

## **the monarch Chapter 51 - A solution**

### **Chapter 51: A solution**

"Good afternoon, Shang. It's 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I'm better, thanks for asking." Kayden kept his tone respectful, he still didn't know the man very well.

"I just woke up now, you know, I worked all night." The blonde gave a shameless smile along with an excuse that neither of them spent a millisecond believing. "No further ado, let's go to the club." The man changed the subject.

The two walked for a few minutes until they entered an abandoned house near the school. Kayden had read the meeting points and was surprised by the number, there were hundreds and this was the closest to the school.

The door was hidden in the underground floor, they had to go down at least four flights of stairs to get there, there were often doors that needed to be opened with the amulet.

Similar to the other time, a cart came to pick them up in a hallway after the last door, it was the same model, if Kayden hadn't entered the house he would have said he was still at the hotel. Shang began to speak as they waited for the route to end.

"You won 3 silvers in that fight, but I'm going to give you a bonus of 30 silvers." The man once again smiled from ear to ear. "I only bet 5 bucks on you and won something close to 250 coins." He laughed contentedly.

Kayden wasn't surprised at how much the man won, probably just some crazy people bet on him, it must have been almost 99 to 1 against him. Shang took out a small bag similar to the one used in medieval times, but before he could hand it over, Kayden asked:

"Please send my money to this address." Kayden showed David's address, he had already organized everything with the scientist and Shang quickly accepted.

"Very well, now let's talk about other details, your category has fought every day paying 10 silver and on weekends we have life-or-death fights, how many times will you want to fight?"

Kayden reflected for a few seconds and replied:

"Just normal fights for now, I plan to fight once a day, maybe more depending on whether I was able to digest the combat experience." This would give the boy time to analyze what he did wrong in each fight and improve his technique. "What is the prize in the life and death struggle? It can't just be 5 bucks."

Kayden didn't plan on entering that category, he was afraid of not being able to submit the other person or even dying.

"All." Shang's eyes lit up. "You get 10 bucks and all the winner's possessions, from houses or anything they have, even if it's in someone else's name, the club will find a way."

Kayden was surprised and finally understood why this category had participants, whether or not you could become a millionaire with just one fight. It was a matter of luck.

"But before that, we need to resolve your hesitation. Don't worry, it's normal and I have training for that." Shang subtly reminded the boy of his little problem.

"What would this training be?" Kayden couldn't think of anything that would help him with this.

"I don't really know. In the building where we go, there is a black market headquarters. There is a group of assassins who specialize in introducing people to this... the real world." That was the best definition he could find.

"I have no idea what they do, but I've never seen any of my fighters complain about their methods." Kayden first thought they were just going to set him up to kill some people, but after that sentence, he had no idea what it could be.

"How much does it cost?" Kayden knew that nothing in this world came for free.

"10 gold coins." The amount caused Kayden's thoughts to freeze a little, this was a lot of money. Typically, a family had an income of 30 to 50 silver a month. "But don't worry about the price, this is something I pay out of my pocket for my fighters with potential."

'Out of his pocket... how rich is he?' This question arose for Kayden.

"I would like to participate in this, please, Shang." Kayden had no doubt that such training could not be found or purchased by normal people.

"Win 10 fights, Kayden, and then I'll order." With that, the conversation between the two ended with a thoughtful Kayden.

After a few more minutes, the carriage reached its final destination. This time, the two headed towards the administration. It was on one of the sides with more flying platforms, clearly a place for the club's elite.

The administration was a small two-story building with a radius of about 25 meters. Its appearance resembled that of a medieval guild, it was truly beautiful. When Kayden entered, he found several items being sold in displays and some attendants milling around people.

Before they could do anything, one of the attendants approached them. His attire was an ordinary butler's suit. There were no masks or any striking details.

"Can I help you?" The man seemed helpful with a smile.

"I want to register the boy." As soon as Shang said this, the two were led to a room on the second floor. The second floor was a cluster of office rooms.

Kayden sat in front of a computer and had to answer a questionnaire with several questions. From your date of birth to your favorite food, they were very specific things...

In the end, he received an amulet from the person who helped them. The way it worked was very simple, just inject your mana into it. The object only recognized the owner who put in mana first, so there weren't many security measures.

"Can I fight today, Shang?" As soon as they stepped outside the building, Kayden ordered, he didn't want to waste time.

"Of course, kid, time is money." Shang's eyes lit up.

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A few weeks later...

Kayden took a while to reach 10 victories in his fights. After his name became known as the Reaper, his opponents did not treat him as lightly as the Muppet. In that time, he fought around 30 fights.

After a while, he realized the difference a nickname made in the stadium, it was a matter of respect. Some unnamed wrestlers were booed just for going on stage. Most of his victories were against these opponents.

During this time, his cultivation did not improve significantly, however, his fighting power grew significantly. The Kayden who fought against Muppet wouldn't be able to last 1 minute against his new version.

Why? It was very simple, all his fights were savage, and there was no protection or attacks that were not aimed at fatal points. Many times, Kayden has had limbs completely destroyed, incinerated, electrocuted, or bitten.

Everyone fought to win, even if it meant taking the opponent's life. Kayden slowly lost his fear of killing his opponent. Over time, he realized that healing mages were capable of healing practically anything.

There weren't many fights, but each one brought experiences he couldn't get elsewhere. Every fight had the intoxicating feeling of life and death. His battles were constant during this period.

Sometimes twice a day or more. From wizards to tamers, the boy faced a little bit of everything. For the first time, he had to battle different beasts simultaneously.

It goes without saying that he didn't win any of his fights against tamers, it was a fighting style he had never faced before. His calmest fights were against melee fighters, his heart gave him a natural advantage in this regard.

Since he was the same level or better than a swordsman in the same rank and could still use magic with the strength of a conventional mage.

It had been 3 days since Kayden had fought, he was just waiting for the training that Shang said he was going to buy. After spending time with the man, Kayden understood where his money came from.

AN: we reached 50 chapters, I didn't expect to write so much, I thought it would end up dropping in a few days, but I got attached to this activity. thx guys

## **the monarch Chapter 52 - Training.....forced[1]**

### **Chapter 52: Training.....forced[1]**

He was an elite trainer, his focus was on producing insanely powerful fighters. Every head under his tutelage was a combat genius and had every resource available.

How did he know that? Shang took him to see some fights and the boy saw him heavily betting hundreds of silver on his students. In some cases, even gold coins.

When Kayden returned from his morning workout, he realized he had a letter tucked under his bedroom door. The boy only received letters from David, but this one was not of the usual standard.

Closing the door and sitting on the bed, Kayden opened the envelope. On a white sheet of paper, there was only one sentence written:

"7 trees after city hall, midnight, in 2 days."

At the end, there was a stamp that Kayden recognized. It was a scythe, that was the symbol of the elite assassins Shang hired. A few seconds later, the letter caught fire and left no sign of existence.

Kayden went out to ask the old man for permission to spend a few days with David. According to Shang, the training would take at most a week. The boy couldn't disappear for a week without reason.

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Two days later, Kayden was sitting on one of the benches at City Hall waiting for the letter to arrive. Even though it was late, Kayden was not afraid of being robbed. This was one of the most protected regions in the city.

That's why he wondered how the killers would appear in public. Slowly, the hours passed. The street became increasingly deserted and with fewer people.

There was still an hour left before the agreed time when Kayden heard a voice behind him:

"So young."

Unfortunately, he couldn't even turn around before his vision blacked out. The boy's disappearance was barely noticed by people passing by. And even if it was, they still wouldn't find anything on the security cameras.

It would be as if there had never been a boy sitting there...

