

Evil 173

Chapter 173 - 173: Agonizing night.

Rasmus was bedridden for three days after he learned how to use Aura differently. He didn't want to experience that ever again because it was the most painful feeling he had ever felt. He needed to recover and had to stay in the room for another two days. Aris didn't want to stay in the tower and decided to spend her time in the capital city with the money in the ring.

Once he recovered, he went to meet the Grandmasters, and they heard about what had happened to him. They didn't expect him to learn that technique because that was one of the hardest advanced techniques of using Aura. Uriel was one of the few who could use that kind of technique, which made her the Queen of Swords.

"Before we begin, we will check your body thoroughly," Yasser said as he walked down the stairs.

"Primal Force is a technique that every people can learn, and the reason why it's impossible for others to learn it is because every person has a unique body that it needs a unique approach to learn the technique," he explained as he signaled Rasmus to open his shirt.

"We need to know how much pain tolerance each individual has and how much resistance to poison they have," Yasser muttered as he looked at Rasmus's back from top to bottom.

The other Grandmasters stood around Rasmus, and they all put their hands all over his body. The moment their thumbs pressed against the spots on his body, his whole body tensed up as if it was being electrocuted. He couldn't even scream or make any noise as he felt dizzy and almost lost consciousness.

After they released their thumbs from his body, he felt relieved and, at the same time, lost all his strength. He fell to his knees and began to vomit. He looked at the black substance that he threw up, which looked like tar even though he didn't smoke.

"Hmm, that's quite a lot of them..." the old lady said as she stared at the vomit.

"It appears he has gone through countless death doors but managed to survive," the old man nodded.

"Knowing his background, it's not surprising," Yasser added as he stared down at Rasmus.

Rasmus cleared his throat, which felt dry and hot after he had vomited. He didn't know what they were talking about, but one thing he grasped was that he had indeed gone through a lot of moments where he could have died. It was because of his training with Videl back then where he got beaten to the point he could die if Videl didn't use his power to heal him.

"What you're seeing is called the Old Blood. It's a term where the blood that's supposed to be renewed but it didn't. It's the result of your body undergoing extreme stress that it stays in your body and affects your health and growth," Yasser explained it to Rasmus.

"Yeah? So what now?" Rasmus asked as he stared at his reflection in the black blood.

"Come back tomorrow, and we will redo this process until you no longer vomit," the old lady answered. "For now, you need to rest and let your body recover."

Rasmus hummed as he nodded and watched the Grandmasters go back to their seats.

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After a full week of getting treated by the Grandmasters, he finally stopped vomiting Old Blood. He could feel the significant changes in his body where he could no longer feel exhausted so easily.

Rasmus sat on the edge of the bed when Yasser came into his room with a bowl. He looked at the bowl with dark purple liquid inside that looked so thick and had a strong stench.

"Drink it all," Yasser said as he offered the bowl.

"What's this? A poison?" Rasmus asked as he took the bowl and stared at it from up close.

"Poison, potion, medicine, what's the difference? They're all using the same ingredients, just a different dosage," Yasser answered as he looked at the bowl. "Drink it all, and don't vomit. If you even spill a drop of it, your life will be in danger."

Rasmus took a deep breath and drank it all until the last drop. As soon as the liquid entered his throat, his body rejected it and forced him to gag. He shut his mouth with everything he got as his life was depending on it. His face trembled as he tried to swallow it back into his throat.

Yasser made sure that not a single drop was dripping out of Rasmus's mouth. He could see the struggle on Rasmus's face and the tears that glimmered in his eyes because his body was rejecting the medicine.

Rasmus swallowed the medicine little by little until he swallowed it all. He let out a shaking sigh of relief as he grabbed his neck and made sure he didn't vomit. He kept swallowing and made sure the medicine in his mouth had fully entered his body.

"Good, now you need to prepare..." Yasser said as he walked toward the door. "Tonight, you'll feel the world around you crumble..." He warned as he looked at Rasmus over his shoulder.

Rasmus didn't know what Yasser meant by that, but it sounded so dangerous. He leaned against the wall and rested his head on it after the intense fight with the medicine.

When the night came, he began to sweat excessively with a runny nose. His eyes felt hot when he blinked, like he had a very high fever. His head began to spin slowly, and he felt nausea, but he couldn't vomit because Yasser said that he wasn't allowed to vomit.

Every minute that passed, he felt worse and worse, to the point he couldn't lay, sit, or stand still. His body was burning, sore, itchy, and in pain. If he stopped moving, the burn within his body worsened, but if he moved, the pain and the soreness worsened. The headache and the nausea also got worse.

He removed all his clothes and became completely naked, but that was the worst decision he had ever made. He felt cold all over his body like having frostbite all over his body, but felt hot from within. He groaned in pain and didn't know what to do because everything he did only worsened his condition.

Each beat of his heart made his head throb so hard that it felt like it was crushing his skull. His ears began to ring so loudly that he couldn't hear anything but his own breath. The moment he focused on his breathing, he felt a sharp cold through his nose, and it worsened the headache.

His vision became blurry and zoomed in, and the worst part was that he felt his head spinning to the point that he saw things upside-down. If he closed his eyes, his other senses were enhanced and made him even more in pain.

After a long and agonizing night, he survived the hellish night. He finally understood when Yasser meant that the world around him would crumble. He was sitting in the corner, blankly staring at the wall, not remembering anything that he had been through earlier.

Yasser came in and saw Rasmus's condition. He didn't expect Rasmus to be able to endure it because only a small percentage of people could pass that part. He approached Rasmus and checked his vitals and body thoroughly.

"Your body has been cleansed..." Yasser said as he looked at Rasmus.

"And?" Rasmus's voice was weak and quiet, glancing at Yasser with his eyes barely open.

"And that means you're ready to learn Primal Force. However, there's just one last thing to do..." Yasser answered as he got up. "For now, you need to fast for three days. You're not allowed to eat or drink anything. I believe it's not that hard knowing that you survived from that nightmare."

Rasmus didn't have the energy to react that there was one last step that he needed to accomplish. He watched Yasser leave the room and took a deep breath as he crawled back to the bed. After that hellish night and after feeling better, he didn't think fasting would be that bad since he could use the three days to sleep.

"Three days... three more days..." Rasmus muttered as he hit the bed and closed his eyes. He fell asleep the moment he closed his eyes.