

## BIOLOGICAL 27

### Chapter 27: A demonstration (2)

As the time to go to lunch approached, Erik started being anxious. His plan wasn't complicated; he simply wanted to provoke Logan and beat the shit out of him while showing his new power. If he managed to do so, people would stop harassing him, or so he hoped.

He was more confident since he had boosted his strength to eight points. He occasionally analyzed his classmates and other people.

He knew they usually had around 5-6 strength points, but he didn't have a reference for Logan and his friends, so he didn't know how strong they were.

He only knew that the prick was a Dσ3D with the power to make poisonous darts. What the power did was essentially turn mana into a paralyzing or venomous substance, whose effects changed depending on the amount of mana used.

Logan was far from having a lot of mana since he was at the bottom level of the D-Ferebtiz-Rank, yet, it was still much higher than his.

There was the concrete possibility Logan and the others would retaliate by trying to kill him. That was why he also decided to do the deed inside the cafeteria. The teachers would be there, or at least around, preventing anything terrible from happening.

The bell signaling lunch break rang at thirteen, and everyone went downstairs to get their share of a meal.

Unlike usual, Erik went downstairs with the others, walking in the sea of people rushing out from their classrooms in a disorderly manner.

But after five minutes, Erik walked into the cafeteria and noticed many people staring at him. It was the first time he had come down; he never saw the place.

It was one of the most oversized rooms he had ever seen—a great hall filled with tables covered by white cloths where students sat eating. People were streaming in without order or any particular

direction: some going straight towards the cashier's desk, others coming back from the counter to take away food.

Many people seemed very happy about something, laughing and talking loudly. "Hey! Hey!" someone shouted behind Erik as soon as he entered, "What are you doing here?"

Erik turned quickly and looked at the speaker, who stood beside a table close to the wall. Three guys were standing there, all of them tall and lean. One was blond-haired, another black, and the third had curly red hair. They all wore the school's uniform.

"I'm just going to get lunch," Erik said.

The blond laughed derisively and pointed at him with his finger. "You don't have the right to do so; go away before I make you."

Erik analyzed the prick.

-----

- Name: Luke Hitch.

- Brain crystal power: Mana Wings.

-Physical characteristics: Approximately 1.85 meters tall and 78 kilograms.

-Personality and traits: Unknown.

-Power Level: 15

-Approximate Strength: 5

-Approximate Intelligence: 6

-Approximate Dexterity: 4

-Approximate Energy: 30

...

...

...

-----

<What the fuck? This guy doesn't even have that much energy more than me, yet he talks shit?>  
Erik thought.

"And how are you supposed to do so?" he asked as he saw the guy's stats. He was two power levels higher than him, but his strength was half his. So, there shouldn't have been a problem for him to beat the guy.

"Are you tired of living? Trash!" the student said.

Erik didn't bother replying; he went to the counter, took a tray, and filled some plates with food.

"Hey! I'm talking to you!"

However, the confrontation was interrupted once Logan, Orson, and Conal entered the cafeteria; Erik noticed them and grinned.

"You screwed up, Erik," The blond student said before sitting on his chair. He was aware of what Logan and company did to him daily.

Logan walked as if he owned the place, heading toward the same table where Erik was seated.

"Logan, that trash is in the cafeteria!" Orson said.

"I can see that."

"We must put him in place!" Conal added.

This time Logan agreed. Erik was overstepping his boundaries. Though Logan couldn't blatantly beat Erik in front of the cafeteria's staff, he went toward his table, stopped smiling, and sat.

Orson and Conal joined Logan and Erik at the table, each taking seats opposite Erik. Of course, the first thing Erik did was check his and the others' stats.

-----

-Name: Logan Reid.

-Brain Crystal Power: Venomous Mana Darts.

-Physical Characteristics: Stands at about 1.75 meters in height. Possesses a lean physique. Weighs roughly 80 kilograms. A member of the human species.

-Personality and Traits: Known as a close associate of Orson Smyth and Conal Price. Logan assumes the role of the group's leader, deriving satisfaction from bullying those less powerful than himself, the reasons for which remain unclear. While not the most intelligent or the mightiest in his circle, his commands are always followed by his companions.

-Power Level: 19

-Approximate Strength: 5

-Approximate Intelligence: 7

-Approximate Dexterity: 4

-Approximate Energy: 52

...

...

...

