus with a look of confusion. She held her staff against her head, clearly healing herself from the earlier battle.

Matin's anger boiled over. Ignoring Klaus's warning, he charged again, his spear thrusting forward with deadly intent. "I'm done listening to your nonsense! Prepare to die!"

Klaus's smile turned cold and sinister. "Very well. If you insist on this path, then let's see how well you fare against me."

With that, Klaus drew his sword, the blade gleaming menacingly. The air seemed to crackle with tension as he prepared for the fight. Matin's eyes widened slightly, but his rage blinded him to any caution.

Klaus moved with swift, calculated precision, his speed and agility making him a blur to Matin. He dodged each of Matin's wild thrusts effortlessly, his own blade ready to strike at any moment.

Matin's attacks grew more frenzied, but Klaus remained composed, waiting for the perfect moment. He could see the desperation in Matin's movements, which only made the fight more predictable.

"Weak," Klaus muttered dismissively as he parried a spear stab from Matin. His movements were precise and confident. With a swift kick, Klaus struck Matin in the stomach, sending him crashing backward into the ground.

Matin groaned in pain, struggling to push himself up. His anger and humiliation were evident as he glared at Klaus, trying to regain his composure. But Klaus's face remained a mask of calm arrogance.

"Is that all you've got?" Klaus taunted, his voice dripping with disdain. "I expected more from someone who claims to be so powerful. Maybe you should reconsider what you said."

Matin's eyes burned with fury. He lunged again, his spear thrusting towards Klaus with renewed aggression. "You think you're so tough? I'll show you just how wrong you are!"

Klaus sidestepped the attack effortlessly, a cruel smile playing on his lips. "Oh, I'm not done yet. I'm just getting started."

With a swift motion, Klaus spun around and delivered a series of precise strikes, each one aimed to test Matin's defenses and wear him down. The speed and grace of his attacks seemed almost effortless, a stark contrast to Matin's frantic, angry thrusts.

"Come on, show me what you've really got," Klaus mocked, his voice cold and unfeeling. "Or are you just going to flail around like a headless chicken?"

Matin's frustration grew with each missed attack, his face flushed with rage. He tried to launch another assault, but Klaus was always one step ahead. The spear's tips seemed to barely miss as Klaus moved with effortless agility, dodging and countering with ease.

"You're quite the disappointment," Klaus continued, his voice laced with a sinister edge. "I thought an heir of the Guan Family would have more to offer. But it looks like you're just another overhyped fool."

Martin's breathing grew ragged, and he was clearly struggling to keep up. The more Klaus taunted him, the more erratic his attacks became. It was clear to Klaus that Martin was losing control, and that only made the fight easier.

Anna Ross, who had been preparing to heal and possibly intervene, watched Klaus with growing astonishment. She could clearly see that Klaus was only a Level 5 Awakened, yet he was handling a Level 9 Ascended with what seemed like child's play. "Who is this young man?" she muttered in disbelief, but there was no one around to answer her. She continued to watch, captivated by the display.

Martin's frustration was evident as he realized that all his attacks were being easily defended by Klaus. He was unable to land a hit or use any of his skills effectively. His anger boiled over, and he snapped, "Just wait, scum. I'll hunt you down and your family and kill every last one of them"

He began to retreat, his pride wounded and his frustration clear. Klaus's relentless defense and superior agility had taken a toll on him. Martin was ready to flee, knowing he had no chance against Klaus's skill and speed.

"You shouldn't have said that," Klaus's voice grew cold, his eyes hardening. "You see, I tend to get overly protective when it comes to my mother. Since

you want to threaten her, you leave me no choice but to kill you. In your next life, keep your threats to yourself."

As Klaus prepared to chase Matin down, a chilling voice cut through the air. "Moon Slash."

Matin's body went rigid, his breath catching in his throat. From a height of three meters, he watched in horror as his own headless body stood frozen in place.