

## Paragon 56

### Chapter 56 - 56: Seven Terrifying Zombie Generals

Boom!

Klaus swung his sword, meeting the club head-on. The force sent a sharp numbness through his arm as he was pushed back a few steps. His eyes widened in shock—this was the first time since entering the forest that something had managed to push him back. His gaze locked onto the crimson eyes of a massive figure. He instantly recognized it as a Zombie General.

"Great... more monsters," he muttered, eyes darting up to the sky. The dark tribulation cloud that had been looming over him began to fade, returning the sky to its usual state. Klaus felt a wave of unease. The storm that had protected him was gone, meaning his supernatural aid had abandoned him. Now, he was on his own.

He glanced back at the Zombie General, a small smile tugging at his lips. "I managed to defend my skill... meaning I can use it. Well then," Klaus chuckled, gripping his sword tighter. "Shall we dance?"

With a quick dash, Klaus lunged at the Zombie General, his sword cutting through the air. They clashed again, but this time, Klaus felt the strength behind the zombie's blows more clearly. They were evenly matched, or so it seemed. But as Klaus launched his attacks, he could feel his body heating up, energy surging within him.

His Star Qi flared to life, circulating through his body, and strengthening his bones and muscles. The power rushed into him, fueling his strikes. With this newfound strength, Klaus intensified his assault, his attacks coming faster and harder.

"Almost there," Klaus thought, his senses fully aware of the other zombies charging toward him. He quickly unleashed a powerful ice arc from his sword, sending the Zombie General flying backward. In a smooth motion, a small ice lotus formed in his hand, rapidly growing in size.

"This is incredible," Klaus murmured to himself, amazed at the speed with which the flower took shape. "I guess it's official now—a fully recognized skill." He smiled as he hurled the lotus forward.

The moment it left his palm, the flower spun faster, expanding as it traveled. Frost began to spread across the ruins, covering everything in its icy grip. Klaus's gaze shifted to the horizon, where thousands of Tier 4 Zombies were charging toward him, their terrifying auras growing stronger.

"After today, there won't be a Central Ruin left in this Forbidden Zone," Klaus declared, his smile widening.

"Explode!" he commanded, clenching his fist as the ice lotus reached the heart of the Central Ruin.

For a brief moment, nothing happened. Then, suddenly, an icy explosion erupted at the ruin's core. A cold, unnatural energy washed over everything. Klaus felt the chill hit him as the world around him froze in place—trees, broken buildings, stones, and, most importantly, the zombies. Everything was encased in solid ice.

Klaus stood still, feeling the surge of energy flood his body. He had leveled up to Level 11.

"What kind of explosion is this?" he wondered, staring at the frozen scene before him. There had been no shockwave, no blast of destruction like he expected. Instead, the ice-cold energy had swept across the area, leaving everything frozen in its wake.

All Klaus heard was a loud explosion—then, silence. The only thing left was the ice-cold energy washing over everything. He stood there, shocked but pleased. With his previous Fireball skill, the explosion was wild and destructive, harming anything in its path, friend or foe.

But this new power felt different. Klaus sensed control in it, the kind that could target specific areas, leaving others untouched. He realized this newfound control was because his skill had been recognized by the universe.

**BOOM!**

Suddenly, another explosion rocked the Ruin forest, snapping Klaus out of his thoughts. He immediately sensed danger. But instead of retreating, he grinned and muttered, "Looks like the challenge I've been craving has finally arrived."

In the distance, he spotted seven figures rushing toward him. They were all Tier 5 Dark Zombies—Zombie Generals. Each of them wielded a massive club, their eyes burning with rage as they charged, radiating intense killing intent.

"Human, die!" one of the zombies bellowed as it lunged forward, its club swinging with terrifying force.

BOOM! The club smashed into the ground, just missing Klaus as he dodged to the side, narrowly avoiding the blow.

'Shit, this thing is strong,' Klaus thought to himself, quickly realizing he was facing a much tougher battle than before. He quickly dodged to the side again evading another club. He sucked in a cold breath.

"Freeze!" Klaus commanded, stomping on the ground. Ice shards shot up, freezing one of the enraged Zombie Generals up to its waist. Wasting no time, Klaus dashed toward it, but before he could strike, another club came crashing down toward his head.

He quickly abandoned his attack and braced for impact. Boom! The club smashed into his arm, sending him skidding back several meters.

"Damn, that hurt," Klaus cursed inwardly. But despite the pain, his angry expression shifted into a cold smile. "My bones aren't broken," he thought. "The Star Diagram cultivation method is even more terrifying than I imagined."

