

BEYOND THE BLAZE

#Chapter 54: Last round - Read BEYOND THE BLAZE

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"Strange things are happening lately, seems like people are strong in disguise!" Akirion muttered to himself as he saw the round 7 being a hit. His eyes glared at the stage while lost in thoughts. 'I never thought people would be this strong, that's a total bummer.' his face looked troubled, in his mind replaying Lucas's image.

Meanwhile, the arena was scattered in cheers, people waiting for the next event.

Everyone craved to see who will be the last to see the quarter finals.

The tension in the arena was thick enough to cut with a knife. Two Class A fighters, Renn and Hanna, faced each other with calm but fierce expressions. The crowd was on edge, knowing this would be a fight to remember. Both fighters were from the same class, but their styles couldn't be more different—Renn, with his raw strength of earth magic and stubborn attitude, and Hanna, with her water magic flowing smoothly and confidently.

The announcer announced the start and without waiting, Hanna was the first to move.

She raised her hands, summoning a burst of water from the ground, shaping it into a sharp, twisting spear. The water glinted under the stadium lights as she hurled it straight at Renn's chest.

Renn grinned, cracking his knuckles. "That all you got?" he called out with a sneer on his face, charging forward with a burst of speed. His fists clenched, and he was already preparing to meet her attack head-on.

Hanna smirked. "Come on, Renn. Don't tell me you're that eager to get hit."

He chuckled, dodging the water spear with a quick sidestep. "Nah, just making sure you're worth my time." His earth spear from the ground shot out, aiming for Hanna's side, but she was quick, twisting her body and summoning a wall of water to block his attack.

"Not bad," Hanna said, her voice cool but with a hint of annoyance. "But you gotta do better than that man."

"Im embarrassed," said Renn with his eyes darting everywhere with a grin as he tried to make Hanna annoyed.

Renn pushed forward, launching a barrage of piercing pikes from the ground. Hanna was in a hot soup after she saw all the upcoming danger.

She jumped and responded by creating a series of swirling water shields and created ice, each one cracking as Renn's fists collided with them. The arena echoed with the sound of splashing water and grunts of effort.

"You're slow today," Renn taunted, eyes narrowing. "You really wanna get serious or what?"

Hanna shot him a glare. "I'm just warming up. You better not get cocky."

She summoned a large whirlpool of water behind her, spinning it rapidly to increase its power. With a swift motion, she directed it toward Renn, aiming to sweep him off his feet. Renn leapt back, narrowly avoiding the crushing force of the water, but he felt the spray soak through his clothes.

"Hey, watch it," he muttered, wiping water from his face. "You're lucky I'm not mad yet."

Hanna smirked again. "You wish."

Renn shook his head, grinning. "Nah, I like it when you're fired up. It makes things interesting."

He charged again, this time more aggressive, eyes blazing with arcana, while creating boulders. Hanna responded by creating a series of smaller water blades—thin, sharp slivers of water that streaked toward him like icy arrows. Renn dodged, feeling the sting of a few slices on his arm, but he kept coming.

"Is that all you got?" he growled, eyes blazing. "Come on, Hanna. Show me what you're really made of!"

Hanna's eyes flickered with annoyance. "Fine. If you want to get serious, I won't hold back." She raised her hands, summoning a massive wave of water that towered over her, crashing down toward Renn like a tidal wall. Renn held his boulders and waited for a space to attack.

Renn gritted his teeth. "That's more like it," he muttered. He launched himself into the air, aiming to dive over the wave. He then used his spears and boulders against Hannah. She survived the boulders but she got some stinging cuts, some in her arms, some in her legs.

She then replied with a lot of water that hit him when he landed. "You're really trying to drown me, huh?" he said, cracking his neck. "Not gonna happen."

Hanna's face was set now. "If you think I'll let you get past me that easily, then you're dead wrong."

She summoned a whirl of water, spinning around her as she advanced toward Renn. The water moved like a living thing, twisting and curling into deadly shapes. Renn charged again, fists

clenched, ready to punch through. Hanna responded with a series of quick water blades, aiming to cut him off.

