

Paragon 60

Chapter 60 - 60: Threatening My Mother is a Big No

After ending the call, Klaus remained seated at the mountain peak, showing no sign that he was aware of the people sneaking toward him. Ever since he had transformed his spiritual Qi into Star Qi, his senses had sharpened dramatically. Now, he could sense anything within a 50-kilometer radius—a feat typically only possible for those at the Saint stage.

At the Saint level, one's senses evolve into Divine sense, allowing for perfect awareness even with closed eyes. Though even Divine sense has its limits, Klaus, who hadn't yet reached the Master stage, could already detect the slightest disturbance within his 50-kilometer range.

As soon as Klaus sensed the approaching group, he knew they had bad intentions. While he couldn't see them directly, his heightened awareness allowed him to track their movement patterns. It became clear to him that they were coming for him—and they weren't coming in peace.

"Gentlemen, I have been expecting you," Klaus said calmly. As the group of ten figures moved within 200 meters, preparing their ambush, Klaus turned toward them. A small lotus flower, made of ice, spun slowly in his hand.

The ten men froze in place, shock flashing across their faces. Klaus smiled. "No need to be surprised. Your concealment skills are good, but I'm not like everyone else."

One of the figures stepped forward, his expression hardening. "Brat, do you really think the satellite is still watching this place? No one's coming to save you."

They hadn't expected Klaus to detect them, so none of them had bothered to hide their faces. Their mission was simple—kill him and leave no trace. With Klaus dead, there would be no one left to tell the tale. However, they underestimated him, and that's their mistake.

"Oh, there was a satellite." Klaus was clearly taken aback by this revelation but quickly recovered. A small smile crept onto his lips. "It seems my actions didn't go unnoticed," he muttered to himself.

Before he could reflect any further, a gruff voice called out. "Hey, brat! Hand over the Zombie Stones, and we might think about sparing your life."

Klaus turned his attention to the speaker, a man who appeared to be the leader of the group of ten figures facing him. Klaus's smile faded into a neutral expression. "And what if I say no?" he asked calmly.

The leader sneered. "Then you leave us no choice but to kill you. Let me make this clear—you have no chance of escaping today. So it would be best if you didn't resist."

Klaus raised an eyebrow. "I'll think about that, but first, tell me—who do you work for? Why should I trust any of you?"

The leader's sneer deepened. "You don't need to know that. Just hand over the Zombie Stones, and we might consider letting you live."

Klaus sighed softly, shaking his head. "I guess Ohema was right. This powerhouse wouldn't leave me in peace."

He paused for a moment, then turned to face the ten figures. "I suppose someone hired you for this, right? This Forbidden Zone only opens once a week. You're clearly adventurers hired by somebody to ambush me here.

"Don't get me wrong," Klaus continued, his tone calm but laced with cold menace. "The ten of you don't have the spine to make this decision on your own. You all saw my feats on the internet and know the influence I hold now. So, for all ten of you to show up just to throw your lives away, means someone more powerful is pulling the strings."

He paused, a slight grin forming. "Of course, you don't have to tell me who it is. It won't change anything. I'll just kill you, and I won't feel the slightest bit of guilt. I'll even give you a chance—leave now, while you still can. Because when I strike, there won't even be bones left to bury."

Though Klaus's voice remained calm, the icy threat in his words sent shivers down the spines of the ten figures standing before him.

"With only you, do you think you can take on the ten of us? Let me tell you, the Dark Fang Mercenary group doesn't—" One of the figures began to speak but stopped abruptly, sensing something was wrong. But it was already too late.

"Dark Fang Mercenaries," Klaus muttered with a smile. He had wanted information, and now that he had what he needed, there was no reason to hold back. He could deal with them now and figure out who they were working for later.

"KILL HIM!" the leader roared, charging forward with his sword swinging wildly. The other mercenaries followed, each radiating the powerful aura of Grandmaster warriors.

Klaus remained still, not even bothering to draw his own sword. In his palm, he held nothing but an ice lotus, glowing faintly.

"Freeze."

Suddenly, ice exploded from the ground, instantly freezing everything within a 1-kilometer radius. The ten figures that had rushed forward were stopped in their tracks, frozen solid in mid-motion. Klaus remained calm, his expression unchanged. He gently tossed the ice lotus toward them.

