

## **the monarch Chapter 136 - Contracts**

### **Chapter 136: Contracts**

author's note: we won't have chapters on the 24th and 25th, for obvious reasons, but if we hit 50 stones I'll post (capitalist author)

This was truly a once-in-a-lifetime chance and should not be wasted. She could never audition for this academy again and it weighed heavily on her mind.

"My name is Agatha Kler", the girl made to bow as noble etiquette recommended in a presentation.

"I understand. Let's go." His presentation was met by a cold and unfeeling voice. Without even waiting for her response, the guy turned around and continued walking.

The masked man continued with his strategy of looking for other people, but this time he didn't run due to his new ally's injuries. Even so, they still found plenty of people on their way.

Most were destroyed with just one move and a few others lasted a few rounds, but in the end, no one could prevail over the guy. This began to create a wave of questions about who he was.

Two hours later, the pair encountered their first big challenge. In front of him was a group of almost 40 people. It seemed that the strategy used by certain people a few years ago had become common practice in testing.

"Surrender and we will accept you into our group," their leader was a noble, and his tone brimmed with confidence.

"Wait here." The masked man didn't even stop in his movement as he ran into the mass of people. This time, his speed was at the same level as when he faced the archer.

"He won't hold back", the girl was attentive to try to discover the teenager's true level.

"Hey! Stop!" The nobleman became visibly nervous. "Attack with full force!" With his order, dozens of spells began to be cast one after another, but none of them even came close to the masked man.

His katana came down like a torpedo on the first mage he encountered. His opponent couldn't even dodge. The difference in speed was simply too great.

Before anyone could reason what happened, the next mage was knocked down almost instantly after the other. When everyone realized what was happening, a chaos of spells broke out against the masked man.

The man seemed to be dancing as he dodged each spell and counterattacked. Each spell seemed to pass within an inch of his body, but none of them managed to even burn his clothes.

For every second of fighting, the number of people rapidly decreased. Either by the masked man's katana or by friendly fire from the wizards. Some knights even tried to get closer and fight face-to-face, but they were just plain ugly.

Another thing that became clear was the difference in experience between the group and the masked person. Even though he had superior speed to everyone there, the man did not use brute strength at any time.

"Back off!" The same wizard from before gave the command which was received with hesitation by the group. Most there couldn't understand how they were being scared away by just one person.

"The first one to run, I'll follow," along with the nobleman's order, the teenager covered in black clothes gave an ultimatum. His sentence was met with mockery by one of the knights who immediately began to run.

Or so he tried. The masked man showed much greater speed than he was using before and eliminated his opponent with a well-aimed blow to the back of the head. At this moment, a dead silence appeared in the group.

"He was playing with us", was the phrase that appeared in everyone's head when they saw the teenager crossing a reasonable distance almost instantly. Most there could not even follow his movement.

"Whoever is noble or the son of an influential family, raise your hand." His sentence caught everyone off guard and only half a dozen raised their hands. The masked man did not doubt that people were hiding their origins there, as the fear he imposed was clear in the eyes of the people in the group.

"I will take you to the end of the test and you owe me a favor." Along with his sentence, six contracts were thrown to the group. The girl who was already accompanying him was stunned. What kind of person brought so many contracts to such an important test? Was that your goal from the beginning?

"What if we refuse?" A mage raised this question that crossed everyone's minds and quickly any hope was taken away from them.

"I eliminate you" a dry and harsh sentence ended any chance of negotiation. After that, the six quickly signed the contract, what pressured them was the fear of their families, this was in their heads, preventing them from giving up or denying the agreement.

"What about the rest of my group?" the same nobleman from before asked. There were still fifteen people left who didn't sign the contract and were just commoners.

"Get lost before I remove you from the competition", the masked man didn't even wait for the group's reaction before turning around and starting to walk. The six new members of the group joined Agatha. Most people there recognized her and tried to start a conversation, but they were received coldly by the girl.

A few more hours passed and they reached the halfway point of the competition. The masked man continued to recruit people through his contracts. Their group grew to 20 people and was only made up of nobles and people from wealthy families.

"One more group, Locke", a voice came from behind a tree and revealed two people: a large knight and a smaller boy with blond hair and delicate features. Practically everyone there recognized the prince and his faithful squire.