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Kayden woke up in his bed, cold and hard, almost as if he was lying on stone. With that thought, the boy received his last memories like a bolt of lightning.

He was in a gray room with no details at all. There was only a stone bed, not even doors could be seen. The lighting came from a torch of a material Kayden didn't recognize. His only consolation was that he still had his katana with him.

Before he could get up and try to leave this place, one of the walls of the room began to shake, revealing an opening. There was no light coming from it, only the torch illuminated a figure dressed entirely in black, almost looking like an oriental ninja.

His only difference was some white bandanas stained with blood that were all over his body. He looked like a big patched-up man walking around the place. Kayden didn't even think about fighting or taking a defensive position.

This figure emanated only one feeling for him: death. It seemed that if he wanted someone to die, the world itself would grant his wish. Kayden had no doubt that the figure was above the apprentice level.

"Hello, contractor, I will be your guide in this training. You can call me whatever you want." His voice seemed to have no form, almost as if a ghost was speaking. Kayden couldn't identify where the sound was coming from in his body.

"This training is used to help people lose their fear of killing. You may be traumatized by our methods, so you will have to sign a contract forbidding you from disclosing anything you witness here."

A small piece of paper appeared out of nowhere and Kayden realized it was a soul contract. His terms were exactly what the figure said. Kayden didn't say anything and just signed the contract .

"Very well, the plan chosen was the 100 coins premium, so you can ask for tips and advice throughout the process. Any conscious attempt to leave or not participate in training will result in memory erasure and expulsion. Understood?"

The boy nodded. The guide really seemed like a tourist guide, explaining every detail of the trip, from what could be done and what should not be done.

"Come with me, we will begin the first exercise." The guide began to leave through the opening in the wall.

The two walked down a long corridor for a few minutes. The guide turned to the wall and again Kayden could see a passage being opened. As soon as he entered, he saw a plastic chair and a television in the center of the room. There was also a bucket along with a towel next to the chair.

"Sit down and watch, I don't recommend closing your eyes or anything like that. This will only make you have to watch it more often." There was no need to tell the boy that. Unlike the usual customers of the assassins guild, the boy actually went there of his own free will.

As soon as he sat down, Kayden heard the opening close. The guide silently positioned himself in one of the corners behind Kayden, the boy not able to hear a sound coming from the man, not even a breath.

This resulted in the guide being nicknamed "ghost" by the boy. The television flickered and then an image of a park was seen. There were several people scattered around the place. The image was focused on a woman holding a child.

Next to her was a man who appeared to be her husband. Some information was being passed on. The mother had a difficult life, growing up on the outskirts of town with no extraordinary talent for magic.

His childhood was spent in hunger and misery. Her father was an alcoholic who mistreated her and his wife. Every day her life was hell, it consisted of going to school and coming home to see her mother being beaten or herself being beaten.

This lasted until her adolescence, when the girl saw her father beat her mother to death. That day, she ran away from home and never came back or heard anything about it. Her story starts again in another kingdom, she had to learn how to get by and one of the things she did in the meantime was learn how to make potions.

He started using ingredients that were easy to find in the forest. She produced herbal tranquilizers and other consumables, it was nothing spectacular, but it caught the attention of a potions master who took her as a disciple.

The story of her life was being produced, she was shown spending several sleepless nights studying old books, she appeared at the height of her adolescence meeting her husband.

Little by little she specialized and became an excellent alchemist. The woman had a good nature and despite her troubled past, she started several charitable campaigns in her adult life and gave a large part of her income to charity.

Later, some more scenes were shown about his personal and business life. The woman really deserved the seal of good person. The story ended with her adopting a child who was orphaned because of an accident.

"Very well, follow me." Kayden was startled, the guide was so silent that it was easy to forget he was there.

The two returned to the same corridor, this time Kayden was placed inside an empty room, the only difference was its size, which easily reached 20 meters in radius.

On the opposite side that the two entered an opening could be seen, a female figure was thrown out of it. Kayden was unable to recognize any details of the woman. Both entrances were closed.

"Only one can leave alive, everything is permitted"

## **the monarch Chapter 53 - Murder**

### **Chapter 53: Murder**

His sentence caught Kayden by surprise. He didn't expect something like this so suddenly. The boy prepared himself in a fighting stance, even though he didn't want to fight, he still needed to defend himself.



The female figure began to approach. Kayden recognized her right away. It was the woman in the video, with the same brown hair and brown eyes. Her height was small and she did not carry any weapons.

"Child, do you know why we are here? I don't remember anything," the woman began in a friendly tone. His footsteps got closer and closer.

"We're here to fight," Kayden said bluntly. He didn't trust the woman. She could be an imitation or something. His response made the woman look scared.

"But why? I've never fought in my life, please don't hurt me," his tone, along with a frightened expression, made Kayden unconsciously lower his katana and stow it on his waist.

"I don't know, ask him," Kayden turned and pointed to the guide. Before the boy could turn back around, he felt cold metal enter his back. By reflex, he used acceleration along with a pop flash to move away.

Unfortunately, the damage had already been done. Kayden could feel at least 70% of his movement impaired with the left side of his body weakened. The boy began pumping mana into the bleeding to close it.

But that was the most he could do. He saw the woman approaching again with a smile on her face. The pop flash caught her by surprise, but she wouldn't fall for the same trick again.

Kayden used the technique of pretending to be injured. He began to stagger backward. He didn't expect that a woman as good as shown in the video would be a cold-blooded killer.

His katana was being held sloppily in one hand. The boy raised his gun above his head as if he was going to make one last blow. This elicited a laugh from the woman.

When she got close, Kayden used a pop flash on his blade. The woman was already expecting something like this and just looked away before the spell broke. Unfortunately for her, Kayden was no longer a rookie. Along with the pop flash, there was a concentrated beam that directly struck her chest.

This froze her movements for a few thousandths of a second, but that was enough for Kayden to use proximity along with another concentrated beam to get closer to the woman.

Quickly and lethally, Kayden aimed for both of his opponent's hands. With a precise cut strengthened by acceleration, both hands left the female body, accompanied by a scream of pain.



Kayden walked away and began to catch his breath as he watched the guide. He knew that in the end, only the ghost's word mattered. Seeing the boy waiting for his words, the man said:

"She's still alive," was just that.

"I'm not going to kill someone defenseless," Kayden refused to kill a woman unable to even use her arms.

"Very well, then I will heal you," as he said this, the woman's two hands were levitated and sewn onto her body again. The process was dreadful, but at the same time effective.

Kayden's face became serious again. He might have caught the woman with his trick once, but twice would be a matter of luck, and he probably hadn't. His only hope was that the woman seemed to have no combat or cultivation experience whatsoever.

"Too bad for you, little boy," the woman had a lunatic smile on her face. She again began to advance on Kayden.

The boy tightened his grip on his katana, this time he maintained a firm stance. He knew this would be a one-attack-each-side confrontation, this time he could not hesitate. The woman took the same calm, slow steps.

It seemed like he hadn't learned anything from the last confrontation.

Zummm !!!

Kayden felt his leg stiffen and hurt. Without him realizing it, a tiny ice dart had been thrown at him. His movement in one of his legs was frozen. The woman laughed again.

This time, she approached quickly to try to take advantage of the boy. Kayden knew it was all or nothing. He compiled half of his mana into a concentrated beam. When the dagger hit his sword, he unleashed the attack on the two.

The woman certainly did not expect a suicide spell of this type and was electrocuted along with the boy. Kayden used the other half of his mana to accelerate his body beyond its limits.

His acceleration reached 40%, and every muscle in his body was screaming and popping like a balloon. His katana came down decisively against his opponent. The woman didn't have time to react to the boy's attack.

