

Paragon 121

Chapter 121 - 121: Overwhelming Odds

"Klaus, your friends need your help," his mom's voice reached his ear immediately after he came out of the training room.

"Mom, what's wrong?" Klaus asked, glancing at the flood of messages he had missed. He hasn't had time to check the messages since some of them are from his mother. All he needed was her name to know something was wrong, so he rushed out.

"There's an invasion in Arcadian City, and your friends are there fighting. You should go help them," his mother explained, her tone hasty and serious. Klaus could see she wasn't kidding.

Even though she always advised him to avoid risks, she had come to accept that her son is now a warrior. His path was going to be fraught with danger, and rather than holding him back, she wanted to ensure he was prepared and knew how to handle such threats.

She also recognized how happy Klaus was when his friends were around. She knew their lives were in danger with them on the front lines, and Klaus's presence could make a difference. She had seen his skills during the battle with Max Duncan and knew her son had grown into a formidable warrior.

"The invasion was sudden, and they said if it's not defended, it might spread to neighboring cities. So many warriors, including your friends, went to help defend it," his mother said urgently. "You need to go, but be careful, and don't get too reckless."

"Kofi," Klaus nodded and then called out to his security chief and driver. "Take me to the Ross Mansion."

"Kofi will be going with you. He's a saint and can protect you better than you can protect yourself," his mother said, and Kofi nodded. He quickly went to get the car while Klaus put on the battle armor Nadia had given him a few days ago.

They left promptly, heading toward the Ross Mansion. Knowing that driving would take too long, Klaus planned to ask Anna's parents for a favor. If he could get a jet or helicopter, he'd reach Arcadian City in less than an hour.

Henry, the butler was there waiting for them immediately Klaus and his driver arrived at Ross Mansion
"Master Klaus, the patriarch has been expecting you."

Klaus was curious about why he would be expected but didn't have time to ask. He and Kofi followed Henry. He knew Anna had made arrangements for him, or they anticipated something like this from happening.

"Klaus, you're finally here," Daven Ross said as they entered the garden.

"Yes, I was tied up with something and just got out," Klaus replied.

"No need for explanations. You want to get to Arcadian City faster, right? Henry here has been ready to take you and your guard there," Daven said.

"Thank you. I'll be sure to repay this favor when you need it," Klaus said, turning to Henry.

Immediately after they left the garden, a lady stepped out of the shadows. Cynthia Ross, Anna and Lucy's mother, watched Klaus back with a smile.

"This kid is full of surprises," she mused, her eyes shining with interest. "Each time I see him, something new changes about him. Fascinating, very fascinating."

Klaus, Kofi, and Henry, the butler, made their way to the park where the Ross family's fleet of cars and jets were lined up. Henry led them through the area passing many cars and jets before finally stopping next to a sleek helicopter-like jet.

"This is the Valkyrie V-9 Thunderstrike," Henry said, gesturing to the angular chopper with its durable titanium-aluminum alloy shell. "It'll get us to Arcadian City in under an hour." The jet's two forward-facing rotors were designed to reduce noise and naturally harness the wind for faster, more efficient flight.

Klaus wanted to take a moment to appraise the impressive machine, but they were pressed for time. Without hesitation, they jumped inside, and soon enough, they were airborne, speeding toward the battlefield.

Settling into his seat, Klaus pulled out his phone and opened a live feed of the ongoing battle. The military had finally redirected their satellites to the battlefield, capturing the chaos in real-time.

The battlefield was pure chaos. Though there were no casualties yet, the medical teams were on high alert, ready to treat the wounded at any moment. Among the many fighters, a few powerful presences stood out. Sages are battling alongside the rest. One of them was Dave Arcadian, fiercely holding the frontlines.

And it wasn't just him. Uncle Ziggy and his crew were there too, fighting with everything they had against the seemingly endless waves of Zombies.

The battle had been raging for three hours now, and the human forces were being pushed to their limits. The sheer number of Zombies was overwhelming. After dealing with the first wave of Tier 4 Zombies, the more dangerous Tier 5 Zombies came into force.

Despite the odds, the Saints and Grandmaster experts managed to push through, clearing the initial wave. But then, twice the number of Tier 5 Zombies appeared, filling the battlefield and making it even harder to hold the line.

This forced about ten sages to step in, turning the tide just enough to give the human forces a fighting chance, but the battlefield was still chaotic and unpredictable.

Anna led the group of young men and women in defending the city as the final line of defense. Although they were reluctant to use weapons that might cause more harm than good, they knew they couldn't let the Zombies overrun the city.

So as a last resort, cannons and projectile weapons were armed and ready to fire, when their human force was unable to endure anymore.

The battle was pure chaos. More and more Tier 5 Zombies kept pouring in, but thanks to the efforts of the Saints and Sages, they managed to hold the line for now.

However, everything suddenly changed when thousands of Tier 5 Zombie Captains started to appear. Their appearance made the situation even more dire. The Sages were forced to push forward, unleashing devastating attacks in an attempt to thin the numbers.

But there was only so much they could do. With just ten of them, they needed more time to clear the field, and more Zombies kept flooding in. This forced the Saints, acting as the second line of defense, to step up, further reducing the number of Zombies.

In doing so, though, they had to ignore some of the Tier 5 Zombies, making things harder for the Grandmasters and Anna's team. Despite this, Anna's quick, decisive decisions kept her group holding their ground.

Casualties started to mount as the army started to lose their numbers. These troops fought fiercely, knowing it was their duty, but the pressure was immense.

Two hours into the battle, the situation worsened. Tier 5 Zombie Generals began flooding in, making the fight even more brutal. Then, the real nightmare started—thousands of Tier 6 Voltox Zombies appeared. At this point, casualties were unavoidable, and the battlefield became a bloodbath.

Even among the Saints, the overwhelming number of Zombies began to take its toll. Some started losing ground, and the situation quickly became dire. Others, however, continued to hold their own. The Sages pulled back slightly, using their power to shield the others, absorbing most of the damage to keep the frontlines from collapsing.

Before them was a terrifying sea of Zombies, seemingly endless. Despite this, no one considered retreating—not yet. Everyone believed they could still hold on.

"Anna, watch out!" Lily's urgent voice suddenly cut through the chaos prompting Anna to turn just in time to see it—a Tier 6 Zombie General lunging at her, its clawed hand aimed straight at her neck.

Anna, in the middle of casting a wide-area spell, had no way to defend herself. Panic seized her, and she staggered backward. If she fell, it would be over. Kay, Danny, and the others abandoned their targets, rushing to her aid, but they wouldn't make it in time. They knew that, but they refused to accept it.

A single tear slid down Anna's cheek as she closed her eyes. She braced herself for the fatal blow, knowing there was no way to avoid it. But just as the Zombie's claws were about to strike, a hand pulled her back, and she felt warm blood splash across her face.

Her heart sank. But then, a familiar voice broke through the chaos.

"Miss Anna, you're safe now."

Chapter 122 - 122: Appearing with Ice and Fire

Anna slowly opened her eyes, her vision still hazy from the chaos, only to see Kofi, Klaus's driver and chief of security, fiercely slashing at an oncoming Zombie. Relief flooded her as her eyes brightened at the sight of him. The moment she saw Kofi, she knew—Klaus had finally arrived.

"Kofi! Where's Klaus?" she asked urgently, her voice trembling. She has just escaped death after all.

Before Kofi could respond, the temperature on the battlefield suddenly dropped, chilling the air. The Zombies that had been rushing toward the Sages' defensive line froze in place. Everyone, friend and foe alike, paused to look up.

In the heart of the battlefield, an icy blue lotus spun gracefully toward the center of the horde of zombies. It radiated a cold so intense that even before it detonated, the Zombies were already freezing where they stood, their movements sluggish, limbs stiffening.

It didn't matter if they were the mutated purple or the more dangerous violet Zombies—they all fell under the icy grip of the lotus. The sheer terror of the flower's power was unmistakable.

Then, cutting through the stillness, a cold, commanding voice echoed across the battlefield.

"Explode."

The icy lotus paused for a brief moment, almost serene in its stillness, before releasing a subtle burst. It wasn't the earth-shaking explosion one might expect, but rather a quiet, controlled wave of freezing energy. In an instant, a chilling shockwave rippled across the battlefield, sweeping through everything within a 20km radius.

Zombies, regardless of size or mutation, froze solid where they stood. The mindless Zombies rushing forward in their numbers were frozen in place.

Even the soldiers and warriors fighting felt the bite of the cold, their breath freezing in the air as their bodies shivered for a moment, though they were untouched by the full force of the blast.