"Damn it," Renn cursed, feeling the sting of a few cuts on his arms. "You're fast. Damn fast."

"You're slow," Hanna shot back, voice sharp. "And too predictable."

Renn gritted his teeth, launching another punch, but Hanna raised her arms, creating a shield of water that absorbed his attack. She countered with a burst of wind—an invisible gust that knocked him back, causing him to stumble.

"Whoa!" Renn stumbled, regaining his footing. "Is that all you got? You're just water, Hanna. You should be better than that."

Hanna's eyes narrowed. "Don't get cocky. You're not winning this just yet."

The fight intensified. Renn's fists blazed with arcana as he attacked with more speed, trying to break her defenses. Hanna kept her cool, summoning more water to block, redirect, and attack. The arena was filled with spray, the crackle of water, and the rush of wind.

Suddenly, Renn saw an opening. He leapt forward, aiming a powerful boulder directly at Hanna's midsection. Hanna made a strong ice on top of her then she ran back to avoid the hit if the boulder destroyed the ice.

In a second the boulder crushed the ice sending wind waves that blew her to land on her stomach.

She growled as she felt the pain all over her body, since she felt like a baby.

She stood up, ignoring the pain, trying to return the favor.

"You're tougher than I thought," Renn said breathlessly, dropping his guard just slightly.

Hanna smirked. "You're not so bad yourself. But I'm just getting started."

They continued to exchange blow after blow, each attack met with a counter, each spell met with a shield or another spell. The fight dragged on, both of them visibly tiring, their arcana slowly depleting.

Renn launched a final, desperate attack, fueled by his remaining arcana, aiming to end it in one blow. Hanna responded with a huge icy attack, moving rapidly toward Renn. Both spells collided, a thunderous explosion of water and earth.

The dust erupted, causing blindness but both participants were no longer into fighting as their bodies burnt, craving for arcana.

When the dust settled, both fighters staggered, panting heavily. Their magic was nearly drained, their bodies trembling from exhaustion.

Renn saw an easy win when he glared at the exhausted Hanna.

He charged for an attack, summoning the earthquake to knock Hanna down.

Hanna ran from the cracking stage going straight to the forfeiting zone, without notice, her leg was almost. She realized that she's going out, but she was late, her outside foot pulled her outside and it was a forfeit, leaving Renn on his knees, panting as his energy lowered down.

The crowd silence in astonishment as they saw a different outcome.

The prince on his golden chair gasped as he saw Renn's last attack.

"Woah! Where was he hiding that all this time?" the Prince said, as he suppressed his blown mind that was taken aback.

"Intriguing trick, even though he was almost drained out, he managed to launch that attack." Princess Fiana said as astonishment roamed around her body.

The crowd slowly cheered and at the end, the cheers were more louder than a thunder sound.

Chapter 55: Quarter finals

"Oh wow, it ended like that. Aww, I haven't even had a chance to rest yet, but I've got to get back into the ring," Akirion muttered, standing up slowly. He stretched his limbs, brushing off the dust from the fight. Despite his exhaustion, determination burned in his eyes. He knew the quarter-finals awaited, and he had to be ready. After all, the tournament was far from over.

Everyone took a breather as the stage was hurriedly repaired. The damage from the previous matches was extensive—scorch marks, broken pieces, and scattered debris. The crew worked swiftly, knowing the next round was crucial. Meanwhile, the crowd's chatter echoed through the arena, a mixture of excitement and anticipation.

Princess Fiana stood apart, her eyes fixed on the empty stage. A troubled expression clouded her face, her brows furrowing as she gazed at the silent platform. She was lost in thought, her mind replaying the scenes of the earlier matches. Images of the winners flashed before her eyes—how they'd fought, the exhaustion etched on their faces, the toll it all took. She felt a pang of sympathy for the tired fighters, knowing some of them had pushed themselves to their limits. She wondered how they were holding up now, after such grueling battles, especially since the upcoming matches would be assigned randomly, without knowing who would face whom.

Her thoughts were interrupted when the prince, who had been observing her from a distance, caught her distracted gaze. He stepped closer, concern evident in his eyes. "Hey, Fiana," he said softly, his voice gentle but firm. "You look disturbed. What's wrong?"