Silence.

For a few seconds, only silence could be heard, until the woman fell to the ground lifeless. Seeing his opponent fall, Kayden was finally able to subconsciously relax.

His body was exhausted and would have passed out by the time the acceleration ended, but his mind pushed him beyond his natural limits. Before the boy's body could fall to the ground, he was caught by the guide.

This was the first person Kayden killed in his two lives, outside of his knowledge, a small part of him was broken forever. This would be a milestone that would divide his life into before and after.

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"Better than average," the man muttered as he burned the female body until there weren't even ashes left to tell the tale.

His sentence made the boy remember his physical condition. His body was new, it didn't even look like he had destroyed his body. Passing a circulation of mana through his heart and veins, the boy was surprised.

He seemed to be slightly more efficient, it was as if his body naturally understood where it needed to be improved.

"Now let's go through a little psychology session, Kayden," he said. "I'll ask you some questions, try to answer them most honestly." His sentence caught the boy by surprise. He expected an assassin's guild to be more on the brutal side.

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Kayden woke up again on the stone bed, this time his memories came back quickly, the fight and the death.

The boy let out a sigh and closed his eyes. His mind fell into thoughts. This was the first time he killed another person. His feelings were...normal.

He didn't regret what he had done, his heart did not doubt that it was necessary. It was him or her. What haunted him was the image of the child and father in the video. Even though he knew it wasn't his fault, he still had a little resentment about it.

Kayden continued thinking for a few minutes. His thoughts were racing until they were like a lake in winter. Calm.

The boy decided by himself. His eyes opened to find the guide waiting for him in the corner of the room.

"I hope you recovered well, I did my best efforts to patch you up," his tone made it seem like Kayden was just a rag doll that could be tweaked as he pleased.

## **the monarch Chapter 54 - Second fight**

### **Chapter 54: Second fight**

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"Now let's go through a little psychology session, Kayden," he said. "I'll ask you some questions, try to answer them most honestly." His sentence caught the boy by surprise. He expected an assassin's guild to be more violent.

Going even further against the image created in his head, the man placed two stone armchairs and placed chocolate and tea on a table. It felt like a home psychology session.

"I hope you like it, I realized that the human mind works better with small positive stimuli," the man-made Kayden feel like a little lab rat again. As soon as the two sat down, the man began.

"What do you feel?"

"Are you sorry?"

"Why did you kill her? What were your feelings at the time?"

"She was the woman in the video, don't you feel bad for her?"

"Why did you hesitate so much?"

Several questions that were answered yes or no by Kayden were thrown in sequence by the ghost. Everything was being written down on a small pad of paper. After a few minutes, he asked something different.

"Was who she was a factor in her actions? If she was a serial killer, would she change her views?" His question made Kayden reflect for a few minutes.

"Yes, I think I would have less trouble accepting his death," was a common ethical question.

"Very well, come with me", within seconds the man took Kayden back to the room with the television.

This time, a different video was played for him. It was from a news show, and it featured the same woman as before, however, this time several crimes were presented together. His family was a lie.

Her husband was a contract slave for years, he was constantly subjected to inhumane torture, her daughter was used as a guinea pig for her alchemy tests, and even her master was killed by her to get the inheritance.

Kayden didn't know what to believe now. Several crimes were presented against the woman, their nature was terrible. Each crime was enough to drive even the most callous person to rage.

"Does her death now have another weight on your conscience? Does it matter who she was? Which of the two videos is true?" Again, Kayden was bombarded with several questions.

The boy was silent as he thought, he tried to remember everything that had happened recently. The guide respected Kayden's silence. The boy's eyes lit up.

"I understand what you want to teach me here, don't I? One way or another, the result would have been the same. The emotions I'm feeling are not rational, my empathy with her changes like the wind", the boy tried to put into words what I was feeling.

"That's right, her death shouldn't mean anything to you. Any feelings you have for her don't exist," the concept was complex, but Kayden felt like he captured some of what the man was trying to get across.

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Kayden had a small epiphany, it wasn't like he became a remorseless killer, but he was now less reluctant to kill to achieve his goals. He realized that what was holding him back were moral barriers that didn't exist outside his head.

"Very well, before we go to your second fight, I will give you feedback on what I observed", again a notebook was taken from his pocket and the man began a monologue. "His fighting style is fast and focused on efficiency, all his spells complement each other evenly."

The man slowly turned the page and began again:

"But you know how to use your spells systematically..." Kayden interrupted the man before he continued.

"I didn't understand that part, Guide," the man looked up at the boy, sending a shiver down his spine. The chilling sensation quickly passed with the ghost's warm tone.

"I'm glad you asked, Kayden. Express your doubts, kid, I'm getting paid to do this," the man murmured. "See, kid, let's say we have a problem with our computer, a person who knows how to use it will just turn it off and on again. The problem may have been resolved momentarily, but now and then it will come back."

Kayden was paying close attention to the man's words, his analogy was strange, but it seemed simple to understand.

"A person who knows how a computer works will go after the root of the problem and erase it. Which of the two would be able to use the device for longer?" Again, Kayden was silent, reflecting on what he heard.

"My spells are the computer, right?" The guide nodded in agreement. "I'm the first user at the moment, aren't I?" Again, Kayden got his confirmation with a nod. "I know how to use each of my spells, but I don't know how they work. However, I don't understand what the problem is with that."

"It's a very simple kid, the second user can probably make improvements and changes to their computer, being able to use it even when a lot of time has passed."

"Got it," Kayden nodded in understanding. This was a detail he hadn't thought of. What were the variations of his spells? Did acceleration have to be harmful when used at overload? Many doubts arose in his head.

"Your fighting style is good boy, it's notable that it was polished with a lot of effort", the man began to give dozens of details that could make his movement and use of spells more fluid.

After almost an hour the man stopped talking. Kayden had no idea that he still had so much room for improvement. There were hundreds of small, insignificant flaws that, together, would cause several problems for him.

Not even Jarvan was capable of pointing out so many errors in his fighting style. This made Kayden wonder who the Guide was. Without a doubt, the man would have had years of combat experience.

"Let's go to your second fight now," the television again started playing a video.

This time it was about a bloodthirsty old man who killed hundreds of people using poisons. He was never caught, his target was mainly children and bedridden people.

It didn't matter about age, sex, or any detail about his victim. They were all killed by poisoning and suffocated in their blood. This time the boy was smart and didn't feel any anger towards the man.

"Is this the real video?" Kayden asked the Guide.

"Yes," his answer was short and to the point.

A few moments later the television went off and Kayden knew it was time to face his second fight. This time he was excited. He would have to do it one way or another, the best thing was to learn as much as he could.

Even more so now that a weight has been lifted from your shoulders. He didn't mind having to kill someone else. He wouldn't change anything in his life, it was insignificant, practically null in the grand scheme of things.

The two walked out into the hallway. Kayden couldn't identify where he was. All sides looked the same to him. They were the same torches with stone walls. After walking for a while, the Guide turned and opened one of the walls.

The room was similar to the one where Kayden first fought. This confirmed his suspicions of what would happen. He would probably have to fight again. This time he would have no mercy. Between his life and someone else's, he would choose his.

"This time your opponent will be at the same level as you, I hope you don't hesitate like last time", said the Guide. Kayden responded with a nod. After a few seconds of waiting, the same scene as before happened.

## **the monarch Chapter 55 - Direction to follow**

### **Chapter 55: Direction to follow**

An old man was thrown across the room. His hair was gray and his skin was full of wrinkles. His image reminded the boy of a caring grandfather, he looked nothing like the crazy poison killer shown in the video.

