

Paragon 31

Chapter 31 Heavenly Tribulation (1)

"Fuck, Mr. Johnson lied to me!" Klaus shouted, staring at the message in disbelief. "Is it because I never paid school fees that he did this on purpose? How am I welcoming a tribulation when I haven't even stepped into the Saint Realm yet?"

Forty-nine years ago, when the first person became a Saint, they were baptized by heavenly lightning. It was said that many believed the world was coming to an end. The process was terrifying, to say the least. A few weeks later, the second person became a Saint and faced their own tribulation.

Then came the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth. After the sixth Saint, people noticed something different. According to those first six individuals, once someone reaches the Grandmaster stage, they must form their star core before advancing to the next stage.

This star core determines the amount of spiritual qi one can store. However, no one knew exactly how to form this core or what it truly was. But when they did form it, it triggered a heavenly tribulation. Passing this tribulation made them several times stronger, even granting them the ability to walk in the air.

But never in the fifty years since the apocalypse began had anyone heard of an Awakened undergoing tribulation just to advance to the Ascended stage. Klaus was first and for that, he is both scared and angry. He couldn't shake the feeling that he had been set up.

"Fuck..." Klaus cursed again, feeling a wave of terror wash over him. He glanced up and saw the clouds gathering ominously above. Suddenly, he felt something stir within him, specifically in his back.

In an instant, his shirt caught fire, but he didn't feel the burning sensation on his skin. Instead, his eyes flashed, and he collapsed to the ground.

He suddenly found himself in the same place he had gone to during his awakening. He was surrounded by a sea of elemental energies, each with its own distinct color and fluctuation. In the center stood nine tall and elegant doors.

"There's something different about this ice door," he noticed. The first door, seemingly made of pure ice, had undergone some changes.

"Hahaha, you're quite perceptive. It appears you're more powerful than I thought, leveling up this quickly," a voice suddenly spoke from behind the ice door. It sounded exactly like his own voice but slightly more mature.

"Senior, can you tell me why I'm about to undergo tribulation when I haven't even reached the Saint stage yet? I don't know much, but I'm sure tribulations don't come until after one forms their star core. How is this happening?" Klaus asked, his voice filled with panic.

"Of course, you're about to undergo a tribulation. You're a Paragon, after all. The heavens don't want a competitor, so they'll try to kill you," the voice replied casually.

"Say what?" Klaus nearly dropped on his butt in shock.

Klaus felt his heart pounding in his chest, the weight of the revelation almost too much to bear. "A Paragon? What do you mean, Senior? I never heard of such a thing before. Who is a Paragon?"

The voice behind the ice door chuckled softly. "A Paragon is a being who stands above all others, someone who has the potential to surpass even the heavens. You, Klaus, were born with the potential to be this very being. That's why the heavens have taken notice of you. They see you as a threat and will do everything in their power to eliminate you before you can rise to your full potential."

Klaus took a step back, his mind racing. "But why now? I've only just started my journey. I haven't done anything extraordinary yet."

"That's where you're wrong," the voice responded. "Your rapid growth, your unique abilities, and your connection to the eight elements all point to something far greater than you realize. The heavens can sense your potential, even if you can't fully grasp it yet. This tribulation is their way of stopping you before you become unstoppable."

Klaus felt a mix of fear and anger building inside him. "So, what am I supposed to do? How can I face this tribulation and survive it?"

The voice grew more serious. "You must embrace your destiny, Klaus. This tribulation is just the beginning. If you survive, you'll grow stronger, and your path will become clearer. But if you fail, then that is all."

Klaus was at a loss for words. "How is this happening?" he muttered, his voice trembling. "I haven't even had any fun yet. My mom is still in the slum, and my dad is still missing. How can I be fighting for my life now when all I wanted was to protect my mother and make her happy? I never had any plans to go against the heavens." He felt tears welling up in his eyes.

The situation felt cruel and unfair. All he ever wanted was a simple life, not to battle against forces beyond his understanding.

