

The battlefield was a shattered landscape of stone, scorched earth, and twisted remnants of the old world. The sky above had darkened, thick clouds swirling like a storm of rage, heralding the arrival of something far darker. Lucas stood at the center of the chaos, his eyes glowing with a fierce, calm determination, the weight of his powers now a part of him—an extension of his will. The air crackled with the energy of the fifth force as he floated above the ground, his body suspended by his telekinetic abilities, the wind tugging at his cloak, rippling his hair. He was no longer the boy who struggled to control his fire, the one who feared his own abilities. Now, he was something else entirely—something far more dangerous.

From the depths of the storm, it came—a creature born of nightmare, a flying devil with black, leathery wings that beat the air with a thunderous roar. Its hide was as thick as iron, glistening with an oily sheen, reflecting the jagged lightning bolts that lit up the sky. Its eyes glowed like molten gold, locked on Lucas with an intensity that spoke of its hunger for destruction. Spines, sharp as daggers, jutted out of its back and limbs, each one capable of piercing stone. Its claws were as long as sabers, curving and deadly. The creature screeched, a sound that sent a shiver through the air, and as it did, lightning crackled from its body, arcing through the storm like a divine wrath unleashed.

Lucas didn't flinch. He had seen this before—felt it, too. His clairvoyance was alive, the future unfurling in his mind's eye like a tapestry. He could see the devil's next move, feel its next strike as if he were already in the thick of battle. It was faster than anything he had ever faced, but that was no longer a problem. He had the advantage now—he **knew** what was coming.

The devil lunged at him, its wings snapping with terrible speed, and Lucas moved before it did. His telekinesis whipped into action, pulling him up and back, sending him soaring through the air in a smooth arc, well out of the devil's reach. He floated effortlessly, every muscle and sinew of his body honed, every instinct sharpened. He could see the devil's massive claws slicing through the air where he had been a moment before. But he wasn't there anymore. He was already planning his next strike.

From the corner of his vision, he saw the devil's spines flexing, preparing to launch like missiles. With a thought, Lucas summoned the power of his telekinesis, his mind tightening into focus. He reached out, catching the flying spines midair, and with a twist of his wrist, sent them spiraling back toward the devil itself. The creature howled in rage as several of its own spines buried deep into its armored hide, drawing black blood that bubbled and steamed in the air.

Lucas didn't give it a second to recover. His pyrokinesis flared to life, the heat building from the core of his body until it radiated outward like the sun itself. He held out his hand, palm open, and a pulse of raw, concentrated fire shot from his fingers, arcing toward the devil's winged form. The flames ignited the air between them, the heat searing through the devil's thick hide. But that was only the beginning.

Lucas's eyes flared with bright intensity, and he focused all of his pyrokinesis into the creature's blood, igniting the very veins beneath its skin. He could feel the blood inside the devil's body boiling, the heat racing through its arteries like wildfire. The creature writhed in agony, its screech cutting through the storm like a banshee's wail. Lucas watched as the creature struggled, trying to retreat into the stormclouds above, but it was too late. The boiling blood, the intense heat, was too much. Its movements became sluggish, desperate.

Lucas's clairvoyance told him the creature was about to lash out again, but this time, he didn't need to dodge. He was done running. With a thought, he pulled himself toward the devil with a burst of telekinetic force, closing the distance in the blink of an eye. As he flew toward it, the devil lashed out

with its claws, slashing at the air with terrible precision. But Lucas had already seen the strike coming—he already knew where it would land.

In a move that would have shattered any ordinary man, Lucas twisted his body midair, his telekinetic shield protecting him as he ducked beneath the claws. The blow skimmed across his shield, sending sparks flying, but Lucas didn't hesitate. He extended both arms, and his telekinesis seized the devil's wings, pulling them wide open, exposing its vulnerable body. The creature roared in fury, but it was already too late. Lucas was already inside its defenses.

Now in full control, Lucas's pyrokinesis flared once again. He reached into the devil's chest, focusing his fire into the creature's heart, igniting it from the inside out. The heat was unbearable, the blood within the creature's body sizzling in the air. The devil screeched as its body began to burn, the flames engulfing it from within. Its skin blackened, charred, but still, it fought—desperate, furious.

But Lucas wasn't done. Not yet.

He had learned control, he had learned power, and now he would finish it.

Lucas's mind sharpened, his clarity reaching its peak. He could see it all now—every move, every twist of fate. The devil's future was unfolding before him, and it was clear. With another push of his telekinesis, he ripped the creature's wings from its back, sending them crashing to the ground below. The devil flailed, still trying to summon some last vestige of power, but Lucas was already upon it, his telekinesis and pyrokinesis working in perfect harmony.

With a final, devastating blast of fire, Lucas incinerated the devil's body, reducing it to a smoldering pile of ash, the storm above beginning to dissipate as the creature's life force finally extinguished. Lucas hovered in the air for a moment, the heat still radiating from his body, his breath slow and controlled, as the final remnants of the creature's power faded into the ether.

The battlefield was silent. But Lucas knew, deep down, that this was only the beginning.