As soon as he noticed Kayden on the other side of the room, the man came towards him. Unlike the woman, he had a neutral expression on his face. He probably knew what was going to happen there.

Before he started speaking, Kayden interrupted him:

"We both know what's going to happen here, no need to waste your breath." The boy learned from his mistakes, his last fight was when he was closest to losing his life.

The man, seeing the boy's quick reaction, didn't waste time with words. As soon as he got close, he took a dart out of his pocket and threw it at Kayden. The boy just dodged to the side.

Unfortunately, there was an extra-thin mana thread attached to the dart. Kayden felt a small pain in his left calf. Quickly, the boy removed the weapon from his leg. Without a doubt, it was poisoned.

"Enjoy your last 5 minutes of life." Saying that the man started to walk away while looking at a watch on his wrist.

Kayden knew he had little time and used full throttle. The man moved away and was using his darts to keep Kayden away. His strategy was to buy time.

The boy used his Pop Flash by surprise against the man and, at the same time, the concentrated beam. This allowed him to get close enough to land a blow with his katana.

A large horizontal cut appeared on the opponent's chest. It was fatal, but not immediately. The depth was not enough for this. The two continued their game of cat and mouse.

With every minute that passed, Kayden felt his body begin to burn. At first, it just felt like a tingling sensation, but around the 4-minute mark, every inch of him felt like he was bathed in fire.

When he reached 5 minutes, Kayden was still able to move, with a slight delay in his actions. The boy didn't know why, but the poison didn't have such a strong effect on him. It was probably his heart's fault.

"Very well, any last words?" With that sentence, the man stopped running. His confidence in his venom was incredible. Kayden noticed his ego and tried to take advantage of it.

Pretending to be staggering, the boy approached the man. According to his calculations, he still had 2 minutes left before his body became unusable. When he got close, he fell to the ground as if dead.

His opponent wasn't a beginner and didn't come close to submitting Kayden. He threw another dart. But before he could even throw the blade, a Pop Flash burst directly into his face.

He tried to quickly retreat, but before he could move away, he felt the metal of a sword on his leg. Then, his body froze for a few moments before he felt the blade being withdrawn from his leg.



Cold. It was the last sensation the old man felt before his neck was slit. Not even two seconds had passed. From one victory, the old man ended in death. Kayden couldn't move that fast, so he threw his katana with the lightning concentrated at the old man.

It wasn't a very good tactic, but it worked. His actions were quick and precise. He didn't spend time thinking or hesitating. His body started to heat up again. He turned to the guide.

"Well done, kid. You have potential. Now sleep." With that sentence, Kayden felt his vision darkening and his senses losing their scope. Again the boy was caught before he could fall to the ground.

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The same stone bed, the same room. The same moment of reflection. Everything was the same as last time for Kayden. The only difference was that this time he didn't feel any negative emotions about what he did.

It didn't make sense. It was irrelevant. He had no idea who the old man was, the videos could be edited and even if it was true it was either him or someone unknown. In particular, Kayden did not have a great attachment to humanity.

His other life taught him how common human greed and selfishness are in society. Not even the best soul helped him for more than a few weeks. It made no difference to him the fate of humanity. It was... irrelevant.

"Good morning, Kayden." The guide's voice woke the boy from his thoughts. "Let's start with our psychology session." Before the guide could begin, Kayden interrupted him.

"It's not necessary anymore. I'd rather we focus on the practical part." The guide looked into Kayden's eyes for a few seconds. The boy was unable to detach his vision from the mask. A chill started down his spine and a cold sweat ran down his back.

"Your opinion doesn't matter." Then the same rain of questions began for the boy. This time it was faster and as soon as they finished the strange atmosphere was canceled.

"Let's get to the combat report then." The man began to pass on everything he remembered. "Your attention is too focused on the opponent. You practically ignore your surroundings. In your last battle, it almost cost you your life."

Again the guide began a long monologue. Kayden tried to absorb everything he said. After a few minutes, the man finished.

"Are we going to your third fight?" Kayden had no idea how many times he would fight.

"I need time to digest your teachings." The freezing gaze fell on him again, it seemed that the ghost didn't like having his plans changed. "I need at least a few hours."

"You will have four hours between one fight and another. You can wear yourself out as much as you want. I will be able to cure your physical fatigue." As soon as he finished saying that, the man leaned back against the wall and adopted a relaxed position.

Kayden wasted no time and began to play through his two fights in his mind, along with this he also considered the guide's teachings. The boy organized his strengths and weaknesses in his mind.

His main advantage was his physical strength combined with magic and his main weakness was his low repertoire of spells, thus allowing him to have only one fighting style.

"Should I learn more spells, guide?" Unable to find an answer for himself, he asked for help. The man didn't look like he was going to respond, but after a few minutes, Kayden heard his voice.

"What's your point in learning more spells?"

"Versatility. I feel like I'm very stuck with the range of possibilities I have." Against knight opponents, Kayden managed to perform excellently, but against mages or tamers, his performance was poor.

"No, just modify the ones you already have to get the most out of your fighting style."

"How can I change a spell??" Kayden didn't even know how to create a spell. The three he learned just consisted of manipulating mana in a certain order until he achieved the desired result.

"You must first understand how it works and why. Have you ever stopped to think about what electricity is? What is it made of? Does it have variants? Which ones? You should know these types of questions before delving into a spell."

His explanation reminded Kayden of the computer analogy used by man earlier. He had no idea about the guide's questions. The boy fell into reflection.

A few minutes later, Kayden used the concentrated lightning in his hands and divided it into two, then four, and so on. He began to study every nuance of his spells: how could he improve with them? What could speed up the training process? And what would make it stronger using less mana? All these details were never really studied by the boy.

Quickly, four hours passed. The boy made almost no progress. He didn't understand anything behind his spells.

## **the monarch Chapter 56 - Final test[1]**

### **Chapter 56: Final test[1]**

"Don't be discouraged, boy. It usually takes years to achieve mastery with a spell." The man encouraged the boy. His speech was correct. There were cases of wizards spending decades on the same spell to improve it by even 1%.

The paths of magic were extremely complex, mainly because there were no teachers. Practically everything varied from person to person, from how they manipulated mana to how they cast a spell.

Even people who use the same base, as was the case with the kingdom's national basic education, still had small variations made subconsciously.

Kayden went on to his third fight. It was the same hallway and the same room with the television. Nothing different. Kayden felt like this part was a waste of time. Seeing or not seeing the video wouldn't change what he had to do.

"Guide, can we skip this part? It won't make any difference." The boy received the same piercing look as before, and after a few moments of silence, the man surprisingly agreed.

"OK." With his sentence, the two headed toward Kayden's third fight.

The time has passed.

Kayden had no idea how long he had been fighting. When he asked the guide, his only answer was:

"I can't talk about timing. Typically, customers experience a small decrease in performance. I don't know exactly why yet, but that was the result of my hands-on testing." His tone was excited when he said this.

Every time he spoke to the ghost, Kayden got the impression that the man just saw him as little lab rats. His excitement in trying out different things to increase progress made the boy feel even more excited.

Several times he saw the man change his emotions at specific moments and then write something down in his notebook, or exchange the questions from the psychology session for small talk, every detail was tested and written down.

Even the color of Kayden's room or the shape of his bed has been changed. He slept on the stone floor, on a bed of straw, on wood, with a fire instead of a torch.

It was... scary.

His routine at the moment was based on fighting, being knocked unconscious, reflecting on his spells and his fight. The 4 hours were changed to 2 sessions, totaling 8 hours. That was the only sense of time he had.

