

BIOLOGICAL 42

Chapter 42: This is not a normal behaviour (1)

Erik stepped into the classroom, feeling the shift in the usual atmosphere. The vibe of indifference from his classmates had morphed into something else—curiosity, maybe even eagerness.

It was like he'd become the main character in their high school drama, and all because of Amber.

Erik was the invisible guy, the one they'd throw shade at or just ignore. But now, heads turned, eyes followed him, all because of some rumor linking him with Amber.

Lucas, who couldn't care less about Erik, was leading the interrogation squad today. "Erik," he said. "Is it true you're dating Amber?"

Before Erik could even process this 180 from his usual high school experience, another classmate jumped in, adding fuel to the rumor mill. "Yeah, we saw you and her coming inside; rumors are spreading about you two," they said.

Questions started flying at Erik, fast and furious, like they were paparazzi and he was the celeb caught off-guard. It was overwhelming and, frankly, kind of annoying. Erik wasn't used to this spotlight, and he sure didn't enjoy it.

Part of him wanted to just shut this down, maybe snap at them or throw some witty comeback. But instead, Erik opted for the chill route. He walked to his desk, giving off a vibe that said, 'I couldn't care less about your questions.'

But his classmates weren't having any of it. "Stop ignoring us!" another voice asked, cranking up the intensity.

That's when Erik felt his cool slipping. The nerve of these guys! After years of treating him like he was invisible, now they wanted the deets in his life?

They thought they could just demand answers from him? No way. That was crossing a line. The scene was turning from curious to straight-up invasive.

Erik's response cut through the charged atmosphere like a knife. "Weren't you the ones ignoring me until just a week ago? Why the sudden change of heart?"

His words, tinged with bitterness, were directed at the student who had just spoken. His glare was piercing, fueled by a mix of anger and disbelief at their audacity.

Lucas, ever the provocateur, shot back with a dismissive sneer. "C'mon, don't be an asshole. Just spill it," he goaded.

Erik turned to face him, his eyes burning with an intensity that could have scorched.

In a sudden outburst, Erik's fist crashed down onto his desk, the sound echoing throughout the room. "Listen up, you little shits," he spat out, his voice seething with frustration.

"I don't owe you a thing. I can do whatever I want, and you've got no right to butt into my business. So shut the hell up and back off, or you'll regret it."

His words were bold, almost too bold. Erik had grown stronger, but he was still not the toughest guy around, and most importantly, no one knew this.

Lucas, unfazed and ever arrogant, retorted with a sneer. "Don't think you're all that just because you've got some new power, trash! I could take you down with my eyes closed," he taunted.

Erik's response was immediate and charged. "Wanna bet?" he shot back, standing up. His expression was dead serious, a clear signal he was not just posturing.

The tension in the room escalated as everyone's eyes locked on Erik. They watched, wondering what the reserved young man would do next.

Another classmate approached Lucas and said, "He beat Logan, Conal, and Orson alone. You are only going to hurt yourself," he said to Lucas.

Lucas dismissed him with a wave of his hand. "I'm not like that loser. I could wipe the floor with this shit," he said, confident in his own strength.

Erik, unshaken, walked straight up to Lucas, locking eyes with him. The other students moved back, sensing the rising tension.

A girl from the class broke the silence. "What's wrong with you?! We just asked a question!" she said.

"Aren't you overreacting?" another student piped up, echoing the sentiment.

Erik's patience had reached its limit. He turned his gaze towards the girl who had spoken, his voice steady but filled with a warning edge. "I'm telling you for the last time. Stop bothering me, or you'll regret it," he said.

Thankfully, the tension dissipated as another classmate intervened, suggesting everyone back off. "Alright, guys, let's give it a rest. Leave him alone..."

The situation settled down with the arrival of the teacher. Despite the lingering stares and whispers, Erik shifted his focus to the lesson, maintaining sharp concentration throughout the class.

As the day ended, Erik left the classroom and headed out of the building. On his way, he ran into Gwen, Floyd, and Amber.

After informing them of his plans to go to work, they headed to the cafeteria while he set off for his job, leaving the day's dramas and the bewildered gazes of his classmates behind.

As Erik made his way out of the school building, his mind was preoccupied, racing against the time to catch the train. What he didn't realize, though, was that he was being watched. From a distance, Logan, Conal, and Orson observed him, their presence unnoticed.

As the last bell rang, a flurry of activity erupted. Students poured out of the school, eager to escape the confines of classrooms and hallways.

They streamed along the driveway, a river of youthful energy and chatter, heading towards the main road. Some made their way to the floating cars parked just outside the school grounds, others walked.

