

Paragon 27

Chapter 27 Toying with Tier 3 Zombie Captains

Klaus looked at the message with a smile. He had indeed earned a great deal of experience points from the white zombies. Each kill had awarded him close to 8,000 points, allowing him to level up faster than he had anticipated. Now, he had over 500 stat points ready to be distributed at any time and an enormous pool of Spiritual Qi to use as he saw fit.

His understanding of the ice element had also improved significantly. He could now unleash attacks not only from his sword but also from his hands. Even a focused step on the ground could generate a devastating ice attack. However, none of that seemed important at the moment. Surrounding him were five zombies that posed a different kind of danger.

"Human, you dare slaughter my kind," the Zombie Captain repeated, its gaze fixed squarely on Klaus.

Through years of fighting and studying zombies, humans had learned that there were ranks among them. The normal zombies were like foot soldiers, while the Zombie Captains. Above the captains were the Zombie Generals. According to what was known, every zombie army consisted of five captains and one general. So the appearance of these five confirmed the rumors.

Klaus had already killed one captain, which meant there were four more and a general still to face.

"Are you mental? Those idiots were trying to kill us! What, are we just supposed to stand there and let them?" Klaus's voice was laced with arrogance, completely disregarding the danger that surrounded him. His arrogance was like an insult in face of this monsters.

"Die!" The Zombie Captain roared, lunging at Klaus with terrifying speed. But Klaus only smiled slightly. With a swift movement, he met the Zombie Captain head-on, their clash sending sparks flying through the air.

"Weak," Klaus muttered, his face full of disdain as he pushed the Zombie Captain back a few steps. The zombie growled in frustration and lunged forward again, determined to kill.

But Klaus was ready. He parried the zombie's attack with ease and, in a fluid motion, sent a powerful kick to its abdomen. The force of the blow sent the Zombie Captain flying backward, crashing into the ground with a heavy thud. He dashed forward again, meeting the Zombie captain in another clash.

Anna and the others readied their weapons, expecting a fierce battle. But to their shock, the other zombies just stood there, watching Klaus and the Zombie Captain fight. It was as if the rest of the zombies disregarded their existence entirely, focusing solely on Klaus.

"Die!" The Zombie Captain shouted once more, lunging at Klaus after being pushed back again.

Klaus chuckled, unfazed by the attack. "That's enough. You can die now," he said, his voice calm and confident.

With a quick motion, Klaus disappeared. The next moment, he reappeared behind the Zombie Captain, his sword piercing through the zombie's mouth and exiting the back of its head. The captain's eyes widened in shock before it collapsed to the ground, dead.

"Hehe, a High-grade Zombie Stone," Klaus muttered with a satisfied grin, examining the stone in his hand after crushing the Zombie Captain's head under his foot.

Turning to the remaining zombies, Klaus's expression grew even more arrogant. "Gentlemen, this young master doesn't have all the time in the world, so I'd advise you all to come together so we can end this faster," he called out, his voice dripping with confidence.

One of the remaining Zombie Captains bristled at Klaus's arrogance, ready to lunge at him. But before it could move, Klaus raised a finger in the air, stopping it in its tracks.

"It would be best if you all came together," Klaus repeated, his tone calm but commanding. "I don't have much time for one on one combats."

Contrary to what anyone would have expected, the remaining three Zombie Captains lunged at Klaus simultaneously. And instead of retreating or showing any sign of fear, Klaus welcomed them with a satisfied grin, his sword glowing blue.

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"Arrogant," Asha muttered, standing far from the battlefield, her eyes fixed on Klaus as he clashed with the three Zombie Captains.

Nia, watching alongside her, nodded in agreement. "Well, he certainly has the strength to back it up. But this time, he might have bitten off more than he can chew." Her gaze remained steady, analyzing the chaotic scene below as Klaus fought with the three Zombie captains.

Asha's eyes narrowed as she watched the intense battle. "He's fighting three Zombie Captains at once. Even if he's strong, that's a lot of power to handle."

Nia's gaze remained focused on Klaus, a thoughtful expression on her face. "True, but sometimes arrogance can be a double-edged sword. His confidence might be his greatest asset or his biggest downfall."

Asha glanced back at Nia. "Do you think he'll manage to defeat them all?"

Nia sighed, her eyes still fixed on the battlefield. "It's hard to say. If anyone can pull it off, it's him. But the risk is high. He's pushing himself to the limit, and those Zombie Captains won't hold back. Not forgetting the Zombie General, he won't just let his captain die just like that"

Asha frowned, concerned. "If he gets overwhelmed, we might need to intervene. I don't want to see someone with his potential fall here."

