

BEYOND THE BLAZE

#Chapter 51: Round 5 - Read BEYOND THE BLAZE Chapter 51: Round 5

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The break was held as the next competitors got ready. The stage was full of chatter as the crowd was making the ups and downs.

The time flew by as the break time got swallowed, and everyone went back to their seats as they waited for the next event.

The chattering stopped as the announcer's voice boomed off the megaphone, filling the whole stage.

"Ohh dear, I don't know what to say. Okay, welcome everyone! I'll advise you to have a piece of cloth for this upcoming event!" The giggles sprouted around the stage as they thought that the announcer was joking.

The announcer called out the two competitors, who used two different types of magic powers, and also, the powers were not matching. The crowd loudly cheered as whistles and screams arose.

"I'm thrilled to tell you that the next event is going to be amazing, but I predict that you won't see how the end will be like, so be with us in this thrilling match and we will all be happy. I won't tell you their powers, only their names and classes. Elina from class A and Lucas from class C."

The crowd erupted in jubilation while the announcer started the countdown.

Elina's brain played Akirion's words as he told her what to do.

Flashback

Akirion: Be calm, take a deep breath before you take the next step, and don't get angry either.

Elina: Really, what are these, rules?

Akirion: "No, basic knowledge," said Akirion, pointing at his head.

Elina: Okay, it feels corrupt for some reason.

Akirion: You are up for joking, right? Okay, joke, I was trying to help you.

Akirion looked aside, leaving her face grinning as she thought that she got it all locked up in her head.

Present

'Take a deep breath before you take your next step. Sure, why not? I'll be calm.' Elina muttered under her breath as she enjoyed the fresh breeze that was flowing into her body.

A male voice echoed from the stage. "Hey there, Class A!" said Lucas, who sneered, with his eyes locked on Elina's, sending shivers down her spine.

'What's up with him? My inner parts are trembling after hearing his voice. What is he?' Silently, Elina asked as she trembled on the inside but was in good condition on the outside.

"Class C, Lucas! You look handsome.

"Wow, what a trap you got there, but I got my eyes wide open. I can't even fall into that, not even if I'm sleeping."

"Mhh, good eyes and ears, good for you. Your brain can be a deceiver; do you know that?" She sneered.

"Yeah sure, why not, but I trained it perfectly. So it's rare for it to deceive me."

The bell banged, getting Lucas on the run towards Elina. As Akirion said, she took a deep breath before she made her decision, and lucky for her, she saw through Lucas's plan of taking her in one shot.

'I'll swiftly finish her because I can't rank with the lowlife, especially girls.'

Elina dodged, leaving Lucas in astonishment while Elina created a small ice blade and shot Lucas' back.

Lucas screamed in agony as he felt the pain as if it was running around his body, his veins deceiving him.

He stopped and slowly looked back, his eyes filled with rage. Intimidating lines appeared on his face, growing larger with each passing second. His voice gradually deepened into a growl as he breathed heavily.

"Class A, we are going to sweep you off in a blink of an eye. You prove to be the strongest, right? Only you can be a problem; if we get rid of you, we will be done. As for the others, we will be sweeping off like dust."

"Mmh, let's see you try. I'm a bit energetic. Let's see who will be swept away, me or you!" Elina asked for a big challenge as she grinned ear to ear like a Cheshire cat with a bit of a sneer.

'Oh dear, what is she saying? This is ridiculous. That guy has a strong aura, and that can mean that his arcana can be durable. As for her, she can or will be depleted anytime soon, just like Erlin. Akirion silently said as his eyes were stuck on the stage as he concentrated on what they were saying.

Elina's eyes were blank, with no trace of anger, only mischief that surrounded her body, getting her more flexible and energetic.

The intense fight started as the crowd started cheering too. Elina put a lot of ice around her body to avoid heat from Lucas.

As for Lucas, he ran around sneering, looking for an opening in the closed Elina's boundary. His fire melted every iced attack from Elina, and Elina cooled down his fire.

"Do you know what, Class A?" Lucas ignited the conversation.

"What now?"

"You are stupid!"

Elina's eyebrow quirked as rage germinated in her body, causing her white sclera to redden. Her beauty faded as those words landed in her heart. A question rang in her mind; her mouth opened to spit out the question.

"Why are you saying so? I'm totally great, not stupid, loser."

"What were you even thinking when you got in love with that stupid black-haired boy?"

'The what? Did he just call me stupid? No, maybe another black-haired one that is in love with Elina because I'm not. But wait, people say that we are in love, so maybe he means me.'

Akirion's face looked intimidating as he looked at Lucas with a blazing gaze.

Stage

'Sorry, but you got no eyes; that guy is not stupid.'

"He is!" Lucas shot a fireball straight at Elina, making the air explode, full of smoke. The ground shook as the scary absent shadows loomed around in the smoke that erupted.