And even more bizarre was that the guide kept him unconscious from one session to the next. Every time it seemed like he had gotten a good night's sleep and was ready to give it his all again.

Every fight he went through became easier. His opponents remained at the same level of cultivation, but they no longer had the same level of experience. So far, the boy has fought in 14 fights.

You could say he was a serial killer, theoretically. In practice, nothing has changed. His mentality remained the same, none of his deaths caused him regret. It seemed strange how quickly and easily he absorbed this experience.

His spells showed small improvements, all of this was only possible because of the support given by the ghost. His every observation was spot on and pointed out a flaw that Kayden had never noticed before.

With this, his fighting style was even more refined. It was the same as when this all started, but now a little more lethal. He discarded many useless actions and techniques.

Ironically, his swordsmanship grew from simple to become more complex. Your acceleration has seen a small improvement of... 1%. It seems little, but if we take into account that it is 1% of your total strength, it is a good result.

Probably, over time, this percentage would decrease. The spell wouldn't be able to keep up with his rank. Haste was pretty much the lowest electric swordsman-type spell in existence.

Its concentrated beam has had an improvement in firing speed. While before it was possible to see the small attack slowly forming, now it came out unexpectedly. The problem is that the new version was weaker.

So, he needed more mana to have the same result. In a way, they were two different spells. One was for surprise attacks and the other for decisive moments. His Pop Flash didn't have any major changes in its strength.

However, a small change made it dozens of times more deadly. Kayden has learned to hide his activation. The opponent only saw the spell moments before it erupted. Even when he was prepared, he would still have to pay constant attention.

Therefore, his focus was divided between fighting and focusing on any part of the boy's body to see if anything was forming.

Success. Kayden took a deep breath. A body full of cuts could be seen next to him. He was at least 2 meters tall and packed with muscle. Every inch of his skin and clothing was stained with blood.

Kayden had one arm hanging to the side, almost half of the bone sticking out. This fight was pure carnage from start to finish. Kayden failed to land any decisive blows.

His attacks were to wear down the opponent. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of cuts were made with his sword. This was the longest fight he had ever had and the most stressful. Any mistake on his part represented a fatal blow.

Fortunately, he only made one mistake. But on the other hand, this mistake resulted in his arm being twisted at an angle that didn't exist. His muscle was completely obliterated and his bone broke in two.

It took just a few seconds with this situation. If not, the boy doubted he would have won. Knowing what would happen now, he turned to the guide expecting to be knocked out. The man laughed and raised his hands.

The boy just closed his eyes and waited. Unconsciousness didn't come...

"You make it sound like I put you to sleep often, Kayden," the man said. At the same time he heard this sentence, the boy felt excruciating pain in his arm. He could feel his bones and muscles being forcefully mended.

The guide's healing art was truly unlike any Kayden had ever experienced. Typically, this type of magic worked by speeding up the body's natural process and, in some cases, making small changes so that recovery wouldn't go wrong.

But the ghost thing didn't work like that. His magic simply forced the body to recover. The speed was much greater. He pretty much just gave the body a warning like, hey, you're patched up, hit the right nerves there.

A few seconds later, the healing was complete. Kayden felt brand new.

"You've finished your training. Let's go to the final test. It won't require too much effort," said the guide as he walked away. "You don't have to go through this if you don't want to, but there is a little bonus reward."

Kayden said nothing and followed the man. Since he had come this far, there was no harm in going all the way. When you're in hell, you should embrace the devil, right?

The two stopped facing a wall.

"Your last chance, Kayden. If you enter this room, you will have to complete the task given to you. Make your choice", said the guide, giving the boy one last chance. His tone didn't make Kayden feel good.

It seemed like he was offering the boy a way out and not a choice per se.

"I'll go all the way," Kayden replied curtly and waited. Seeing his decision, the guide opened a stone door in the wall and entered.

Kayden came across a room similar to all the others he had been to in this place. The only different detail was a baby bed in the center... Bed... Baby? Kayden was surprised.

1

These two words didn't fit the place he was in. It seemed almost unreal that something so pure could breathe the air of this guild.

The two got close and Kayden began to have a strong feeling that he should have turned down this mission.

"Isn't life beautiful?" said the man, starting to play with the baby. His tone didn't match his attitude lately. It seemed... Too human.

"Really cute," Kayden said, looking at the baby's rosy cheeks.

"I'm not talking about that piece of meat," the man replied. "It's about the ease with which we can mold it. While you see a living being, I see a blank sheet of paper. If I want to mold it into a dog, I can."

There it was. This conversation suited the man's personality type. Scary, without regard for any ethics or morals.

## **the monarch Chapter 57 - Final test[2]**

### **Chapter 57: Final test[2]**

"If when he's growing up, I teach him to be an animal and never talk to him or let him have other experiences, he'll be an animal, even though he has the most evolved mind we know, isn't it ironic?", the guide he laughed like a little maniac.

"But thank God I'm not heartless, right, Kayden?", the man asked the boy lightly.

"Really," Kayden swallowed the answer he wanted to give deep in his stomach.

"Well, your mission is very simple," the man put the baby in the bed and walked away. "Kill him, and we're done here. If you refuse, I'll kill you here."

Silence.

Kayden's mind went blank for a few seconds. Then he exploded into thoughts. Should he kill the baby?

Could you escape from the man? No, that was utterly impossible. Fight him? Even fewer chances.

What to do? What paths were there? Anything...

Kayden was powerless to do anything.

He didn't have the strength to fight the guide.

The seconds began to pass slowly. The boy had to make a choice.

Once again he was placed in a situation where he could not decide his actions, again a slave to fate. Hatred, anger, and every possible emotion started running through his head.

"Have you decided, Kayden?", the guide hurried the boy's choice. Kayden hadn't thought of anything yet.

All plans boiled down to dying or killing the baby. Every plan to escape or fight the guide would result in Kayden simply being crushed. The guide wouldn't even need to move, he just needed to impose his mana against Kayden and the boy would feel as if the world was pressing him to the ground.

He took the katana out of its sheath.

His eyes went to the edge of the blade. Was he ready to take that step? His eyes strayed to the baby. It was a simple and quick step, it wouldn't take half a second. But it would also be a step that would change his entire life.

This decision would cause Kayden to abandon his last remnants of humanity, his principles would cease to exist. It would be an event that would separate his life into before and after.

Kayden raised the blade above his head. A few minutes had already passed.

He had already given up on escaping, his only options were to kill or be killed. His mind began to weigh the pros and cons.



Was it a bluff?

No. Kayden often came close to dying in his fights and the guide didn't lift a finger to help him. Against a beast tamer, the boy had his arm ripped from his body and even so the guide had no reaction.

Why did he accept this shit? If he had refused this additional test, everything would have been fine.

His mind went silent. All feelings and emotions were left aside. Your decision has been made. Little by little, his sword rose above his head. This, without a doubt, was the most difficult decision he had ever made in his two lives.

When his katana was at its highest point, it began to descend little by little. Seconds passed in this movement, they seemed like milliseconds to the boy. He took a long breath.

The boy savored the air that entered his lungs, an action so simple that he had never appreciated it.

His katana descended and with a clang of metal...

Fell to the floor.

Kayden decided to stay true to his principles. He took time to make this decision, but he was at peace with himself.

"Are you sure about this action, Kayden?" the guide said in his ethereal voice.

"Yes, I thank you for your teachings," Kayden bowed to the man with no resentment. He knew that, in the end, the man was just following the training schedule.

"Very well, goodbye, Kayden," the man took off his mask. Kayden saw an old man with a white beard. But that wasn't the most impressive thing. His eyes were black with several purple dots circling them.

