

# **CLEAVER OF SIN #Chapter 101: Sinvaira - Read**

## **CLEAVER OF SIN Chapter 101: Sinvaira**

### **Chapter 101: Sinvaira**

After a while, Wuthenya decided to stop thinking about her elder brother, the one who refused to share his secrets on how he grew so powerful so quickly. Her mind shifted to someone else entirely. Her lover. Her boyfriend.

Yes, Wuthenya Wargrave, the Second Moon, had a boyfriend.

Many across Crymora often misunderstood the traditions of the Wargrave family. Although it was true that none aside from the Primarch were allowed to birth descendants, it didn't mean that the Suns, Moons, Elders, and Great Elders couldn't have lovers or those they cared for.

They did not all die virgins. Every one of them had experienced romance, some with more than one partner. As long as none of them bore children, there was no violation of family law.

Right now, Wuthenya was thinking of her boyfriend. She hadn't seen him nor spoken to him in over three days, ever since Asher's True Awakening had begun. But now, she was returning to him.

'The moon and weather feel perfect for some late night sex,' she thought to herself with a mischievous smile curling her lips.

"You seem to be deep in thought, Wuthenya," the maid who was guiding the Enduron horses spoke, noticing the clear shift in mood reflected on Wuthenya's face.

This maid had served Wuthenya since birth. She was not just a servant; she was a quiet companion, a constant presence throughout Wuthenya's life.

"Sigh... I was just thinking about my stupid brothers," Wuthenya replied, brushing strands of hair away from her face, "and also... about Mother."

"Well, from what you've told me, the First Sun and Tenth Sun are indeed monsters," the maid responded, her voice calm and familiar.

"Hoo... Are you saying I'm not on their level in terms of talent?" Wuthenya teased, casting a sideways smirk toward the front of the carriage.

The maid did not hesitate in her reply. "How could I dare say that? They are the ones beneath you."

"Perfect answer. You win two platinum coins," Wuthenya responded, nodding approvingly.

The maid chuckled softly. "Thank you, my lady."

She genuinely loved being Wuthenya's servant. Not only was she treated with more warmth than most noble born mistresses would ever show a maid, but Wuthenya also had a strange habit of rewarding her with platinum coins for what seemed like no reason at all. Just like now, two platinum coins, effortlessly handed away.

What job in the entire world of Crymora could offer better conditions than this?

Simple; None.

Wuthenya and her maid continued their conversation casually, as though they were equals rather than a noble heir and her servant. Their dynamic was unique, almost surreal. The maid always engaged Wuthenya in conversation whenever she noticed her mind wandering toward thoughts of Lily, Wuthenya's late mother.

She never wanted Wuthenya to be swallowed by a single painful memory.

As the hours passed, time seemed to blur. The Enduron horses pushed forward tirelessly, their hooves pounding against the earth in rhythmic cadence. Wuthenya shared with her maid the full details of Asher's True Awakening. It wasn't considered confidential information; there was no reason to hide it.

The maid had already seen Asher herself, completely unharmed, after the True Awakening. Based on that alone, she had concluded that Asher was, in every sense of the word, a monster. Like Malrik, who had only lost a single wrist during his own True Awakening, aside from a few scratches that barely counted as injuries.

Wuthenya's previously cheerful expression slowly faded into a neutral one. A few moments later, her voice cut through the silence.

"Stop the carriage."

The maid didn't ask why. She didn't hesitate, nor did she speak. She simply pulled the reins and brought the Enduron horses to a halt.

Wuthenya stepped out of the gold plated carriage with graceful poise. Her movements were elegant, deliberate, and silent. Without turning back, she addressed her maid.

"Continue the journey on your own. I'll meet you there later."

The maid frowned immediately. She could sense that something was off. Wuthenya's sudden silence, the abrupt stop, and now this command, it wasn't hard to deduce that someone, or something, had made a move.

Still, the maid didn't argue. She understood her limits. She whipped the reins and urged the horses forward with renewed urgency.

She was only a Blazestar rank. Staying near Wuthenya would only make her a burden, a limitation on Wuthenya's ability to fight at full strength.

Her thoughts now focused on one thing: returning to the Wuthenya's residence as fast as possible to alert Wuthenya's boyfriend. Although Wuthenya was undeniably powerful, it was better to have support, just in case.

With that, she drove the horses harder, pushing them to their limits as the carriage raced forward into the distance.

As her maid disappeared from view, Wuthenya turned her gaze toward the dense woods ahead. Her voice was calm, confident, and piercing.

"I know you're there. Though you've hidden yourself perfectly, such tricks are useless against someone like me."