The princess didn't answer immediately. She remained silent, her mind swirling with worries. Her gaze drifted back to the empty stage, as if trying to find some clarity there.

"Fiana," he repeated, a little more insistently. "Are you alright?"

She hesitated for a moment before turning to face him, her expression distant. "I've just been thinking," she finally said quietly.

"Thinking about what?" the prince asked, tilting his head slightly, his brow raised.

She hesitated again, then sighed. "About the competitors. They fought so fiercely in the first round—did they even get a chance to rest? I wonder if they've recovered enough for the next fights. Some of them looked exhausted—especially the ones who barely made it through."

The prince sneered as he looked away, crossing his arms. "Well, that's their problem. If they're tired, they shouldn't have pushed so hard. It's not like this is some friendly sparring match," he said dismissively, though a flicker of concern crossed his face.

Fiana looked at him sharply. "But they're still human," she said softly. "They're risking their health. It's not right to push them that far without giving them a proper break."

He scoffed, but then his expression softened slightly. "You're too soft," he said with a smirk. "Besides, you think they have a choice? This is a tournament. Everyone's here to win. If they're too tired, they'll just have to deal with it."

Fiana shook her head, a hint of sadness in her eyes. "I just wish there was a way to help them recover faster. Maybe if they had some kind of energy booster..."

The prince raised an eyebrow. "Energy booster? Like what?"

She hesitated, then her eyes brightened with an idea. "There's this serum I heard about. It's called the Manafuse. It's supposed to restore energy quickly—within five minutes of drinking it."

The prince's interest piqued. "Really? What's in it?"

Fiana looked around cautiously before whispering, "It's made from special flowers—secret ingredients. It's supposed to be incredibly effective, but I don't know the full details. I've only heard rumors."

He nodded thoughtfully. "And it actually works?"

"From what I hear, yes. It restores stamina instantly. They'll be back in fighting shape in no time."

He smirked. "That's smart. So, it's like a shortcut. They drink it, and suddenly they're unstoppable."

Fiana nodded. "Exactly. It's supposed to be safe, too. They just have to drink it, and in five minutes, they're ready again. That's why the organizers brought it here."

The announcer's voice suddenly boomed across the arena, breaking the moment. "Attention, participants of the quarter-finals! Please proceed to the designated drinks room to receive your energy serum—the Manafuse."

The fighters, including Olivia, Yuna, Renn, Taro, Akirion, Lucas, Anda, and Shin, all moved toward the room, their faces a mixture of anticipation and exhaustion. They knew the serum was their last hope to regain strength quickly.

Inside the room, the fighters received small cups filled with a strange, sour-smelling liquid. Some hesitated, eyeing the concoction warily, while others downed it eagerly. A few looked visibly reluctant, their faces twisted in disgust as they sipped the bitter serum. Those who were already exhausted or sleepy felt their bodies surge with newfound energy almost immediately.

"Come on, guys," one of the organizers said with a smile. "Drink up. You'll thank us later."

After a few tense moments, everyone had taken their doses. They waited anxiously, watching the clock. Within five minutes, the effects became obvious—eyes sparkled with renewed vigor, muscles tensed with anticipation, and the fighters looked ready to battle again.

The fighters, now revitalized, were led back to the stage. The crowd erupted into thunderous applause and cheers, whistles ringing louder than birdsong on a summer morning. The energy was contagious, and everyone eagerly waited for the next match.

The announcer's voice rang out again, loud and commanding. "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back! We are thrilled to see such enthusiasm. Let's get this show on the road! First up, we have Akirion versus Shin. Participants, please step onto the stage!"

The crowd roared in excitement. The fighters moved into their starting positions, their faces serious, eyes burning with focus. The atmosphere was electric—anticipation thick in the air.

"Alright," the announcer continued, "let's get this battle started!"

"Wow," Princess Fiana exclaimed, her face lit with excitement. "I can't wait to see this one. Akirion is so fast, and Shin... well, he's got some incredible moves. It's going to be legendary!"

