

Paragon 32

Chapter 32: Heavenly Tribulation (2)

The clouds continued to gather, growing darker with each passing second. Klaus, who looked minuscule beneath the looming storm, stood with his chest held high, fully aware that he was about to face a brush with death.

Although he didn't know exactly what or who a paragon was, the voice's words made it clear that they were beings even the heavens feared. That alone filled him with the determination to pass this tribulation and become stronger.

To protect his mother, Klaus knew he had to keep getting stronger. This trial was just one more step in that journey. If he failed, his dream of making his mother the happiest person in the world would be shattered. So despite the overwhelming odds, he stood tall, ready to face whatever came his way so he could return home.

The clouds grew heavier, swirling faster as they darkened. Lightning flashed within them, sending jagged bolts of light across the sky. The air became thick and heavy, pressing down on Klaus as he stood beneath the storm.

Thunder rumbled, growing louder with each passing moment. It felt like the earth itself was shaking. The wind picked up, howling through the trees and whipping around Klaus, but he didn't flinch.

The clouds twisted and churned, almost alive with anger. They seemed to be reaching down, ready to crush him. The darkness spread, blocking out the sun until it felt like night had fallen.

Klaus could feel the power building in the storm, a force so strong it made his heart race. The ground beneath his feet began to tremble as if the earth was afraid of what was coming.

"It's coming," Klaus muttered, readying himself. His grip tightened on his sword, his knuckles turning white.

Suddenly, the heavens roared, and a bolt of lightning, no thicker than a finger, shot down from the sky. It fell with terrifying speed, aimed directly at Klaus. He smirked and then swung his sword sending a

powerful ice meeting the bolt of lightning mid-air. An explosion erupted as the ice shattered but the bolt of lightning also shattered.

However, when it shattered, it formed into small runes that moved and entered Klaus's body. At once, he felt his body gaining strength. Klaus was taken aback feeling his energy rising, he didn't say anything, instead, he readied himself for the next lightning. The heavens rumbled again and the clouds stirred ominously.

The sky darkened even more, almost as if night had fallen. The wind picked up, swirling around Klaus, carrying the scent of death and destruction. The air felt thick and heavy with the promise of more lightning.

Klaus tightened his grip on his sword, his eyes fixed on the churning clouds above. He could feel the energy building, the tension in the air like a drawn bowstring ready to snap.

Another roar from the heavens echoed across the land, louder and more menacing. The clouds seemed to pulse with power, swirling faster and faster. Klaus's heart raced, but he remained calm, his mind focused on the fight ahead.

Without warning, another bolt of lightning shot down. It was larger and brighter than the first, crackling with intense energy. Klaus didn't hesitate. He swung his sword once more, sending another ice arc into the sky. The two forces collided with a deafening boom.

The ice shattered again, and the lightning split into dozens of tiny runes. They glowed with a strange light as they entered Klaus's body, spreading warmth and strength through him. The power was intoxicating, but Klaus knew he couldn't let his guard down.

The sky above rumbled even louder as if angered by his resistance. The clouds thickened, turning an almost pitch-black shade, swirling violently. Klaus could feel the storm's fury building, and he knew the worst was yet to come.

Another bolt of lightning shot down, followed quickly by a second and third. They came in rapid succession, each one more powerful than the last. Klaus swung his sword again and again, each time meeting the lightning with his ice arcs.

"Fuck," Klaus muttered, his voice strained as he shattered the fourth wave of lightning. The clouds above didn't dissipate as he hoped; instead, they gathered again, darker and more menacing. The ground beneath his feet began to tremble, a deep rumbling that echoed through his bones.

Thunder cracked loudly in the sky, and suddenly, a massive snakehead made entirely of pure lightning emerged from the clouds.

"The fuck is this shit?" Klaus felt a surge of fear, a deep sense of mortal danger like nothing he'd felt before. The snakehead, crackling with energy, slowly descended from the cloud, and as it did, the rest of its enormous body followed. The creature was massive—its 40-meter-long form twisted and coiled through the air, radiating a terrifying pressure that pressed down on everything beneath it.

Klaus felt the weight of that pressure immediately. His body stiffened, muscles tightening as if the air itself was trying to crush him. The force was so immense that it felt like his very movements were being locked down, making it almost impossible to breathe, let alone fight.