But her words were met with silence. No movement. Only the whisper of wind as trees and grass danced in the night's rhythm.

A few seconds passed.

Wuthenya didn't speak again. She had said enough. There was no need to repeat herself. She simply stood her ground and waited, her eyes sharp and patient.

Then suddenly, from the darkness, a figure emerged.

His steps echoed unnaturally, sounding as though he were walking from every direction at once, an auditory illusion that stirred the senses.

"To think you actually sensed me. I had planned to observe you for a while longer," the being said as he stepped into the moonlight.

The silver glow illuminated his form.

He emitted no presence, no aura, as though he didn't exist at all. His body, though humanoid in shape, was unsettling. Stitches crisscrossed every part of his frame, large seams suggesting that his limbs had been sewn together from matched flesh. Despite the grotesque appearance, he wore a calm smile, one that stretched wide as he stared at Wuthenya like she was prey.

Wuthenya's eyes narrowed. Her instincts flared violently.

Danger.

Every part of her being screamed at her.

Her combat senses told her all she needed to know, her odds of winning had just dropped dramatically. But Wuthenya was no fool. She never charged blindly into battle. She assessed her opponent's strength and adjusted accordingly.

Right now, her senses screamed one thing: run.

But where could she go?

Besides, she was a Wargrave.

And just because her opponent was stronger didn't mean she would die without resistance. If she was going to fall, she'd make sure the enemy went down with her.

'An Emovira,' she thought at first, but quickly dismissed the idea. She had slain countless Emovirae in her lifetime. This one was different. Stronger. Stranger. More... unnatural.

Then her memory jolted.

A name surfaced from the recesses of her thoughts, one she had heard whispered among her family in the deepest discussions.

Sinvaira.

## **Chapter 102: Carnage**

Sinvaira.

As Wuthenya thought of this, her eyes narrowed, and a faint frown formed upon her lips. She had never encountered one before, but she had heard of them, from her father, Malrik, from the Elders, and even the Great Elders.

And if her suspicions were correct, then everything at this moment had just changed dramatically. She had heard tales, dark ones, that the previous Primarch, her own grandfather, had been assassinated by them.

Sinvirae were a higher class of Emovirae. No, calling them Emovirae was an insult in itself, Emovirae didn't even deserve to be mentioned in the same breath as them.

According to information gathered since what was presumed to be their first appearance, though no one could say for certain if that had truly been the beginning, it was believed that Sinvairae were not born from the existence of negative and positive emotions like normal Emovirae. Instead, they were born from sins themselves.

No one truly knew how many of them existed, but based on the information accumulated over the centuries, at least five had been confirmed through rare and scattered sightings.

However, if one were to go by the number of sins known to exist in Crymora, then it was undeniable, their numbers certainly exceeded five.

Emovirae were graded on a classification system distinct from that used for monsters and beasts. They were ranked from Rank 1 to Rank 10, with higher ranks indicating increased power and more advanced intelligence.

But the Sinvairae were beings said to exist beyond even Rank 10. Their sheer power and innate intelligence placed them on a level that rivaled, or even surpassed, that of the Human race itself, a reality that was terrifying to contemplate.

The more Wuthenya mentally reviewed the information that the top brass of Crymora had painstakingly gathered over the years, the more bleak her situation became.

She was merely a Voidstar Life Ranker. That alone meant she could match various Rank 8 Emovirae in battle, but now... now a being that stood above the very peak of Rank 10 was targeting her. There was simply no miracle here. No twist of fate would intervene to save her.

Though she certainly possessed the talent to one day ascend to that level, in the present, it was still only that; potential.

But, Wuthenya felt no fear, despite her awareness that death stood before her. She was a Wargrave. She had brushed against death when she was only fifteen, just six months after her awakening. Since then, death had become her companion.

Just because her opponent this time hailed from ancient times, didn't mean it changed anything.

A Wargrave dies in battle, with their weapon in hand and their back held straight. Not in bed. Not at home. Not surrounded by comfort.

"Impressive... You don't seem afraid of me. Is it that you don't know what I am? Or are you simply foolish?" the Sinvaira intoned, his eyes fixed on Wuthenya with a calm superiority. There was no urgency in his demeanor, this prey, to him, could be ended whenever he so pleased with a single attack.

"Why should I be afraid? Death comes for everyone, regardless of lifespan, age, nobility, race, or power," Wuthenya replied evenly. Her hands hung loosely at her sides, her posture unguarded, as though she had already accepted the outcome.

"As expected of a Wargrave... A bloodline of war and grave... Truly admirable," the being murmured with a small smile.