As the battlefield fell into eerie silence, the sky above shimmered. A stealth helicopter jet revealed itself, phasing out of its invisible camouflage. It was the Valkyrie V-9 Thunderstrike, it has the ability to blend into its surroundings, becoming invincible even.

From the jet, a young man with white hair jumped out, clad in sleek black leather armor. A longsword was sheathed across his back, and as he descended, his hair flowed behind him like a silver banner. There was something both graceful and chilling about him, his presence commanding as he landed amidst the frozen battlefield.

It was Klaus.

Everyone looked up in awe as Klaus descended, his landing timed perfectly with a thunderous explosion. It was as if he had synchronized his landing with the shattering of the ice statues. The frozen Zombies exploded all at once, shattering into countless shards, leaving no trace of the horde that once stood there.

The entire battlefield stood still. Whether they were Sages, Saints, or regular soldiers, everyone sucked in a cold breath. The explosion was mesmerizing and devastating, a display of raw power that left them speechless.

"Everyone, move back!" Klaus's voice suddenly rang out, cutting through the stunned silence. Almost immediately, an intense wave of heat erupted from his position, melting the ice surrounding him.

Klaus stood with his back to them facing the human army, a small orb of fire glowing in his palm. He was preparing to unleash the destructive fireball, but he wasn't entirely sure how destructive it would be. So Better safe than sorry, he asked them to move back.

No one needed to be told twice. They quickly started retreating, giving Klaus the space he needed. He sighed softly, then dashed forward. While most of the Zombies had been wiped out by the ice lotus, more were approaching, and he wasn't done yet.

He could only explode the fireball within a 10km radius, so he needed to get close for maximum impact. As he raced toward the oncoming horde, the orb in his hand grew brighter. When he was just 1km away, he hurled it toward them with all his strength.

Instantly, his star qi started to drain as the fireball rapidly expanded, growing larger with every passing second. Within moments, it became a massive inferno, pulsating with heat. When Klaus felt his control slipping, he knew it was time.

"Explode," he commanded.

At the same moment, He started sprinting back toward the human army, pushing his speed to the limit. Behind him, the fireball stopped spinning, and a blinding flash of light consumed the area. Unlike the icy lotus, this explosion was a violent eruption of fire. Flames spread everywhere, devouring everything in their path.

Klaus's speed was impressive, but even as he rushed away, he could feel the searing heat nipping at his back. A wave of hot air hit him, making him want to curse his luck. The explosion was beyond devastating—every Zombie caught in the blast was incinerated instantly.

He didn't need to look back to know the battlefield was reduced to ashes. However, he had underestimated the fireball's force. The explosion blasted him forward, sending him flying like a ragdoll through the air.

He knew the landing he expected would happen since he was far from being saved by any warrior on the battlefield. He will be eating sand after killing thousands of Zombies with his Ice and Fire Attack.

He cursed his luck. However, just when he was about to hit the ground, a gentle hand caught him. At the same time too, a familiar smile assaulted his nose.

"Big Sister," Klaus said with a slight smile. It was the War Goddess, who had appeared just in time to prevent him from crashing into the ground. It would be a rather unusual way to greet the army after displaying such a powerful entrance.

"I've been waiting for you," the War Goddess said, setting him gently on the ground.

"Sorry I was late," Klaus said

Klaus took a moment to survey the battlefield. It was a charred wasteland; every Zombie had been reduced to ash. The destruction was even greater than he had anticipated.

"Well," Klaus said with a satisfied nod, "that worked out better than I expected."

"Be ready, though. The real battle is about to start," the War Goddess warned, her voice calm yet commanding. Klaus couldn't help but smile slightly at her words. Just then, Anna and his friends rushed to his side.

"You're finally here," Anna said, stopping beside him, her breath still heavy from the battle.

"Sorry I was late," Klaus replied, brushing a strand of hair from her face. Anna blushed slightly at the gentle touch.

"Little fella, you finally made it!" A booming voice, followed by a heavy pat on Klaus's shoulder, came from behind.

"Uncle Jojo!" Klaus greeted, delighted to see the familiar face.

"We thought you'd chickened out and decided to hide," Uncle Xian chimed in, a teasing smile on his face.

"Sorry to disappoint you, Uncle Xian," Klaus quipped back, flashing a grin.

Everyone sighs looking at the momentarily calm on the battlefield. Klaus has wiped out the Zombies and the War Goddess, the strongest existence in the Eastern Region of the Northern Union has finally made her appearance.

"Grandmasters and above, prepare for battle," the War Goddess suddenly declared, her voice cutting through the brief hiatus.

"The next wave will decide whether the city stands or crumbles." Her eyes scanned the gathered fighters.

"Masters who are confident they can face Tier 6 General—and possibly King—may join. Otherwise, remain behind to handle any Zombies that slip through. Form teams, and if luck is on your side, you might even take down a Tier 7 King today."

Although her words were meant to inspire, there was a trace of laughter in her tone. Those gathered couldn't help but feel a pang of anxiety. A Tier 6 Zombie Captain alone was enough of a nightmare to fight—let alone a General and a King, is she perhaps hoping to kill them all?

Just as the weight of her words settled, an explosion rocked the battlefield. From the charred remains, Tier 6 Zombie Generals began to pour out, their grotesque forms pushing through the rubble.

Klaus smiled happily. The two powerful attacks he had unleashed earlier had caused him to level up instantly, reaching Level 2 and drawing closer to Level 3.

"You guys are almost at Level 5, this is good then. Let's kill some Tier 6 Zombies and level up." Klaus said with a smile

Perhaps hearing it from Klaus, his friends that were down from the War Goddess's wicked inspiring speech lightened up a bit.

Chapter 123 - 123: The Last Stand

Klaus glanced at his friends, a smug smile tugging at his lips. "Come on, you're not thinking of backing out, are you? The fun's just about to start. Wipe those frowns off your faces and get ready to kill some Zombies!"

Anna and the others exchanged uneasy glances but stayed silent. They knew the reality—they were far from being able to take on a Tier 6 Zombie General alone. The best they could handle was a Tier 5 Captain one-on-one, and maybe a Tier 6 General if they fought as a group.

But the moment a Tier 7 Zombie King enters the scene, they will be overwhelmed. Tier 6 Generals were on the same level as Tier 6 Terror monsters—powerful, ruthless, and nearly unbeatable for anyone at their level. They just weren't there yet. In the classification of monsters, anything from Tier 4 to Tier 6 could be a Lesser, Great, Dark, or Terror Class.

It was the same for Zombies. Starting at Tier 5, they became Captains—like Dark Monsters—and at Tier 6, they reached the terrifying General rank, equal to a Tier 6 Terror Monster.

Once a creature or zombie reached Tier 7, they evolved into something far deadlier—monsters became Devils, and zombies became Kings. And beyond that, Tier 8 monsters became Tyrants, while Tier 8 zombies ascended to the level of Emperors.

So for Klaus to ask his friends, who were still only Masters (Tier 3), to face off against Tier 6 Generals—it was like sending them to their deaths. They weren't like him, capable of disregarding realms and taking on greater threats.

"Relax," Klaus reassured them, his tone lighter. "You'll be fighting in a controlled area, and Kofi and Henry will be with you." He gestured to the two Saints standing beside him.

Kofi frowned and stepped forward. "But young master, Auntie said I'm supposed to watch your back," he protested, clearly unhappy with where this was going.

"Don't worry about me, Kofi," Klaus said with a calm smile. "Uncle Ziggy and the others will have my back. Your job is to make sure my friends stay safe."

Kofi hesitated, concern still clouding his face. Klaus's mother had given him strict orders to protect her son at all costs, and he intended to do just that. But seeing the firm resolve in Klaus's eyes, Kofi gave a reluctant nod.

"Excellent," Klaus said, his gaze settling on Anna. "Oh, and Anna—you'll be in your strongest state, so get ready to support the others."

He raised his hand, forming a glowing lotus, which hovered gently over Anna. Then, with a swift motion, he activated his [Absolute Ice Domain], instantly freezing the 2km radius in a biting cold.

Anna, who had an affinity with ice, immediately felt a surge of strength coursing through her. Klaus caught her eye and smiled. "Any Zombie that steps into this domain will get hit with a debuff. So, in a way, you'll be fighting weaker versions of them."

Hearing this, his friends exchanged relieved looks, finally letting out a sigh of relief. They weren't alone in this battle after all.

