

Paragon 92

Chapter 92 - 92: Beheading

Immediately after walking through the mirror door, Klaus stood in a wide green field. In front of him stood a hundred Tier 5 zombies, all of them Zombie Captains. Klaus was surprised by this unexpected sight.

"Well, this is a surprise," Klaus muttered, narrowing his eyes. His first encounter with Zombie Captains had been at Tier 3. The second time, they were at Tier 4. Now, he was facing Tier 5. Clearly, there was a lot more for him to learn about zombies.

The Zombie Kingdom was vast, filled with all kinds of zombies. The ones in front of him were just the ordinary type. Klaus had already encountered white zombies and even a mutated one before.

These ordinary zombies weren't the real threat—he hadn't yet faced the true horrors of the undead. But Klaus wasn't afraid, not in the slightest. In fact, he was eager for a quick fight.

Klaus had trust issues, especially with the Oracle system. Although he could update his status with his undistributed points, he didn't trust Oracle enough to do it on the inside. He knew that opening his status could alert the owners of Oracle. So, before entering, he distributed his points to his attributes.

He added 300 points each to Strength, Agility, Defense, and Stamina. He added 200 to Intelligence and 500 to Health, using up all his saved points. Now, he was several times stronger than before.

As he gazed at the approaching zombies, all hundred of them charging toward him, Klaus smiled slightly, considering how to handle them. In his previous trials, he had used his ice element to deal with monsters. Now, he was deciding whether to continue with the same approach or try something different.

"That would definitely look good on my resume," Klaus muttered, narrowing his eyes at the advancing horde. He smirked and then dashed forward, closing the distance between himself and the zombies in an instant.

His sword swung forward, and a head flew into the air. The first zombie was beheaded, its body dissipating into sparks of illusion-like runes. Klaus didn't stop there. He moved swiftly, ducking under a bone sword before beheading the second zombie.

"I'll take my time and perfect this move," Klaus thought to himself. He just realized he could use the trial to create a technique. A rather peculiar one but a fun one, kinda. He loves the idea of beheading, so he wants to create a technique called Beheading.

While others fought desperately to be among the first two hundred within the ten-minute mark, Klaus is using the time to refine a technique he planned to master to the highest level. The technique was simple: Beheading. It involved ignoring all defenses to deliver a fatal blow by decapitating the opponent.

Klaus moved swiftly between the zombies, his sword cutting through the air with precision. Each swing was controlled and calculated. Another head flew off, vanishing into glowing sparks. He felt the satisfaction of the strike but knew he could do better. His movements needed to be faster and smoother.

"Not quite there yet," Klaus muttered as he sidestepped a zombie's heavy strike, the bone sword barely missing him. He countered with a swift slash, beheading the creature cleanly.

He moved on to the next zombie without pause. His goal wasn't just to kill them—it was to perfect his technique. He wanted his beheading strikes to be flawless, with no wasted energy and no hesitation. The zombies were just tools for his training, and he would use every moment to sharpen his skill.

Klaus ducked under another attack, pivoted on his heel, and swung his sword. His blade met resistance for a brief second before slicing cleanly through the zombie's neck. The head rolled to the ground before turning into sparks.

"Closer," he murmured. He could feel it—each strike was becoming more natural, more efficient. But he wasn't there yet. He wanted to reach the point where beheading was second nature, as easy as breathing.

Another zombie lunged at him, but Klaus didn't even flinch. He stepped aside and, in one smooth motion, decapitated it. He barely had to think about it anymore. His body was beginning to move on its own, following the rhythm of the fight.

"Getting better," he said with a small smile. He could feel the technique becoming more ingrained in his movements. His strikes were faster, his aim more precise. Every swing of his sword felt more natural, more powerful.

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Outside the trial, the War Goddess and the others stared at the screen in disbelief. What was Klaus doing? The white-haired youngster seemed unfazed as he moved through the horde of zombies. While his fellow participants on other screens were washing out one after another, Klaus continued beheading the Tier 5 zombies as if they were nothing more than stationary targets.