Wuthenya didn't shy away from the conversation. In fact, she welcomed it. She knew her maid would likely call for help, though she didn't know who might answer, it hardly mattered. Anyone was better than no one. At the very least, they might face this foe together.

"Tell me... what Sinvaira of Sin are you?" she asked softly. Her green hair swayed gently to the rhythm of the wind, fluttering alongside the leaves and grass like they were caught in a delicate dance of fate.

"Hoo... So you humans have gathered this much information? Impressive. Truly," the being remarked, evidently surprised by how much the humans knew, especially considering how infrequently the Sinvaira made appearances.

"The name's Orvak, the Sinvaira of Carnage. Born from your race's obsession with war, destruction, devastation, and of course... carnage," the being introduced himself with a faintly theatrical tone.

"I'm simply doing what I was birthed to do, Miss Second Moon," he continued, his voice low and smooth. "But do not mistake me for one who indulges in senseless violence. No, no. Carnage is only beautiful when done with precision... when it's meaningful," he paused, his eyes settling upon Wuthenya with unsettling stillness. "Just like you. I will make you beautiful... a beautiful corpse."

Wuthenya did not flinch at the threat. Instead, a small smile played across her lips. Her blood was already boiling, her senses thrumming in anticipation. She was itching, aching, to taste the power of this ancient being. A creature that existed above the normal limits of classification.

Her fingers were already twitching, eager to summon her twin daggers. But she restrained herself. She remained still, gathering more information, trying to understand what she was truly up against.

Indeed, a great deal of destruction and death had plagued the world ever since the fall of the star fragment, an event that shattered the relative peace of the realm.

From humanity's sudden awakening and evolution, to the beasts who evolved in tandem, and the subsequent war that followed, the death toll had risen into the millions. And even after the war was, in some sense, won, the unified world fractured into competing Empires due to the resurgence of various power and abilities

People crowned themselves kings and queens. Ambitions rose. And then came the carnage, humans warring among themselves, further fueling chaos. More death. More devastation. The intelligent Emovirae seized the opportunity, spreading chaos across every known Empire.

Some Empires fell, annihilated entirely, absorbed into stronger ones. While this served as a brutal lesson to the survivors, it also forged an unstable peace, one built on fear. The fear of war returning. The fear of the Sinvaira, watching from the shadows.

"To think your battle intent would rise just from hearing my name... Truly, your bloodline is worth studying," Orvak said with a grin.

"I take it you're no longer stalling for reinforcements then," he added, voice steeped in calm arrogance.

Wuthenya was unsurprised that Orvak knew she was stalling. Beings like him weren't just powerful, they were brilliant. After all, they couldn't have remained hidden all these centuries without the intelligence to do so.

She said nothing. Her silence was her answer.

And yet, though she stood alone before a being of carnage, though death encroached on every breath, she remained still, her spine straight, her eyes calm, her blood screaming for battle.

She was Wuthenya Wargrave.

And if she was going to die...

Then she would do so standing.

### **Chapter 103: Orvak**

With a smile, Wuthenya's soul-bound weapon materialized in her hands, a pair of sleek, black twin daggers. Then, in an instant, she appeared directly in front of Orvak. No movement technique, no Astra, just pure, unadulterated physical strength.

Her dagger carved through the air with maddening grace, arcing toward Orvak's neck. But the Sinvaira simply took a single step back, an amused smile lingering on his face. The dagger sliced through the space where his throat had just been.

"Put some strength into your attacks. I haven't made a move in centuries, don't bore me," Orvak said calmly, sidestepping another incoming strike with insulting ease.

Wuthenya immediately vanished from her position, reappearing several meters back. She clenched her jaw. What Orvak said was true. Her life was on the line, she was

battling someone leagues above her. There was no room for reservation. She couldn't afford to waste time or energy.

Astra erupted through her Astra veins like a dam bursting, her aura flaring wildly. Despite the overwhelming gap in strength, her smile widened with reckless abandon. She didn't care for the disparity. She was a Wargrave.

The ground beneath her feet exploded in a deafening roar as she shot forward like a missile, her speed breaching the sound barrier with ease, like a bullet through paper.

Her twin daggers rose, and silver energy bloomed across their edges. Then, like the weight of a collapsing sky, her assault descended upon Orvak.

But this time, he didn't dodge.

He smiled.

A grin mirroring Wuthenya's stretched across his face as he raised his palm, and in a blur, struck forward.

Like two nuclear warheads colliding, daggers met palm in a burst of cataclysmic destruction. The world seemed to dye itself in silver and white, a conundrum of clashing energies surging outward in every direction.