Kaid, standing beside her, narrowed his eyes with a hint of interest. "Good for you. I'm more interested in Lucas. I hear he's got some serious power."

"Ohh, the scary Lucas?" Fiana teased, a mischievous smile on her face.

"Yeah," Kai replied quietly. "Let's see if he can turn the heat off or if the fire will burn him out."

The fighters took their positions, their expressions stoic. The tension was palpable as the announcer finally signaled the start.

"Ready... fight!"

Akirion stood still, his gaze locked on Shin. His expression was serious—calm, focused, ready. His lips pressed into a straight line, muscles tense.

Shin moved slowly toward Akirion, a sneer curling his lips. His eyes blazed with fury, eyebrows furrowed, as if challenging him silently.

The crowd fell silent, watching intently. The fighters looked like strangers or dogs sizing each other up—no smiles, only fierce determination.

Then, Shin broke the silence, his lips curling into a slow, confident smile. "Hey, hey, class A," he said, voice smooth but edged with excitement. "Glad to finally meet you. I saw your fight—impressive, really. You're pretty agile. I'm a big fan."

Akirion's eyes narrowed slightly. He wondered what Shin was up to—trying to get inside his head? Or was this just trash talk? Either way, he remained silent, studying Shin carefully.

Shin took a step closer, his smile widening. "You know, I was really impressed by your moves. Honestly, I didn't expect to face someone like you so soon. I've been looking forward to this."

Akirion finally spoke, his voice calm but firm. "It's an honor to meet you too, Shin. I've heard about your skills. Let's see what you've got."

Shin chuckled softly. "Oh, I plan to show you. And I hope you're ready to be amazed."

The tension between them was thick. They stared at each other, neither willing to back down. The audience sat on the edge of their seats, waiting for the first move, knowing this fight would be one to remember.

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Chapter 56: Quarter finals 2

The noisy crowd grew eerily silent as Akirion faced Shin, every eye fixated on the tense standoff before them. The atmosphere was thick with anticipation, yet an almost palpable stillness hung in the air. It was as if everyone was holding their breath, waiting for the first move, sensing that this battle was about more than just strength—it was a clash of wills.

Akirion's eyes narrowed sharply, reflecting a mixture of focus and curiosity. His voice cut through the silence, calm yet edged with intensity. "So, what are you up to? My mind's been racing, trying to track down your objective. I think it's better to just ask you outright."

Shin scoffed, processing the question with a mixture of amusement and disdain. "Your question's a bit funny, don't you think?" he retorted, a sneer curling on his lips.

Akirion remained unmoved, simply shaking his head in silent acknowledgment as he continued to stare at Shin with unwavering intensity.

Meanwhile, Princess Fiana, who had been observing the fight from the sidelines, was taken aback by the scene unfolding on stage. The two competitors stood there—calm, collected, as if engaged in a silent exchange of some secret language. Their bodies radiated tension, but their words, their stances, seemed almost like a prelude to a story. She leaned closer to her brother, eyes wide with curiosity.

"What are they even doing?" she whispered in disbelief.

The prince, ever the impatient one, merely smirked. "Wait for it. Be patient," he whispered back, eyes glued to the stage.

Back on the stage, Shin finally broke the silence with a cold, sneering tone. "Let me briefly explain my objective," he said, voice dripping with mockery. Then, in an instant, he launched a vacuum blade, a sharp, shimmering weapon, directly at Akirion. The blade cut through the air with a deadly hum, leaving Akirion momentarily flabbergasted. But quick as lightning, Akirion dodged, rolling aside to avoid the deadly projectile.

"Wow, what a nice objective," Akirion said with a smirk, voice filled with challenge. "But you're gonna have to do better than that."

Without warning, Akirion darted forward with incredible speed, closing the gap between himself and Shin. His body moved like a blur, a flash of determination. "You read my mind..." Shin started, but before he could finish, a soft 'Shhh' sound echoed in his left ear. Instantly, Shin's eyes widened in shock.

He barely had time to react as Akirion's elbow, powered by his energy channeling, struck him squarely in the back. Shin was propelled forward and crashed onto the ground face-first, coughing and sputtering blood.

