

## BIOLOGICAL 87

### Chapter 87: The tournament (11)

Erik, having understood how Priya's brain crystal power worked, and having surrendered himself to the fact he had to create the chance to hit Priya, wasted no time in activating his brain crystal power.

Mana surged through his body, driven by his neural links with the force of a piston in an engine.

It swirled around his arms, forming a razor-thin coat of mana with the ability to slice even the hardest materials.

A grim smile crept across Erik's face as he watched Priya in the face. Her expression, a mix of surprise and anxiety.

Though, he sensed the subtle flicker of fear in her eyes, a feeling that exhilarated him as the woman represented the same people who mistreated him for years.

Since he got the system, he started enjoying more the thrill of the fight, especially knowing he could win. Those feelings exacerbated when he exerted control and dominance over his adversaries.

Priya's arrogance only heightened Erik's sense of anticipation for her defeat. It was his turn to dictate the flow of the battle.

Assuming a defensive stance, Erik raised his arms near his head. Priya, undeterred by the shift in Erik's demeanor and confident in her brain crystal power, lunged towards him.

His elongated and watery body was grotesque to see. The movements she had to make to move were bizarre and unnatural, yet she did them with no effort.

Thanks to the physical properties she gained, she could close on Erik in just a couple of seconds.

Unbeknownst to her, that was a ploy. He knew he needed to bait Priya into attacking him if he wanted to have a chance.

The more direct the attack was, and the greater the chances she would be easy to read. That worked.

In a swift motion, Priya solidified her hand to strike, but as she did, her fist met Erik's mana-coated arms.

The moment of contact was fleeting, but decisive. The thin layer of mana enveloping Erik's limbs acted like a blade, slicing through Priya's hand.

The sight of her own hand being severed by Erik's counterattack was both shocking and scary.

"AAAGH!"

Priya's scream echoed through the area, the result of her own strength inadvertently causing her harm. She didn't use little strength to punch.

Erik, aware of the rules against lethal or crippling blows, was cautious. Despite this, his move had wounded Priya, who retreated in pain, blood seeping from her injury.

Erik seized this moment, charging at Priya while she was absorbed by her wound. Before she could react, Erik's punch landed on her right shoulder.

The impact, magnified by the mana surrounding Erik, inflicted a wound painful but not life-threatening and making another fight-crippling wound that could still be easily treated by any healer.

At that moment, Priya liquefied. It was too late to avoid Erik's previous attack, but staying idle wasn't ideal, and by doing so, she was at least still in the match. Though the liquid she turned in was now tainted with blood. Her blood.

Erik, undeterred, pursued the blood-tainted liquid form of Priya across the schoolyard. The healer and referee trailed behind, ensuring the safety of both combatants.

Priya, now a blend of desperation and determination, sought to put distance between herself and Erik.

The woman moved through the schoolyard to gather distance from Erik and solidify again to attack.

But Erik made things difficult for her and started chasing her around the school campus.

The healer and the referee had to run behind the two combatants and ensure that nothing bad happened.

Priya was desperate, though, as she kept bleeding, and her liquid form became redder and redder as time passed.

Priya's lack of diligence in training became her downfall. Inexperienced and overwhelmed, she squandered precious time evading Erik rather than engaging him when she could.

This misstep caused her strength to ebb away.

Erik needed a little. He knew she had more mana than him, but if she had to waste it all to avoid his attacks, she was bound to end it far sooner than Erik was. That was exactly on what he capitalized on.

He only needed to scare her, as he was able to understand from where she attacked if she wasn't in her right state of mind.

Realizing her disadvantage, she found herself trapped in her liquid form, unable to strike Erik, who was now shrouded in a protective mantle of cutting mana.

Priya realized she couldn't keep things like this longer. In fact, the situation became direr as the fight progressed.

Erik, faster and stronger, had countered her every move and her increasing panicked state made things worse.

Confined to her fluid state, she could only flee, bleeding and burning through her mana reserves.

The problem was that hitting Erik became impossible since he surrounded himself with mana capable of cutting everything.

However, he did it strategically, using mana only when needed, something he didn't leave her the chance to do.

At the same time, he figured out when and how to counterattack the young woman's moves, meaning that sooner or later, he was bound to win.

As Erik pursued her across the school grounds, the spectacle drew a growing crowd. Students knowing Erik as a worthless being watched with curiosity.

A few teachers also came over to investigate the commotion, but upon consulting with the referee, were assured that the situation was under control.

More and more people looked at the running young man chasing something unidentified.

To the uninformed, Erik appeared as a frantic figure, chasing an unseen adversary, stirring whispers and speculation among the onlookers.

Some recognized Priya and worried about her safety. Others, misinterpreting the scene, believed Erik had capitulated, fleeing from his opponent. Nothing far from the truth.

As for the others, Erik looked like a madman.

But Priya, driven by desperation, resolved to make a last stand. After much time fleeing, her mana was almost at rock bottom. She also knew her body was on the brink of collapse.

In a last-ditch effort, Priya stopped and solidified her form, launching a powerful kick aimed at Erik's head.

Her foot, powered by the force she got by her brain crystal power, resembled a forceful jet of water streaking towards Erik.

Unable to evade the attack, Erik raised his arms in defense, shielding his head from the impact. He barely reacted in time to protect himself.

However, before her foot connected with Erik's guard, Priya reverted to her liquid state, a tactical move to avoid injuring herself. She failed to catch the young man off-guard.

She realized striking Erik would cause her foot being sliced by the mana enveloping him.

But as her mana finally depleted and blood loss took its toll, she solidified involuntarily, losing control over her transformation.

"I surre..."

Priya's voice barely came out of her mouth when Erik's foot swiftly descended upon her.

The force of his kick rendered her unconscious, prompting the healer to rush to her side.

"ERIK ROMANO WINS!"

The referee announced Erik's victory, but the crowd remained silent. Witnesses perceived Erik's last strike as unnecessary, believing Priya was in the process of yielding.

This act marred Erik's triumph. Though there was no one to cheer for him. Every person who had seen what happened clearly saw that Priya surrendered, but that Erik kicked her before she could, just out of spite.

As Erik walked away from the scene, murmurs followed him, questioning his mental state.

His recent actions had sparked doubts among the onlookers.

But Erik was unfazed by their impressions. Priya had been a prick to him. She deserved what she got.

And while everyone else wondered about his sanity, Erik made his way to the gym, indifferent to the judgments of others.

However, he was aware he had sent a clear message: no one should trifle with him.

The stares he received on his way to the gym were sharp, almost as if she had killed the young woman.

Many wanted him to apologize to his opponent. Yet none dared to voice this to him directly, their fear overriding their desire for justice.

Upon reaching the gym, Erik found it nearly deserted, with only a few robots attending to their cleaning duties.

He chose a bench and sat down, trying to regain his composure. His body was still coursing with adrenaline, leaving him restless.

Rage was swirling inside of him, and he needed time to quell this intense emotion.