

# I became a legion lich

## Chapter 6: Chapter

Athos passed out the moment his core became stable. Despite all the willpower he displayed, the stress was too great for both his body and his mind. Even though he had managed to reduce the damage suffered by the energy discharges, his body still suffered severe internal and external damage, which if left untreated could lead to death.

“Damn, what was that?” Her parents were still stunned from the blow, but thanks to her mother’s superior physique, she quickly recovered. As an ex-adventurer, she was already used to blows like this.

“ATHOS!!!” She immediately rushed to her son’s body fearing the worst. She hugged her son’s soft body and shivered as she felt the pool of blood forming. She quickly laid her head on his chest to check his pulse.

Alive. He was still alive, but not for long. her heart was beating weakly and slowing with each passing second.

“ROBERT!!! The healing potions, quick! He’s still breathing, we can still save him.” Agatha screamed at the top of her lungs, snapping Robert out of his stupor.

“Yes, of course! Hang in there son, I’ll be right back.” Robert ran to the lab and brought all the potions he knew he would need. He returned soon after and took off Athos’ clothes. Both gasped in horror at what they saw.

Athos’ skin was torn with muscles and bones exposed. Blood oozed from open wounds as spikes of broken bones protruded from the sternum. His ribs were fractured and even at a

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glance Robert could see from Athos’s pale expression that he was bleeding internally.

“Quick, make him drink it all! Breathing gets weaker by the second.” Agatha rushed her husband, never stopping to check her son’s vitals.

Robert nodded and lifted his son’s face slightly, before making him drink a superior healing potion. At the same time he spread two intermediate potions on the exposed parts.

"Why didn't you use the best ones on everything?" Agatha asked doubtfully, not understanding his actions.

"I did this because healing the internal organs is the priority and I don't believe Athos has enough energy to heal everything at once." He cheered when he saw that both potions worked. "Yes! Luckily, no organs were destroyed to the point where a special potion was needed."

They could see with the naked eye how the bleeding stopped and pieces of bone fell back into place. Robert then took a mysterious potion and made Athos swallow it.

"It's a nutrient bomb." He answered before she could ask. "The healing process is very demanding on the body and these potions help cover the cost. It's easy to ingest so it's something used on unconscious patients in big cities."

Athos' complexion visibly began to improve. The metabolism accelerated by the potions absorbed everything, recovering some of the lost blood. Even so, by the time the potions wore off, Athos' skin still hadn't healed leaving much of his body raw.

"I can't administer more potions without endangering his life. Even if I gave him more nutrition, the shock and stress on the body could still kill him." Robert said with eyes full of regret.

"And what do we do now?" Agatha asked in anguish.

"We will clean his body carefully and bandage it. The wounds can become infected if left untreated."

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Even with the constant care of the parents, it took a week for Athos to wake up. In the meantime, her father temporarily closed the shop due to "family problems". Neither of them had a mind for anything other than taking care of their son.

Agatha took care of him 24 hours a day, leaving only when she needed to go to the bathroom or eat. She feared that the moment she took her eyes off him something bad would happen again. Robert needed to mix tranquilizers into her food just to get her some rest, but even then she refused to leave Athos, side by side sleeping on his side of the bed.

Robert wasn't doing much better. During the 3 days he used everything he knew to try to cure Athos. He was able to regenerate his skin back to normal and his body has recovered to the point where there are no visible wounds. He even called a church priest to use healing magic, but there was no result. He felt helpless and helpless and it scared him.

As an alchemist and researcher the unknown was exciting. But as a father, seeing his son unconscious and not being able to do anything filled him with dread.

What none of them knew was that Athos' problem was not physical but magical. No diagnosis would point to any problems, simply because there weren't any. After Athos passed out, his body began to absorb energy again, but as the core was newly formed, it was still not able to strengthen itself, forcing the energy to circulate through the body.

Your bones, organs, muscles, blood, skin, even your hairs are slowly, but surely being strengthened. The magical energy nourished his body in the same way that training and cultivation would, but it put his body into a comatose state until his core became able to store energy.

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"Um... did I fall asleep?" Agatha wondered, waking up suddenly beside Athos' bed. "Isn't Robert here? He must have gone out to get something to eat-" She wasn't able to finish speaking.

Athos, which until then had not given any reaction, was moving. It was something subtle and hard to notice, just a small movement of the eyes, but it was definitely there. All sleep, tiredness and hunger disappeared from her mind in an instant.

She watched with a sinking heart as Athos slowly opened his eyes. He looked around with unfocused eyes, apparently in confusion, until he caught her. She saw herself reflected in his eyes, she had dark circles under her eyes from lack of sleep and looked a little thinner from lack of food.

But she was also smiling one of the happiest smiles of her entire life, as hot tears of pure happiness welled up in her eyes.

"Mom...? Why are you in my room? Am I late for your class again?" Athos said in a weak, husky voice. He tried to get up, but Agatha was faster.

"ATHOS!!!!!!!" She jumped on him hugging him with all the strength she could muster. She cried loudly like a baby feeling like a weight had been lifted from her chest. "I was so scared of losing you! Don't ever scare me like that again!"

"GAHAH! Wait, this HURTS! Help I can't breathe, someone help!" Athos begged for help, feeling suffocated.

Suddenly the door is broken down and Robert bursts into the room.

"What is happening!?" Robert had heard his wife crying and ran to the bedroom. Seeing her crying over her son's motionless body made him assume the worst. Then, when he

catches Athos' gaze, he rushes to join the embrace, turning the asphyxiation into a strangulation.

"I... I will die again..." Those were the last whispers of Athos before giving up and letting himself be crushed by the embrace.