Shin struggled to his feet, wiping blood from his lips, glaring with fury. "Not bad for a trusted Class A," he said, blood trickling from his mouth. "But let's see if you can handle this!"

Suddenly, Shin's hands flew to his side. In a flash, he summoned a flurry of vacuum blades—small, razor-sharp projectiles that shimmered with ominous energy. The blades shot out in rapid succession, aiming at Akirion from multiple angles.

Akirion, ever alert, responded swiftly: he shot fireballs in quick succession too, one to the left, another to the right, and a third straight ahead—each exploding with a burst of heat and force, creating a chaotic battlefield of fire and smoke.

Shin, caught in the chaos, tried to dodge, but the situation grew more intense. The fireballs didn't all land exactly where expected—they were designed to force him into a corner.

Shin responded instinctively, shooting a vacuum blade to intercept the middle fireball, causing a powerful explosion that rocked the stage. Sparks flew, and debris of the explosion scattered as the explosion nearly knocked Shin off balance. He quickly shot another arrow of vacuum energy behind him, sensing Akirion's presence on his back.

Akirion, sensing the attack in front of him, gasped. He saw the blade slicing through the air toward his side. With no time to dodge, he braced himself and was struck full force. The blast sent him flying to the edge of the stage, his body crashing against the barrier. Dust and smoke filled the air as the crowd watched in tense silence.

Shin, confident now, saw an opening. His eyes gleamed with determination. He summoned a whirling wind—a fierce, spinning vortex that he sent hurtling toward Akirion with incredible force. The gust was so powerful that it tore across the stage, aiming to knock Akirion off the stage.

Akirion, battered but resilient, struggled to stand amidst the chaos. His muscles burned, but he refused to give in. He quickly shot a barrage of fireballs, their blazing trails exploding in a series of detonations as they clashed with the whirling wind, and that sent shockwaves rippling through the arena. The stage trembled beneath the force of the blasts, and in the chaos, Akirion's figure disappeared from his previous position.

The crowd erupted into gasps and murmurs, their eyes darting around, trying to follow his movements. Nobody noticed that Akirion had vanished—as he fastly ran into the thick smoke.

Suddenly, Akirion reappeared behind Shin, charging with deadly intent. His hand glowed with fiery energy as he fired a blazing fireball directly at Shin's head. The attack caught Shin off guard, sending him sprawling to the ground, rolling in the dirt and debris. Blood dripped from Shin's mouth, teeth clenched in pain, yet his eyes burned with unrelenting fury.

"What now, Shin," Akirion taunted mockingly. "Hurry up and say your final words!"

Shin, bloodied and battered, glared back with a mixture of rage and determination. He shot a barrage of vacuum blades—smaller, faster, deadly projectiles—that streaked toward Akirion with lethal precision. Akirion dodged skillfully, weaving between the blades, then closed the distance rapidly. He launched three fireballs, aiming to distract and overwhelm Shin with a front, back, and middle assault designed to disorient.

The stage exploded in a fiery inferno as the fireballs collided with Shin's blades. The smoke billowed out, obscuring the fighters from view. When the dust cleared, Shin was nowhere to be seen in the stage.

Suddenly, a faint cracking sound echoed outside of the stage. The smoke parted, revealing an unconscious Shin being carried away on a stretcher by medics. His face was pale, blood staining his lips and chin. The crowd's murmurs turned into cheers and applause, impressed by the fierce battle and the resilience of both fighters.

Akirion, standing calmly, sneered as he watched Shin being taken away. He muttered silently, "That was a low-level spell. He's still alive so no worries." His confidence was unshaken; he was already declared the winner.

The announcer's voice boomed through the megaphone, breaking the tension. "Akirion is the victor! Well fought!" The crowd erupted into applause, but many wondered on how did he manage to strike behind Shin so swiftly? The fireball that attacked from behind still left questions in everyone's minds.

As the applause died down, the announcer announced the next match. "Next up, we have Yuna versus Renn. Prepare yourselves for another fierce battle!" The crowd cheered again, eager for what was to come.