"Just eliminate them all, Luan," the prince ordered. The group automatically became tense, but when they remembered the masked man's abilities they calmed down. The blue-haired knight ran with a speed that didn't match his size.

The masked man hit head-on with his attack and... was pushed back slightly. This surprised Luan and Locke. The two knew that the knight was at the peak of the ninth realm and specialized in strength.

Luan didn't have time to think about it, as another katana strike came toward her. Even though he was defending the attack, the knight felt his hands shaking. Another blow came towards him, leaving no room for him to breathe.

Each defense was made at the last moment, but the knight was still able to make some attacks. His fighting style typically saw his opponents retreat from his attacks.

There were few times in his life that he faced someone with the ability to go head to head with his strength. Even so, the boy proved to be a genius, managing to adapt to the masked man's strength.

Each blow exchanged between them caused a loud sound of metal clashing. Even though no blood had yet been spilled, it was clear that the fight was unbalanced. The knight seemed to be giving it his all and yet he was barely able to hold on.

After a few more minutes, Luan realized this and walked away.

"Why are you doing this?" His tone showed irritation, as he understood that his opponent was not taking him seriously.

## **the monarch Chapter 137 - Memories**

### **Chapter 137: Memories**

"Try new fighting styles," the masked man replied dryly. "Locke, you must be stronger than him and I don't want to have to give my all in this fight. Let's just go our separate ways."

The heavily clothed teenager did not doubt that a prince was far beyond normal people. Perhaps he had even doubled his mana six or seven times, and that would be an absurd level of strength. The masked man would probably have to go all out, making it impossible for him to carry out the rest of his plans.

"I agree, let's go, Luan", the prince demonstrated very rational behavior for his position. Normally, nobles wouldn't accept this kind of thing, but in this case, he realized his opponent's hidden strength and chose the quieter path.

As soon as the two were out of sight, the masked man gave the order for them to continue. Their forced recruitment process continued to be used, and this time the group's number reached almost 50 people. There were only three hours left until the end of the test.

At that moment, the masked man decided to just go downtown and wait. His order was for no one to attack any other participants and to just conserve strength. His goal was to pass the test, not win it.

Slowly, the minutes began to pass and the number of people gradually decreased. No one considered attacking his group, mainly because of their size. Even those who had the courage were quickly slaughtered.

Now, they were also accepting anyone into their group, but with no more contracts involved. The masked man made this decision mainly in case there was a group with a very large number of people in the test.

In the last hour, the number of participants dropped drastically, and finally, the moment came when all the survivors advanced to the next stage.

"My part of the contract is done," the masked man said to the fifty people gathered around him. Along with his sentence, he took out the participant medallion and broke it in two.

His attitude took everyone there by surprise, but before they could complain, the masked man was already beside the medical team. After a few minutes of check-up, he was released.

His first action was to go straight to his rented tent. He pissed off a lot of people today and couldn't leave the event area without fear of reprisals. Fortunately, inside, not even a duke could attack a participant.

The tent was a few minutes walk away, more specifically a few kilometers. It didn't take long and he was able to see the entire structure in red. It was a simple tent measuring just a few square meters.

As soon as he entered, he was greeted by a middle-aged person with messy hair.

"You did a good job there, Kayden," David smiled at the boy and congratulated him on passing.

"Thank you, David," Kayden removed the huge amount of clothes and thanked his friend. His disguise was so he wouldn't be chased by the Ashford family prematurely. The boy knew that after what he would do in a few days, he would be persecuted. It was just a matter of time.

"Are you sure about the plan, Kayden?" The scientist was visibly nervous.

"Absolute."

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'Here we go again', Kayden stood in front of the huge 100-step staircase. It was the same ladder, but a different Kayden. This time, the boy was curious to know how far he would get.

The test was the same as last time and the memories would probably be similar or identical. He had already been informed of this by David.

"The test has begun," a voice boomed. Kayden looked up and sighed. He was sure the memory he would see would be Ryan's death. After calming his mind, the boy stepped onto the first step and was greeted with an emotion of endless sadness.

It didn't even slow down his walking. Each step was stepped on and overcome instantly, not even managing to make him stop for a second. His speed was far beyond normal participants.

Only a few people were able to follow his progress. While they quickly conquered all the emotions, the other participants were still mixed on different levels.