Nia nodded. "We'll keep watching for now. If things get too dangerous, we'll step in. But for now, let's see how he handles this challenge. It's a test of both his skill and his resolve."

If only Nia and her sister knew that Klaus had yet to use the points he earned from his last three level-ups. The strength he was using to fight came from his Level 8 point distribution. He still had 500 points left from his 9th to 11th level-ups that he hadn't allocated yet.

Klaus clashed with the three Zombie Captains, sending sparks flying with each strike. Despite the intense battle, Klaus showed no signs of being overwhelmed. Instead, he appeared to relish the fight.

He parried an attack from one of the captains, his sword meeting the enemy's with a metallic clang. With a swift kick, he knocked another captain back, sending it staggering. The third captain lunged at him, its bone sword aimed at his midsection.

Klaus leaped backward, narrowly avoiding the sword that slashed through the air where he had just been. He landed gracefully, his eyes locked on his opponents with a confident glint.

The three captains regrouped, their movements more cautious now. They circled Klaus, each waiting for an opening. Klaus took the opportunity to taunt them.

"Is this all you've got?" Klaus shouted. "I've faced tougher opponents in my sleep!"

The captains snarled, their eyes glowing with rage. One of them charged at him again, its bone sword swinging in a wide arc. Klaus sidestepped the attack with ease, his movements fluid and precise.

He countered with a quick slash, catching the captain on its arm. The captain howled in pain but didn't falter. It swung its sword back at Klaus, who blocked the attack with his own blade.

Klaus pushed the captain back, then turned his attention to the second captain. This one tried to strike from the side, but Klaus anticipated the move. He met the attack head-on, their weapons clashing in a shower of sparks.

The third captain tried to flank him, but Klaus was ready. He spun around, his sword slicing through the air. The captain barely managed to dodge, its bone sword missing Klaus by inches.

"Come on! Is this the best you can do?" Klaus taunted, his voice filled with mockery. "I've fought monsters in my sleep that were more of a challenge than you!"

The captains' frustration grew. They attacked in unison, hoping to overwhelm Klaus. But he was too quick, too skilled. He deflected their blows with ease, his movements almost a dance.

He ducked under a swing from the first captain, then kicked out, catching it in the shin. The captain stumbled but quickly regained its balance. The second captain tried to strike from above, but Klaus blocked the attack with a powerful overhead swing.

The third captain tried to catch him off guard, but Klaus spun around, his sword flashing through the air. He slashed at the captain's shoulder, drawing a deep cut.

The captains were now on the defensive, their attacks growing more desperate. Klaus pressed his advantage. He dodged and weaved, his sword a blur of motion.

"You're making this too easy," Klaus said with a grin. "I've faced harder challenges on a lazy afternoon."

The captains growled, their frustration evident. They attacked with renewed fury, but Klaus was always one step ahead. He parried their strikes and countered with his own, his sword finding gaps in their defenses.

He knocked one of the captains off balance with a powerful kick, then spun around to face the other two. They were breathing heavily now, their attacks slowing.

"Is that all you've got?" Klaus taunted again. "I was expecting a real fight."

The captains exchanged glances, their expressions a mix of anger and rage. They regrouped, their movements more synchronized now. They attacked in a coordinated effort, trying to catch Klaus off guard.

But Klaus was ready. He dodged their combined assault with ease, his movements fluid and precise. He blocked their attacks and countered with his own, his sword slicing through the air.

The captains were growing weary, their attacks becoming slower and less accurate. Klaus took advantage of their fatigue, pressing his attack with relentless precision.

He disarmed one of the captains with a swift strike, sending its bone sword clattering to the ground. The captain stumbled back, its eyes wide with shock.

The other two captains continued to fight, but their movements were sluggish now. Klaus took advantage of their weakness, his sword a blur of motion as he slashed and parried.

Despite their best efforts, the captains were no match for Klaus. He toyed with them, his movements precise and controlled. He dodged their attacks and countered with devastating strikes, his taunts never ceasing.

Finally, the captains were forced to retreat. They backed away, their expressions a mix of anger and defeat. Klaus watched them with a satisfied grin, his sword still glowing with a strange energy. For once, the Zombies that have no expressions aside evil now have angry and scared looks.

"You've done well to last this long," Klaus said with a smirk. "But I can't let you leave, it's been fun fellas but you have to die now"