

# I became a legion lich

## Chapter 9: Chapter

The next day, Athos met with his mother in their backyard to learn the basics of being an adventurer.

"I am very happy to hear that you made the right decision and decided to become an adventurer, son." Agatha said with a bright smile. She had been humming with happiness ever since Athos asked for her help. She could already see him as a famous adventurer full of gold and perks.

"You know I'm just 'testing' what it's like to be an adventurer, don't you? I still have to decide what to do in the future." Athos said bursting her bubble and bringing her back to reality.

She huffed in annoyance and said, "You're saying that now, but when you experience what it's like, you'll change your mind right away."

"Well, let's get down to business. The adventurer system works-" Agatha tried to explain, but Athos cut her off.

"You can skip that part, you know? Everyone already knows the guild system. You sign up, get quests from the quest board, complete the quest in record time, the girl at the front desk yells 'You're awesome!!' a veteran adventurer arrives picking a fight and you beat him up. The guildmaster shows up just after the trouble is over and takes you to his room and gives you a special quest in exchange for letting you go."

"Where did you hear that?"

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"From some adventurers who came to the store." Athos replied.

"haah, men." Agatha sighed. "I won't deny that it can happen, but it's best not to get your hopes up. Do you even know how adventurers rank?"

"They go from F to SSS."

"That's right. And since you already know everything, we can skip the boring part and get straight to the point." She said picking up wooden swords, one big and one smaller. She threw the smallest to Athos and said:

"Let's practice the basics today. Every wannabe warrior always starts with a sword. We can test how you it is with other weapons later, but that's it for today." She tried to look serious, but something was telling Athos that if he took a step forward, only a world of pain would await him.

"Hey, wait! Dad forbade me to practice alchemy until I recovered, don't you think training in these conditions would be bad?" Athos pointed to his own muscleless arm, to emphasize his point.

"Didn't your dad tell you yet? You're skinny, but fully recovered. He was just playing with you." She said laughing.

'That guy didn't just fool mother, but me too!' Athos ground his teeth in anger at being deceived. He could already imagine his triumphant smile after having tricked them both. 'I will take revenge somehow.'

"Enough of the bullshit! It's time to train!" Agatha steadied her stance and pointed the wooden sword at him. "Besides, you don't have to worry about injuries. I asked your father to make healing potions, so even if you get hurt a lot, we'll still be able to continue training.

"Wait! Why bruises? Won't you just teach me the basics?" Athos asked almost panicking.

"And what better way to learn than in practice? Now let's go!" She advanced without heeding his complaints.

Despite Athos' entreaties, they spent morning until dusk training. They only took breaks for Athos to recover his mana and drink potions, as it was the only way he could keep up with his mother.

When Robert arrived to invite them to dinner, Athos was sprawled on the floor with bruises all over the body, while Agatha sat next to him with a smile.

"What happened here?" Robert asked confused.

"Love, our son is way more amazing than I imagined! He learns fast, and never repeats the same mistake! I was able to train him much more than expected." She was all smiles, as if she'd relieved all the accumulated stress.

"..." Athos on the other hand, did not share her enthusiasm. He was lying on the cold floor, while looking at his father with the eyes of an abandoned puppy, hoping he could save him from what he thought was a torture session.

'Don't you think you might have exaggerated a little?' He asked, pretending not to see his plea for help.

“Bullshit. If I had taken things slowly it would have taken me a week to do what we did today.” She answered.

“Fine, but make sure he can continue tomorrow.” Robert sighed, realizing once again that it was impossible to reason with her when she was lively. He bent down on his son’s body and applied the potions to the bruises.

“No, please don’t heal me! If I recover she’ll want to resume training!” Athos said in despair.

‘My God, I’m going to have to talk to her about prudence. Intense training or not, that’s over the line.’ He thought.

After Athos’ wounds were treated, they went to dinner. Robert, curious, decided to ask what they did during the day to make him stay in that state.

“So why did you attack Athos like that? He could have been seriously hurt you know?”

Athos looked at him as if to say, ‘Wasn’t that serious enough?’

“Actually, it was just an accident. I attacked him at the beginning of training, to show that an adventurer must always be prepared and to my surprise, he managed to defend! I slowly increased the pace and he kept following it.

I didn’t have to teach things like posture, basic movements, or footwork; just do it a few times in front of him and he’s already learned.” She made it look amazing, but in reality what she did was attack a complete amateur, with moves he’s never seen before, until he learns.

“Okay, I understand that. What I didn’t understand is why he was all bruised on the floor.” Robert asked bluntly.

“Well in the middle of training I thought ‘if I apply more force, won’t he learn even faster?’ So I tried it and it worked! The training pace improved a lot, although in some parts, Athos looked at me desperate, what kind of adventurer would he be if he couldn’t take a fracture here and there?” She said it like it was the most obvious thing in the world, making Athos fear for his future.

‘This is even worse than I thought! Now I understand why he was so desperate to the point of preferring to stay hurt. She’d pressured him all day, always keeping him in a state where he could barely keep up. He must have been desperate, but he had no choice but to continue.

I have to admit, she thought of a perfect training for an adventurer if it weren’t for the fact that Athos is still a child.’ Robert thought, steeling his resolve to face his wife.

"Love, I understand that you want to train him the best you can, but don't you think you might have overdone it a little-" Robert tried to defend his son, but Agatha stopped him from continuing.

"Darling? You're not implying that I should stop train him, are you? Not now that Athos has finally made the right decision and decided to train with me, are you?" She asked slowly and gently, but her eyes were blank.

Robert knew what that meant and did the only thing he could to save himself.

"No, I didn't mean that. I just wanted you to let me know next time so I can brew more healing and nutrient potions." He sold his own son to save his skin.

"Great! I knew you'd understand me! You're the only one who understands me." With that her expression returned to normal.

'Phew, that was close. Sorry son, but it's necessary-' Robert breathed a sigh of relief, but it was too soon.

"He lied." Athos said suddenly, interrupting the two.

"Hm? How so, Athos?"

"He lied to you mom! Dad pretended to be fighting with you until yesterday just for fun! He played with you!" Athos screamed, making his father freeze.

Athos had made up his mind. If his father was willing to throw him to the wolves, he would do the same.

"Athos, what an outrageous thing to say! I would never-" He tried to explain, but Agatha was quicker.

"I thought it was weird. You seemed to have forgiven me out of nowhere, so that's why? Was it just a bad joke?" Before he knew it she had come around the table and was holding his shoulder from behind, forcing him to remain seated.

"Honey, I think we need to have a little talk alone, don't you?" She whispered in his ear, before forcibly dragging him out of the kitchen.

"Father, I will never forget your sacrifice. Mainly, why you tried to sacrifice me first." Athos muttered to himself.