Meanwhile, Princess Fiana and the prince watched the scene unfold. Fiana's eyes were wide with astonishment, her heart pounding with excitement. The prince, trying to hide his own surprise, looked at her with a slight smirk.

"Did you see that?" she whispered breathlessly. "How he disappeared and struck from behind... It was incredible."

The prince nodded slowly, adjusting his expression. "Yeah. That was something. But don't get too distracted. The next fight might be even more intense."

Fiana sighed, her face still glowing with admiration. "I wonder if the injured fighter will be okay. That serum should help him recover, right?"

The prince nodded. "Yeah, they'll give him the serum, and then the healers will tend to him. No worries."

The fighters took their places on the stage once more, waiting for the bell. The announcer's voice rang out again, signaling the start of the next bout.

"This time, we've got a different matchup; fire versus earth," he announced, causing the arena to buzz with anticipation.

Renn, with a grin, looked at Yuna. "Maybe they hate me, always fighting my classmates," he teased.

Yuna sneered back. "Maybe it's just luck. Or maybe... you're just that good," she said with a mischievous glint in her eye. "I'm ready if you are."

Renn nodded, a confident smirk on his face. "Let's do this."

And with that, the next clash was about to begin, promising yet another fierce and unforgettable fight.

Chapter 57: Renn vs Yuna

The fight began, instantly catching the crowd's attention as they grew quiet, waiting to see which side would emerge victorious.

Renn stood tall with a mischievous grin, creating a rumbling world around him as he summoned his magic. Waves of energy rippled through the stage, making it unsteady beneath their feet. The ground trembled as Renn's power surged, a clear sign he was confident and ready to dominate.

In response, Yuna made a fierce face, her red aura erupting outward as her magic flared fiercely in her hands. Her expression hardened, her entire body radiating intensity.

"Fireball, activate," she declared, her voice echoing with authority. She pointed her right hand at Renn, her voice rising in a chant as she summoned her magic.

Renn sneered at her, his eyes narrowing with amusement. "What a weird way of using magic," he mocked, a crooked grin stretching across his face like a Cheshire cat. "That's totally ridiculous." His tone was taunting as he watched her, confident that her approach was flawed.

Yuna's voice changed, dropping into a deeper, more commanding tone that sent shivers down the audience's spines. "What do you want me to do? That's my style. It's not ours!"

"Yeah, your style," Renn taunted, rushing toward her with incredible speed. "Here I come to witness the real thing!"

Yuna quickly realized Renn's plan. She started shooting fireballs at him, aiming to slow his advance. But before she could even land her attack, Renn caught her off guard.

He moved with swift precision, knocking her down with a sharp attack that caused her to tumble backward by moving the ground upward, his earth magic.

"Wow, what a sick trick you've got there," Yuna muttered, picking herself up. "Let's see if you can keep this up..."

She was actually plotting a plan, but suddenly, a massive boulder fell from the sky, heading straight for her. Her eyes widened in alarm, and she gasped before she could even finish her sentence. Recognizing the danger, she released her attack mid-flight and darted away from the falling debris.

Her hidden trick was the fireballs she'd previously summoned, lurking behind Renn, waiting for the right moment. Without paying attention, Renn sneered again, watching Yuna run like a trapped animal. He made her move in place while the boulder descended, unaware of the danger behind him.

The fireballs struck Renn, blasting him toward the edge of the stage. His mistake was releasing his spell prematurely, giving Yuna the chance to escape. But just as she was about to take her second step, the boulder slammed onto the ground with a deafening crash, creating a massive pressure wave that sent her flying across the stage.

Fortunately for her, she managed to brace herself with her hands and fingers, gripping the ground to stop her momentum before reaching the forfeiting zone. She landed with a thud, a fierce sneer on her face as she looked at Renn, who lay sprawled out. Her eyes flickered with a mischievous glint, a small thought crossing her mind that she might have won.

To confirm her victory, she prepared to cast a high-level spell she hadn't yet used, one she couldn't normally cast due to a lack of arcana. It was called FIREARROW, a spell that Akirion once used to annihilate his previous enemies.