Logan and the others were weaker than Erik in terms of physical stats. However, their energy was higher, which also meant their power level was. However, if things purely remained on the physical level, he shouldn't have problems facing them.

Though, he needed to show his brain crystal power, meaning that the difference in strength at that point would be clear. For this reason, he had to play the surprise card. His only way to beat the guys was if they resorted to their powers.

"Strange rumors are spreading about you," Logan said while looking Erik in the eyes.

"Yeah, I heard them..."

"If I were you, I wouldn't be so bold. Did you forget how we beat your ass for three years?"

"How could I?" Erik replied.

"Good, now, if you know what's better for you, then get out of here, trash," Logan said.

Everything was going precisely like Erik wanted. He knew Logan and his friends would come here to eat, and luckily they came soon. They also approached him, and he didn't have to do anything.

"I don't think I will," Erik replied. He smiled internally since he had to do nothing to make Logan and his friends angry.

"What did you just say?" Orson asked.

"I said I'll stay here. Are you perhaps deaf?" Silence enveloped the room.

That reply was totally out of character for someone like Erik. The young man didn't like behaving that way, but he had to show he had the galls to stand up to the three pricks, or else everything would remain the same.

"Did you hear him?" Orson repeated angrily.

"Yes," Erik answered calmly.

Orson got up and approached Erik menacingly. "Get lost, or else—"

Before anyone could react, Erik stood up and pushed the table against the three pricks, throwing the food everywhere. The dice were cast; he was the one who started the scuffle. That would result in punishment for sure, but he didn't care. Now was his chance to get back to Logan.

Since many people were watching, this was the ideal place to show his new power. As fast as the rumor spread and faster, his bullying days would end.

Orson, Conal, and Logan ran toward Erik. They could act now because everyone saw Erik starting the fight, and they could play the self-defense card. However, Erik had a chance since they weren't using their powers.

Orson was the first to approach the young man; he threw a punch toward him but missed. Then Conal came closer, hitting Erik with two punches, but the young man was used to pain and shrugged it off as if nothing had happened.

Logan was the last to arrive before the young man but the first to be hit, much to Erik's pleasure.

With his renewed strength, Erik charged at Logan; he was strong enough to lift him in the air, which surprised everyone inside the room.

The young man threw Logan over a table, and he fell over some bystander watching the fight.

Conal and Orson followed Erik and started punching him. The young man protected his head by raising his arms, but then, as the right moment came, he punched Orson.

Since his strength improved significantly, that punch alone knocked Orson out, who fell unconscious on the floor. He didn't expect that much strength coming from Erik.

Everyone stared at Erik as if he was an alien, but the kid wasn't done yet. He turned toward Conal and rushed at him.

Erik punched the little prick with all the strength he could muster, but the opponent was tougher than Orson, and he didn't fall.

Logan's friend defended himself, but Erik's punches were heavy. At the same time, Logan stood up and charged at Erik, knocking him down. He pinned him down on the floor while Conal kicked him on the side.

Erik had no intention of letting himself be beaten down by the two morons, though. He mustered all his strength and lifted Logan into the air again, taking him off him.

He rolled to the ground, avoiding Conal's last kick, and with a quick move, he stood up. Conal and Erik charged at each other, but it was clear that Erik was stronger than him.

Erik's shoulder hit Conal's abdomen, Logan's friend lost all air inside his lungs, and once he fell to the floor, he hit the head, losing consciousness.

Now, only Logan was left standing; he immediately understood that he couldn't beat Erik using strength, greatly surprising him. With rage mounting in his body, he started channeling mana.

"LOGAN, STOP!" a person from the crowd shouted, but it was too late; the young man had already materialized a dart in his hands.

Erik knew that was the right moment to show his new power, so he grabbed a tray and imbued mana.

<Sink or Swim, Erik, Sink or Swim...>

People couldn't understand what he was doing; they thought he was trying to defend himself with the tray.

Unlike their expectations, Erik slashed at Logan, and a gash appeared on his chest. Blood trickled down the young man's body, staining his school's uniform red.

Even if he started the fight, he didn't use his power before Logan did. Fighting with fists was relatively OK for the teachers; after all, everyone was superhuman and had deadly powers, so if settling a matter with fists was enough to let them avoid using lethal force, they welcomed it. However, the usage of brain crystal powers was a different matter altogether.

Logan didn't expect Erik's move; he left the dart falling to the ground, which vanished into thin air. Logan touched his chest and felt the blood trickling down, then looked at Erik, astonished.