

BIOLOGICAL 79

Chapter 79: The Tournament (7)

Zakir soared through the air, resembling a guided missile zeroing in on its target. Erik, caught off guard by this aggressive burst, found himself unable to evade in time. As Zakir arrived in front of Erik, he extended his bulky right arm, unleashing a powerful lariat at the awakener.

The impact against Erik's neck was brutal, sending him crashing to the ground in a heap.

While gasping for air, Erik grappled with the sharp constriction on his windpipe, a result of the crushing blow.

He lay there, struggling for breath, as Zakir towered over him, exuding a sense of triumph.

With a smug satisfaction, Zakir reveled in his apparent victory, playing to the crowd with grand gestures. "Do you want me to finish him?" He said. The crowd roared back in affirmation.

"YES!"

"I will ask you again: DO YOU WANT ME TO FINISH HIM?!"

"YES!"

Zakir's confidence surged as he prepared for his last attack, but Erik knew this was his critical moment. Despite the fight's short duration, Erik had been repeatedly taken aback by Zakir's prowess in combat and the formidable strength of his brain crystal power.

As Zakir advanced with his tendrils undulating menacingly in the air, Erik struggled to his feet, still fighting for breath.

He drew a deep, labored breath, then focused, channeling mana at an urgent pace. It was a desperate bid to turn the tide of the battle that seemed to slip away from him.

Erik's ability to manipulate mana so adeptly was thanks to his nine neural links. These links facilitated a seamless flow of mana throughout his body, enabling him to execute his next move.

He focused intently, causing the mana to envelop his body in a razor-thin layer, turning himself into a living blade.

However, Erik was aware of his limited mana reserves. In stark contrast, Zakir could channel vast quantities of mana into his tendrils, enhancing their length, thickness, and speed, and sustaining them far longer than Erik could maintain his sharpened form.

Time was of the essence for Erik; he needed to act as soon as possible to avert defeat.

Zakir, sensing a shift in Erik's demeanor, closed in. He was aware of Erik's sharpening ability, but remained oblivious to its application to Erik's own body. Zakir lunged forward with confidence and a tint of cautiousness, unleashing his tendrils once more.

Erik, opting not to evade, raised his arms in defense. The tendrils, upon contact with his mana-coated arms, were sliced in half.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH"

Zakir's agonized scream pierced the air. That was his power's downside. His tendrils had nervous termination all over them, meaning he could feel pain. Though it was hard to injure them but not impossible.

Erik seized the moment by launching a flurry of attacks. He was mindful to avoid lethal strikes, steering clear of Zakir's neck and face.

Instead, he unleashed a barrage of punches, kicks, and headbutts aimed at less critical areas.

Each strike left a cut on Zakir, the sharpened energy making every blow more potent. Erik moved with calculated precision, inflicting damage while controlling the severity of his attacks.

Erik, having reached the limits of his attack without endangering Zakir's life, ceased his assault. Zakir, writhing in pain, grasped the full extent of Erik's brain crystal power. Erik had transformed into a human blade, each movement slicing through his flesh, but more importantly, through his tendrils.

Zakir, through his agony, recognized that Erik's mana usage had been minimal, evidenced by the shallow nature of his wounds.

Tears mixed with sweat on Zakir's face, his eyes brimming with the realization of his loss of control over the battle. His body, covered in a multitude of cuts, bled profusely. Each breath he took seemed an effort to draw in more air.

As Zakir's strength ebbed away with his blood, he remained determined not to concede defeat.

As he bled, Zakir's strength started waning. He needed to be healed as soon as possible, but he didn't want to lose the match and still had plenty of mana to fight.

While Erik was still punching him, Zakir concentrated and channeled mana to his tendrils, reinforcing them to withstand Erik's attacks.

However, he had to exercise caution and be mindful of his own attacks. The tendrils were damaged by Erik, not because he simply made his body sharper, but because Zakir's strength was so powerful that it very much increased the cutting force of his adversary when he attacked.

Pushing off with his tendrils, Zakir gained some distance, breaking free from Erik's relentless barrage. He then lashed out with his tendrils in a wild, desperate manner.

Erik found his sharpening ability less effective now, with each clash between his body and Zakir's tendrils producing showers of sparks.

