

NEW EDEN: LIVE TO PLAY, PLAY TO LIVE

Chapter 16 Next Stage Of Body Cleansing, Part 1

After the fight, many of the warriors went to collect their bountiful harvest—Wolf pelts, teeth, claws, and monster cores. The old mage walked to the charred remains of his kill.

He snapped his fingers and a small wind gust shredded the corpse to pieces and scattered the ashes to the wind. The only thing that remained on the ground was a clear blue orb.

He picked it up and walked back towards the village.

"Come with me." He said, walking near Astaroth.

"Yes, sir." Astaroth responded, walking behind him.

As they passed the surrounding people, the warriors all nodded their heads to Astaroth. He didn't know what caused their change in attitude, but he gladly accepted it as he nodded back.

Aberon walked to his house and walked in, leaving the door open behind him. Astaroth followed wordlessly.

They walked silently to the back and entered the hidden tunnel that descended under the village. Once they reached the cave where the shield artifact was located, the old man turned around.

"It's time for you to enhance your mana lobe to the next level. Sit." He said, starting his habitual pacing.

"You are going to need to be stronger than right now if you want to be useful in battle. What happened today was a streak of luck. What would have happened if you two were further from the village? Or if something had caught

alone you. You would have died faster than you can cry for help." Aberon said.

"I know, sir. That is why we were hunting. For me to get stronger." Astaroth replied, frowning a little.

He was getting lectured about getting stronger when that was what he was trying to do. It slightly peeved him, but he said only that.

He didn't want to alienate the old man, after all.

Sigh

"Yes, I know." Aberon said, dejectedly.

"But there are other ways than fighting! Are you like those stupid muscle brains in the barracks, or are you smarter?!" He added, slight annoyance in his tone.

"I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again, I promise." Astaroth said, lowering his forehead to the ground.

He could feel the care the old man had for him, so he apologized to reassure him. It was not like he wanted to run after danger either.

Everything had happened so fast.

"Enough lecturing. Start gathering mana." The old man eventually said, waving the matter aside.

"Yes, sir!" Astaroth sat back straight and said.

He restarted the exercise he had done last time, breathing in mana and circulating it inside his body. He again stopped once he felt saturated, not sure what was the next step to upgrade his mana lobe.

"I think full, sir. What should I do next?" Astaroth asked, his eyes still closed, looking inwards.

"To enhance your mana lobe, take all the mana in it, and compress it until it is no bigger than a grain of sand. It will hurt. A lot. But that is the only way to do it fast. The only other way takes years, and we don't have that time." Aberon instructed.

Astaroth nodded and started compressing. At first, the pain was barely noticeable.

Like the prick of a needle. But the more he compressed, the more the mana became agitated, and the prickling intensified.

Halfway through, it already felt more like stabbing pain than needle pricks, but he persevered. Time flew as he focused, sweating profusely and grunting in pain every so often.

After hours of compressing, he was close to his goal. The pain right now felt like his brain was getting blended in a magic bullet blender.

Tears could be seen rolling out of the corner of his closed eyes. The last step took him a full hour to complete, with the grunts of pain becoming more frequent.

At some point, blood started dripping out of his nose, and onto his legs. But he kept pressing and pressing until the stabbing pain transformed into searing pain and he felt the mana solidify.

"AARGH!" He yelled out as he collapsed to the ground.

He lay there, unconscious for about ten minutes, before waking up, feeling like shit. He felt like he was hungover from a night of massive drinking.

And then he threw up beside him.

Ding!

Your Mana Lobe has reached level 2

"Ahahaha!" Aberon laughed loudly.

The old man was now sitting with his back to the artifact.

"You woke up faster than I thought you would. Good lad. It proves your firm resolve and high potential." The old man said, waving his hand to the puke and setting it ablaze.

Burning it caused a horrible stench, but it lasted only a few seconds, compared to the lasting smell had it stayed there.

"But your pain is only starting." Aberon grinned.

"Now you need to purify your body again. Get to it." He added, sounding almost excited to see Astaroth suffer.

Luckily for Astaroth, the process to Cleanse his body didn't change from the first time, so he just repeated the steps. It took him another half day to cleanse his body a second time.

Of course, the process was painful and ended in a fit of spewing black gunk. It really was unpleasant.

Ding!

*You have cleansed your body a second time. 'Body Cleansing Lvl 2'
Acquired*

Astaroth looked at his stats and distribute his free attribute points.

Status:

Name: Astaroth

Race: Ash Elf

Level: 7 (168/280)

Stats:

HP: 180/180 MP: 380/380 Stamina: 100

Mana Regen: 1/second in combat, 5/second out of combat

Strength: 8 Agility: 9 Constitution: 8

Intelligence: 8 Wisdom: 8

Attack Power Str: 40 Attack Power Agi: 45 Magic Attack Power: 40 Healing Power: 40

Natural Defense: 0.8%

Luck: 0 (Stat unaffected by Level up and free points)

Available stat points: 2

Available skill points: 7

Physical Condition: Normal

Mental Condition: Normal

Equipped gear:

Beginner clothes, Basic Training Short Sword, Basic Training Longsword, Basic Training War Axe, Basic Training Polearm, Basic Training Daggers (2), Basic Training Wooden Shield, Basic Training Bow and Quiver (43)

'I really need to invest in some offense.' He thought.