"Alright, let's kill some Zombies!" Klaus grinned, unusually elated. Maybe it was the thought of finally testing his Spirit Eye against a higher-tier monster that excited him.

The idea of stunning a Zombie just by looking at it made him giddy. But then he caught himself, thinking, 'I should probably look serious—some people have died, and others are injured.' He turned briefly to glance at the wounded soldiers, his expression sobering for a moment.

Before he could dwell on it, the Zombies came within range. Anna and the others moved to one side of the battlefield, joined by other Master stage experts and even a few Grandmasters who had decided to make a stand.

Inside the icy domain, those with ice abilities grinned, feeling their power rise, while those with fire felt slightly restricted but still stood their ground.

"Little Brother, are you ready?" War Goddess Miriam's voice called out, her tone full of challenge.

Klaus flashed a confident smile. "I was born ready."

"Good," Miriam said, her eyes gleaming with amusement. "Impress me, and I'll reward you with something special."

Klaus's gaze immediately drifted to her chest, his mind shamelessly wandering. He nodded, trying to keep his thoughts in check. 'I'd love to bury my face between those mountains,' he thought mischievously.

"Don't worry, Big Sister," he said with a grin that was a little too wide, "I'll definitely put my face where it—uh, I mean, I'll impress you for sure!"

His smile was filled with all the dark thoughts racing through his mind. Miriam gave him a curious look, sensing something off but not quite knowing what it was.

Meanwhile, Uncle Ziggy and the others who were watching from the sidelines exchanged knowing glances, each giving Klaus a silent thumbs-up in their hearts. 'This brat truly is a man of culture,' they thought with a chuckle.

"Everyone, try not to die," the War Goddess said flatly before vanishing. In the blink of an eye, she reappeared, her sword cutting through the air. Dozens of Tier 6 Zombie Generals' heads flew off in a single swing.

"That's sword aura... but more advanced," Klaus muttered, eyes locked on the strange energy radiating from her blade.

"Brat, try to keep up," Uncle Ziggy called, moving at a speed Klaus could barely track. In the next second, his twin revolvers crackled with lightning as he fired, each bullet punching holes clean through the heads of the Zombies.

He has a unique class that makes him a master Gunslinger, and from the precision and powerful shots he was unleashing, Klaus could only watch as Zombies fell one after the other.

Then, Uncle Xian leaped into action, wielding a massive axe. He slammed it into the ground, sending Zombies flying in every direction. Those close to the impact zone exploded on contact, but even the ones farther away weren't spared.

As they flew through the air, two colossal fire boomerangs cut them down, cleaving dozens of Zombies in half. Uncle James had finally joined the fray.

Despite his hulking frame, Uncle James preferred using boomerangs, and they sliced through the air with deadly precision, decimating the ranks of the undead.

Uncle Jojo, on the other hand, moved like a slow menace, his sluggish movements almost unsettling. But every time he punched forward, Zombies exploded in rapid succession, like a chain reaction of destruction. His gauntlets radiated intense cold, freezing everything in his path.

Then there was Uncle Mark, his giant shield smashing through the horde. Every hit from that shield reduced dozens of monsters into nothing but meatpaste. It was brutal, and it was efficient. Gruesome as it was, they were getting the job done.

Klaus watched it all unfold and sighed. He knew he couldn't keep up with their overwhelming power and speed, but he also had his own strengths.

'Let's see who gets the last laugh,' he thought, determination sparking in his eyes.

Using the ice mist that blanketed the battlefield, Klaus moved with terrifying speed, disappearing from sight. In an instant, he reappeared behind a Zombie, severing its head with a single swing of his blade.

Chapter 124 - 124: A Devil Appeared

Klaus moved like a blur, using the ice mist in the air to propel himself. His speed was several times faster than normal, making him almost untouchable.

Even though he had 800 undistributed points that could boost his stats, he knew it wasn't time yet. He hadn't reached a point where he needed them. For now, he is relying on his natural advantage, cutting down enemies to level up quickly.

Most of his vast Star Qi pool was fueling the Nine Star Ice Lotus Bloom, protecting his friends. But that didn't mean he was limited in how much Qi he could use. With nearly 90 million Qi at his disposal, he had more than enough to handle the battle. The Lotus flower was consuming a significant amount of Star qi, but not enough to leave him at a disadvantage.

"These zombies are weaker than I expected," Klaus muttered, effortlessly beheading another one. His beheading technique wasn't officially mastered yet, but it was leagues better than during the City Selection Exams.

Klaus was approaching a realm beyond normal combat. To him, these zombies were like flowers, and he was simply cutting them down, one by one.

On one side of the battlefield, the War Goddess was cleaving through zombies as effortlessly as harvesting wheat. She kept part of her attention on Klaus, watching him kill the Zombies almost effortlessly.

As the protector of the Eastern Region of the Northern Union, it was her duty to guard against threats to the region. Some might argue that a battle of this scale didn't need her yet, but she couldn't just stand by and watch.

Truthfully, she had only revealed herself when Klaus arrived. There was something about that white-haired, mischievous younger brother of hers—though not the best behaved—that drew her in. He was the real reason she had joined the fight.

Yes, she was the War Goddess of the Eastern Region. Yes, she was meant to protect the land. But that didn't mean she had to involve herself in every battle. This time, though, it felt different. Despite her status, and for reasons she couldn't fully explain, she wanted to fight beside Klaus. And so, without making it obvious, she was subtly edging closer to him.

Uncle Ziggy and the other rowdy uncles were all doing their part. They are now Saints, and comparing them to the other Saints on the battlefield felt like an insult. They are terrifying, to say the least.

Uncle Ziggy was like an underworld gunslinger, each of his deadly shots precise and mesmerizing. His bullets pierced straight through the heads of the zombies, leaving them immobile for a few seconds before they collapsed.

Uncle Xian was unleashing heavy damage with his colossal axe, while Uncle James was carving through the battlefield with his fiery boomerangs. His attacks weren't brutal, but wherever his boomerangs flew, zombies were sliced clean in half.

Like Klaus, Uncle James's cuts were precise—through the head, waist, or neck. And despite the zombies being undead, a clean cut through the waist was just as fatal as one through the head or neck.

As for Uncle Mark, he was like a juggernaut, bulldozing through the battlefield. His shield was massive and heavy, making each of his steps carry the weight of a small earthquake.

Then there was Uncle Jojo, moving like a drunkard with his gauntlets, smashing anything in his path. His fighting style was strange but effective. Just when it seemed like a zombie might claw or strike him, he'd sway, stumbling like a drunk, and effortlessly dodged the attack before landing a crushing blow.

"Uncle Jojo, you might want to get yourself a new movement technique. This one is... well, unusual," Klaus said with a smug grin, glancing at his tall, muscular, gauntlet-wielding uncle.

"Hey, brat, are you looking to get a beating?" Uncle Jojo replied, smashing a zombie's head, shattering its brain before turning back to Klaus.

Klaus wasn't the only one thinking it—he was just the only one bold enough to say it first.

"He's right, Jojo," Uncle James chimed in, spinning a boomerang at a group of approaching zombies. "That weird movement of yours makes you look like you're drunk. It's hard to take you seriously."

"Says the man using boomerangs," Uncle Jojo shot back with a grin.

"Are you looking for a fight?" Uncle James narrowed his eyes.

"Bring it on! Since when have I ever been afraid of a fight?" Uncle Jojo growled.

Klaus, smiling, stepped between them. "Uncles, let's finish the battlefield before you two try to kill each other. We need your strength right now," he said, watching the two with amusement. From the looks of it, they were both a couple of battle maniacs.

They wouldn't hesitate to stop mid-fight just to throw punches—or, in this case, boomerangs and gauntlets—at each other.

'Seriously, how does that even work?' Klaus thought with a chuckle.

Anna and the others were fighting fiercely, killing to their heart's content. Anna stood out, showing exceptional skill in leading the hundreds of young warriors who had decided to join the final stand against the Zombies.

Even the usually arrogant Miguel and Lawrence were inside the domain, using its effects to their advantage. They were fighting just as hard as everyone else. Anna saw this as a rare opportunity to make Klaus look good.

Though she wasn't officially his woman yet, she was determined to make the white-haired youth shine. After today, the headlines would surely read, "Young Master Klaus abandons his strongest defense to protect his friends and fellow warriors from danger."

He would indeed look good. The lotus flower offering the Ice domain spun gracefully in full bloom, showing no signs of fading anytime soon.

Anna had already reached level 5, the first to do so. Surprisingly, Hanna was the next to follow. She never stopped unleashing her arrows at the monsters, clearly determined to stay by Klaus's side and continue as his personal assistant.

