

Paragon 93

Chapter 93 - 93: The Art Of Beheading

On one side of the battle in the virtual world, Anna stood before a horde of zombies, each towering over her with their imposing height and twisted features. Oddly enough, some of them were almost handsome for zombies, though their fiery red eyes and evil gleam ruined the effect.

Anna remained still, gripping her staff, her expression calm and composed—contrary to what anyone might have expected in such a dire situation. She wasn't rattled; she was calculating. The white zombies were known for their unnatural speed and ferocity, but she held her ground, refusing to show any weakness.

'They're coming,' she thought, gripping her staff more tightly. She watched the white zombies close in, her icy composure unwavering. As a mage with water and ice elements at her command, she had learned to adopt a chilling calm in the face of danger.

She wasn't like her sister, Lucy, who instead of water has the wood element. Lucy had both ice and wood and with her abilities, she could easily trap zombies in vines and subdue them with ice before they even got close. Her control over the battlefield was immense.

But Anna was different. She had water and ice—an element of control and one of offense. While wood was also an excellent control element with powerful offensive capabilities, Anna's water element offered more subtle control. She could manipulate the flow of battle, but her offensive power came from her ice. This required careful timing, which is why she waited for the right moment to strike.

As the zombies got within 400 meters of her, Anna raised her staff and began to chant her spell.

"Water, earth—soil uprising, water mixing."

The ground within a 700-meter radius around her began to shift and soften. The once-hard earth was now turning into squishy, unstable mud. The advancing zombies felt their movements slow, their feet sinking into the soft ground.

Because they are monsters that thrive on speed, getting the ground all soft and muddy was the perfect counter. Unless, of course, they could fly, which unfortunately in this situation -no.

Anna smiled slightly. The trap was set.

As the ground softened, the white zombies stumbled. Their quick advance was halted, their speed useless against the earth turning to sludge beneath them. Anna watched carefully, her eyes focused. She had them exactly where she wanted them.

One zombie, taller than the others, snarled and tried to push forward. It took a heavy step, but its foot sank deep into the mud. It struggled, pulling hard to free itself, but the more it moved, the deeper it sank.

Anna waved her staff again. "Ice chain," she whispered.

Immediately, the mud around the zombie hardened into thick ice, locking it in place. The zombie roared in frustration, but there was no escaping now.

Other zombies saw what had happened and hesitated. But they had no choice; the ground was shifting everywhere. They couldn't retreat. Anna took a deep breath, feeling the flow of her magic coursing through her body. She was in control. She liked that feeling.

Another zombie charged at her, using sheer force to break through the mud. Anna narrowed her eyes. She lifted her staff, and a spike of ice shot from the ground, piercing the zombie through its chest. It froze in place, still trying to push forward, but its movements slowed as the ice spread through its body.

Anna moved quickly. She wasn't going to let them overwhelm her. She raised her staff again and called upon more ice. This time, sharp icicles burst from the ground in rapid succession, stabbing through the legs of several zombies and stopping them in their tracks.

They were stuck. They were vulnerable. And Anna was ready to finish them off.

She took a step forward, confident now. Her control over the battlefield was absolute. She spun her staff in a quick motion and created a wave of freezing water that crashed into the zombies. The water clung to them, turning to ice, freezing their movements even more.

One by one, they froze completely. Statues of ice scattered across the field. Anna's lips curled into a slight smile. She wasn't done yet.

With a swift motion, she shattered the ice with a burst of magic, breaking the frozen zombies into pieces. Their bodies crumbled into nothing, leaving only shards of ice behind.

The few remaining zombies struggled desperately, trying to break free from the icy prison. Anna watched them for a moment. She could feel the exhaustion creeping into her limbs, but she couldn't stop. Not yet.

She raised her staff one last time. "Blizzard," she whispered.

A cold wind whipped across the field. Snow and ice swirled in the air, gathering speed as they circled around her. The storm grew stronger, encasing the remaining zombies in a violent whirlwind of freezing cold.