In a flash, both combatants vanished.

Their movements weaved through the battlefield in unpredictable directions, daggers flashing through the air like streaks of silver flame, painting the darkness with deadly beauty.

The air screamed around them. The earth beneath their feet trembled with titanic force as their battle raged.

And yet, Orvak still hadn't attacked.

He remained on the defensive, parrying every strike with a single hand while the other remained tucked calmly behind his back.

A dagger shot for his red eyes, but his left hand blurred upward, meeting it with the back of his palm. The moment the weapon made contact, the silver energy blooming across its blade exploded with a world-ending detonation, swallowing Orvak whole.

Wuthenya blurred backward, crossing a full kilometer in an instant. Her black eyes scanned the battlefield. The land lay in ruins from only a few exchanges, a storm of dust swirling violently in the aftermath.

Then, from within the swirling chaos, Orvak emerged.

Unharmmed.

Both hands remained folded behind his back, his smile as calm and confident as ever.

"I have to say... your moon element is truly unique. Your speed and strength surpass that of most Voidstar Life Rankers, and you haven't even reached the Radiant level yet. Impressive," Orvak praised casually.

Wuthenya said nothing in response. It was true, the element she had awakened was the Moon Element. It granted her command over silver lunar energy, allowing her to unleash destruction unlike many other.

### ***[Moon Dagger Technique: Tidal Pull]***

A torrent of immense silver energy erupted into the sky above, then collapsed inwards, converging around her daggers with increasing ferocity.

Then it struck.

Gravitational force surged outward in an instant. Earth, trees, rocks, foliage, everything within a kilometer radius was dragged toward Wuthenya, helplessly sucked into the center of her technique. But as they neared, they were diced to shreds by the rampant silver energy swirling around her.

Orvak felt the pull immediately, but he didn't resist.

He welcomed it.

The silver lunar energy roared to life and consumed him completely. But Wuthenya didn't simply stand there, she moved.

Her left dagger streaked forward, aiming directly for the Sinvaira's forehead, threatening to cleave through Orvak's brain.

But Orvak raised his hand casually, catching the blade between his index and middle fingers with chilling ease. Countless moon-silver slashes lashed out against his skin, exploding on impact, yet he remained unmoved. He didn't react. He didn't flinch. They couldn't even injure him.

It was impossible.

Wuthenya's eyes narrowed. Her attacks were futile, just like those of all lower-ranked beings who thought they could stand against higher realms.

Still, she only needed one attack to land.

Just one.

"This is disappointing... Wargrave," Orvak murmured, his tone sharp and final. His hand clenched into a fist, and with a speed that exceeded comprehension, possibly even the speed of light, it hurtled toward Wuthenya's head like a divine battering ram.

The air split and detonated in her ears as the point-blank strike filled her vision. She knew immediately, there was no dodging this. She could not outpace a being who stood above Rank 10.

In that instant, she activated another technique.

The gravitational pull around them vanished entirely, as if it had never existed. Everything suspended in midair collapsed instantly to the ground.

### ***[Moon Dagger Technique: Mirror Veil]***

Her entire body shimmered in a silver radiance for a millisecond. The moment the fist collided with her head, it phased through her like mist. Behind her, the battlefield detonated with a deafening roar, the shockwave blasting outward like the wrath of a dying world. The entire plain quaked under the weight of a single missed blow.

"Hoo... nice save. I'll give you—" Orvak began, but before he could finish his sentence, a second Wuthenya appeared behind him.

Her dagger already arced toward his neck.

But Orvak didn't flinch.

He didn't dodge.

He didn't even raise a hand.

The blade struck, and shattered instantly. Like an egg thrown against a steel wall, the dagger burst into shards of useless metal.

'Such a strong physique...' Wuthenya thought in disbelief. She hadn't expected her weapon to break upon impact. But the clone was not finished.

With a thought, the second Wuthenya detonated, an explosion of silver blades surging outward and erasing everything within a three kilometer radius.

Wuthenya's true body reappeared outside the range of the blast.

But her senses screamed.

"This is simply disappointing. I came here expecting at least a bit of entertainment. But it seems weaklings are weaklings for a reason," Orvak's voice whispered coldly into her ears, from behind.

His fist shot forward again, this time faster. Sharper. Deadlier.

Wuthenya didn't try to dodge. She couldn't.

She didn't have time to use her technique.

She accepted her fate as the fist engulfed her vision, ready to explode her skull into fragments of bone and blood.

'It seems... I won't be alive to see Mother's dream come true,' she thought, strangely at peace.

But just as the fist was about to make contact,

A hand emerged from thin air.