The voice from behind the ice door interrupted his thoughts. "Tell me, Klaus, why do you cultivate to become strong?"

Klaus hesitated for a moment, trying to find the right words. "I cultivate to protect the people I care about," he finally said. "My mother... she's all I have left. I want to give her a better life, to make sure she's safe and happy. And my father..."

I want to find him, to understand what happened. I don't want power for the sake of power. I just want to keep my loved ones safe."

The voice was silent for a moment as if considering his words. Then it spoke again, more gently this time. "Your intentions are noble, Klaus. But strength, true strength, often comes with burdens we don't anticipate. The heavens see your potential, and they fear what you could become. That's why they're trying to crush you before you can realize that potential."

Klaus clenched his fists, frustration, and anger bubbling up inside him. "But I don't want to fight the heavens! I just want to live my life, protect my mom, and find my dad. Why does it have to be like this?"

"Because the path of power is rarely simple," the voice replied. "You can't control what others perceive you as. But you can control how you respond. The heavens may see you as a threat, but that's because they recognize the greatness within you. You can either rise to meet that challenge or let it consume you."

Klaus took a deep breath, trying to steady his emotions. "I never asked for this," he said softly, his voice barely above a whisper. "But if this is my fate, then I'll face it. I'll protect my mom, I'll find my dad, and I'll survive this tribulation. I have to."

"Good," the voice responded, a hint of approval in his tone. "Remember, Klaus, the heavens only challenge those who have the potential to change the world. You are stronger than you think, and your journey is just beginning. Embrace it, and you'll find the strength you need to protect those you love."

"Fuck, this bastard heavens just made an enemy out of me. I'll be sure to remember this one day," Klaus muttered through clenched teeth, his frustration boiling over. In his frustration, he didn't notice that a small orb of light slipped through the ice door, silently merging with one of the star tattoos on his back.

It was as if the heavens themselves were unaware of the secret gift bestowed upon him.

Desperate for a way out of his predicament, Klaus decided to try a different approach. If he couldn't fight the heavens on his own, maybe he could gain some wisdom from the mysterious voice behind the ice door.

"Erm, Senior," Klaus began hesitantly, his voice a mix of hope and nervousness, "you don't happen to have a name, do you?"

The voice, which had been silent for a moment, responded with a soft chuckle. "You're trying to curry favor now, aren't you? Clever boy. As for my name... it's not important. What matters is the power and knowledge you can gain here."

Klaus felt a glimmer of hope. "Well, if you're willing, could you share some of that knowledge? Anything that might help me survive this tribulation? I can't let it end like this, not when I have so much left to do."

The voice paused as if considering his request. "There are indeed things behind these doors that you need, Klaus. But understand this: power isn't given freely. You must earn it, and prove that you are worthy of it. The tribulation you are about to face is just the start."

Klaus's heart sank a little, but he refused to give up. "Then tell me what I need to do. How can I pass this tribulation and come out stronger?"

The voice sighed, but there was a note of approval in its tone. "Your determination is admirable. Very well, I will tell you this: the key to surviving this tribulation and the ones to come lies in the balance of your elements. Each of those doors represents a part of you, a power you've yet to fully understand. You must learn to harness them, to bring them into harmony.

Only then will you be able to withstand the wrath of the heavens?"

Klaus nodded, absorbing the words. "Balance the elements... bring them into harmony. But how do I do that?"

"You are still far from understanding any of this, just know that the ice you channel and the sword you wield are part of your will. Embrace them and allow yourself to be absorbed by their essence, only then can you start harnessing your true potential.

"Alright, time to go now... Your time is already up" A wave blew from the door and Klaus's vision darkened, and then he blacked out.

When he opened his eyes, he was shocked to find the dark clouds forming more intensely on the horizon. "Fuck, I just wanted to awaken and make my mom happy, how did it end up in this plot" Klaus almost cried but then, his eyes lit up, and his sword appeared in his hands

"Alright Bastards, Let this young Master teach you what respect is"