

## Paragon 50

### Chapter 50 - Killing Like Crazy

Behind Klaus lay thousands of dead monsters, their bodies strewn across the battlefield. In front of him stood a massive horde of Tier 4 monsters, each one exuding a terrifying, bloodthirsty aura. But no matter how intense their presence was, Klaus felt nothing. Instead, his face held an expression of disbelief. The monsters he was slaughtering were all Tier 4, ranging from Lesser to Dark.

Yet, despite their strength, Klaus hadn't even used half of his own power to defeat them. He couldn't find his limit. It felt almost too easy—like a fish swimming effortlessly through water. To him, these fearsome creatures were nothing more than bugs.

"Is this the power of a Star?" Klaus muttered, still in shock at what he was capable of.

Suddenly a voice entered his head. "Brat, don't confuse this with the true power of a Star," the Senior corrected. "While I admit you are strong, the Star Qi you're using now isn't even close to reaching the realm of a Star. Ah... you'll understand more as you continue to cultivate the Star Diagram."

Klaus nodded, pushing the thought aside for now. He returned his focus to the battle, slaying monster after monster. With each kill, he gained a clearer understanding of how to refine his skills. At the moment, he was using his fire element, and the scene around him was one of blazing chaos—a sea of flames burning through the monsters.

Suddenly, an idea sparked in Klaus's mind. "This could work," he said aloud.

As he swung his sword and killed more monsters, he began forming a small ball of flame in his left hand. It started off small but quickly grew in size. It expanded from the size of an egg to that of an orange, then to a mango. Within a minute, it had grown as large as a basketball.

Klaus studied it for a moment, then frowned. "This is too slow and weak," he muttered.

Without hesitation, he tossed the ball of flame toward the monsters. "Explode!" he commanded.

The flame obeyed, but the result was disappointing. The explosion only took out a dozen monsters, far fewer than Klaus had anticipated. The devastating impact he'd been hoping for never came.

Klaus expected a loud bang, something powerful enough to wipe out a large portion of the horde. But what happened was a far cry from that. The explosion was weak, barely enough to kill a few monsters. Frustration crept onto his face, but he didn't let it stop him. He continued cutting through the waves of monsters, slashing and hacking without pause.

As he fought, his mind kept turning back to the flame ball. 'How do I make it stronger?' he wondered, pondering the best way to increase its explosive power.

After a while, and many more dead monsters, he decided to try again. With a flick of his wrist, he began forming a new orb. This time, it came together faster, the energy swirling tightly in his palm. Within seconds, the flame grew to the size of a basketball. But just like before, it stopped growing.

Klaus hurled it forward with a grunt. It exploded on contact, but the results were disappointing. The blast only took out a couple of monsters. The force still wasn't enough.

"Not again," he muttered, shaking his head. His brow furrowed in thought as he surveyed the battlefield. The monsters kept coming, relentless, but Klaus remained undeterred. He cut down a few more with ease, hardly breaking a sweat. His challenge now wasn't facing the monsters, it was finding a way to make his fireball skill he is working on work.

"I need more compression," Klaus murmured, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "Maybe I'm spreading the energy too thin."

Determined, he tried again. He focused harder this time, gathering the flames more tightly in his palm. The orb formed quicker, reaching its full size in just a few seconds. He felt a flicker of hope. But when he threw it, the result was no different. The explosion barely made a dent in the advancing monsters.

Klaus sighed in frustration. His sword swung in a wide arc, killing several monsters at once, but his mind was elsewhere. "Why isn't this working?" he muttered, feeling the weight of failure building in his chest.

But Klaus wasn't one to give up. Each failure taught him something. He realized that he was pouring too much energy into making the orb bigger rather than more powerful. 'Maybe size isn't the key,' he thought.

With a sharp breath, Klaus killed another wave of monsters, their bodies falling like leaves in a storm. Then, he tried again. This time, he focused on condensing the flames into a smaller, denser ball. The orb formed rapidly, but it stayed small—barely the size of a grapefruit.

Klaus narrowed his eyes and hurled it with force. The explosion was sharp and loud, but still, it wasn't strong enough. Only a few monsters were killed. Klaus gritted his teeth, annoyed but determined.

"Too small," he grumbled. "I need more balance —power without losing control."

He adjusted his stance, cutting down another group of monsters. Each swing of his sword was precise, almost mechanical, as his mind remained focused on the flame. He decided to try something new. He let the flame build in his palm but didn't rush it. Slowly, he fed it more energy, keeping it compact but steady.