Anna closed her eyes for a second, feeling the power of the blizzard surrounding her. When she opened them again, she saw the last of the zombies frozen solid, encased in thick ice. She breathed out slowly, her breath visible in the cold air.

She lowered her staff, satisfied. The field was silent now. Nothing but frozen statues remained. Shortly, they dissipated, indicating that she had won. However, exhaustion could be seen on her face -she is beyond exhausted.

Inside the room, the observers were left speechless. No one had expected this. Anna hadn't just won—she had annihilated the zombies with absolute precision and control.

Everyone thought she would struggle, but to their surprise, she Annihilated the Zombies in under three minutes. That is just too much for someone who isn't Klaus.

"She is great. With her control and the way she commanded the battlefield, she is a natural-born leader, One that can control the flow of battle" one of the onlookers said with admiration. "She's even better than her sister in this aspect."

"True," another agreed. "Such control comes naturally to water cultivators, but hers is impeccable."

The War Goddess, who had been watching Anna's performance, smiled slightly. Then her smile grew wider as she shifted her gaze from Klaus to Anna and back again. "Perfect," she muttered softly, a hint of satisfaction in her voice.

But the announcement lady looked more concerned. "She won't be able to hold on for long, though," she said with a thoughtful expression. "Her essence is thinning—she needs to recover." Despite her words, she couldn't hide the admiration on her face as she gazed at Anna.

The pride and respect from everyone watching were palpable as they realized Anna wasn't just a powerful force but a strategic mind with unmatched control over her dual elements.

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Klaus stood confidently before the three hundred white zombies, his mocking smile widening. "Gentlemen, shall we dance?" he said with a grin, disappearing from his position and reappearing behind one of the zombies.

"It's all in the control of the wrist," Klaus murmured as his sword sliced cleanly through the zombie's neck. The head flew through the air, disintegrating into sparks. He noticed another crucial aspect of his new technique—The Art of Beheading. Each swing needed precision and control. It wasn't just about power; it was about perfect execution.

He had a clear goal: to refine this skill to its highest potential before trying it out in the real world. Klaus knew that once it was perfected, the technique would be registered and integrated into the system which would make it easy to track his progress.

Thanks to the insights he gained from Ohema through their constant video calls, Klaus understood how skills and techniques could be recorded. Ohema had shown him how to go about registering a technique, explaining that the more refined it was during its first trial, the better it would be ranked.

Though he had already registered a technique by coincidence, this time, Klaus felt more in tune with the process. He wasn't relying on luck; he was methodically working on mastering every aspect of his new technique.

The idea of beheading had become his latest obsession. Klaus took it seriously, dedicating himself to perfecting every movement. He was using Oracle as a training ground, a place where he could refine his technique without any real consequences. Once perfected, he planned to register it in the system.

Klaus darted around the battlefield, his sword slicing through the air. Every movement was smooth and deliberate. Everywhere he passed, Zombie's head flew into the air turning into sparkles.

The key to the technique, Klaus realized, was controlling the flow of his power. Too much, and the strike would be sloppy. Too little, and it wouldn't be effective. Finding that balance was what he was working on now. With each head he removed, he felt himself growing more adept at controlling his strength.

One after another, the white zombies fell. Klaus's sword became a blur of motion as he moved fluidly between them, beheading them effortlessly. His wrist flicked with precision, and every strike landed perfectly. He wasn't wasting any energy.

The battlefield was littered with sparks from the defeated zombies, but Klaus was just getting started. His speed increased, and so did the intensity of his strikes. The white zombies were no match for him now. They fell one by one, unable to keep up with his relentless assault.

Within three minutes, the last Zombie was beheaded, but Klaus still didn't feel like his Beheading Technique had reached the level he craved. He needed more.

However, he wouldn't be getting the chance. That's because the fifth wave has finally separated the true 200 geniuses. This means the trial is over, and everyone will be ejected.

The Announcement lady was about to eject the remaining 200 when her phone rang.

"Yes, Ma'am," She replied.

"The trial continues...for him," She said, pointing at Klaus.