Erik, lost in his own thoughts, hastened through the crowd. His pace was steady. Meanwhile, Logan, Conal, and Orson, like predators biding their time, trailed behind him.

They waited for the right moment, when Erik would be alone. As soon as he stepped away from the crowd and the safety of the school environment, the trio seized their opportunity, emerging from behind the trees.

"Hey, asshole!" Logan's shout echoed through the air. Erik was caught off guard when Conal, Logan, and Orson lunged at him from behind. Their attack was swift and ruthless, giving Erik no chance to react or defend himself. They hit him in the head, making him fall to the ground.

The trio rained down punches and kicks on Erik, each blow landing with a savage force. Amidst the physical onslaught, a barrage of insults and jeers were hurled at Erik, adding a psychological edge to their brutal attack.

"You're pathetic, Erik!" Logan jeered as his fist connected with Erik's back.

"Thought you could stand up to us? What a joke!" Conal taunted, his voice laced with contempt as he landed another hit.

Orson joined in, laughing. "Look at him, can't even fight back. What a loser!"

Their words were as vicious as their actions, designed to demean and intimidate Erik. They took turns mocking his helplessness, ridiculing his past struggles, and laughing at his inability to retaliate.

Erik, overwhelmed, was unable to respond or defend himself. His mind reeled from the physical pain. Rage mounting.

The deserted street around them seemed to amplify the sounds of the attack and their cruel laughter, creating a disturbing scene of aggression and dominance.

Caught in a whirlwind of panic and pain, Erik's mind raced with options. He could use the Poisonous mana quills he got from the bush hedgehog, but the risk of exposing his third brain crystal power to the world was too high. He couldn't let that happen.

In a flash of clarity amidst the chaos, Erik connected to his phone using the biological supercomputer. He started recording the assault, hoping to capture evidence of the attack and use them somehow.

However, Erik knew all too well the futility of seeking help from the authorities. Bullying was more than just a problem in schools; it was a systemic issue.

The authorities, in their twisted logic, encouraged such aggression. They believed it hardened individuals, preparing them to face the threats and reducing the risk of PTSD. This misguided approach only worsened the situation for victims like Erik.

Frustrated and disillusioned, Erik recalled his past attempts to seek justice. He had approached teachers and the police multiple times, but his pleas fell on deaf ears.

The harsh reality hit him hard: he was on his own in this fight. It was him against the world.

Pinned to the ground, Erik channeled mana into his arms and legs, activating the sharpening brain crystal power. His body responded, muscles tensing with the infusion of energy as they became akin to blades themselves. Hoping to stop some attacks and then counterattack.

"He's channeling mana!" Orson alerted the others.

"Let me take care of it."

Without hesitation, Logan reacted. He mirrored Erik's action, channeling his own mana.

With swift precision, he launched a venomous dart towards Erik, striking him in the shoulder.

The impact sent a wave of excruciating pain through Erik's body as the dart's venom seeped into his system, its mana-rich poison disrupting Erik's own flow of energy and weakening him.

Erik couldn't help but cry out in agony. Until now, the confrontations between them had been physical.

He realized, in that sharp, piercing moment, that he could never let his guard down.

He had grown accustomed to the beatings, but after humiliating Conal, Orson, and Logan in the cafeteria, he had held onto the faint hope they might back off.

But this attack shattered that illusion. Conal, unafraid to use his unique brain crystal power, transformed part of his body, showcasing his rare shapeshifting ability. It was still a mystery whether he could morph into humans, but right then, he chose the form of a lion.

In a swift move, Conal struck Erik with his lion-clawed arm, leaving five deep gashes. Orson, choosing a different tactic, extended a sharp bone from his forearm and drove it into Erik's left shoulder.

Erik was overwhelmed with anger. The attack had come too. He hadn't had enough time to explore his powers or learn how to defend himself in such a situation.

His lack of experience was clear, and it had led him to this situation. His anger was not just directed at the three boys, but also at the circumstances.

Erik, lying there, battered and bruised, thought how a few extra days of training could have changed his fate.

"Enough," Conal said, his tone firm. "We don't want to kill him."

"Yeah, but I'm not done yet!" he said, delivering more kicks to Erik's stomach. Erik's panic escalated. He was immobilized, the venom from Logan's dart paralyzing his muscles, and the blood from his wounds was pooling beneath him.

Logan then approached Erik, his fists raining down on Erik's face with brutal force. Each punch left Erik's face more bruised and bloodied. In just five minutes, Erik was recognizable.

"You were lucky we didn't use our powers in the cafeteria... Remember, Erik, this is the difference between us." Logan's words were cold and menacing.

These words echoed in Erik's ears as the darkness of unconsciousness enveloped him.