Once he reached the floor of memories, Kayden didn't even slow down. For a second, his vision went completely black and what appeared before him was a memory from his other life.

The boy found himself lying in the hospital bed and... got up from the bed normally.

'I am the master of my mind', the level of control and willpower he gained from fighting the will of the world was simply ridiculous. His tenacity against illusions was practically absolute.

'Disappear', Kayden simply erased the illusion from his mind. This resulted in him waking up on the step again and, wasting no time, heading up to the next floor. This time, without a doubt, it would be Ryan's memory.

As soon as he stepped on the step, the boy found himself on the day all this shit started. The boy clearly remembered Ryan helping him get up and go eat the meal his friend had ordered from room service.

This time, Kayden didn't simply try to break the illusion. He forced himself to see every second of it. He saw the nobleman coming in and hitting his friend. He saw the nobleman giving one of the marbles to Ryan.

Every second of this shit was relieved by Kayden.

'Goodbye, Ryan', the boy ended the illusion as soon as he saw his friend being turned into ashes. After that, there was nothing else he wanted to see.

Quickly, the boy climbed the next steps without wasting time, only stopping on floor sixty. This was the illusion of prison. Last time, he stayed here for 17 days and almost went crazy.

The same cell with absolutely nothing around it was shown to Kayden. The boy looked at the food placed on a tray and simply ignored it. He knew he was inside an illusion and he didn't need it.

He would take advantage of this free time to improve his path. The boy sat on the floor in the lotus position and tuned out the world. Only your thoughts were important.

Time began to pass without Kayden noticing. Hours turned into days and days into weeks. During this entire time, Kayden didn't even open his eyes.

"Hey kid," Kayden felt a hand on his shoulder. His first action was to quickly move away, but he found himself stuck in the air. Around him, there was a medical team measuring his vital signs.

"What happened?" Kayden asked directly to the person who woke him up.

"You spent more than a year inside. We thought you had lost your sanity." One year? Kayden felt like a lot of time had passed, but he didn't think it would be long.

## **the monarch Chapter 138 - Temptations**

### **Chapter 138: Temptations**

Author's note: I know we didn't reach the goal, but I will post the bonus chapters on the 24th and 25th so you don't end up with nothing, my family for some reason celebrates Christmas on the 24th so Merry early Christmas to everyone

He didn't even feel any problem spending so much time just reflecting on his path. His coma had bizarrely changed his mindset.

"How long has it been? Have I been disqualified?" Again his questions were direct and dry. For a second the officer didn't know what to say. He didn't expect the boy to have his sanity intact.

"You have not been disqualified. It has been 3 hours. You are one of the last participants at the moment."

"I understand. Please put me back." Doctors were unable to deny the boy's request as they found nothing wrong with him.

The boy walked a few more steps before falling into the illusion of the great war. Once again he found himself in Thomas' body, with his two-meter height and strength beyond ridiculous.

His first action was to start attacking everyone. His focus this time was to train the use of his path along with his technique. Even though he couldn't control mana, he could still control his own body.

This was the final step his technique needed to be complete. Slowly he began to make a river of blood on the battlefield. No one was able to rival his strength and only a few people were able to exchange a few blows with him when the boy used his full strength.

Not even Thomas' brother could stop him this time. The difference in experience between the two was no longer that great at this point, mainly because of the insane amount of life-and-death struggles the boy had faced.

His fight was the push Kayden needed to complete his technique. Now the black tone accompanying his blade was present the entire time. His every blow was made using only the minimum amount of force necessary.



This was only possible because he discovered his path, which allowed him to have absolute control over his body. The time he spent trying to lift millimeter by millimeter of his body against the will of the world taught him many things, and this was one of them.

"I'll call it reminiscence." Kayden thought the name matched the essence of his technique, as the word reminiscence meant something left over. He used the strength of his previous movements to deliver the next blow.

No energy used was simply dissipated. From the first to the last blow of a confrontation, the same energy was used. Whenever a sword strike is made on a shield, the momentum of the attack is lost. But in Kayden's case, the impulse was repurposed.

The only questions that remained in Kayden's head were where this coloring came from. It wasn't something he produced naturally. His only response was the small increase in his mana flow. It was something minimal, but with his absolute control, he could feel the mana in his own body emptying.