Kayden couldn't stop looking. It seemed like he represented the pinnacle of knowledge. His eyes symbolized a universe of knowledge. The boy didn't know where these emotions came from, but they represented his sensation.

One of the strangest things Kayden has ever experienced in his life started in front of him, similar to those movies where there was teleportation. The boy felt everything start to stretch.

He knew this was the end. What was?

It didn't matter, his death would come anyway.

His two lives began to cross his mind. The moments vegetating in bed, the days, months, and years of loneliness. Just him and his mind. There was nothing to do. His only entertainment was listening to novels through artificial intelligence.

His only friend was Nicolas. It seemed like so long ago, but Kayden knew it was his first true friendship. In the end, everything ended the way this one would end, because he was weak.

Ah, destiny, the unpredictable destiny, the one that already has everything ready and planned. Ridiculous.

Killed by his uncle for what? Anything. Just hate a mediocre man. He did not gain power. Didn't make any money. It was just to satisfy his desires. A slave. Slave to your desires.

His second life finally gave the boy some freedom. Even old families would not be able to monopolize power. This time, he had a chance to get where he wanted.

And again, what happened? His body was level 1 trash. But even so, he didn't lose heart. He discovered how to get around this problem and found his second true friend. David.

He almost died to get the mana heart. But he was successful. He learned to use lightning. He became an excellent fighter for his age. He spent every second of his life chasing power.

Why? Because it made him feel alive. Improving, even if it was 1%, was rewarding. Seeing his technique go up and up was addictive. Learn about different subjects. Eat delicious foods. Experience new sensations. Everything had been wonderful. Every second of his second life was enjoyed. He didn't regret it. Did he die? Yes, but it was something he couldn't avoid.

The path to the top did not accept people without principles. See that principles do not refer to human morals or ethics. They refer to their principles. Kayden fought so hard against fate and would do the same with a baby.

He knew that if he made this decision now, he would never be able to find his way in the future and, consequently, he would end up wasting his life. Why wouldn't he find his way? Because it would be going against everything he lived.

After replaying every second of his two lives, Kayden's mind relaxed. No more thoughts. Anything. He closed his eyes and waited. This whole replay of your life didn't take 2 seconds.

Peace. Kayden was sure he wouldn't have a third life. At least not one with the same memories. Ah, anyway, Kayden had no regrets. He just tuned out everything. Nothing else mattered.

How ironic. The moment in which he felt most free was the one that would end everything. Kayden did what he could one last time. He breathed and felt the air around him. Even circulating mana through his body he began.

He had no sense of time. Nothing else existed besides him and his mana. Never before has your circulation flowed so well and so freely. There was no stress. If a circle was made poorly, just make another one.

He lost himself in this sensation. 1 circle, 2 circulations, 5 circulations, 20 circulations, 100 circulations. He had never gone past that in just one sequence. But it continued anyway.

200 circulations.

His tiredness didn't come. His mind remained crystal clear. His focus was absolute. Kayden didn't even remember his name. Nothing else mattered. What was it like to be alive? Did that exist? Death?

It didn't matter.

300 circulations.

Each circulation made his body feel close to moving forward, but for what? He did not know. Not even his thoughts existed. They were just sensations. Similar to when we review a memory.

There are no thoughts or words in our head. He's just there.

## **the monarch Chapter 58 - Final test[3]**

### **Chapter 58: Final test[3]**

400 circulations.

It became easier and easier to get around. What was he circling? Kayden didn't know. It was a kind of energy, but he didn't remember what energy meant. Well, that didn't matter.

Just circulate.

500 circulations

There were no more thoughts or anything in Kayden. It was practically a robot that just carried out a task. Circulate, circulate...

Circulation????

Pain began to be felt throughout the boy's entire body. But it was ignored. Keep circling. A sensation of glass shattering was felt by Kayden. He didn't know where it came from.

Circulation continued. Circulate. Circulate. The energy, Kayden had no more energy. What would he circulate now? The energy he already had. The boy felt the same thing that was circulating within himself.

Keep circling. It was a little slower, but still served its purpose. Circulate. It got easier and easier each time. Kayden remembered something similar, but it seemed blurry. It doesn't matter.

100 circulations.

1000 circulations.

5 thousand circulations.

10 thousand circulations.

Kayden felt that no matter how much he circulated his internal energy, there was no more progress. Anything. Well, it didn't matter, he just needed to keep doing it.

But why? It doesn't matter. He was about to start circulating again when something different happened in his life. He heard something.

"Kayden!!! Wake up!!!"

Kayden? What is that? It looked familiar, well it didn't matter, he just wanted to get back to his task. Unfortunately, the voice began to repeat itself dozens of times, which slowly made him remember something.

Kayden.

Kayden was his name. Like a dam that breaks with a crack, the boy remembered everything. All his memories came back with a thud. He found himself on the cold, damp ground.

Wait, damp?

Kayden smelled a ridiculously stinky smell and quickly stood up.

"You're finally back," the guide's voice brought back his memories of his last moments. Well, maybe not that last.

1

"You weren't going to kill me?" Kayden clearly remembered finding himself caught in the man's spell.

"No, that was not the final test, nor does there exist such a thing. I just wanted to do a psychological test on you," Kayden first felt angry, but then indifferent. He was alive, wasn't he?

Not only do I live, but I'm more resolved with myself.

"But congratulations on the advance, boy", advance? Kayden began to circulate mana throughout his body. 5th rank. He had advanced, not only that but he felt that his mana veins reached much further away, almost as if they had been honed by hundreds of thousands of circulations.

Kayden remembered what he had just been through. He didn't know how to put it into words. His sense of time was practically non-existent. If the guide had said that a few millennia had passed, he would still have thought little.

Before he could begin to digest what happened, the guide's voice snapped him out of his stupor.

"It was an epiphany, a unique moment in the life of every mana user. We don't know how it works yet, but it's a moment of hyperfocus where you solve a problem or just farm in an insanely accelerated way."

This made sense to Kayden, it was this feeling he remembered, but in the end, there was something more, he needed time to think. It was too unique a moment to be spent without much reflection.

"I see, what is the reward?" Kayden remembered the guide mentioning something like that. The man scratched his head.

"Before that, I wanted to propose to you, Kayden," the boy was surprised but nodded. The man, seeing this, continued: "Become my disciple."

Kayden expected a lot of things. Become my permanent lab rat. Participate in another experiment. Even an invitation to the assassins guild, who knows? But becoming the guide's disciple was nowhere near his guess.

The ghost, seeing his hesitation, began to speak hurriedly, almost seeming nervous.

"I'm in the third kingdom, Kayden, I'm one of the richest and most powerful men in the kingdom. Whatever you want can be yours, everything is within my reach", his sentence seemed appealing, but Kayden didn't doubt it. He saw the extent of the guild these days.

"First, explain the last test to me," Kayden asked. He would use this time to think about the man's proposal.

"It was very simple, there was no right answer. If you killed the baby it would have passed the same way, it was a simple test like the hundreds I've done before", the man replied.

"Hundreds?" Kayden only remembered fighting a few times.

"Every question I asked was a little test, everything was being written down and documented by me," the man explained. Kayden hadn't realized this, they just seemed like routine questions.

"I need to give you your final result to make it easier to understand," the man said. Saying that he conjured a ball of water and plunged Kayden into it. The boy was taken by surprise, but he couldn't resist. While the guide bathed him, he also burned the remains of goo on the floor.

This included the baby, Kayden was shocked by the man's cruelty. He didn't even blink.

"Don't worry, the baby doesn't exist," the man said, trying to diffuse the situation.

A few minutes later, the two were sitting in armchairs drinking tea.

