

## BIOLOGICAL 86

### Chapter 86: The tournament (10)

Priya's gaze locked onto Erik, her eyes burning with resentment. She still remembered vividly how Erik had publicly embarrassed her, especially in front of a person she admired. That memory fueled her anger and determination.

Learning that Erik was her opponent in the tournament ignited a fire within her. This was more than just a competition for her; it was a chance for retribution.

The opportunity to join the Red Palace was significant, yet it paled compared to her burning desire to see Erik defeated and humiliated.

Despite her confidence in her abilities, Priya was unaware of Erik's recent victory over Zakir. She had paid no attention to his previous matches and thus did not know the extent of his capabilities.

Instead, Erik assumed that for this girl to reach this round, she had to be strong, but he decided to check whether that was true.

"Analysis."

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-Name: Priya Foley.

-Brain Crystal Power: Unknown. Unable to find out.

- Physical Attributes: Priya stands at a petite 1.60 meters in height, boasting a slim yet toned physique. Her weight hovers around a slight 55 kilograms. Her dark complexion proudly carries the influence of her ancient heritage. Despite her slender and petite frame, she seems possessing an underlying strength that defies her physical appearance.

- Personality and Traits: Based on the user's past and current interactions with the target, Priya has a sense of superiority paired with an unapologetic arrogance.

-Power Level: 47

-Approximate Strength: 14

-Approximate Intelligence: 9

-Approximate Dexterity: 13

-Approximate Energy: 104

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<We are almost at the same level. She has higher energy, enough to put her in the mid-rank of the D tier on the Ferebitz scale. > Erik observed the woman better. His look was of utter focus.

<However, my physical stats are higher and somewhat compensate her higher mana. I should also be safe on the training side. I mean, Professor McAllister is looking after me, and Amber, Floyd and Gwen are also helping me. >

However, there was an unsettling feeling in the young man's mind.

The referee stepped forward, laying down the familiar ground rules. "No killing or crippling blows, no external interference. Everything else is fair game. Let the match begin!"

With the sharp sound of the whistle piercing the air, the duel begun. Both fighters wasted no time launching into the fray.

Erik wanted to use his powers from the get go, but not knowing her brain crystal power and the extent of her fighting skills prompted him to hold back.

Conserving mana for the right moment seemed wise to him. The match ahead promised to be a challenging battle.

Erik charged towards Priya. He punched hard at the young woman.

POW!

The impact of his attack was direct and unexpected. Priya, taken aback, attributed it to mere luck.

POW!

Yet another of Erik's punches landed on her, fueling a rising anger within her. A visible change overtook Priya as her face flushed crimson with anger.

Her nostrils flared, and her brows furrowed, casting shadows over her eyes that blazed with fiery intensity. She swore to make the prick pay.

WOOSH!

In a swift move, she seized Erik's right arm, using her other hand to grip his wrist tightly. With a twist, she spun, leveraging her strength to hurl Erik through the air.

Erik's body arced, plopping on the ground. Priya, maintaining her hold on his arms, loomed over him and unleashed a series of rapid punches to his head.

POW!

POW!

"Ah, fuck!"

POW!

POW!

Erik, though caught off guard and ending up in a tricky situation, was not overtaken by his emotions, as that wasn't something he couldn't handle.

He summoned his strength, flipping Priya over him. She landed atop him, and he entangled her head between his legs, applying intense pressure.

But then, something unexpected happened. Priya's form dissolved, transforming into a liquid-like substance. The fluid slid across the grass, distancing itself from Erik.

Moments later, the substance halted and took shape, reforming into Priya. She stood upright; her figure solidifying once again, leaving Erik staring in disbelief at her ability.

At that precise moment, Erik's mind was contemplating various methods to counter her nasty power given his existing skill-set. To find out if there were any exploitable weaknesses, he needed to further observe her.

"I must admit, I would have never thought that Erik the plant hugger would be able to become this good at fighting, especially considering you started not even a month ago," Priya said while Erik stood on his feet and went into combat position.

"But, you see, the difference between you and me is that my power is better. It has always been, and no awakening can change this!"