The orb grew again, but this time it felt different—more stable. When it reached the size of a soccer ball, Klaus hurled it with a shout. The explosion was a bit stronger, but still, it wasn't enough to satisfy him. The flame scattered weakly across the field, only knocking back a few monsters.

Klaus's eyes darkened with frustration. "I'm missing something," he muttered to himself, shaking his head. He clenched his fists tightly, his knuckles white. 'Why can't I get this right?'

He slashed through more monsters, their blood splattering across his boots, but his mind never left the flame. He realized that with each attempt, he was learning something new. His control over the flame had improved, but he still hadn't mastered the explosive force.

"Maybe I need to release the energy all at once," Klaus thought aloud. He grunted as he fought, his breath heavy with exertion. He would try again—there was no other option.

He formed another flame orb in his hand. This time, he didn't just focus on size or density. He focused on timing. He let the energy build, then tried to release it at the perfect moment. The orb grew quickly,

becoming as large as a watermelon in just a few seconds. Klaus felt the heat from it and hurled it forward, holding his breath.

The explosion was louder this time, but still, it only took out a handful of monsters. Klaus growled in frustration. "Not enough!" he shouted. His patience was wearing thin, but he refused to give up.

Wiping sweat from his brow, Klaus pushed through the next wave of monsters, determined to perfect his technique. He thought back to what the Senior had said about true power and Star Qi. Was he rushing things? Maybe he needed more time to understand his energy before trying to force it into something bigger.

Klaus shook his head, clearing the doubts. He would keep trying. Every failure brought him one step closer to success.

He swung his sword with renewed vigor, clearing the monsters around him, then prepared to form another flame orb. This time, he tried a different approach—he let the flame grow naturally, not forcing it. He felt the energy flow more smoothly, though the orb remained small.

Klaus tossed it again. The explosion was still weak, but he noticed something different—there was more control, more stability. It wasn't the result he wanted yet, but it was progress.

"One step at a time," Klaus whispered to himself, his frustration easing slightly. He would keep refining it. Failure after failure, he knew he was getting closer.

"Ah, what an idiot," Klaus muttered to himself, slapping his forehead in frustration. He formed another flame orb, preparing to try once more after failing for what felt like the hundredth time. This time, however, a small smile tugged at his lips.

When the flame orb took shape, Klaus channeled his Star Qi into it. Almost instantly, the flame began to grow rapidly. "It's all about linking my Star Qi pool to it and letting it grow on its own," Klaus said, his smile widening.

Earlier, he had been focused on just pouring a part of his Star Qi into the flame. But he realized that although his Star Qi was powerful, the moment the flame exploded, the energy dispersed too quickly. This made the blast weaker than he had hoped for.

So, over the past hundred attempts, Klaus had been working to fix that problem. Each failure brought him closer to understanding how to make the explosion stronger and more controlled. After many tries, he finally discovered the solution: make the flame orb sturdy by letting it draw Star Qi on its own.

His Star Qi pool felt endless, but he couldn't use it all at once—he was only able to control about 8% of it. Although using Star Qi with his sword was almost second nature, applying it to the flame orb was different. Even after two minutes of intense focus, he could only channel about 5% into the flame, all while fighting off waves of monsters with his sword.

He realized the only way to manage it was to automate the process. By linking his Star Qi with the essence of the flame, the orb started drawing energy on its own. Suddenly, the flame began to grow, quickly surpassing the size of his previous attempts.

Klaus's smile grew as he watched the orb expand. He hurled the flame ball toward the horde of monsters. To his surprise, the flame ball shot forward with terrifying speed.

"What's happening?" Klaus muttered in disbelief. The flame orb kept growing larger as it sped toward the monsters, reaching the size of five basketballs, and then continuing to expand. As it hurtled toward the heart of the horde, it began spinning violently.

Roars, howls, and groans of pain echoed from within the monster ranks as the flame orb surged toward them. Klaus's face went pale. The flame ball had now grown to the size of twenty basketballs and was still increasing in size. It looked like a massive, spinning sun about to crash into the monsters.

Panicking slightly, Klaus watched as the flame orb plowed through the eastern wing of the monster horde, moving deeper and deeper, nearly 50 kilometers away from him. His heart raced as he quickly turned and ran back, knowing the power that was building up.

Finally, he clenched his fist and shouted the command, "Explode!"