It clamped down on Orvak's wrist, stopping the blow mere centimeters from Wuthenya's head.

A resounding boom echoed across the battlefield. The force of Orvak's halted punch blasted Wuthenya backward like a leaf caught in a storm. Though the fist never made contact, its sheer pressure still struck her.

Her body tumbled through the air in a silver streak, but instinct guided her.

She twisted mid-air and landed gracefully, her feet dragging deep trenches into the earth as she skidded to a stop.

Her eyes snapped forward, piercing through the swirling dust storm.

Someone had interfered.

And now she waited, to see who.

## **Chapter 104: Head**

The swirling dust storm began to settle with an eerie calmness, as though savoring each passing moment. From within the thinning veil of dust, two towering figures gradually emerged into view, each standing no less than eight feet tall.

Both exuded an overwhelming presence, their broad shoulders silhouetted against the fading storm. One bore crimson eyes and jet-black hair, with dark threads coursing visibly through his body as he stood in quiet stillness. The other possessed glacial blue eyes and hair, his posture relaxed, calm, untouched by the chaos around him.

They were none other than Orvak; the Sinvaira of Carnage, and Malrik Wargrave; the First Sun.

Malrik stood effortlessly, grasping Orvak's wrist as if it were the simplest task in the world. His other hand remained casually tucked into his pocket.

"Hey, sis. I let you have your fun, so don't whine to me now that I showed up to save you," he said, his voice calm and unhurried, yet it carried clearly to Wuthenya's ears.

She stood frozen in disbelief, staring at him.

'How?'

She couldn't fathom how her brother had arrived so swiftly. It made no sense, especially considering her personal maid had been sent to her private manor, not the Wargrave estate, where Malrik was supposed to be.

"Hoo... the First Sun, Malrik Wargrave. At last, we meet," Orvak said with a faint smirk, unbothered that his attack had been so effortlessly halted. "As expected, you never fail to meddle in matters that don't concern you."

To him, it was of no matter that Malrik had actually stopped his attack. That strike hadn't even approached his true speed. And even if, by some miracle, Malrik could match him blow for blow, so be it, such things only added to the thrill. After all, he was the Sinvaira of Carnage. It was in the heart of chaos, in battles of the highest caliber, that he truly came alive.

"Ehh... I didn't know the Sinvairas were keeping tabs on me," Malrik replied, his voice as composed as ever, the faint curve of a smile lingering on his lips. "Should I feel honored that such beings deem me worthy of notice, or tremble in fear beneath such presence?"

"Brother, let's face him together," Wuthenya said, rising to her feet, her twin daggers flashing back into her grasp like silver streaks of moonlight. Battle intent burned in her eyes. "This being... he stands beyond Rank 10."

But before she could take a single step forward, Malrik raised a hand slightly and spoke, his tone calm yet resolute. "Forgive me, sister. But we can't face this one together. You'd only hold me back. I suggest you take a few steps back, this isn't a battle you're meant to join."

Wuthenya froze mid-step as Malrik's words echoed in her ears. She had no response, not because she disagreed, but because, deep down, she understood. Once, when they were younger, she and Malrik had fought side by side, overwhelming beasts and monsters with the seamless coordination only siblings could share.

But that time had long passed.

Things were different now.

She felt no anger at his words. He hadn't said them to wound her, and she didn't take them as such. Instead, she acknowledged the truth of them. Though she was a powerhouse in her own right, strength was a relative thing. In the presence of titans; her father, Azeron, or even the Emperor, her might paled. These were beings who grazed the ceiling of power in Crymora. And Orvak... he was of the same breed.

Without hesitation, Wuthenya vanished. The sound barrier shattered with a sharp crack as she blurred backward, crossing kilometers in the blink of an eye. She understood, if she stayed, she would only get in the way.

"Is the family bonding time over?" Orvak drawled, his voice laced with mockery. "Because I need your attention squarely on me, First Sun."

He emphasized the title with a sneer, deliberately twisting it, just as he had with Second Moon, each time spoken like a private joke at the siblings' expense.

He didn't wait for Malrik's response.

With explosive force, Orvak's fist rocketed forward like a bullet train, aimed directly at Malrik's face. The smile vanished from Malrik's lips in an instant. He shifted effortlessly, his body gliding to the side with calm composure, releasing Orvak's wrist in the same fluid motion.

***BOOM***

The sheer force of Orvak's strike ruptured the air behind them, detonating the ground in a shockwave of raw power.

But Malrik didn't flinch. He countered immediately, his knee flashing upward like a blur of vengeance, driving toward the Sinvaira's side with razor-sharp precision and lethal intent.