"Break!" Klaus shouted, forcing every ounce of his willpower into his command. He pushed against the invisible force holding him down, trying to free himself from the overwhelming pressure.

Cough! Klaus spat out a mouthful of blood as he forced himself free from the crushing force that had pinned him down. His chest heaved, and he wiped the blood from his lips with the back of his hand. "So it was an attack of wills. I guess my will isn't strong enough yet," he muttered, feeling the sting of weakness but refusing to let it break him.

He straightened, his eyes locking onto the massive lightning snake that coiled beneath the dark clouds, its electric body crackling with dangerous energy.

"I'm just a child. Why would the heavens be this cruel?" Klaus's grip on his sword tightened, his knuckles white with the strain. The situation was dire, but he couldn't afford to show fear. Not now. Not with death staring him in the face.

Suddenly, the heavens rumbled once more, the sound echoing like a death knell. But this time, Klaus was ready. He began channeling his essence into his sword, the blade glowing with a fierce blue light as it absorbed his power. The air around him vibrated with the energy he was pouring into the weapon, and despite the odds, he felt a surge of determination.

"It's either you die, or I do," Klaus muttered through gritted teeth, his gaze locked on the lightning snake. His eyes burned with fierce resolve as he faced down the colossal creature. The snake's eyes glowed, mirroring the storm above, and it seemed to hiss with anticipation as it circled lower, preparing to strike.

Klaus planted his feet firmly on the ground, bracing himself for the coming battle. The air was thick with tension, and the storm around him was a maelstrom of power and danger. He knew that this was it—the moment that would decide everything.

He raised his sword, the blue light around it intensifying until it was nearly blinding. The snake coiled tighter, readying itself to unleash its full might. Klaus could feel the pressure mounting, the weight of the heavens pressing down on him once more.

But he didn't flinch. His heart pounded in his chest, but his mind was clear. There was no room for fear, no space for doubt. All that mattered was survival—his, and his mother's. He couldn't afford to lose.

The heavens rumbled once more, and the snake charged forward, sending waves of pressure and lightning crashing toward Klaus.

Klaus gritted his teeth, holding his sword firmly over his head. As the snake drew closer, the ground began to tremble even more violently. In the face of the terrifying lightning snake, Klaus felt small, so small that his resolve began to waver.

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A few miles away from the tribulation ground, on top of a mountain, a lady in white stood watching the scene unfold. Her expression was one of shock and disbelief.

"How is this possible? He's just an Awakened. Why is he undergoing tribulation?" she muttered, her eyes fixed on Klaus as he swung his sword, destroying bolt after bolt of lightning.

She was amazed by his ability to fend off the lightning strikes, but what truly astonished her was that the person undergoing the tribulation was merely Awakened.

"Heavens, why is this happening?" the lady cried out in shock as the lightning snake appeared.

She watched Klaus, his face twisted in fear as he held his sword. Her heart sank seeing his terrified expression. Suddenly, her own expression changed as she realized something. "Heavens!" she shouted.

Just as Klaus felt his resolve nearly shattered, he let out a bestial roar. With a fierce swing of his sword, he unleashed a powerful ice arc that sliced through the air, meeting the lightning python head-on.

Klaus's ice arc collided with the lightning python, but the force of the impact barely slowed it down. The creature roared, its lightning crackling violently, and charged again. The ground shook with each of its movements, making it difficult for Klaus to maintain his footing.

He gritted his teeth and dodged another bolt of lightning, but the creature's speed was overwhelming. Its massive body coiled and struck with a ferocity that Klaus struggled to counter. Each time he swung his sword, the snake seemed to anticipate his moves, making him miss more often.

A sharp pain shot through Klaus as a bolt of lightning struck his shoulder. He staggered, blood pouring from the wound, and his vision blurred. His strength was waning, and the intense heat from the lightning made it hard to breathe. He felt a wave of exhaustion and despair washing over him.

He tried to stand, but the pain was almost unbearable. His sword felt heavy in his hand, and he was barely able to keep it up. Blood smeared his clothes and dripped from his wounds, staining the ground beneath him. The lightning snake pressed its advantage, its lightning strikes becoming more frequent and powerful.

"Fuck, I will shatter the heavens and destroy everything they hold dear" Klaus cursed out loud as he walk the thin line between life and death. But his cursing holds no power against the lightning snake, he is losing.