Klaus narrowed his eyes, glancing around. Seven Zombie Generals had surrounded him, each radiating a menacing aura, clubs in hand. Klaus smirked as his Star Qi began to circulate through his body.

"Gentlemen," he said coldly, "shall we dance?"

His eyes blazed with energy as he stabbed his sword into the ground. Ice shot out in all directions, disrupting the rhythm of the Zombies. Just as he expected, they staggered back. Klaus seized the opportunity and darted toward his first target.

His sword swung down, but the Zombie General blocked with its club. However, just as their weapons clashed, Klaus pivoted, swinging his leg into the Zombie's ribcage. A loud crack echoed through the air, followed by a groan as the Zombie was sent flying.

"Moon Slash!" Klaus shouted, unleashing an icy arc from his sword. It collided with another club coming at him from the right. The two attacks met, forcing both Klaus and the Zombie General back. Using the momentum, Klaus swiftly stabbed his sword at a nearby Zombie while his legs kicked out, deflecting two more clubs aimed at him.

Klaus felt the weight of the battle pressing down on him. The seven Zombie Generals were relentless, each attack more ferocious than the last. But Klaus wasn't backing down. He had faced death before, and this fight was no different.

The Zombie he had kicked away snarled as it got back on its feet, eyes glowing with fury. Klaus barely had time to catch his breath before it charged at him again, its club swinging in a wide arc. He quickly ducked, the club whizzing just inches above his head.

Klaus responded with a quick slash to the Zombie's legs, aiming to cripple it. But the creature was fast, jumping back just in time. Klaus cursed under his breath. These Zombie Generals were stronger and smarter than the other zombies he had fought before.

Another Zombie General lunged at him from the side, its club coming down with incredible force. Klaus rolled to the side, barely avoiding the crushing blow. The ground where he had just stood cracked and splintered from the impact.

Klaus was on his feet in an instant, his sword ready. He swung at the attacking Zombie, aiming for its neck. But the Zombie raised its club just in time, blocking the strike. The impact sent a shockwave through Klaus's arm, but he held firm.

The other Zombies began closing in on him, their clubs raised high. Klaus knew he couldn't afford to get surrounded. He needed to keep moving. With a burst of energy, he leaped into the air, flipping over the heads of the Zombies to land behind them.

As he landed, he spun around, sending a wave of ice toward the closest Zombie. The ice struck its legs, freezing them in place. Klaus took the chance to rush in, slashing at the Zombie's chest. His sword cut deep, but the creature didn't fall.

Before Klaus could follow up, another Zombie General was on him. Its club came crashing down, forcing Klaus to block with his sword. The force of the blow drove him to one knee, but he quickly rolled away before the next strike could land.

"Fuck, these bastards are terrifying," Klaus cursed under his breath, realizing his attacks weren't landing as he had expected. His frustration grew as he dodged another swing of a heavy club. "I need to create an opening," he muttered, spinning on his heels to evade yet another strike.

But just as he thought he had dodged successfully, a sudden cold sensation pressed against his side. Pain shot through his body, sharp and overwhelming. Before he could react, he realized what had happened—a Zombie General had struck him with its club. The weapon was coated in a sinister red energy, radiating a powerful blood aura.

"Shit!" Klaus cursed loudly, wincing as he felt his rib crack from the impact. Gritting his teeth, he glanced up at the attacker and saw the familiar face of the Zombie whose rib he had broken earlier. It had come back for revenge.

Klaus gritted his teeth, pain surging through his body. His side burned where the Zombie General's attack had landed. Blood dripped from his mouth, and he could feel the sharp edge of a broken rib grinding with every breath. But he wasn't about to let this monster get the better of him.

Rage boiled inside him as he dashed toward the Zombie General that had struck him. The creature grinned, its hollow eyes filled with evil. Klaus could feel the blood energy radiating from the Zombie's club, a dark, powerful force that threatened to consume him if he let it.

"No more games," Klaus growled, tightening his grip on his sword. He wasn't going to hold back. The pain in his body only fueled his anger, sharpening his focus.

The Zombie General swung its club again, aiming for Klaus's head. Klaus ducked low, feeling the wind from the club's swing brush past him. He retaliated immediately, slashing at the creature's legs with all

his strength. His blade cut through its knee, and the Zombie let out a guttural roar as it stumbled forward.

Klaus didn't give it a chance to recover. He pressed forward, driving his sword into the Zombie's chest. The creature howled in pain, but Klaus twisted the blade, sending icy energy through the sword into its body. Ice spread rapidly, freezing the Zombie from the inside out.

With a final shove, Klaus yanked his sword free, watching as the Zombie General fell to the ground, its body encased in frost.

"Take that bitch" Klaus muttered but he didn't stop to celebrate—there were still six more of them.