"Ah!" Erik spat. "You people really have no shame. Not even having awakened will make you treat me with the respect I deserve."

The young man glared at Priya, observing her as arrogant, condescending, and full of herself. This fueled Erik's desire to assert himself, having endured mistreatment from people like her for years.

He saw this as an opportunity to show her the inevitable outcome of challenging him: defeat.

"Why should I respect a prick with not one but two useless powers and an even more useless brain crystal?"

Erik's fists clenched. Rage simmering inside of him. However, he didn't reply anymore. He tried to buy time to get a hold of Priya's weakness, but he found nothing yet.

"I'll show you something interesting. Now observe..." the woman said.

Priya wasted no time in activating her brain crystal power. As she ran toward Erik, her form shifted between liquid and solid states. This transformation caused her legs to elongate with each stride, propelling her forward with exceptional speed. Not just her legs, but her arms too extended similarly, reaching out to strike Erik with stretched punches.

SWOOOSH

Her fist whistled through the air, missing Erik as he sidestepped. Erik understood that fighting the young girl suddenly became much more complicated. He needed to decipher her abilities to stand a chance.

He decided to probe her defenses, rushing towards her and aiming a powerful punch at her face. His strategy was to test and adapt, a first step in understanding and countering Priya's brain crystal power.

As his fist connected, it was as if he had struck water. His arm passed right through her, emerging on the other side of her head with no resistance.

Priya's liquid form spilled to the ground and reformed a meter away. In an instant, her she became solid, her fist hurtling towards Erik.

POW!

Erik felt the impact on his stomach. The air knocked out of him. He gasped, trying to regain his breath.

<Fuckin bitch! >

It was a challenging situation; Priya seemed untouchable. Her body shifting between states that made difficult to hit her.

Erik lacked a power that could directly counter her fluid form. He needed to devise a new strategy, one that could outmaneuver Priya's unique defense mechanism.

The challenge lay in finding a way to land a decisive blow on an opponent who could evade any physical attack. Erik already noticed for him to hit her when she shifted from liquid to physical.

However, that was a very rapid transition, and he didn't know if he could effectively hit her during that phase.

The match progressed, with Erik facing a relentless adversary. Each time he neared Priya to deliver a blow—whether a kick, punch, or attempt to grapple — she transformed into liquid.

This ability made Erik's attacks futile, passing harmlessly through her ambiguous form.

Surrendering wasn't his style, and he couldn't even think about it since joining the Red Palace was an opportunity for him to become strong enough to leave this damned nation sooner or later. As long as there was a possibility of winning, Erik wouldn't stop fighting until the end.

Erik dodged yet another incoming punch from Priya. He rolled, regaining his stance swiftly. His quick maneuvering saved him from the brunt of the attack.

As he turned to reassess his opponent, he saw Priya preparing for another aggressive move, her leg arcing through the air in a powerful roundhouse kick.

Erik leaped forward, evading Priya's roundhouse kick and landing on the ground. He aimed a kick at her knee, only to find his foot passing right through her liquid form, leaving him vulnerable.

Priya seized this opportunity, striking Erik in the face and sending him tumbling to the ground. Yet Erik rolled away and, adopting a low stance, launched an upward kick, striking Priya squarely in the face as she solidified.

The impact of Erik's kick sent Priya reeling back, and for the first time, the young man's attack had found its mark, leaving both of them with a serious face and Priya furious.

It was at that moment that Erik understood Priya had no other weakness aside from this one. There was no other simpler way for him to attack her.

The problem was that was hard. Now he just hit her due to clear luck. While she could become liquid and evade physical harm, she was vulnerable when solid, particularly when materializing her fists to strike.

There were two ways for Erik to win. Either take Priya off-guard or create a chance to do so.

However, executing both these strategies was no small feat; he needed to be precise and incredibly swift to capitalize on that fleeting moment. Or he had to anticipate his opponent's movements and make a plan.

As he contemplated his next move, an idea sparked in Erik's mind. A confident smile replaced the anxious expression on his face.

He had an idea that could neutralize Priya's attacks and turn the tables in his favor. Erik smiled. Now that he had found a solution for his problem, he would make the young woman lose a couple of teeth.