Danny and the others soon followed. Miguel, Lawrence, and the other young prodigies also leveled up to level 5. After that, they became even deadlier in combat. But they knew better than to step outside the safety of the domain.

Kofi and Henry were also doing their part, protecting the Master stage experts within the domain while keeping a close watch for any threats that might endanger their young master's life.

The soldiers and Saints who came to support Arcadian City were giving their all. Klaus could see their struggle. However, with the War Goddess and his uncles contributing, they were managing—albeit.

Soon, some began to falter. Injuries started to appear, but they weren't backing down just like that. Their Warrior Spirit Never Fading.

Dave Arcadian was also doing his best to hold the line. Contrary to what others might think, he was not like those rich Patriarchs who only issued commands from the safety of their chairs. Perhaps anticipating a day like this, his combat skills were as lethal as any seasoned warrior. He fought bravely on the front lines, determined to stop as many Zombies as possible.

Despite the chaos, they were managing the situation—at least for now.

Suddenly, a chilling sensation swept across the battlefield, sending shivers down everyone's spine.

Out of the darkness a few miles from the battlefield, a 3-meter-tall Zombie emerged, wielding a long, metal-like club with a dark crystal embedded in its chest.

Klaus narrowed his eyes, a small smile appearing on his lips. "A Devil," he murmured.

Chapter 125 - 125: Level 3 Master Stage

The newly arrived King-rank Vampire was both imposing and terrifying. It looked like a new variant, towering and fearsome. Just looking at it made everyone want to abandon the battlefield and never return to war again.

Standing 3 meters tall, it showed it was muscular with dark, hungry red eyes. Its skin was a deep crimson, and the bulging veins on its arms made it clear to Uncle Jojo and the others that they were no match for it in terms of size or strength.

In its hand, the Zombie wielded a massive metal club, so large that it seemed to hold unimaginable power. Klaus, however, was more intrigued by the dark crystal embedded in its chest. It pulsed with intense, ominous energy. Just looking at it told him he was no match for this creature, yet a part of him still wanted to fight it.

Suddenly, a horde of Tier 6 Zombie Generals, numbering in the thousands, appeared on the horizon. Then, another Zombie King arrived. This one was purple, and it too came with thousands of Tier 6 Generals.

Then another one appeared this one a deep violet, followed by yet another horde of Tier 6 Generals. Soon, four more Zombie Kings emerged. At this point, everyone on the battlefield began to panic—even the Saints.

There were now seven Zombie Kings, each comparable to Devil Monsters, and behind them stood over ten thousand Tier 6 Zombie Generals. It was a terrifying lineup, and the human army could now fully sense the overwhelming threat before them.

The human army had thousands of Saints and over 20 Sages now. They knew that while a Sage was roughly equivalent to a Tier 6 Zombie in strength, their human intelligence allowed them to fight and hold their own against dozens of Tier 6 Zombies at a time.

However, the real problem lay before them—the enemies they are about to face are Tier 6 Zombie Generals. These creatures were far more terrifying, and even the Sages began to feel the looming threat. As for the Saints, most were no match for the Zombie Generals—except for a few. Uncle Jojo, Xian, Ziggy, James, and Mark, despite the overwhelming odds, stood tall, showing no fear.

Suddenly, a powerful, crushing pressure descended upon the battlefield. The Zombies that the human army had been struggling against collapsed under the immense force, and in an instant, thousands of them were dead.

"Grandmaster stage and below should evacuate the battlefield. Take the injured with you. Saints who can't continue should also leave," the War Goddess's indifferent voice echoed across the battlefield.

The numbers they were about to face were no small threat. The Grandmasters and those below them would be nothing more than fodder to the Tier 6 Zombie Generals. As for the Zombie Kings, it would only take a flick of their hands to wipe them out.

Thousands of warriors began rushing toward the safety of the city. Klaus watched his friends for a few moments, then sighed as he retracted the Lotus flower.

"You all should head back first," Klaus said, knowing his friends were now out of their depth. The scale of the battle had risen beyond anything they could handle.

"Klaus, are you sure you want to fight these things?" Anna asked, clearly uncomfortable with his decision.

"Don't worry, Anna. I'll be fine. What's the worst that could happen? I kill a few Tier 6 Generals, maybe get lucky, and drive my sword through a Zombie King. That would make the headlines more interesting, don't you think?" Klaus smiled.

"You..." Anna wanted to pull his ear in frustration but stopped herself, glancing around at the others. "Just be careful, alright? My sister just found happiness. I don't want her to break down if something happens to you," she said before leading the group back.

They had all leveled up to Level 6, but that wasn't nearly enough to bridge the three-realm gap between them and the Tier 6 Zombies Generals—let alone the Zombie Kings.

"Klaus, don't die. I still haven't gotten my revenge for the humiliation you put me through at the Felin Youth Ball," Miguel said before walking off the battlefield.

The other geniuses who had been present during the ball and were now fighting on the battlefield gave Klaus meaningful looks before leaving as well.

Klaus watched them go, then turned back toward the last-stand army. There was the War Goddess, the sole Sovereign. Dave Arcadian, also the sole Great Sage. He has been suppressing his realm initially. Although he knew the battle was a life or death battle, the politics and backstabbing from the other cities made him want to hide many things.

Well, not anymore, the stakes have risen and he needed all the strength he could muster. Hiding his realm was not needed anymore, now, it's who stands last as the other fall.

Twenty-four Sages, 500 Saints—including his five uncles, Henry the butler, and Kofi, his chief of security and trusted driver. And then, there was Klaus, standing tall with no trace of fear in his eyes.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, what's the plan?" Klaus asked with a smile. The War Goddess looked at him for a few moments before replying.

"Klaus, are you sure you can handle the Zombie Generals? These are different from the ones in Oracle. And remember, death here is permanent." She didn't want Klaus to make this decision lightly, and she was right to ask.

"Big Sister, I know you refuse to hug this little one because my status isn't high enough. But don't worry, after killing these Tier 6 bastards like chickens, I'll have enough fame to earn that hug," Klaus grinned.

"Brat, be serious," the War Goddess frowned, though, behind it, there was a slight blush that only Klaus and Dave Arcadian noticed. Dave gave Klaus a silent thumbs up in his heart. Even though they were about to face a life-or-death battle, there was no harm in a little humor to lift spirits.

"Don't worry, Big Sister, just focus on stopping those Tier 7 idiots. The rest can be handled by us," Klaus said confidently.

"Don't get ahead of yourself. The real threat hasn't shown itself yet, so I won't be joining this battle. I need to stay on the lookout," she said, causing everyone to frown.

"You think?" Klaus asked.

"Yes. There are seven Zombie Kings, so it's only natural an Emperor is lurking," she replied. The group's frowns deepened. But the War Goddess remained calm, her eyes on Klaus, who gave her a meaningful look.

"Uncles, can each of you handle a Zombie King?" Klaus asked.

"Brat, watch how your uncles handle these bastards," Uncle Jojo, the brute of the group, said eagerly, hungry for the fight.

"Good, then there are two more to deal with," Klaus said, turning to Dave Arcadian, who nodded.

"I'll take care of one," Dave said firmly.

"Then Henry and Kofi, I'll trouble you two to handle the last one. The rest of us will take care of the thousands of Zombie Generals. Let's all try not to die—I have plans after this, so death isn't an option."

Klaus glanced at the War Goddess—or more specifically, her chest area. He smiled, then looked toward the horizon where thousands of Zombie Generals were starting to appear.

"Gentlemen, it's been great fighting beside you. After this battle, let's grab some drinks," Klaus said with a grin as the Ice Lotus bloomed in his hands. "Let's freeze some bastards."

Everyone except the War Goddess charged forward. Klaus was the first to reach the horde and detonated the Lotus flower, killing hundreds in an instant. At the same time, he felt a surge of energy flood into his soul sea.

"I've leveled up," he muttered, feeling the increase in his strength, now at Level 3. He smiled, distributing his points across his attributes.

"Time to behead some bastards," Muttered, his sword instantly appeared coated with sword qi.

Chapter 126 - 126: Chaotic Battle (1)

A masked man in dark armor with sharp spikes on his shoulders could be seen sitting quietly in a dimly lit room, holding a small device in his hand. The room was quiet until the device suddenly beeped, and a hologram of a masked man appeared, projected from the screen.

"My Lord," the masked figure said with a slight bow.

"Has he appeared?" the armored man, referred to as Lord, asked.