With her body straight, her right hand aimed at Renn, her left supporting her right arm for stability, and her stance balanced. Her eyes showed no mercy, her lips pressed into a thin line. She began chanting, summoning a brilliant, glowing FIREARROW that pointed straight at Renn, who was lying motionless on the ground.

The entire arena gasped as they watched Yuna's final, merciless attack. Her face stretched into a grin, lips curling as she released the spell, her eyes glowing with fiery intent.

'Huh,' Akirion muttered under his breath, eyes wide with astonishment as he saw her cast the spell. 'She can use Firearrow too? That's rare. I thought I was the only one, and that made me think that I was unique.'

Suddenly, a wall of energy appeared before the arrow reached Renn. A flash of anger and surprise crossed Yuna's face as she saw the tension returning.

Before she could react, a gust of wind and debris blew; fortunately for her, she jumped from her original place as she rolled to the other side. Sharp spikes erupted from the ground where she had been standing, piercing the air with deadly intent.

A gasp escaped her lips as she glimpsed a shadowy figure in the smoke caused by the collision of a wall and a fire arrow spell. A sharp spear-like object appeared beneath her leg, causing her to scream in agony. The searing pain raced through her body, fueling a wave of emotion that rippled through the crowd; some pitied her, others feared her suffering.

Yuna was already drained; she had just unleashed a high-level spell, and her magic was on cooldown. She couldn't cast again, leaving her vulnerable and in hot soup.

Renn sneered as he saw her bloodied leg. His eyes narrowed, a wicked gleam flickering inside them.

"Did you really think you could get rid of me that easily?" he asked, bending down toward Yuna, who was lying on her stomach, trembling.

Yuna clenched her teeth, silent, unable to respond.

Annoyed, Renn summoned another sharp object, this time aiming to pierce her other leg. Her suffering intensified, causing tears to fall from the others in the crowd who watched helplessly.

Her strength was slowly fading. The open wounds sapped her stamina, and instead of regaining her footing, she was slipping into unconsciousness. Her eyelids fluttered, her last breath shallow as her body grew limp.

Renn waited, eager for a final blow, but Yuna remained frozen, immobile, and completely unresponsive.

"Come on, dammit, wake up!" Renn shouted, panicked, as he created multiple pikes that pierced her remaining, battered legs.

The fight was over. The referee announced her defeat, declaring Renn the winner since she hadn't moved. The crowd roared with cheers, their excitement erupting in a wave of noise and applause.

Renn stormed off the stage with angry strides, his feet pounding the ground. His eyes blazed with rage, teeth clenched as he exited in fury. Despite his temper, the crowd was already looking forward to his next appearance; his display of power had left a lasting impression.

The announcer's voice boomed, announcing the next quarterfinal match: Anda versus Lucas.

The crowd buzzed with excitement, eager to see more.

"Wow," Fiana said, her eyes wide with admiration. "This guy really has fans. Did you hear all those cheers for Lucas?"

The prince nodded, a proud smile on his face. "Yeah, I'm rooting for him too."

Chapter 58: Anda vs Lucas

Lucas and Anda stood in their rightful places waiting for the beginning.

Lucas used fire.

Olivia used nature.

"I wonder what this match will be like...!" the announcer exclaimed.

With no further words, he banged the bell for a start. Quietness rose up as the crowd's noise depleted, waiting for the results in order to explode again.

The two never thought of talking; Anda kept quiet, with her face a little shaky, while Lucas was angry, with no words to speak.

The fire glowed in Lucas's palms as he stood straight and ready to fight, while Anda rolled her hands around, making it complicated to understand what she was up to.

The green plants started growing on Lucas's feet.

'Great skill, Class A. You want to trap me?' Lucas silently muttered as he jumped away from the growing plants.

This time he thought of attacking instead of waiting, glaring at his opponent with his hands glowing while the time swiftly ran away.

He shot two fireballs at Anda, and he ran behind her and shot one. Then he jumped to attack from the air and shot another fireball. Anda responded by blocking the first with her plants by using a plant wall, and then when she saw him flashily running behind her, she created a ball around her and successfully blocked him.