But Orvak twisted his body with impossible grace, slipping past the incoming knee at an angle that defied logic. He didn't pause. He didn't hesitate. In the same seamless motion, he transitioned from evasion to offense, his hand snapping forward like a spear, fingers pointed and aimed unerringly for Malrik's throat.

Malrik's form dissolved into a blur. The very air at his previous position buckled and shattered, the wind barrier collapsing under the pressure of his departure. Orvak's senses flared, scanning instinctively, left, right, behind, but Malrik was nowhere in sight.

Then, just for a fleeting instant, Orvak saw him.

Malrik stood atop his head, hands casually tucked into his pockets, his calm presence a direct contrast to the chaos around them. Orvak didn't react with surprise, only motion. His form flickered, vanishing into a streak of movement as he reappeared above, attempting to reverse the maneuver, now aiming to perch atop Malrik's head.

But Malrik was already gone.

He had returned to his prior position atop Orvak, the same infuriating calm in his posture, as if the laws of movement didn't apply to him.

They both smiled.

In the next moment, afterimages filled the night like echoes of lightning. The battlefield turned surreal. Their bodies blurred and flickered across the terrain, first at subsonic speeds, then accelerating into the supersonic, before effortlessly tearing into hypersonic bursts. Each movement was a test, a taunt, a game of godlike reflexes. Like titans playing tag beneath a sky too slow to follow.

Wuthenya's black eyes darted desperately, trying to track the movements of the two monsters before her, but it was futile. Even her own speed surpassed the sound barrier, but it offered no advantage here. They existed in a realm far beyond that threshold.

Her lunar energy flared instinctively, wrapping around her form in soft silver radiance. It surged into her eyes, sharpening her perception to its utmost limits. Time seemed to slow... but even then, she saw nothing. Only flickers. Flashes. Echoes of motion.

All she could perceive were the aftershocks, the sound of shattering earth, the howling collapse of displaced wind, each one announcing that Malrik and Orvak had already moved again. And again.

Then they broke into the realm of re-entry speed, velocities at which meteors tear through the sky. The world around them seemed to smear, reality itself struggling to maintain coherence against their godlike pace.

This was her chance, her only chance, to glean something. Anything. A stance, a rhythm, a flaw. But no matter how hard she focused, how much energy she poured into perception...

She couldn't keep up.

Orvak and Malrik collided, no weapons, no techniques, just raw, unrestrained power in the form of flesh and will. Their bodies slammed into one another with bone-shattering force, yet their smiles never wavered.

They locked eyes in that instant, crimson clashing against cerulean. Neither blinked. Neither yielded. In their gaze was a silent declaration: You cannot surpass me.

Each believed themselves the pinnacle. Each believed the other would fall.

And then;

They vanished, not in a blur but in a blip as though existence itself momentarily forgot them.

## **Chapter 105: Glee**

A high-intensity shockwave ruptured the fabric of reality as two fists collided with cataclysmic force. Then, just as swiftly, the fists parted, only to meet again. And again. And again. Blow after blow rained down in a flurry of motion, their hands blurring backward and forward with enough power to erase entire mountain ranges.

Beneath their feet, the earth screamed. Ravines split and tore open, unable to withstand the pressure of their movement, each streak of motion so rapid it mocked the concept of teleportation itself.

Then came a blast, flesh against flesh, followed by an echo that shattered the air like a war cry. The wind howled in agony, ripped apart by the collision of these two titanic calamities.

Fist met fist.

Speed clashed with speed.

Strength collided with strength.

And raw, unfiltered intensity met its equal.

They didn't pause to speak, there was no need. Each strike, each movement, carried the weight of unspoken words. Their fists were their voices, their blows the language of gods.

Dust rose like a harbinger of ruin, veiling the forest in a storm of silence and dread. The air thickened, pressure mounting with each passing second as both combatants pushed the limits of physicality, and reality.

With another thunderous impact, their elbows collided mid-motion, a jarring crack ringing through the storm. Neither flinched. Neither bled. It was as if damage had no place in a clash such as this.

Concussive wave detonated with every step, their feet gliding over the torn earth like phantoms. The ground quaked beneath them, trembling as though great behemoths were waging war upon its back.

Their martial prowess was staggering, flawless, terrifying. It was as if both had spent millennia preparing for this very moment... not just to fight, but to fight each other.

Orvak's fist tore through the air like a cannonball, aiming for Malrik's gut with the fury of a madman intent on ripping him apart. But Malrik's palm rose with uncanny calm, redirecting the strike with a smooth deflection. In the same motion, his forefoot whipped upward in a vicious arc, aiming straight for Orvak's temple.