"I couldn't have showered normally?" Kayden expressed his doubt to a quiet guide.

"I was kind of looking forward to our conversation," the man replied sheepishly. "Let's get to the main topic, your result," the man's eyes sparkled with excitement.

He took out a notepad from one of his bandages and began to speak.

"Your combat performance was above average, but still within the normal range. Your strengths are quick decision-making without hesitation. You don't mind trading an injury for victory," the man said.

Kayden fought a lot of battles where he let himself get hit just so he could land a good hit on his opponent.

"The command of your spells is excellent, it is clear that they were made to match your fighting style, unfortunately, you do not master your element that well, your knowledge

of it is shallow at best", this was a hard blow to the boy's pride, but he had to agree with the guide's observation. He never really studied lightning and its characteristics.

"Your mentality is solid, even with challenges and moments where you almost died you remained calm", Kayden had a very rational way of thinking.

The man spent another 10 minutes detailing Kayden's various characteristics, from his way of fighting to basic things like irrelevant quirks, Kayden had never been observed in such a deep way before.

"You see, Kayden, there are two types of people we receive here, the first comes from an environment where they are taught to kill and fight from an early age, they don't have many problems taking lives", the man showed several drawings in his notebook. Kayden had to admit he was quite educational.

"The second are normal people, the majority. In this group we have two types, the first is healthy people, they take a long time to kill, similar to you, however, they always show regret and blame themselves", a slight tone of annoyance was felt in his voice by Kayden. "We spend most of our time in psychological sessions with this guy."

Kayden thought it was reasonable, he was sure that if he had had a normal life he would be in this group.

"The second is people with some type of past trauma, they usually adapt faster and are less attached to morals or ethics, everyone in that group kills the baby, now the question is which group are you in, kid?" the guide said in an excited voice.

Kayden stopped to think a little, he quickly adapted to the situation and, without a doubt, carried the marks of his second life deeply rooted in his psychology. He would probably be in the second type. The boy waited for the guide's answer, his question had an air of rhetoric.

"Here's the big problem with the question, you see, I'm a wizard focused on mental powers and I can tell when someone is lying by the amount of mana their body spends between one answer and another", that's why I had so many silly questions in my mind. the questionnaire, they were to properly balance your scale.

Na: Sorry I haven't been sending caps lately, I'm in the middle of exams at college, there were 8 just this week (this is a cry for help), jokes aside I'll post normally again in the next few weeks

## **the monarch Chapter 59 - Reencounter**

### **Chapter 59: Reencounter**



about it," Kayden returned to normal. "And stop using your magic on me, please." It took the boy a while to realize, but he was sure his emotions were magnified.

1

With his sentence, the guide snapped out of his stupor and returned to reality. He wanted to force the boy to tell him what his trauma was and how he escaped his question, but he saw from the boy's look that he would rather die than tell him anything.

It was the same look as a captured soldier who spent years being tortured and didn't speak a word from start to finish. Leaving that aside, the guide continued to be more animated this time:

"Sorry, sorry, it was unintentional," Kayden doubted that. "So you should fit into the second group, but all your answers don't say that, so I put you in the 3rd group, the anomaly group."

"Is that why you wanted me as an apprentice?" seemed to be the only explanation.

"No, Kayden, I've seen thousands of anomalies and hundreds of geniuses, but I've never seen someone with your mentality. He knows? Most of the people who don't want to kill the baby fight me or cry on the ground, but in the end, they end up killing me during my time expansion spell."

So that's what Kayden felt in that moment, was his sense of time being stretched.

His heart was proof of that. He was looking for something that would take him as far as could be reached. And that was only possible if he walked a path that no one had ever walked on before.

1

Did it seem like arrogance? Kayden didn't care, he would live his second life however he wanted.

"But ... but," the man didn't expect such a direct refusal. "You have a talent for mind magic, Kayden. A few minutes ago, when you lost control, your emotions were mixed with mana, this is insanely difficult, boy."

Kayden was unable to notice, as the guide got rid of the mana's effect almost instantly. He was only caught by the illusion because of surprise.

"I don't want to change my fighting style, guide. I believe you have better people than me to be your apprentice," Kayden bowed respectfully. He didn't want to anger an entity from three kingdoms.

The ghost was quiet for a few seconds. He didn't expect the boy to refuse. He decided to put this matter aside for now.

"Very well, but know that this proposal is open to you even after you leave here," the man gave a small pendant to Kayden. "When you change your mind, show it to any branch of the assassin's guild."

Kayden looked at the gift. It was a small black prism with red accents. As soon as it touched Kayden's hand, he felt a small amount of his mana being sucked away.

He knew what this was. It was an artifact that recognized him as the only user, only responding to his mana. Kayden injected some of it and could feel another man inside.

It was stormy, dark red. It looked like a chaotic sea of blood. Kayden had never felt mana like this before. She seemed almost alive. It was magnificent.

"Hey, boy! Wake up!" Kayden came back to reality with the guide calling him. "That's the enhanced mana signature. Since I'm a mental wizard, she's a bit hypnotic." The boy realized that he spent a few more seconds analyzing the mana than he should have, probably because of this.

"I see, and what is the result of your analysis?" Kayden just wanted to leave at that moment. He wanted to eat instant noodles and sleep... in a real bed, his back screamed at the thought.

"Well, my result was... broken, your personality is completely broken. Your answers make it very clear that you will do everything for your goal as long as it does not go against your principles. And when I say everything, I mean everything."

3

The guide started showing small drawings of Kayden going through pain and torture to gain just 1% strength... The guide seemed to treat him like a child, drawing his lines step by step. Fortunately, his drawings were almost instantaneous in Kayden's vision.

"I couldn't say where this determination comes from or why, but without a doubt, you have a certain degree of madness", Kayden knew this was because of his first life, but he had no way of explaining it to the guide. "But don't worry, boy, madness is given to everyone who escapes society's mediocre standards."

Kayden didn't care, even if the result was that he was extremely crazy. It wouldn't make a difference.

"I understand," Kayden didn't know what else to say.

"Well, we're done here, it was a pleasure meeting you kid, see you later", Kayden's vision gradually darkened, this feeling wasn't new to him.

.....

'This stone bed is horrible', Kayden started to stir, he was trying to enjoy his last minutes of rest, and little by little he was waking up. 'What the fuck?', the boy felt drops of water on his face.

As soon as he fully awoke, Kayden found himself tied to a tree by ropes. And to make matters worse, it was raining heavily. Some lightning could be heard by the boy in the distance.

Freeing himself from the ropes that were there just so he wouldn't fall, Kayden jumped to the ground, he found himself in the same place where it all started. It felt like years had passed, his epiphany messed up his sense of time.

His focus now was to digest everything that had happened, he was sure he still had a lot to learn from the latest events, especially the epiphany, Kayden was sure there was something more than just passing the rank.

'5th rank', Kayden realized he advanced. In the middle of the rain, he stretched out his arm and started laughing to himself. His only emotion was happiness. Who said he couldn't reach the same level as other geniuses?

Lightning struck practically next to where he was, making the boy recover from his little euphoria. Kayden ran for shelter. By a stroke of luck, he found a small café open.

Even though he was soaked in the rain, he entered. The adults in the place probably wouldn't deny him a towel. As soon as he passed through the doorway he found himself in a small space with a few tables and chairs.

In the center was a fireplace, making the room feel warm and welcoming. Around her were two sofas forming an L. This theme matched the weak colors and medieval details in the objects. There weren't many customers around the place.

"Kayden?", the boy heard a voice coming from the sofa in the fireplace, only the figure's feet were visible. What a coincidence of fate that they find themselves here.