"Yes, he has. He is currently fighting in the last stand against the Zombies," the man on the screen replied.

"Good. How is the arrangement? I trust everything is in order," the Lord inquired.

"Yes, my Lord. Everything is in place, just waiting for your command," the masked man confirmed.

"Good. Ensure there are no mistakes. The moment I give the order, execute the plan. There must be no room for error," the Lord warned, his voice cold and firm.

"Understood. I will await your orders," the masked man bowed again before ending the transmission. As the screen dimmed, the Lord sighed and muttered to himself, "It's just business."

Back on the battlefield, Klaus and the others clashed with the Zombies in a chaotic symphony of slashes, swings, and stabs. Klaus had manifested the Lotus flower once again, but this time, he was pouring even more energy into it than before.

The Zombies they faced now were far stronger than the earlier ones, and the Absolute Ice Domain struggled to slow them down. However, Klaus, who had just leveled up, could sense an endless sea of star qi waiting to be unleashed.

Knowing they had to cut through thousands of these Zombies, he didn't hold back. He burned through his star qi like it was paper, and it was working perfectly. The Zombies entering the domain began to lose their mobility, their movements slowing as the ice took hold. Klaus took full advantage, rampaging through them like a demon.

He wasn't holding back anymore. This time, he was using his full strength, and it was terrifying, especially within the Lotus flower's domain. It felt as if he could teleport. One moment he was here, the next he was there, cutting down enemies before they even realized what was happening.

The ice mist in the air allowed Klaus to move with fluid grace. His talent, which made him an Overlord of all elements, granted him far more power than he ever could have hoped for. Even the thinnest ice particles in the air were weapons at his command, and now, he was swimming through a domain filled with them.

Inside the domain, however, his fire abilities had less impact, which was understandable. Ice and fire were natural opposites, but there was no need to worry. The ice was doing its job perfectly. The real challenge lay in the sheer number of Zombies. Thousands were swarming the battlefield, and the sages and Saints were struggling more than Klaus had hoped.

Although Klaus wasn't underestimating the Sages, he knew not to rely too heavily on them. That didn't mean they weren't pulling their weight. These warriors had fought countless battles, and even though they were at a disadvantage, the Zombies weren't overwhelming them entirely.

The Saints, however, were faring much worse. In just five minutes of battle, many had already suffered injuries. But knowing they were no match for these Zombies forced them to adapt, as humans always do. They teamed up, with two or three Saints taking on a single Zombie at a time. Thanks to Klaus's ice domain handling most of the horde, they were managing to thin down the numbers bit by bit.

Still, ten thousand Zombie Generals were no laughing matter. Despite everything, they were holding on—just barely.

Boom!

Suddenly, a thunderous explosion shook the battlefield. Klaus, in the midst of beheading a Zombie General, was forced to turn his gaze toward the source of the noise.

Ahead, he saw Uncle Xian, his grip tight on his massive axe, charging toward a Zombie King. The Zombie King, wielding an enormous metal club, charged right back at him. The two clashed with such force that the ground trembled beneath them.

"Hahaha! You've got some strength, but it's not enough!" Uncle Xian laughed, even as he was pushed back several meters by the impact. Without hesitation, he charged again, meeting the Zombie King head-on. Both were brute warriors, relying purely on raw power, and it showed in the way their weapons collided.

Neither of them was using any skills or techniques—just sheer strength. Yet, the force of their clashes was enough to kill a few Zombie Generals who had been too close to their battlefield.

Zombie Kings, much like humans, had the ability to use skills and techniques. It was unsettling but true. When the spiritual energy descended upon the world, it wasn't only humans who began to evolve. The humans who turned into Zombies were also granted this evolution.

Just like humans, who grew stronger and often more handsome, some even reversing in age, Zombies also undergo similar changes. They became stronger, awakened new abilities, and developed Classes and Talents. However, these powers only began to manifest when they formed their Devil Core or King Core, marking their terrifying evolution.

Tier 7 Zombies or Monsters are comparable to Great Sage-level humans. For a human to reach that stage, they first need to form a Star Core. After that, the next step is to form a Sage Core. This involves saturating the Star Core, either by gaining experience points through Kills, absorbing energy from Monster cores, or directly taking in the spiritual energy from the air.

Once the Star Core becomes fully saturated, it will shatter. This triggers a heavenly tribulation, a dangerous test of strength and will. If the human taking the tribulation survives, they will form a Sage Core, marking their ascension to the next level of power. The process continues from there as they aim for even greater heights.

But for monsters and Zombies, the path is different. They don't gain strength from tribulations the way humans do. Instead, they evolve naturally through their Devil Core or King Core, skipping the need for heavenly approval. This makes their growth more unpredictable—and often more dangerous.

They have free reign to evolve, continuing their growth until the heavens take notice. At that point, a monster may be called a Beast, and a Zombie can be referred to as an Undead.

But before reaching these stages, they are just as terrifying as they are formidable. Uncle Xian and the others were experiencing this firsthand. Klaus observed the brutes battle for a brief moment before turning his attention to Uncle Ziggy, who had managed to make the Zombie King seem like a practice target.

Uncle Ziggy's lightning bullets rained down like a plague on the Zombie King, who wielded a long spear. The Zombie King used a skill that spun the spear around it like a shield, but the bullets still found their marks.

But even so, the bullets weren't enough to pierce the Zombie King's head just yet. Klaus could see that Uncle Ziggy was preparing something with his second revolver, as he had only been using one in battle so far.

Suddenly, a powerful sword light flashed, striking another Zombie King, who wielded a long, flat metal sword. Klaus was forced to look over, only to see Kofi radiating intense fire energy. His sword was glowing with a mix of fire essence and sword qi.

'What the fuck, Kofi is this powerful?' Klaus thought, surprised but secretly smiling at his Chief of Security.

On one side, Henry was acting as bait, drawing the Zombie King's attention while Kofi dealt the damage. It was a perfect team-up. But the battle was far from over, and the fight raged on with no end in sight.

Chapter 127 - 127: Chaotic Battle (2)

The battle was chaotic, with humans clashing against Zombies in a frenetic struggle. There was no clear victory in sight. The Zombies were numerous, but they weren't gaining the upper hand either. Well, it looks like they have the potential to overwhelm the Humans.

Yet, an obstacle stood in their way: Klaus. He is radiating chilling ice energy, cleaving through the monsters as effortlessly as if he were harvesting wheat.

Though the fight was demanding, Klaus wasn't at a disadvantage. The contrast between his ease and the struggles of the Saints and Sages was stark, and people all over the world watching the live broadcast were taking note.

In this new era where everything was broadcast live, it was unsettling yet commonplace. Klaus, unaware of the global commentary, continued his relentless assault on the Zombies, his life depending on it—quite literally.

'Ah, if only they allowed the use of tracking watches here,' Klaus thought with a sigh. 'I would have already entered the world warrior ranking chart, or be on the verge of it.' He pushed the thought aside and continued to cut down more and more Zombies.

Klaus was indeed confident, taking down Zombie generals with ease as if they were mere chickens. The War Goddess, who had been quietly observing, couldn't help but mutter to herself, "This kid is a monster."

Watching Klaus fight across realms left her in awe, but it also unsettled her. She was on high alert for the True Terror, a Zombie Emperor—an entity at her own level of power. Despite her concern for Klaus's safety, she found it hard to remain calm. Some might say she was overly protective of him, but it was only natural. Someone with Klaus's potential needed to be safeguarded.

Although it was uncertain how long he could maintain his ability to fight realms above his own as his cultivation grew, it was impressive to know he could do so at any time. Once a Zombie reaches the level of King, their power multiplies significantly.

Klaus might not be able to maintain his dominance in fighting three realms above him for much longer, but that wasn't a major concern. He was growing stronger by the second, and that was what truly mattered.

Within Arcadian City, the young Master stage experts continue to watch Klaus in awe. One of them couldn't help but ask aloud, "How is he doing that?"

"He's a monster," a young lady said, her voice filled with admiration. "A handsome monster."

Another observer added, "I now understand where his arrogance comes from. He's a monster among monsters."

"Even the Sages can't match his speed in killing," someone else said. Klaus's effortless killings made some of the arrogant onlookers want to hide their faces. Their wealth had blinded them to true strength, making them realize how wrong they had been to underestimate him.

"After the battle, I wouldn't mind offering myself to Brother Klaus," a young lady confessed, her face hidden in embarrassment.

Her friends exchanged glances but said nothing. It was clear she wasn't the only one with such thoughts. All the ladies present were captivated by the white-haired warrior's display of power.