No one could keep up with him. Even Klaus himself felt a hint of regret for using all his points before entering the trial. He hadn't even tapped into half of his true strength, yet he was cutting through Tier 5 zombies like they were mere insects.

"How is this possible? Just how?" someone asked, unable to contain their astonishment.

"It's like he's not even aware of the zombies around him," the lady who made the earlier announcement murmured, still trying to grasp what was unfolding before her eyes.

"Why should he be?" the War Goddess said with a cool, indifferent tone. "In the face of absolute strength, all strategies become useless." Unlike the others, who were stunned by the display, she wore a small, proud smile.

More zombies came at him, but Klaus was in his element now. His sword moved almost on instinct, cutting through the air and meeting its target each time. Heads flew, and the zombies fell. He was no longer just practicing—he was mastering.

Klaus ducked low, spinning as he swept his sword across another zombie's neck. The head flew off, and he was already moving to the next one before the sparks faded. Each strike was perfect, each motion fluid.

"I can feel it now; the beheading is becoming more refined now," Klaus said, his voice low but confident. He was beginning to feel the true mastery of the technique. He was feeling it. He has already killed dozens so his understanding is expanding now.

He dodged another attack effortlessly, his sword cutting cleanly through another neck. The zombie fell, disappearing into runes, and Klaus didn't miss a beat as he turned to face the next one.

The more zombies he fought, the more his technique improved. He had to adjust to their varying movements and attacks, but he refined his beheading strike a little more each time he did. He was learning from every battle, every swing of his sword.

"It will take some time to master it, but I will make it happen," Klaus said under his breath, slicing through another zombie. His focus was absolute now. He didn't care about the time or the number of zombies left. His only goal was to perfect this technique.

As another zombie came at him, Klaus didn't hesitate. His sword flashed, and the zombie's head was immediately separated from its body.

With each kill, Klaus felt his mastery growing. His movements became faster, smoother, deadlier. He didn't need to think about his strikes anymore—they came naturally. He was finally reaching the level he wanted.

By the time he had cut down the last zombie, Klaus felt a deep sense of satisfaction. Although he can't say the beheading skill is near perfect mastery, he can tell it's improving by the second.

The Zombies stood no chance against his beheading skill, which he was eagerly sharpening.

"Four minutes, thirty seconds, huh?" Klaus murmured, gripping his sword as he surveyed the empty space where the zombies had once been. He had cleared the fifth wave faster than he'd expected.

"I still need a lot more refinement to master this skill truly," he said, reflecting on his technique. "Once that's done, I can start improving it." While over 500 people had already washed out falling to the Zombie Captains, Klaus stood there calmly, analyzing his progress.

"If I get the chance, I'll give the creators of this world some pointers on its flaws," Klaus thought, noting certain limitations in the trials. He knew that the outcome could have been very different if these trials had been held in the real world. But then again, these limitations worked in his favor.

He knew that only the smart ones would realize this was a virtual world. In reality, things wouldn't be this straightforward. The unpredictability of a real battle could change everything. Yet here, in this controlled environment, Klaus was thriving, using the very flaws of the world to sharpen himself further.

"Not that I'm complaining," he smirked, confident that this was all just a stepping stone to something greater.

After ten minutes, 330 people had advanced to the next wave. Klaus remained in first place, with Anna following closely in second. What shocked everyone was how Anna had unleashed a different side of herself during the fourth wave—a side that commanded great respect. It became clear she had been holding back, waiting for the right moment to reveal her true strength.

She wasn't the only one. Others had also demonstrated remarkable skill during that wave, pushing themselves to their limits. But despite their efforts, over 200 participants still remained, and the trial was far from over.

When the fifth wave arrived, the sight of it made many shudder in fear. Three hundred Tier 5 White Zombie Captains appeared before them, their imposing presence sending a chill through the ranks.

But while others trembled, Klaus was elated. 'Hehe, Tier 5 White Zombie Captains, and there are 300 of them,' he thought, a grin spreading across his face. This was exactly what he had been waiting for. To him, this was no threat—it was an opportunity. He was on cloud nine, ready to push his beheading skill to the next level.