Orvak responded instantly, one hand snapping up to catch Malrik's ankle with terrifying ease. Then, with a casual twist of his torso, he hurled Malrik sideways with such force it looked as though he were tossing a twig, not a warrior.

Malrik's body spun out of control for a heartbeat, the air around him screeching from the velocity. But then, he righted himself mid-flight, his instincts sharper than blades, his experience blazing like fire.

Twisting through the air with a grace that seemed almost divine, Malrik's feet landed squarely on the thick trunk of a towering tree. He stood horizontal against the bark, perfectly balanced, parallel to the earth, defying gravity with practiced ease as though insulting the laws of physics.

But Orvak gave him no time.

The moment Malrik's feet touched the wood, Orvak was already there, his colossal frame materializing in front of him, fist already crashing downward toward Malrik's skull like a meteor falling from the heavens.

The smile on Malrik's face stretched wider, a quiet thrill dancing in his eyes. Using the tree as a springboard, he launched himself sideways with instantaneous, almost incomprehensible speed. But he didn't merely evade, he countered.

Mid-air, in that sliver of a moment, his fist rocketed forward and struck Orvak's flank with pinpoint precision.

**BOOM**

Orvak's descending blow annihilated the tree behind Malrik, reducing it to splinters and dust. But in the same breath, Malrik's counter landed, a thunderous impact crashing into Orvak's side.

The force roared through the Sinvaira's body, a brutal reminder that even he did not stand above the physical laws of Crymora. Inertia surged through him, his body driven backward as trenches tore into the ground beneath his feet. Earth groaned and split in protest until, finally, Orvak ground to a halt.

His expression never contorted in pain; his body remained pristine, unmarred by the force of the strike, as though the attack had never landed. His smile lingered, showing no sign of disappearing, and his eyes glowed with a predatory gleam as he fixed his gaze on Malrik, like a beast eyeing its prey. But Malrik only returned the look with a feral grin of his own.

Then, like two deranged titans, they exploded off the ground, limbs coiling with power. Their legs collided mid-air with a resounding crash, sending shockwaves rippling through the terrain. What followed was a furious, almost absurd exchange of blows, each strike releasing gusts so violent that the very air recoiled, hurling debris and dust in every direction.

Malrik's attacks came from every conceivable angle. If he detected an opening, he surged into it with terrifying lethality. His movements bore the rhythm of a war god, every motion calculated yet fluid, his feet, shoulders, and hips operating in seamless harmony as he clashed with a creature whose battle experience spanned an era beyond comprehension.

Orvak's fist surged forward, aiming for Malrik's chest with deadly intent. But Malrik caught it mid-air, his grip firm and unshaken. In one seamless motion, he pivoted, twisting his torso with effortless precision and hurled Orvak over his shoulder, intent on slamming him into the earth.

The throw was clean, textbook in form, devastating in force.

But Orvak was no novice.

He was a martial master whose hand-to-hand prowess had been carved through ages of blood and war. As his body spun through the air, he twisted violently, realigning himself before his back could meet the ground.

Then, impact.

With uncanny balance, Orvak landed on three limbs, feet and one hand, absorbing the force in a controlled descent. The ground caved slightly beneath him, the soil groaning under the sheer weight of his presence.

But there was no reprieve.

Before Orvak could even begin to rise, Malrik was already there. His foot shot out like a bolt of judgment, aimed directly at Orvak's head, point-blank, merciless, and deadly.

But Orvak slipped to the side with fluid ease, his crimson eyes tracking Malrik's foot as it passed mere inches from his head. There was no wasted motion, no delay. The moment he evaded, he surged forward like a missile, aiming to seize Malrik by the waist and slam him into the ground.

But Malrik was already anticipating it.

In a seamless shift, he adjusted his center of gravity, executing a forward roll midair, a front flip that defied timing and human mechanics. He twisted over Orvak's lunging form with impossible agility, not merely evading, but countering.

He descended like a meteor, body crashing down with crushing momentum, his feet soles aimed straight for Orvak's spine.

But the Sinvaira vanished in a flicker.

One instant, he was beneath Malrik, the next, gone.

Malrik's feet struck the earth with punishing force. The ground couldn't bear it. A thunderous impact erupted outward, and a massive ravine tore open beneath him, splitting wide like a yawning chasm. Debris, dust, and raw pressure exploded in every direction, tearing through the forest like a wave of judgment.

Dust billowed high into the air, cloaking the aftermath in a heavy, swirling shroud.

Then — footsteps.