The two exchanged shots, Elina throwing blades and many more weapons to win. As for Lucas, his gaze reddened as anger continued devastatingly whirling in his body. He shot too many fireballs at Elina's point, making the smoke rise.

Akirion's eyes widened as he saw the inescapable death Elina was in. He calmed down as he remembered that it was a game and that she wouldn't die.

The place was in smoke, with Elina inside, while Lucas continued shooting at her.

Some people in the audience regretted the way they criticized and laughed at the announcer's words.

The smoke was hurting their eyes, making them drop the tears.

Elina was caught in the middle of the smoke, with a bit of ice still remaining. Her face was covered in bruises, and her body trembled as she ran out of Arcana.

Lucas never stopped shooting at Elina, whose mouth was releasing a trail of red saliva.

In an instant, Elina was seen flying off the stage, landing on her back.

The gasps scattered throughout the arena as they saw the bruised Elina.

Chapter 52: Round 6

"Wow! She's finally found her own size and got her kicked pretty hard!" Akirion muttered to himself, eyes narrowing as he watched Elina sprawled on the ground, winded and battered. She was drained. Her arcana was pretty low.

'Mhh! That Lucas guy is pretty good, Akirion thought, a sly sneer curling his lips. 'I'll see him soon enough. Maybe a duet with him in the future, yeah, that'd be fun.' His heart fluttered with mischief, a dangerous shine dancing behind his gaze as he observed the furious Lucas, who won and left unsatisfied.

Lucas's growling voice boomed across the arena, voice thick with frustration and disappointment as he sputtered on the ground, clutching his side. "I had high hopes for you, Class A. Now you're all swept away like trash, leaving me pissed off, grrr!" His voice echoed, raw with rage, veins forming on his neck, every word fueling his fury.

"Wow, that guy's really mad," said Fiana, with her eyes staring at the bruised Elina.

"Oh yeah, his look is intimidating, like he's ready to tear someone apart." Kaid supported her thoughts.

"Yeah, sure, I can't wait to see him fail."

"Come on, Fiana, you know that guy could be the strongest ever if he keeps pushing."

"No way, brother. That black-haired kid from before? He's got potential."

"Which one?" Kaid asked, with his eyebrows furrowed.

"You know, the one who played that quick short match."

"Ohh, the first one?"

"Yeah."

"What was his name again?"

"Somewhere around... Akirion! Yeah, Akirion."

Kaid chuckled as he looked at Fiana. "You remembered his name so quickly; something smells fishy."

"Nothing fishy, brother. Just impressed by how he fought; there's something about him that got me happy."

"OHH, okay, clear enough."

"So, who do you think will win this next round?"

"Lucas, obviously."

"Really? How about Akirion?"

"He might be weak against Lucas; at least, that's what everyone's saying."

"Maybe. But if you ask me, I'd say it's a tie if Lucas is that strong."

The arena cleared, the dust settling as the crowd's eager eyes fixed on the next combatants: Taro from Class A and Aiden from Class C. The anticipation was thick in the air, a mixture of excitement and rivalry fueling every breath.

"Wow, look at the crowd; Class C's fans are everywhere." Fiana said, with her eyes filled with mischief, ready to watch the event.

"Oh yeah, it's like they're the only winners here." Kaid's eyes were glued to the stage, as if they were fixed to look there since he wasn't blinking.

He then continued, "Maybe they'll end up winning, since I'm rooting for them."

"Come on, brother. Class A will win; bet on it."

"Sure, why not?" 'Why does she always praise class A?' Kaid silently asked himself.

The two fighters stepped into the arena, waiting for the announcer's signal. The crowd roared, their cheers echoing through the stadium, hunger for action radiating from every corner.

The countdown began, tension mounting. The air crackled with anticipation as the announcer's voice boomed: "Three! Two! One! Fight!"

The bell rang out sharply, signaling the start of the match. Aiden took a deep breath, channeling nature's essence within him, while Taro summoned water, swirling around him like a protective barrier.

The battle erupted instantly. Aiden moved with a cautious, instinctive grace, trying to leverage his connection to nature to gain an edge. Taro responded swiftly, water twisting and swirling as he commanded it with precision.

Aiden wasn't a master fighter; his strength lay in his reflexes and instinct. He dodged Taro's icy assaults, narrowly avoiding freezing his limbs solid. His plants sprouted from the ground, attempting to trap Taro, but the water user was quick, agile, and untouchable, skipping over the ground, letting his water carry him in an ice form like a kid sliding on a water slide.

Taro's attacks grew more aggressive, icy spikes stabbing towards Aiden, who countered with quick, calculated movements. The fight was fierce, each combatant pushing their limits, both beginning to feel the drain of their arcana.

Aiden's plants wrapped around Taro's ankles, trying to hold him in place, but the water user shattered them with a simple cut, sending a spray of icy mist into the air. Taro retaliated with a powerful surge, water forming a swirling vortex, aiming to overwhelm Aiden.