"Honey bitches," Hanna, standing with Anna and Klaus's other friends, muttered.

"What? Aren't you thinking the same thing?" Danny asked with a slight grin.

"No. Brother Klaus is my friend and my boss. I have no such feelings toward him," Hanna replied with a straight face, making everyone raise an eyebrow. Even Anna was taken aback but could tell Hanna was serious.

Anna wanted to say something but decided against it. Instead, she turned her attention back to the giant screen showing the battlefield.

Klaus was rampaging, and so were his uncles.

The Zombie King fighting Uncle Ziggy was covered in wounds. It had attempted a few counterattacks, but Uncle Ziggy was always a step ahead, forcing the Zombie King to remain on the defensive.

Meanwhile, Uncle James was playing a relentless game of catch with the Zombie King he was fighting. His flaming boomerangs were a nightmare for the Zombie. Each time the creature managed to fend off one attack, more boomerangs would come crashing down, leaving the Zombie King growling in frustration.

Uncle James activated a technique that multiplied his boomerangs a dozen times. Although the clones were less powerful, they were perfect for causing destruction. The Zombie King is struggling to defend itself, its body increasingly covered in wounds.

"Giant Shield Art: Meteor's Might!" Uncle Mark shouted. A massive, 30-meter-tall shield materialized in the air. He smashed the shield in his hand forward, sending it crashing down with a dangerous and powerful force.

The Zombie King he was fighting charged forward, its club raised high. The club clashed with the giant shield, sending shockwaves through the air. The force of their collision was immense, and the Zombie King struggled against it. However, the shield remained intact. Uncle Mark planted his feet firmly on the ground and pushed his shield forward with renewed strength.

Suddenly, the Zombie King's leg snapped, forcing it to kneel. At the same time, the crystal embedded in its chest began to pulse with intense energy. It was using the energy from the crystal to heal itself.

"Not again, you bastard!" Uncle Mark growled. He slammed his shield forward once more, unleashing a beam of light that struck the Zombie King's chest, hitting the dark crystal directly. The crystal cracked for a moment and then shattered.

The Zombie King attempted to rise, but before it could get back on its feet, another giant shield crashed down upon it, flattening it against the ground. And so, Uncle Mark defeated the first of the Seven Zombie Kings.

He wipes a sweat off his forehead but maintains a smile. Though visibly exhausted, he did not miss the chance to taunt his friends.

"Bastards, guess who took down their opponent first?" Uncle Mark called out, glancing at his friends, who were still engaged in their own battles with Zombie Kings.

"What are you gloating about? Get into action and help Klaus and the others!" Uncle Ziggy shouted, making the exhausted Uncle Mark move towards the Tier 6 Zombie Generals.

What followed was a thunderous clash, with the Zombie Generals falling one after another, leaving nothing behind but Zombie Cores and a grotesque mixture of zombie remains.

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Far from the battlefield, a three-meter-tall Zombie with deep green eyes and white markings on its red face stared intently toward the battlefield. Standing beside it are two Zombie Kings, each looking even more dangerous than the ones already fighting.

"I sense someone of my level is on the battlefield," the white marked Zombie said in a dangerous tone. "I will deal with them. But ensure the others are dead before I address the real threat."

"It won't be long before the Queen orders us to retreat from this human settlement. Our job is to make sure there is no resistance left within this region when she arrives." The marked Zombie's command made the two Zombie Kings nod in agreement.

"Alright, get to work," the marked Zombie said. The two Zombie Kings dissolved into the ground, vanishing without a trace.

The red Zombie looked back at the battlefield once more before disappearing as well.

Back on the battlefield, Klaus and the others were fighting fiercely with the Zombie Generals and Kings when suddenly, an immense pressure descended upon them. High in the sky, a terrifying red Zombie appeared, wielding a crimson sword dripping with dark energy.

Without a word, the Zombie slashed its sword downward, aiming to kill anything on the battlefield, Zombies included. The dark energy cut an arc slashing toward the humans and zombies locking them in place.

However, just as the dark energy was about to strike, a blinding flash of sword light cleave through the air, obliterating the attack upon impact. The War Goddess had finally intervened.

A sovereign and an Emperor, ready to face the battle.

Chapter 128 - 128: Chaotic Battle (3)

The War Goddess clashed with the Zombie Emperor high in the air, their swords meeting with such force that shockwaves rippled down to the battlefield below. In mere seconds, they exchanged hundreds of strikes, each blow sending shockwaves everywhere.

"You have some power, human," the Zombie Emperor said indifferently.

"And you will be dying today," the War Goddess declared, her voice fierce. She launched another powerful attack. Klaus looked up and saw her moving with incredible speed. It was as if she was teleporting between strikes.

He watched her with a mix of awe and distraction. Her slender legs and well-toned figure were apparent as she swung her sword with fierce precision. Her chest bounced with each powerful swing, capturing Klaus's attention despite the chaos around him.

Klaus shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts. "What is wrong with me?" he wondered inwardly. Despite his confusion, a satisfied smile spread across his face. His determination to win those mountains grows stronger.

The War Goddess continued her relentless assault, her sword slicing through the air. Each strike seemed to shake the very ground beneath her. Her movements were fluid and commanding, a dance of destruction.

"I should probably get back to my killing too," Klaus muttered, before leaping into the fray once more. He moved swiftly, cutting down Zombies with lethal precision. Now that Uncle Mark was assisting, the number of Zombies began to dwindle rapidly.

Klaus glanced around. His other uncles were also nearing the end of their battles. The Zombie Kings were losing ground, and Klaus could see it clearly in the way their attacks became more desperate.

Suddenly, something caught Klaus's attention. He felt a strange presence, making him turn in a specific direction. But when he looked, there was nothing. Yet, his instincts told him something was wrong. Without hesitation, he moved toward Uncle Mark.

"Uncle," Klaus called out, his voice urgent. "I have a way to handle half of these bastards, but I'll need your help."

Uncle Mark raised an eyebrow. "What do you need?" he asked, gripping his shield tightly, ready for whatever came next.

Klaus took a deep breath. "I'm going to unleash a powerful area-of-effect attack," he explained. "But I don't know if it'll kill all the Zombies. I'll need you to follow up with one of your strong attacks to finish off the survivors."

Uncle Mark grinned, clearly intrigued by the plan. "Sounds like a plan," he said with a nod.

Klaus smiled back, feeling confident now. He took a moment to focus, preparing to release his attack. The battlefield around them was chaotic, but Klaus knew this could be the turning point.

Uncle Mark stepped back, giving Klaus space to work. The air around them felt tense as if even the Zombies could sense the buildup of energy.

Klaus's star qi surged, and in an instant, the Ice Lotus began spinning even faster. His focus shifted to the thousands of Zombies surrounding him. At the same time, his golden eyes started to change, taking on a red hue.

Then he felt it—a connection to all the Zombies within a 5-kilometer radius. They appeared to him like glowing orbs, ready to be shattered. Klaus knew he couldn't kill them with his Spirit Eye alone, but he didn't need to. His goal was to weaken them.

He planned to stun the Zombies and then let the Ice Lotus finish them off. By stunning them, they would lose access to their spiritual energy for a brief moment, leaving them defenseless.

That was the perfect time to strike, and Klaus intended to make the most of it. He glanced around and saw Uncle Mark preparing for the follow-up attack.

"All Saints and Sages, fall back!" Klaus shouted, and the Sages and Saints fighting immediately retreated. The Lotus flower floated forward, stopping in the middle of the battlefield.

At the same moment, Klaus's eyes burned with a red glow. Like a flash of lightning, his eyes brightened, releasing a wave of spiritual energy powered by his star qi. It spread across the battlefield, and as he watched the Zombies—or rather, their souls—he saw them dim for a brief moment. That was all he needed.

"Explode," he commanded.

The flower came to a sudden stop in mid-air and then fell. Before it could touch the ground, it burst apart, releasing an explosion of chilling energy. This time, the blast was louder and far more powerful. Klaus had sacrificed a lot of star qi for that attack, and it took a heavy toll on his stamina. But the effort paid off.

Across the battlefield, around 70% of the remaining Zombies froze solid. Those closest to the explosion were instantly killed, their bodies encased in ice. The wave of cold swept across the land, leaving behind nothing but shattered remains.

At that moment, Uncle Mark's booming voice rang out, commanding the battlefield.

"Giant Colossal Shield, descend!"

