

BIOLOGICAL 70

Chapter 70: First Spar (2)

Erik, recognizing the need to extract the most from their sparring session, turned to Amber. "Don't hold back. I want to learn as much as I can," he asked.

"Got it, I'll step it up!" She nodded, and then shifted into a more assertive stance, drawing from the aggressive techniques she had honed since childhood.

However, Erik also needed to understand with precision who he was facing.

<Analysis>

- Name: Amber Joyce.

- Brain crystal power: Toxic Gas Control.

-Physical Characteristics: Stands at an estimated height of 1.6 meters. She has a toned physique but is not excessively bulky. Weighs around 60 kilograms.

-Personality and Traits: Despite belonging to Frant's high society, she displayed a kind personality. However, it is clear she is not one to be taken advantage of, as showed by the fact she didn't help the user before the biological supercomputer established itself into his brain and he got stronger. To most, this may seem egoistical, making people think she only moves for her own good.

Despite this, she often went to great lengths for her friends, showing she cares about the surrounding people.

-Power Level: 65

-Approximate Strength: 18

-Approximate Intelligence: 16

-Approximate Dexterity: 18

-Approximate Energy: 796

...

...

...

<Fuck... She has 796 Energy points! >

Erik had previously asked the system about how it assessed his adversaries during analysis.

It placed significant weight on physical attributes, but energy levels were crucial. Young fighters, limited in their physical capabilities because of fewer neural links their age was accompanied with, sometimes, compensated with high energy scores, equipping them with substantial mana reserves.

This abundance of mana allowed them to sustain prolonged use of their brain crystal powers and enhance the power of their attacks by channeling more mana.

Amber's status was a Bp1B-ranked citizen, her stats surpassing Erik's in all areas except strength, where Erik held a marginal lead of just one point.

Facing her in combat, Erik understood his chances of victory were 0 under the current circumstances. There was virtually nothing he could do to win against her right now.

If their physical stats were to be the only factor, Erik's situation might not appear so dire. If they got the same training and experience, he might have even been able to win. But reality painted a different picture.

<Friendly reminder. Never make this girl my enemy. >

[REMINDER ADDED. DO NOT MAKE AN ENEMY OUT OF AMBER JOYCE.]

<I wasn't talking to you! >

Amber's mastery of the Kyokar style lent her a distinct advantage in their sparring session. Her attacks were not only forceful but meticulously targeted. With skills honed through years of practice, she had the capability to subdue most adversaries around her physical range.

For most, facing Amber, if she used her full power, would spell certain death. However, this was a spar.

Erik did the best he could to learn how to fight with martial arts and without brain crystal powers. His resilience shone through as he endured Amber's offensive onslaught. However, his face bore the brunt of the young woman's power, as he was battered and bruised.

Recognizing Erik's desire for a constructive and instructive sparring session, Amber adjusted her approach.

She struck a delicate balance, exerting enough pressure to challenge Erik, but restraining herself to prevent overwhelming him.

She did not intend to embarrass him, but to help refine and applying the combat techniques he was eager to master.

"Keep your leg forward!" Erik adjusted his body accordingly.

"That's right, but you lowered your arms!"

Amber offered Erik valuable advice throughout their sparring session. She pointed out his mistakes, praised his successful moves, and provided guidance that eased him into the rhythm of combat. As time passed, fatigue set in for both fighters.

They persisted in their sparring well into the afternoon, pausing for brief respites. Luckily, the lessons ended, so they weren't in a haste, but Erik still had to go to work.

Erik, determined and unwavering, refused to concede, while Amber, unfazed by the exertion, appeared supernaturally resilient. That was all because of techniques, since Amber limited her movements to save energy, something Erik was incapable of.

After a lengthy exchange of blows, where Erik struggled to land a single hit, Amber delivered a powerful uppercut. The force of the blow sent the young man reeling, and he fell to the floor, dazed.

"I still have much to learn," he said, gazing at the ceiling before rising to sit on a nearby bench.

"You do." Amber then helped Erik stand. Acknowledging the intensity of their training session, Erik decided it was time to stop, or at least have a break.