As the battle raged on, both fighters's movements slowed, their breaths were ragged, and their energy reserves were visibly depleting. The arena echoed with the sound of whips of plants and crackling ice and strained breaths; the two warriors were pushing beyond their limits, fighting not just each other but their own exhaustion.

The crowd watched in silence, sensing the climax approaching. Neither combatant had given up, but their energy was waning fast. Aiden's plants wilted, and Taro's water slowed to a sluggish stream as their arcana nearly depleted.

Finally, both fighters stagger, gasping, eyes flickering with tiredness and determination. Neither could summon the strength to continue, their arcana exhausted, yet they stood firm, glaring at each other as the realization dawned.

Taro stood up with his shaky body, watching Aiden, who slowly fell down.

Taro collapsed after, but he was still breathing, while Aiden ran unconscious.

Taro was announced a winner of the round.

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Taro collapsed after, but he was still breathing, while Aiden ran unconscious.

Taro was announced a winner of the round.

Chapter 53: Round 7

The arena was silent, the air thick with anticipation. On one side, Yuna from Class A, her eyes blazing with determination, clenched her fists as flames danced at her fingertips. Opposite her stood Sakura from Class B, her hair whipping around her as wind swirled fiercely at her command. The crowd's roar faded into a hush, waiting for the clash that would decide who was stronger.

The announcer's voice cut through the silence. "3, 2, 1!" the bell then banged, getting the two started.

Without hesitation, Yuna's hands ignited, sparks flying as she summoned a fireball. It formed in her palm for a moment before she shot it forward, a blazing sphere racing toward Sakura. Sakura responded instantly, her eyes narrowing as she summoned her wind magic. With a swift gesture, she created a vacuum blade—sharp, invisible blades of air that cut through the space between them like deadly lightning.

Yuna's fireball collided with the vacuum blades, exploding in a burst of heat and wind. The force sent a shockwave rippling through the arena, forcing both fighters to steady themselves. Yuna's eyes widened with focus; she knew Sakura was dangerous when she used wind to her advantage.

"Not bad," Yuna muttered, a grin curling her lips. She raised her hand again, conjuring another fireball—this time larger, brighter. She hurled it with more force, aiming to overwhelm Sakura with a lot of flames. The fireball streaked through the air, glowing fiercely as it closed the distance.

Sakura fastly responded . She spun her hand, summoning a gust of wind that swept across the arena. The fireball was absorbed into the wind, reducing its intensity but not extinguishing it entirely. Sakura's eyes flickered with determination.

"Your flames are strong," Sakura called out, voice sharp as the wind around her. "But I can match your heat with wind!"

Yuna's expression hardened. She knew Sakura was versatile, and her wind magic could be deadly if used correctly. She decided to change tactics. Instead of more fireballs, she focused her energy on a continuous stream of smaller fires, launching them like darts toward Sakura, each one smaller but faster.

The fight grew more intense. Yuna's flames flickered wildly, casting flickering shadows, while Sakura's wind blades whipped around her like a storm made of razor-sharp glass as vacuum blades appeared. The arena was filled with the crackle of fire and the howling of wind, a chaotic dance of destruction.

Yuna's focus sharpened. She concentrated her fire magic into a massive fire ball, a blazing ball of flames rushing toward Sakura. She aimed to trap her opponent, forcing her to either retreat or be burned. But Sakura was ready. She summoned a powerful gust, creating a vacuum that pulled the flames toward her, then unleashed a huge burst of wind—an invisible shockwave that knocked Yuna's flames aside and sent her stumbling backward.

Yuna's eyes blazed with resolve. She wasn't about to give up. She clenched her fists, summoning a final, concentrated fireball—hotter and larger than before. She hurled it with everything she had, aiming directly at Sakura.

Sakura responded instinctively, summoning a massive vacuum blade that spun toward the fireball like a deadly whirlpool. The blade sliced through the air, colliding with the fireball and causing an explosion that lit up the entire arena. Flames and wind roared together, a clash of elemental power that shook the ground beneath their feet.

Both fighters paused for a moment, panting, their arcana nearly drained. Yuna's flames dimmed, her hands trembling slightly. Sakura's wind was weaker, her breathing hard as well.

Yuna's eyes flickered with a fiery resolve. She summoned a final, desperate fireball—her strongest yet—aiming straight at Sakura's chest. Sakura, equally exhausted, summoned her last burst of wind, creating a vacuum blade to intercept the attack.

The two powers collided once more—fire and wind locked in a deadly embrace. The explosion was deafening, a blinding flash of heat and wind that swept across the arena.

Sakura was late to attack, so the explosion caused her to fly off the stage.

Yuna was left standing yet trembling as she fell to her knees.

The cheers erupted, getting her super happy for victory. Her face glowed with mischief and looked at the blue sky.