This shouldn't happen as he was in a world where mana didn't exist.

Author's Note: I hope this is clear. Otherwise, tag me in the paragraph and I'll try to rewrite it.

After a long time inside this illusion, Kayden thought he was ready to come out. There was nothing more he could learn in here. His technique and his path came to a halt.

As soon as he left, Kayden noticed that he had an increase in his killing intent. This time, it wasn't as big as before, but it still improved his overall performance. This would be helpful for your plans.

Without wasting time, the boy moved on to the next challenge. Again, he found himself in an illusion where he had to fight familiar people and, in another, defend a castle close to failure. This time, he managed to hold out longer, but the castle was still invaded.

His next steps took him to the floor he had previously failed. The boy didn't even hesitate as he stepped onto step number 80. Once again, he found himself in a beautiful family with loving parents and a younger sister.

"I could be happy here," Kayden thought to himself. "At least if I were someone normal." That was his last sentence, along with an apology, before killing his entire family.

This probably wasn't the best way out of this illusion, but Kayden needed to bury these memories in the back of his mind. Even though it had been a few years, he still felt a certain attachment to this illusion.



"Sorry," Kayden put that illusion aside as he stepped onto the next step. The boy found himself at the top of a building. By his side was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen in his life.

Apart from it, there were others of similar beauty spread around a pool. The boy managed to identify that he was on the top floor of a luxury building and his interaction for the next few minutes showed that he was in the body of one of the richest people he had ever seen.

His pockets were full of money, and as he walked onto the rooftop, he saw one of the most luxurious places he had ever been to. Even the floor was gold-leafed. These illusions could not be broken by Kayden's willpower alone.

Because most of them had a clear objective and, if he didn't discover this, there was a great chance that he would fail even if the strength of the illusion came out.

In the next few days, Kayden lived the life of a really rich person. But not just rich, but rich to the extreme. The boy drove cars that could buy a city. He went to stores and... he simply bought the entire store on his debit card.

Everything was possible to do. Money bought opinions and friends.

"This is addictive," Kayden had to admit this was one of the best experiences in his life. But he didn't feel like continuing this illusion at all. In the end, this was an empty life doomed to nothing.

"Break yourself," with an order to himself, the boy was snapped out of the illusion and promptly stepped onto the next step. This time, the illusion was similar, but in reality, he was a king of the world.

Everything could be done at your will and desire. Nothing was denied to him. Even absurd requests were fulfilled to the letter by his subjects. This was the true meaning of power.

And yet it didn't bring Kayden any genuine happiness. They were empty achievements and, over time, his reign would be nothing more than history in old, dusty books.

## **the monarch Chapter 139 - Another side of the story.**

### **Chapter 139: Another side of the story.**

Once again the illusion was broken by the boy. This time, he walked a few more steps without any illusion and the boy found himself in front of floor number 89. The illusion this time was on a completely different level.

Kayden was a god. He was a god in the truest sense of the word. All he had to do was think and something would be done. Planets or galaxies were generated with a simple wish from Kayden. The boy saw his parents from his past life. Even resurrecting Ryan was possible. Everything could be done everything within his reach could be accomplished. Time had no meaning. Kayden was an immortal being. Days or millennia were the same length for him.

And in the end, he broke this illusion like all the others. This time, he almost got lost. What brought him back was his path. He felt that even though he was a god, he was incomplete. Almost as if I had gotten there the wrong way, as if a part of the process had been skipped and that part meant more than anything.

As soon as Kayden came out of the illusion, he found himself stuck in reflection.

'One day, one day, I'll get there.'

Kayden didn't know how long this would take. Maybe he wouldn't even be able to stay alive after tomorrow. But a new goal appeared in his mind.

What came after this degree of power? Was this level possible to achieve? Kayden didn't know it, but a desire arose from the bottom of his heart to reach that level.

The boy stepped on step number 90, breaking all previous records for this test. As soon as he regained consciousness within the illusion, he found himself facing a dragon. But not a simple dragon. This one was entirely black, its scales looked like they were handmade, and they were simply perfectly symmetrical to each other.

"Hello, child. Don't be scared by what you'll see here. The truth can be hidden, but not buried."

The phrase resonated directly in Kayden's head, taking the boy by surprise. And before he could say anything, he found himself floating in space.

