

Level Up Legacy - Chapter 18: Cheating

In the villa where Master Ronin lived, the old man woke up from his sleep having a vision. He saw a golden crown in his dream being worn by a celestial giant. It was his ability, Prophecy, activating on its own. As he woke up with a pale face, his granddaughter Melania, rushed toward him as she heard his screams earlier.

"Gramps, what's wrong? Is it another vision?" She asked with worry as she gave him some water. Master Ronin nodded and drank the water to ease the lump he felt in his throat.

"Call Sier." He said after calming down. After three rings Sier answered the phone and Master Ronin was finally able to say something.

"It has begun."

"... Was the earlier prophecy true? Is he related to the Guardians?"

"Yes."

After a brief silence, the two ended the call. Melania helped her grandfather to walk to the garden as he sat down on the runic stone. As he gazed into the water, a fragile voice left his lips.

"Arthur Silvera... Just who are you?" Master Ronin's thoughts were chaotic.

Waking up, Arthur found himself in an ancient room. As he checked his body, he wasn't hurt. He looked around and nothing greeted him but walls of yellow bricks. He stood up and started inspecting the room.

"Where is this? The voice said this was a trial?"

As he neared a wall, the wall split up and revealed a door. Arthur peered through the door and all he could see was a hallway leading to another room.

"Hello? Is anyone there?"

There was no answer. Arthur decided he couldn't keep staying here so he started going into the hallway. As soon as he took the first step, he felt a

pressure crushing him, making him want to retreat. As soon as he entertained the thought of going back, he felt his body fly as he collided to the wall behind him. The air left his lungs as he slumped to the ground.

[To take the first trial of The Holy Crown, your willpower needs to be tested.]

"Willpower? Test? You should've said so earlier!" Arthur breathed as he rested for a short moment before standing up. He stood up and asked another question.

"What is The Holy Crown?" Arthur asked but there was no answer. It seems his curiosity got the best of him as he landed himself in a sticky situation. He shouldn't have touched that door nor should he have followed that group.

As Arthur sat down thinking about things, he went through his Legacy to find a solution but there was none. After a while of thinking, he decided to try the test again as he took another step through the hallway.

As he felt the pressure, Arthur now knew this was merely a test. He didn't plan on going backward. He advanced another step and the pressure doubled. He was still able to go forward. The hallway had merely eight more steps to go.

After another step, the pressure on his body doubled again. It was now four times the original pressure. Arthur felt his body sinking as he felt his muscles ache. After another step, his legs started to tremble. He groaned and took another step forward, the pressure doubling again as he felt like he might die at this rate. He wondered if he should go back.

As soon as he had this thought, he was flung flying in the air again as he collided into the wall behind even harder than before. Blood leaked from his mouth as he fell toward the ground. His body ached everywhere as even his internal organs were damaged.

"What have I gotten myself into?" Arthur said as he looked at the hallway, now looking like miles long for him.

It has been three hours since Arthur started resting. Magically, his body was mostly healed. Arthur attributed this to the effects of mana and that his wounds weren't that grave. As he sat down in the room, he started calculating his odds of success. If each step doubled the pressure, then the pressure

would be 512 at the tenth step. 512 times the pressure on the first step. He didn't think he would be able to make it.

Although it was a rough estimate, as the pressure he felt wasn't measured by a device but only estimated by Arthur himself, he guessed it was about that range. As he sat there in silence, Arthur tried to think of a way out. With his lips becoming a straight line, he stared at the hallway as he began to mull over it.

"...What does pressure have to do with willpower?" Arthur mused to himself. He found it weird that physical pressure equated to willpower but he could find a better way of testing it. As his thoughts reached here, his eyes gleamed. How was the pressure applied to his body?

He inched closer to the hallway and looked around the walls and the ceiling of it without stepping in. As he looked around, his golden eyes seemed to peer into the essence of things as he found multiple runes inscribed on the walls. If his conjunction was correct, these runes were the things that applied pressure on him.

Arthur lied on the ground as he kept staring at the rune of the first step. His eyes were unwavering as he kept studying the rune and its edges, curves, and the mana it radiated. He knew he didn't have the willpower to advance through this stage without outside help, but he had the Ability to cheat his way through. To his ecstasy, a message appeared from his Legacy.

[Force-I: Applies force in a one-meter radius at a specified target. The force is proportional to the mana used. (1%)]

"Yes!!!" Arthur shouted with joy. If he can learn this rune, he can half the force he felt coming from the ceiling if he directed it upward. As he calmed himself down and started to learn the rune, the percentage started increasing.

Hazel's eyes squinted as she tried peering through the snowstorm. Her robe fluttered and danced as she advanced to the unknown. She needed to find a shelter from the cold or to leave this area of frost to survive. As she looked at the shining tower in the distance, she felt her trembling heart steel itself with determination.

"The Holy Crown..." The thing desired by every person of the seven families. She needed to obtain it to wield the power it held. To rule over the seven families. For that, however, she needed to survive this first. As she was a part of a branch family, with little bloodline in their veins, she needed to start at the periphery of the dungeon.

Her mana was seeping away from her body as she used it to endure the cold. Luckily, she could see greenery in the distance. It was the end of the frost area and the beginning of a forest. She steeled her heart as she moved forward.

With each step, her mana decreased. With each step, her body ached. With determination to rise above those who humiliated her and her mother, to earn the power to live as she sees fit. As her thoughts wandered, she was distracted and found herself closer to the end of the frost area.

"Finally," With hope in her eyes, Hazel ran toward the greenery. However, as she drew near, her heart trembled. As she came to a stop, she finally saw what lied in front of her. There was a forest, but she was on the top of a snowy cliff. If she wanted to reach the forest, she needed to go down.

Her legs had no more energy as she fell to her knees with tears in her eyes. Her mana was emptied and her body couldn't move anymore. With frustration building in her throat, she screamed on top of her lungs.

"Why!!!"

Her shout reverberated through the cliff. As if the heavens answered her question with disdain, the cliff began to crack and the snow began to shift toward the forest. As she felt the change, she tried to run away but her body betrayed her.

'I'm sorry, mother.' Her thoughts drifted to the fragile figure in her memories. She accepted her death with tears in her eyes.