The clouds above darkened, and from the horizon, a massive shield—nearly 100 meters wide—began to appear. Its presence alone brought an overwhelming pressure that spread across a 10-kilometer radius. Klaus could feel the weight of it, but he wasn't affected. Uncle Mark had placed his hand on his shoulder, shielding him from the crushing force.

The Zombies, however, were not so fortunate. As the colossal shield descended, the pressure on them became unbearable. Their bodies started to crack and then started to shatter under the immense

weight. The closer the shield came, the worse their fate became, until they were completely crushed beneath its unstoppable descent.

Uncle Mark's face turned pale. He had used up all his remaining energy in that one attack, but it worked better than expected. The battlefield was now filled with disoriented Zombies—around 500 of them—staggering from the impact of the blast.

Klaus and Uncle Mark had just killed over 5,000 Zombies, but the effort had drained their strength. Klaus could feel the toll on his stamina, though his star qi and incredible physique could still keep him going.

Up in the sky, the Zombie Emperor becomes enraged seeing the 5000 Zombies crash just like that. It wanted to attack Klaus and his uncle, but the War Goddess didn't allow it. Her meaning was clear, kill me first before you can get that white-haired handsome.

Thankfully, none of the 24 Sages were injured, so they quickly jumped back into the fight. However, half of the Saints were wounded, while the rest were exhausted. Even so, seeing victory within reach, 200 of the Saints rejoined the battle.

Klaus glanced at his uncle, who was gasping for air. Reaching into his space ring, Klaus pulled out a vial of Mountain Dew.

"Drink this," Klaus said, offering it to him. But Uncle Mark hesitated. He knew what Klaus was giving him and didn't want to waste it on himself. But before he could protest further, Klaus tipped the liquid down his throat.

"You can pay me back after the battle," Klaus said with a grin, dashing back into the fray. There were still more Zombies to kill, and time was running out. Feeling his strength return thanks to the Mountain Dew, Uncle Mark charged back into battle, smashing his shield into the oncoming Zombies.

BOOM.

Suddenly, something crashed down from above, shattering the ice on the ground into a mist of icy debris. As the air cleared, Klaus saw a terrifying sight. The Red Zombie Emperor, a towering three-meter-

tall creature, rose from the ground, a giant wound still gaping in its chest. Across from it, the War Goddess stood, her movements graceful but showing signs of fatigue.

The Zombie Emperor clearly is stronger than she thought. But despite that, her grip on her sword never lessened.

"Die!" her chilling voice echoed across the battlefield as she prepared to strike a deadly blow. But just as she moved, two Zombie Kings burst out from the ground, lunging at her from her blind spot. She saw them, but defending against both would be a challenge.

If she abandoned her attack on the Zombie Emperor, she would lose her chance, but if she continued, she risked sustaining devastating injuries. Not forgetting the Zombie Emperor will use the chance to attack.

Suddenly, a massive shield crashed down, blocking one of the Zombie Kings' attacks. At the same moment, a chilling flower of ice appeared, intercepting the second attack.

"Well then," Klaus smirked, stepping forward, "let's see how I behead you."

At last, he was about to face a Zombie King in battle.

Chapter 129 - 129: He is a monster

"Big sister, focus on that brute and leave these fools to your little brother and his handsome uncle," Klaus said, stepping between the Zombie King and the War Goddess, who had just pushed the Zombie Emperor back with her powerful strike.

"Are you sure?" the War Goddess asked, her eyes narrowing in concern.

"One hundred percent confident! Watch me kill a Tier 7 Zombie," Klaus joked, lunging at the Zombie King, who was now caught within his Ice Domain. Although his star qi was nearly drained, he wasn't worried. His goal now was to kill this creature, trusting that his stamina and strong physique would carry him through.

Klaus swung his sword, sending an arc of ice, coated with ice qi, toward the Zombie King. The attack struck a wall of earth that rose suddenly to block it.

"Well, that's a problem," Klaus muttered, eyeing the Zombie King, who now held a spear and was charging at him. The Zombie had a strong affinity for the Earth element, giving it incredible defensive abilities.

"Tsk, fine, I'll just beat you to death!" Klaus said, abandoning his active skills for close combat. He rushed forward, closing the distance between them. Soon, the sound of their fierce battle echoed across the battlefield, as Klaus's blade clashed with the Zombie's spear, each strike reverberating from their brutal exchange.

Klaus grinned as their weapons collided, the force of each strike sending shockwaves through the air. The Zombie King's earth affinity made it tough to penetrate its defenses, but Klaus wasn't deterred. If the Zombie wanted to rely on brute defense, then Klaus would simply wear it down.

The Zombie King lunged again, thrusting its spear with frightening speed. Klaus narrowly dodged, feeling the rush of air as the weapon whizzed past his side. He retaliated instantly, swinging his sword with fierce precision. His blade connected, but once again the Zombie's earth barrier absorbed most of the impact.

"Stubborn, aren't ya?" Klaus muttered, wiping sweat from his brow. He could feel his body tiring, but he wasn't going to back down now. His mind raced, searching for a weak point, something he could exploit.

Suddenly, Klaus switched tactics. Instead of focusing on breaking through the Zombie's defense, he aimed to outmaneuver it. With a burst of speed, he darted to the side, forcing the Zombie to adjust its position.

Klaus stomped hard on the ground, and ice erupted from beneath him, sending a burst of freezing shards toward the Zombie King. The sudden explosion of ice knocked the Zombie off balance, giving Klaus the opportunity he needed. With a swift, calculated strike, Klaus's sword sliced through the air, connecting with the Zombie King's armor.

The attack landed, but it barely made a dent.

"That's some tough skin," Klaus grumbled. The creature's hide was incredibly thick, almost metallic. It was clear that the Zombie's prolonged exposure to the Humium mineral had fortified its skin, making it nearly impervious to his blows.

"Thick skin, huh? Then watch me beat some softness into you," Klaus declared, his eyes narrowing with weird ideas.

He lunged forward again, his movements swift and decisive. He focused on exploiting every opening, his sword slashing with precise strikes, aiming to wear down the Zombie King's defenses bit by bit.

On the other side of the battlefield, Uncle Mark was engaged in a fierce clash with the other Zombie King. Unlike Klaus, who was cautious and strategic, Uncle Mark was all about brute force. His style was raw and relentless, reflecting his nature as a powerful, intimidating shieldbearer.

Among the five Uncles, Uncle Ziggy was known as the most lethal. However, under normal conditions, Uncle Mark could be just as formidable. With just a single blow from his shield, he could reshape the earth itself. Today, he was showcasing his incredible strength, proving just how powerful he could be.

Despite his might, the new Zombie he faced was tougher than he anticipated. This Zombie wielded a massive club, and unlike the one he had previously defeated, this one had a rather strong defense. Uncle Mark found himself struggling to gain the upper hand.

But Uncle Mark was undeterred. As a fighter who relied on his sheer strength, he embraced his advantage. His attacks were powerful and punishing, and the Zombie certainly felt the impact. Yet, the creature's affinity for the earth element was holding its ground, making it a tough opponent.

Uncle Mark's brute force was effective, but it was clear that overcoming this Zombie would require more than just strength—it would take a relentless assault and the right moment to break through its defenses.

Boom

The War Goddess sent the Zombie Emperor flying once more, but this time she was ready for the follow-up. She slashed her sword, sending a chilling wave of sword light toward the Zombie, who was struggling to find a way to defend itself.

The attack struck the Zombie Emperor's chest, cutting another deep wound into its already battered form. Without pausing, she followed up with another attack. Her goal was clear: defeat the Zombie Emperor quickly so she could aid Klaus.

At the same time, Klaus was having a moment of clarity. The Zombie King was like a metal doll, but it wasn't impenetrable. On the contrary, Klaus saw that it had many flaws. One particular flaw made him question whether the heavens were aiding him or if the Senior in his soul sea had exaggerated the strength of these Devil monsters or King Zombies.

"Since you want to play hard to cut, why don't I heat things up?" Klaus mused. He realized that the Zombies, particularly those from the Arcadian mine, were not fond of fire.

Recalling his earlier attack with the fireball, Klaus noted how its blast had been unexpectedly devastating. The strength of the fireball seemed excessive, making him question its intensity. He had noticed something peculiar during the initial clash with the Zombie—none of the Zombies used flame attacks.

It suddenly clicked. Humium, the mineral they were exposed to, was highly reactive to fire. This meant that when fire came into contact with it, their defenses would be significantly weakened.

Klaus smiled, dismissing his Ice Lotus Flower and freeing the Zombie from the Ice Domain's effect. But this didn't mean the Zombie's troubles were over. On the contrary, its nightmare was about to get even worse—and it was going to be devastating.