Everywhere I looked, there were stars. Below him was a huge blue mass that he quickly recognized as planet Earth. But that wasn't what caught his attention. Floating in space were the dragon and... Adam?

Kayden wasn't sure about the last person. But he was 90% sure it was Adam. His memory reminded him perfectly of an old man with a clean beard and striking golden eyes.

"I believe the apprentice has finally surpassed the master, don't you?"

Adam had a voice with perfect intonation. His sentencing revealed some more information for Kayden.

"You are not my apprentice. A traitor has no master."

The dragon's voice echoed throughout the room. Kayden didn't know where the sound was coming from. It seemed that reality itself expressed its words.

"You were a threat to the human race. I had to arrest him."

Adam made his sentences the source of truth.

"You are not the owners of the planet. The barrier that protects our planet from alien invasion was raised by me. Remember your place."

The dragon maintained his neutral tone at all times, even when his sentence seemed like something only an angry person would say.

"No dumb animal is going to be able to save us when it falls."

Finally, Adam loses his composure, revealing a dark side to his personality.

"Get out before I kill you. You are banned from any territory dominated by beasts."

The dragon gave Adam an ultimatum. And when the man tried to open his mouth to say something, he found himself on his knees, floating in the air.

Even Kayden felt the pressure the dragon emanated. It wasn't even close to the will of the world, but it was still beyond ridiculous for any living being. Adam looked like an ant before a god.

"Humanity will betray you one time or another, child."

That was the last sentence Kayden heard before losing consciousness.

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The boy woke up in front of the medical team again. This time, he knew he had failed the test, not because of any mistake of his own, but because what he saw probably had nothing to do with the step illusion.

The boy asked to be placed on the floor. He needed to go to his tent and reflect on everything he saw. There was a lot of information that had to be fresh in his memory for him to make the best of it.

The journey to the tent was completed in less than half the time. Kayden ran like a rocket and didn't even notice the looks he was getting. The boy still didn't understand the extent of the fame he achieved that day.

As soon as he arrived, he didn't even greet David and sat down to reflect. The minutes began to pass and he made some frightening observations. First, that Adam was alive.

He was already powerful centuries ago and now he should be humanity's greatest power. His second realization was that there was something stronger than him on many levels. The dragon appeared to have been trapped for decades and yet subdued the man as if he were a child.

His third and most important conclusion was that the Garden of Eden was unreliable. The organization was not as beautiful as it was described in the story, especially with Adam being their leader.

Kayden didn't want to take sides directly, but the impression Adam gave when he observed the man was of someone who wasn't really what he let on. His speeches and attitudes seemed false.

The boy sighed. This wasn't something that would make a difference to him at the moment. He was still too weak for any of the real chess pieces on this planet to care about him.

Putting that aside, Kayden began to think about the next day. Tomorrow, his life would change forever or he would die a fool.

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Kayden sat in one of the VIP chairs reserved for participants eligible for the last test, in this position he had a privileged view of the entire arena below, the structure of the gym was truly gigantic.

The arena alone reached almost 1 kilometer in diameter with its circular shape and around it, there were gigantic stands capable of easily accommodating thousands of people.

Most wore a type of glasses sold for a few silver coins, these glasses zoomed in on their vision without losing image quality, this meant that even a person sitting at the furthest point from the event could watch as if they were right next to the event.

## **the monarch Chapter 140 - The birth of a legend or the death of a nobody**

### **Chapter 140: The birth of a legend or the death of a nobody**

author's note: this was the moment I imagined before writing the first chapter of the novel and in the end it seems that it was lacking in comparison to what I had idealized

At that moment, Kayden was watching one of his old friends walk into the arena. Linus had a completely different posture than years ago. The boy developed physically and mentally.

This was obvious when you saw how calmly he took to the stage. Once his rank was revealed, Kayden had to admit that the boy tried hard. Peak rank nine, even though he was a noble, was still a good achievement.

"I would like to face a castle fully armed with soldiers," his sentence surprised everyone. Nobody expected something so peculiar. Even so, his request was granted and a 300-meter-wide castle was erected out of nowhere in the center of the arena.

Several soldiers of different levels were placed in it. Linus didn't even ask about it. The boy seemed unconcerned.

"Do you need time to prepare?" the judge asked the boy. And upon seeing his head shake, he began the test.