The flower spun through the air before bursting apart. This explosion was smaller than usual, but its freezing power was several times stronger. The ice around the frozen mercenaries thickened, encasing them entirely.

Moments later, there was nothing left but ice sculptures, frozen in the exact moment of their defeat.

"Break," Klaus muttered, snapping his fingers. Instantly, ten explosions rocked the area. The ten figures that had been targeting him shattered into crystal ice, leaving no trace behind—not even their bones.

Klaus sighed, gazing at the spot where they had stood just moments ago. "Their mistake was targeting me. Maybe in their next life, they'll choose their fights more wisely." He then turned, narrowing his eyes toward a particular direction.

"You can come out now if you're not convinced," he called out in a casual tone. Almost immediately, three figures emerged from the shadows.

"I suppose you're also here for my Zombie stones?" Klaus asked, sounding bored.

"Who cares about Zombie stones?" one of the figures scoffed. Klaus raised an eyebrow. "If not for the stones, then why are you here?" he asked.

One of the figures stepped forward. "You've angered some powerful people, brat. They want you gone," he said coldly. "It's best you don't resist. Killing you will take only a moment."

"I can say the same thing," Klaus said with a small smile. His sword appeared in his hands, and before anyone could blink, he vanished. In an instant, he reappeared in front of one of the figures. With a swift motion, he stabbed his sword straight through the person's chest. The figure froze instantly, a look of shock frozen on his face.

The remaining two attackers reacted quickly, slashing their weapons at Klaus. But Klaus only smirked. Without turning around, he thrust his sword behind him. One of the attackers managed to block the strike just in time, but the third figure was slower. Klaus lashed out with a powerful kick, hitting the man squarely in the ribs.

The sound of bones breaking echoed through the air as the man staggered back, gasping in pain.

"Courting death!" the man who parried Klaus's attack snarled, swinging his weapon toward Klaus's neck. Klaus ducked just in time and kicked out, his fist smashing into the man's face. A painful grunt escaped the man's lips, but there was no time to recover.

As the first opponent struggled to get back on his feet, Klaus moved swiftly, delivering another brutal kick to his already battered face. The impact shattered his sword-wielding arm, sending him flying backward.

"Damn, these bones of mine are too strong," Klaus muttered with a grin as he dashed toward the man with the broken ribs. Before the man could stand, Klaus delivered another kick to his side, sending him crashing into the first opponent. The two of them collided and tumbled even further across the ground.

"Had enough?" Klaus asked, smiling as he stood over the two miserable figures. With their bones broken and their pride shattered, they looked far worse off than they could have ever imagined.

Klaus stared at the two men before him, his expression cold and unfeeling. The broken-faced man, despite his injuries, managed to spit out venomous words. "Brat, do you think we don't know who you are? If you kill us, you and that slut mother of yours won't go scot-free."

Klaus's icy smile faded, replaced by a deadened gaze. "Coming after me, I could forgive," he said, his voice chilling. "But threatening my mother? That's something I won't tolerate." He tightened his grip on his sword, his knuckles turning white. "Here's what's going to happen: I'll kill you two now, and then I'll find out who sent you.

After that, I'll hunt down every last one of them until there's no one left to threaten my mother."

Without another word, Klaus disappeared like a shadow in the night, reappearing behind the broken-rib man. Before the man could react, his head was severed from his body, spinning in the air before it hit the ground with a dull thud.

The broken-faced man tried to defend himself, but before he could retreat, Klaus's powerful kick connected with his skull. The impact was brutal—his head split in half, sending chunks of flesh and bone flying through the air.

Bloodstained Klaus for the first time, and he stood there in the midst of it, cold and unmoved. He glanced at the mangled bodies at his feet and muttered quietly, "In your next life, don't threaten my mother."

As he wiped the blood from his sword, he whispered a vow under his breath. "Daniel Ucher, Michael Steven, Jacob Mensah... Your organization and every one of your sponsors will follow soon." His tone was colder than the grave.

Looking at his blood-stained feet, Klaus frowned. He pulled out a bottle of water from his space ring and cleaned them thoroughly. Once satisfied, he returned to the mountain, sat down, and closed his eyes to calm himself.

A few minutes later, his phone rang again.

"Klaus, is everything alright?" Ohema's voice came through the phone.