Amber joined him, sitting on an adjacent bench. Both took the time to drink some water and recover from the exhaustive session.

Amber, reclining on the bench, observed Erik. Despite the grueling three-hour battle, Erik's resilience was apparent.

He still showed energies despite not being used to such training. After all, he didn't start all of this years ago as she did.

Erik's skin shimmered with a sheen reminiscent of polished calcite, marred only by the deep red imprints of Amber's strikes.

Despite the visible marks, Amber noticed none of her hits had inflicted serious damage.

This observation left her contemplating whether she should intensify her efforts in their training.

Rising from her seat, Amber walked over to the wall, retrieving a towel that hung beside a door.

She approached Erik and threw the towel to him. "Dry your sweat, you stink." Erik's brow creased. "You know you shouldn't say that since you stink too, right?"

"That's not really a good thing to say to a woman!"

"When you see one, just tell me!" The two burst out laughing.

Professor McAllister's voice soon echoed in the gym, calling out, "C'mon, guys!" With that, he and Amber resumed their sparring session.

Meanwhile, unnoticed by Erik, his and Amber's sparring had drawn the attention of several onlookers. Anderson, Nathaniel, Floyd, Gwen, and others watched, impressed by the unexpected prowess Erik displayed in his fight.

The difference between the two was like heaven and hell, but somehow, Erik improved enough to at least don't be knocked out in two moves.

That Erik could hold his own against Amber, even as she was going easy on him, was a testament to his extraordinary aptitude.

After just a month of training, his ability to withstand her onslaught was nothing short of remarkable. His display of speed and power was exceptional, leaving the onlookers baffled about how someone, ranked as low as him, could exhibit such formidable strength.

Professor McAllister observed these unusual traits with keen interest, attributing Erik's superior physical prowess to the transformative effects of his recent awakening and the body stimulating serums. Despite that being a lie, his gains were clear.

Anderson, in particular, found himself captivated by Erik's astonishing resilience. Despite receiving many hits from Amber, Erik never once showed any inclination to give in.

Anderson surmised that Erik, recognizing his inability to dodge all of Amber's attacks, tanked them by getting hit where the damage was lower. Amber's hits were mostly successful, yet they never seemed to unbalance Erik or diminish his resolve.

Erik appeared to be leveraging his physical abilities to compensate for his inexperience. This approach, though unsustainable in the long run, afforded him the resilience to match Amber's tempo and avert total dominance in the spar.

Among the watching students, Nathaniel was present. He was looking at Erik and Amber sparring with a look of pure annoyance.

"What do you think about him, Nat?" Karl asked.

"He is still far from being worthy of joining the Red Palace."

"Indeed, but his growth has been explosive. It is almost frightening..." Natasha said.

Nathaniel pondered this, his brow furrowed in discomfort at the thought of someone surpassing his own rate of growth

It was already bad with Anderson and Amber being stronger than him in martial might, and now this little prick was baring his fangs.

He was mad. Yet, he maintained a composed exterior. "Time will tell how far he goes."

Karl nodded, turning his attention back to the ongoing spar. Erik was struggling as Amber intensified her onslaught. The impacts of her strikes were becoming more pronounced, yet Erik remained steadfast.

Even when Amber's kick connected with Erik's head, dangerously close to rendering him unconscious, he showed remarkable resilience, continuing the fight.

"Stop! Stop!" Professor McAllister eventually intervened. Amber heeded the call, decelerating her attacks and ceasing her aggressive stance.

Amber flashed a grin at Erik. "Nice job!" as they both relaxed their stances. Professor McAllister observed the two, noting their heavy panting and drenched in sweat, a testament to their rigorous sparring session.

"Very well, Erik, you are talented indeed," the teacher said. "If you train enough, I think you won't have problems at the tournament."

Erik glanced towards Amber, who clasped her hands before her chest, her smile beaming. His cheeks warmed with a tinge of embarrassment, yet he couldn't resist smiling back at her.

Then Erik headed for a well-deserved shower. The day had been exhaustingly productive, yet he still had things to do.

One was to go to work, the other was to make neural links.