Klaus grinned as his presence began to radiate intense heat. Across from him, he saw Uncle James's flaming boomerang slice off one of the Zombie King's arms. Klaus knew he was right about the Zombies' vulnerability to fire. Without wasting any time, he unleashed a barrage of fiery arcs from his sword, attacking relentlessly.

The Zombie King raised its earth defenses, but it was futile. Klaus's attacks were far more lethal now. Cornered and overwhelmed, the Zombie was forced into a defensive stance, unable to mount an effective counterattack.

Klaus's smile widened as he saw how easily he was handling the situation. Yet, he was aware that this was far from dominating Tier 7 Devils or Kings. If he were up against a Zombie King with powerful offensive skills, he would likely be on the defensive.

"But hey, since I got lucky, why not make things even more shocking?" Klaus thought, his smile growing as he closed the gap between them. What followed was a relentless beatdown that would be etched in the memories of all who witnessed it.

On this day, Klaus, a Level 3 Master stage expert, completely dominated a Tier 7 Zombie King in a one-on-one battle. The headlines would call him a Monster. And yes, Klaus was a monster—a true force to be reckoned with.

Chapter 130 - 130: And Klaus Died...Suddenly

Across the globe, people continue to watch in awe as Klaus dominates the Zombie King. His enjoyment was palpable, and it was clear to everyone witnessing his prowess.

"Is he even human? How is this possible?" In Arcadian City, the crowd watched in amazement as Klaus effortlessly overwhelmed the Zombie, which could barely defend against his relentless attacks.

"Of course, he's human—just a very, very handsome human," a young lady said, her gaze fixed on Klaus's projection on the screen. His white dreadlocks which were twisted by his mother continue to whip behind him.

"I can see why someone like Wood Princess Lucy would fall for him," another young lady added.

While the ladies were smitten, the reaction from the guys was quite different. They saw Klaus as a living nightmare—someone who would make their girlfriends rethink their affections.

Klaus embodied the perfect young warrior: handsome, strong, and charismatic. In front of the entire world, he showcased all these qualities with undeniable flair.

Klaus had promised himself he would prove to the world that he deserved a place on the warrior ranking charts. Today, he was making that promise a reality, leaving no doubt about his place among the greatest.

"Hanna, have you changed your mind yet? You'll be spending more time with him, you know," Danny said, leaning in closer to Hanna, who was engrossed in watching Klaus dominate the battle with deadly precision.

"Danny, stop teasing her," Lily said, pulling Hanna closer.

"It's okay, Lily. I know he's just teasing me," Hanna replied, maintaining a calm demeanor. There was no longing or desire in her gaze—she genuinely had no lustful feelings toward Klaus.

Anna watched for a moment, and as if something clicked, she moved closer and placed a hand on Hanna's shoulder. She gave Danny an annoying look. Danny smiled and turned his attention back to Klaus, who was still pushing the Zombie Kingback, moving further from the chaos of the battlefield.

The Sages had successfully cleared the entire battlefield. Klaus's uncles had also dominated their foes. Uncle James had managed to disable a Zombie by cutting off its legs and one arm, reducing it to a crawling state. It didn't take long for Uncle Jojo and the others to bring down their opponents.

When they offered to help Klaus, he declined with a grin. He was having too much fun. This, however, was bad luck for the Zombie that Uncle Mark was facing.

After dealing with their enemies, the other uncles began ganging up on the second Earth Zombie. It was like target practice. Uncle Ziggy was the first to join in, while Uncle Jojo went to assist Dave Arcadian, who had managed to sever a hand of the Zombie King He was fighting.

Kofi and Henry, who were among the healthiest on the battlefield, continued to overwhelm their target with lethal attacks

Although it took time, they maintained control over the battle. They tried repeatedly to kill the Zombie, but it seemed to keep coming back to life no matter what they did. However, once Uncle Xian joined the

fight, it was like a juggernaut had entered the fray. It didn't take long for them to bring down all the Zombie Kings.

They then moved on to clear the rest of the battlefield, taking down the remaining Zombie Generals. They offered to help the War Goddess next, but like Klaus, she refused their assistance. She was managing well on her own. Shortly after, the head of the Zombie Emperor went flying.

The War Goddess stood tall, her presence commanding respect as she looked over at Klaus, who was doing something quite unusual.

"Hey, Klaus, what are you doing?" the War Goddess asked, her voice tinged with curiosity.

"Nothing," Klaus replied casually, but he continued attacking the Zombie with no intention of killing it just yet.

'If I can understand how this dark crystal works,' Klaus thought, 'perhaps I can help Nadia create weapons that will be most effective against them.'

He focused on the dark crystal embedded in the Zombie's chest. Each time he landed a blow and the Zombie began to show signs of distress, the crystal would light up and heal it instantly. It was as if the crystal had an infinite supply of energy, but Klaus sensed there was more to it.

The crystal was indeed Humium, but it seemed to contain something beyond the potent energy he was familiar with. It was as though the crystal harbored another mysterious element.

'If I can wear it down, I might be able to examine it up close,' Klaus decided.

He intensified his attacks, pushing the Zombie to its limits. His strikes were relentless, designed to overwhelm and exhaust the creature. The dark crystal continued to glow and heal the Zombie, but Klaus was determined to get a closer look.

Klaus's attacks grew fiercer, each strike aimed to push the Zombie beyond its limits. The creature staggered under the relentless assault, the dark crystal glowing brightly with each impact. Despite the

healing power of the crystal, Klaus could see that it was struggling to keep up with the damage he was inflicting.

As the battle raged on, Klaus noted that the crystal's glow seemed to pulse in rhythm with the Zombie's movements. The healing effect was powerful but not perfect—there were moments when the crystal flickered, revealing a brief crack in its defenses. Klaus focused on those moments, hoping they would reveal more about the crystal's nature.

He delivered a particularly powerful blow, causing the Zombie to lurch and the crystal to flare up violently. Klaus seized the opportunity and closed the distance. With a swift, precise strike, he shattered a part of the crystal's surface. For a brief instant, the crystal's true nature was exposed—a swirling mix of dark energy and an unfamiliar, shimmering substance.

The Zombie roared in pain, its healing abilities temporarily disrupted. Klaus's heart raced as he tried to make sense of what he was seeing. The shimmering substance seemed to be a form of energy he had never encountered before, intermingling with the Humium in a way that amplified its power.

'This is it,' Klaus thought, 'I need to study this closer.'

He pressed on with his attacks, determined to keep the Zombie from recovering while he examined the exposed crystal.

Suddenly, Klaus noticed the crystal dimming and turning transparent.

'So that was it,' Klaus realized. 'Humium has a healing factor too.' He understood that it was merely a Humium crystal embedded in the Zombie's chest.

'But this isn't right,' he thought. 'If the crystal was embedded, it means the Zombies are more than they appear.' He had a moment of clarity. It was clear that someone with great knowledge had placed those crystals there.

'No time to think about this now,' Klaus decided. 'Let me just finish this fight and then I can go plant my face somewhere peaceful'

With a powerful strike, Klaus severed the Zombie's head, sending it flying through the air. He watched as the head fell to the ground. he smiles cheerfully. He bent down and took the Zombie stone that fell while the soldiers started to cheer.

But just as he was about to sheathe his sword, something locked him in place. It happened so suddenly that he sensed nothing until it was too late.

From one side of the city walls, a blinding flash signaled the launch of a powerful projectile weapon. Klaus felt his body stiffen, unable to move.

His body shuddered, and then his star qi surged. In response, his Lotus flower appeared, but it was too late. A two-meter-long arrow made of pure gold was already in the air.

He threw the Lotus flower at the arrow, but it lacked the power needed, it was too sudden to fuel it with more energy. The arrow tore through the Lotus and continued its path toward him.

Klaus's eyes turned red as he tried to control the arrow with his mind, but he was too late. The arrow pierced through his chest drawing a gush of blood. His body froze and then started to fall back

As his body started to fall, he saw a masked figure up ahead, looking back at him before disappearing. The entire event happened in an instant.

"Klaus!"

"Little Brother!"

"Young Master!"

Shouts echoed across the battlefield, but it was too late. Klaus, with a calm expression, felt his eyes growing heavy. He fell backward, and the last thing he saw was the War Goddess with tears in her eyes, catching him in her embrace.

He had managed to achieve his wish of resting his face between her chest, but he couldn't enjoy it. He drew his last breath, slipping into the darkness.