Linus began moving his hands and strangely manipulating the ambient mana. Sometimes he would throw some powders and similar things into the air. Kayden had no idea what it was, but he would be surprised to learn that it was just carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen in different compositions.

The boy's spell took about 10 minutes to complete. As the castle's function was to defend itself, the soldiers could only watch and do nothing. When Linus stopped manipulating the mana, a small orange ball appeared in his hands.

It looked like something harmless, made of gelatin. The boy used a wind spell to levitate the ball to a height of a few hundred meters. The spell had a curved trajectory, causing the ball to rise in height and move forward at the same time.

Second, she was above the castle. No soldier inside had any idea what that was and, therefore, they were unable to think of any defensive plan. Finally, one of them couldn't take it anymore and used a wind spell to try to push the ball back.

BOOOOOOM!

An absurdly large cloud of dust was kicked up before anyone could react. But that was a consequence of the explosion caused by the spell. The ball simply evaporated everything around it.

The castle was torn to pieces. This degree of destruction shouldn't be possible in the apprentice realm, it was simply disproportionate. After the dust was removed from the arena by the judge, what was left of the castle was revealed.

There wasn't a wall standing. Every part of the castle fell to the ground in seconds. All soldiers were evacuated before they were caught in the explosion. This degree of destruction was surreal.

At the end of his performance, Linus came down from the stage. This time, the one who went up was Isaac. Kayden had never seen the boy fight before and the boy's performance was impressive. He called for a fight against some opponents at the peak of the ninth realm.

His fighting style disregarded the physical limitations of the environment. It seemed like any place could be used as support by the boy. For example, using air to move, as if it were hard and resistant enough to support your movements.

Other than that, he wasn't anything too extraordinary. The boy was just strong and talented. The next people who came up were unknown to Kayden, but he still paid attention to try to learn something.

Another person who went up was Locke. Kayden expected something out of the ordinary from the boy and his expectations were met. The boy was a swordsman who also used a katana. This surprised the boy, as he didn't remember seeing the boy carrying this weapon.

"I want to fight a hundred apprentices at the ninth rank," an absolute silence emerged throughout the event. This request was beyond bizarre, it was surreal. A fight of one against a hundred.

Quickly, a hundred ninth-rank apprentices were placed in the arena and the fight began with the judge's order. What followed was a technical massacre. Locke didn't use frightening strength, but the degree of perfection of his attacks was insane.

Kayden couldn't see a mistake in any of the prince's thousands of moves. The opponents were simply swept out of the arena without even being able to react properly.

In thirty minutes, the prince finished his performance, shocking the entire crowd. It was a completely disproportionate fight and he still triumphed. Kayden had to admit that royalty was on a completely different level than other people.

"Candidate, your presence is requested," Kayden heard an officer next to him and calmly stood up. This was the most tense moment of his life. His heart should have been beating like crazy, but it wasn't. The boy only had a cold look standing out over his clothes.

As soon as he arrived in the center of the arena, he saw the judge next to him looking at him, clearly waiting for his order. Surprising everyone, Kayden knelt on the ground and looked at the VIP section of the stands.

"Your Majesty, I ask for a second of your attention," his action of kneeling now made sense to everyone. The boy was not the first to seek the king in this test.

"Go ahead," an imposing voice resounded throughout the event area. Kayden knew he would be answered, his performance in the staircase test was exceptional.

"My king, I want to be able to speak freely and for that, I will have to make a request", the courage that Kayden demonstrated when addressing the supreme ruler of the kingdom moved many people who were watching.

"Continue," the same voice resounded again.

"Before taking the test and continuing with my presentation, I request a contract with Your Majesty offering me protection for the next twenty years against anyone above my rank," his request caused an explosion of side conversations.

"Insolent!"

"Do not tolerate such disrespect, Your Majesty!"

"Have him arrested!"

Several screams like this were uttered by both the common people and the nobles, but the king said nothing and just waited for the boy to continue.

"I may sound insolent, my king, but I swear on my life," Kayden took a contract from his clothes and held it above his head, "that this is going to be the most impressive performance this academy has ever seen."

Only a few people were able to see the contract, but those who identified the terms on the parchment quickly passed the information on to others, as it only had a single clause.

1) Today I will revolutionize history or I will pay with my life the price of my own words.