The fight turned into a race against time and endurance. Who would falter first? Would Zakir's strength fail due to blood loss, or would Erik's mana reserves deplete?

The battle raged on, with Erik parrying the tendrils while striving to close in on Zakir and making more wounds.

Despite his deteriorating condition, Zakir fought on, driven by a desire to prove his superiority over Erik. But his opponent wouldn't let Erik win, even though he was tired, and his strength waned. Zakir wanted to prove he was stronger than the awakener.

Although things were not going according to his plan, and he started feeling weak, there was no sign that Erik's mana reserves were anywhere near running out.

The truth was, the awakener's meager mana reserves couldn't sustain a prolonged fight, so he needed to win as soon as possible.

As the match progressed, Zakir grew weaker. So much so he was going to faint.

Despite nearing the end of his own mana reserves, Erik seized the moment, charging towards his faltering opponent with every ounce of strength he possessed. Zakir, desperate, lashed out with his tendrils in a sweeping motion, trying to keep Erik at bay.

Erik, however, leapt with extraordinary agility, soaring over the whirling tendrils to land before Zakir.

His mana was now completely drained. The protective layer vanished, but Erik remained undeterred. He launched a rapid series of punches, each blow landing with precision and force.

Zakir, overwhelmed and on the brink of collapse, could barely register Erik's movements.

His attempts to shield his head proved futile against Erik's relentless assault. Consecutive punches to his temples left Zakir reeling, his world spinning into the darkness. As his vision went black, he heard Erik say, "You talk too much, by the way..."

Zakir crumpled to the ground, unconscious. The healer, observing the severity of the situation, sprang into action.

She funneled her mana into Zakir's body, focusing on his many wounds. Under the healer's skilled ministrations, the wounds closed rapidly under everyone's eyes.

In just five minutes, the healer had tended to Zakir's wounds, but his significant blood loss left him unconscious. Calling for help, she ensured he was transported to the infirmary for further care.

The onlookers, having witnessed the entire ordeal, were struck dumb. Their astonishment wasn't merely at Erik's victory against seemingly insurmountable odds, but at his ability to transform a dire situation into a triumph.

Erik's comeback was nothing short of miraculous, demonstrating a level of tactical acumen and power that matched, if not surpassed, that of most students at school.

Everyone knew Erik didn't have Zakir's same level of mana, yet he won. But How? It was clear he wounded him as much as he could so that he would lose blood, but how did he get past the opponent's tendrils?

The truth was that if Zakir used more mana, the tendrils would become deadly. That was another constraint given by the tournament itself.

Erik won, yes, but that was also because of the circumstance, because of his luck.

However, his ability to turn his own body into a weapon suggested a lethal potential beyond imagination.

Once he mastered martial arts, he would be an unstoppable force. The news of Zakir's defeat by Erik spread, stirring disbelief and awe. He was known for being a tough fighter, and that Erik had bested a former top student sent chills through the student body.

As the crowd gradually dispersed, a few remained, including the healer. This time, it was Erik who needed her attention, and she tended to his bruises and injuries, healing him with the same proficiency she had shown with Zakir.

[Quests List]

{Daily}

<Eating Habits: COMPLETE>

<Physical training: COMPLETE>

{Weekly}

{Conquer the Training Gauntlet}

-Completion Rewards: 1 Strength Stat Point.

-Failure Penalty: Missed Opportunity for Growth.

-Goal: Complete Daily training quests for a week (5/7).

-Description: Commit to daily quests for a full week. Prove your dedication and resilience. Success grants you increased strength, a testament to your unwavering discipline.

{Monthly}

{Make two neural links.}

-Completion Rewards: 1 Point in each stat.

-Failure Penalty: Missed Opportunity for Growth.

-Goal: Make two neural links within a month. You are free to choose what neural link to make (0/2).

-Description: In a world where power reigns supreme, neural links are the founding step to one's power. Make two additional neural links and prove to everyone how strong you are.

{Issued}

{Qualify to join the Red Palace Dojo}

-Completion Rewards: One Level Up.

-Failure Penalty: No rewards.

-Goal: Win four rounds and qualify to join the Red Palace (2/4).

-Description: A tremendous opportunity presented itself to you. If you join the Red Palace, you will make connections, train in the best facilities and get stimulating serums. You must not waste this opportunity.