When he was at the top, Anda released her spell, making it explode like a balloon. In that explosion, appeared a tall plant, which had a clenched fist at the end. It swiftly hit Lucas's nose when he was still in the air.

He landed on his back, while a bad impact caused body aches. The blood ran off his nose and out of his mouth with a cough, followed by more blood.

Anda continued her attack, trapping him with plants that held him down as a fist emerged on top of Lucas and started hitting him.

She went towards him where he was near the edge of the stage. Each of her steps made an impact as she slowly went towards Lucas in a scary way, her footsteps thudding on top of the stage, her intense greenish aura looming around her.

Before she even reached out to Lucas, three fireballs rained from the sky, causing the scatter of gasps all over the arena as they saw Anda's defeat instead of Lucas's.

Without her notice, the balls hit the ground, just next to where she was, making a huge blow that sent her off the stage, but she survived, as she used her magic wisely.

She put a net of green plants in front of her to block her continuation off the stage.

As for the plotter of the attack, he left his fireballs at the top the time he jumped to the top. He wasn't planning to be hit but planning to be trapped near the end of the stage while she was nearby, and then he would make it rain in order to make her fly off the stage while he would be trapped down, since he wanted to save his strength.

Lucas's eyes burned with rage as he saw Anda on the stage. His face started forming some intimidating lines with his voice growling while his fist clenched and teeth gritted. He was trying to break free from Anda's trap.

"Class A, I'm going to...!" A plant punch landed on his face, shutting him up. The blood flowed through his mouth and nose.

Anda increased the security of her trap, as she added more plants to tighten him down.

Lucas's furious face prevailed as his body increased the scary, intimidating veins. He strongly tried to break out, but the roped plants kept him intact while the punches hit his face.

He wasn't able to shoot at Anda, since he wasn't able to aim.

He then got a flashy idea that made his eyes wide, his cheeks blurry red from the hits.

His hands started to glow with fire magic, burning every last one of Anda's ropes.

Anda's eyes trembled like a leaf on a windy day. Her eyeballs darting in fear. Her body trembled, and the look on Lucas, who was on his feet, with rage burning in his eyes, sent shivers down her spine.

'Ohh gosh! Why is my body trembling like this?' she silently asked, as she looked at her vibrating hands. She tried to clench them in order to reverse the trembling, but it didn't work; instead, it worsened.

Lucas's blazing eyes narrowed as a sneer appeared to appeal; his reddish teeth were out as he faced Anda.

The crowd heated their seats as they found it hard to even move away. The quietness prevailed; only the gentle breeze blew on Anda's clipped hair.

'Anda is in deep trouble; she should have finished him when she got the chance. As for now, she's doomed.' Akirion silently said as he paid close attention to Anda's vibrating body.

A crazy, scary tension befell Anda as she felt a chilly cold from Lucas's words.

"What's wrong, Class A? What happened?" The scary aura was also menacing, scaring Anda's heart to stop.

Suddenly, she fell to her knees as she felt the tension draining her last stored energy.

'What's gotten into me? What's happening to my body? I can't even move a muscle!' Anda silently said, with her eyes down, darting in confusion.

Lucas sighed, suppressing the furious intimidating veins that were all over. "What should I do? Maybe land a finishing blow. Ohh yes, a classic one, just to keep the memories and to avenge my burning cheeks.

He touched his red cheeks and felt a lot of pain. "Ouch, ouch, ouch, this hurts!" he winced in pain while he slowly went towards Anda.

His footsteps thudded on the ground as he moved in slow motion as his dark red-like aura loomed around him, creating tension for the magic-using audience.

With the soft thuds echoing in Anda's ears, her face rose and her eyes stuck on the upcoming Lucas.

Her eyes darted in fear, making her body tremble more than the last time, getting her to almost pee in her outfit.

Her mind raced as she thought that he was there to land the last blow.

When he was around 2 meters away, he notified Anda, "Hey there, class A, ready for the last blow?" The question echoed in her mind, getting her eyes wide open, as the fear filled her up.

Slowly and quietly, Lucas got closer to her and...