"Hello Shang", Kayden greeted the blonde, as soon as he heard Kayden's voice he stood up. His look followed the usual rules, a golden robe, golden hair, but completely messy and of course, the final touch, Shang was drunk

## **the monarch Chapter 60 - Progress?**

### **Chapter 60: Progress?**

"What a coincidence, kid," Shang's tone sounded almost like he was trying to hide something. The man hurriedly dried the boy, Kayden should learn this type of magic, it could be very useful.

"That wasn't a coincidence, was it?" Kayden was sure that the blonde must have been waiting for him at some meeting point and, when Shang didn't show up, he was tied to a tree.

"Of course not, Kayden, stop being so suspicious," the man hid the bottle of drink behind his back.

"You forgot, didn't you? Did you get too lazy to wait, did you come here to spend some time and forget?", Kayden got it right by Shang's embarrassed look, but it would be easier to get milk out of a stone than to make that shameless person admit something.

"Of course not, Kayden, it's just a coincidence of fate, now get out of the entrance, you're disturbing the customers", there weren't even 5 people in that place and hardly anyone would arrive in the rain.

'Shameless,' Kayden cursed in his mind as he was pulled to a random table.

"Give me another shot of this joke here," Shang pointed to his bottle, "and bring...what do you want, Kayden? I'll pay this time," that was the furthest he would get from an apology from Shang.

The man probably used the club's bathroom to avoid having to pay for water use in his own home.

'Stingy', Kayden spread a macabre smile on his face. Shang didn't like that smile.

"I want 3 portions of the most expensive item on the menu and 2 snacks with everything included", Shang almost didn't get up to take the order sheet from the waiter's hand and stick it in the boy's dick.

But he controlled himself, sometimes sacrifices were necessary for the greater good. Conjuring a bubble of mana, the blonde turned to the boy.

"And then? How it was? You were only there for 5 days", 5 days? Kayden looked like he had spent weeks down there, every time the guide turned him off he felt brand new, almost like he woke up to a new day.

"It was good, I managed to lose my fear of killing and even reached the 5th rank", the boy was unable to continue speaking when he was interrupted by Shang.

"5th Rank!? What the fuck is this?!" Shang was sure that the boy was still a long way from advancing on stage the last time they met. 8 years old and 5th rank, this talent was at the level of the top geniuses in the kingdom.

But that wasn't the big problem. Rank was something easy to climb when you had talent. That's right, talent. But Kayden was a mere level 1 natural talent. The math didn't add up.

"I had an epiphany that helped me breakthrough," now it made sense to Shang, an epiphany was something truly magical. Often, people were able to understand in hours or days things that would take years and years.

"I see, any more gains? How was your combat performance?" Shang seemed to know a lot about the test.

"I did well, I learned a lot, it opened my mind on how to use my spells to maximize their effect with my fighting style", Kayden began to explain some of his changes while they waited for the dishes.

"I see, what about your psychological evaluation?" Kayden took a moment to respond as the plates were placed on the table.

"Broken", Kayden didn't know how to put into words the result given by the guide, broken was what best summed it up. Shang was silent for a few seconds before starting to respond.

"I did the same training when I was 10 years old," Kayden was surprised, it was difficult to tell the right age of people at that time, increasing realms granted a lot of longevity. "My test was healthy," a cynical smile appeared on his face.

The two continued their meal calmly and when the rain passed, Shang offered to accompany Kayden to the train station. The boy knew the last question was about to come. In the end, the training had only one purpose.

"I almost died in the first fight I had, but it was an opponent far below my rank at the time, it took me a long time to forgive myself, there were hours and hours of conversation", the blonde seemed to be immersed in memories. "I killed 6 people," the man let out a sigh.

6 peoples? Kayden was surprised. That was low, he killed 15 people himself. As soon as he thought about it, the boy realized. 15 murders, he was practically a serial killer. Maybe he went a little overboard.

"How many people have you killed, boy?" There was the question of millions, Kayden didn't know what to answer. Should he tell the truth? He already told Shang the result, his number couldn't be low.

"9 people, Shang," Kayden decided to play it safe, he didn't want Shang to think of him as a psychopath. "I'm not going to fight at the club for a while, I need to digest everything I've learned", the boy tried to change the subject.

"Relax, when you get back..." Shang didn't find the right words to delicately ask what he wanted.

"Yes, I will participate in life or death fights", Kayden knew what the blonde wanted. The two continued their way in silence.

Kayden was fully aware that at some point or another, he would have to participate in this sport. It was inevitable on the path to power. The path to the top could not support the weak and to be strong he must push himself to the limit again and again.

As they said goodbye, Shang left one last warning for Kayden.

"Come find me when you are ready, I need to pass on some teachings before you participate in life-and-death fights," Kayden nodded.

....

2 months later, a boy could be seen on a mountain peak. The peak was a projection outward from the mountain; it was a piece of land suspended in the air. The winds were strong and violent.

But that was no big deal, the strange thing was that well... there was a huge storm in place. The rain fell nonstop on the ground. Tirelessly, as if his goal was to tear down the mountain through his insistence.

Lightning should be seen in a storm of this magnitude, but there was a large metal rod, rising at least 10 meters into the air. This was not the work of nature.

BOOM!!

The shrill sound of lightning was heard. The metal rod absorbed all the energy coming from the lightning and distributed it onto the mountain floor. Kayden didn't even sway at the loud sound.

His clothes were soaked and his bones were practically frozen, but it didn't matter, the boy was getting closer and closer to understanding something essential. A few minutes and a few dozen more lightning strikes later, the storm stopped.

'Failure,' Kayden sighed. But what was he doing there? To do this we have to go back to a small fragment of memory.

...

Kayden met with Heimer as soon as he arrived from his daily training. The boy didn't notice anything different about Kayden, but as the two used to eat in the living room, the old man found them.

"Kayden? 5th rank? I'm crazy?" For a second, the old man couldn't believe his eyes. Heimer stood frozen for a moment before jumping at the boy.

"TELL ME KAYDEN, WHAT ARE THE INGREDIENTS FOR THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE?" This was the only plausible explanation for the boy's level to rise so much in such a short time. Jesus, it hadn't even been 6 months since his last progression.

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"Very well," the boy let out a sigh, his expression was serious, making the old man and Heimer pay attention to him. "This is something I developed with a lot of effort with David, I'm only going to tell you two because you're my family."

The atmosphere became quiet, the two did not expect the boy to bring up such a delicate topic out of nowhere.

"Father, please erect a barrier, this secret is capable of causing a civil war," his tone was serious, causing Han to erect the barrier without asking any further questions.

"Kayden, you don't need to tell your secrets, everyone has theirs", Heimer started to feel a little bad, it seemed like he had pressured Kayden into this.

"It's okay, Heimer, I've wanted to do this for a while," Kayden sighed. "First you must simulate the lightning in your hands", he demonstrated the process, and the three did it together.

Kayden showed a few more steps where he circulated his mana and held the lightning in his hands. It seemed like completely random steps to both of them, but they continued without asking questions.

"Very well", the three were already sweating, the boy made them spend a lot of focus on their concentration. "Now the final step, raise the beam to its maximum power without it killing a human being and... each place their beam in the other's leg."

The two did so without hesitation. Before they started struggling, they could see the wide smile on Kayden's face. A few seconds later, the two woke up.

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They found themselves sprawled out on the floor covered in drool.



"It looks like we failed the last step, how about we do it again?" The miscreant's voice can be heard waking them both up from their stupor. Heimer was the first to compose himself and stand up.

AN: hello readers, I got original works to feature, so I'll be releasing two chapters today, thanks for the support