Step. Step. Step. Step.

He emerged from the haze.

Same smile. Same ease. Same eyes.

Not a flicker of strain or unrest clung to his form. Malrik walked forward as if nothing extraordinary had just occurred, as if going toe to toe with a primeval force of chaos was simply another moment in a long day. He carried himself with the poise of one who belonged in that realm of monsters.

Orvak stared at him with a glint of madness in his crimson gaze. He wasn't shocked. He wasn't angered. He wasn't even disappointed that Malrik had matched him blow for blow, or that he'd been struck once while landing none of his own.

No — he welcomed it.

After all, beings like him didn't get to feel often. They didn't often get to fight.

And that made this rare... Precious.

Their eyes locked, two destined adversaries, staring into each other like incarnations of fate itself. And then, without a word, they moved.

A long, obsidian weapon materialized in Orvak's grasp, its black metallic surface gleaming ominously beneath the moonlight. The blade curved wickedly, its glint betraying an edge honed to sever through bone, steel, or soul; a scythe, born to reap.

In the same breath, a flash erupted at Malrik's waist. His hand drifted with calm certainty to the hilt, and then came the hiss, low and menacing, as his weapon was drawn. A katana: sleek, blue, and slightly curved at the end, whispering of precision, control, and sudden death.

As though fate had given a signal, these two leviathans tore towards each other with nothing but glee.

## **Chapter 106: Equilibrium**

In an apocalyptic clash, katana met scythe with cataclysmic force. The reverberation of steel striking steel echoed like thunder across the greenery battlefield. A burst of sparks flared at the moment of contact, only to be swallowed instantly by the rippling shockwave that followed.

A resonant metallic clang tore through the very fabric of sound, as though reality itself struggled to register their speed. Their duel carved through the air, leaving behind arcs of sharpened intent, visible trails of killing will.

Each blow unleashed concussive shockwaves that fractured stone and uprooted trees, a storm of destruction born from their fury. They moved like incarnations of wrath, savage and lethal.

The oppressive weight of their battle suffocated the air, thick with the scent of looming death. Between them stretched a void, silent, absolute, filled only with flickering steel and overwhelming force. One misstep, a single breath drawn out of rhythm, and the confrontation would end in a blood burst.

Still, they moved, relentlessly, each slash and cleave rending through existence itself, as though rewriting the very fabric of reality with every strike.

Cleave met slash.

Slash clashed with slash.

Slash collided with cleave.

Technique collided with technique.

Two blurs of motion.

Two harbingers of destruction.

Two incarnations of madness.

Two beings forged at the pinnacle of existence.

In the span of mere seconds, millions of blows were exchanged, each strike aimed with lethal precision toward vital points: the heart, the eyes, the brain, the liver, the ankles.

Nothing was off-limits. Yet every assault was met with perfect deflection, each parry flowing with uncanny synchronicity, as if they were reflections of one another, twins in spirit, birthed by different mothers.

Silhouettes tore through the air, moving far beyond the grasp of reality, too swift for time itself to measure. Even Mach was a feeble metric, inadequate to capture the speed at which they crossed vast kilometers in less than a blink.

In mere seconds, an entire forest, spanning over a thousand kilometers, was reduced to desolation. The land lay in ruins, with smoke and ash rising like mourning spirits, veiling the skies and obscuring any attempt at perception.

Yet within the swirling chaos, they clashed without hesitation. Blades met in a dance so fierce, it felt almost intimate, like estranged lovers reunited through violence. Streaks of black and blue carved through the void, erasing all other colors, as though the world itself had yielded to their dominion.

With a thunderous boom, both figures vanished in a single blip, reality itself unable to trace their movement, as their battle shifted to a new arena: the boundless ocean.

In a single, fluid motion, the scythe cleaved through the air. The wind collapsed under its overwhelming pressure, folding in submission before a devastating crescent blade of compressed air roared into existence. It surged forward with murderous intent, raw, unfiltered, unstoppable.

No technique.

No Astra.

No ability.

Just sheer physical might, power so immense it threatened to rewrite the laws of Crymora itself.

The atmosphere shrieked as the wind blade surged across the ocean, carving the entire ocean in two with surgical precision. Water parted violently, forming a ravine of liquid fury beneath the heavens.

But the katana refused to be eclipsed.

Mid-swing, it vanished into a blur, and in its wake, the wind folded again, this time in reverence. A second force erupted forward, equally relentless, promising destruction that rivaled the gods.

With a maddening collision, the twin wind slashes met, crossing each other in midair, forming a luminous cross shape that split the space.

And then — impact.

The world was consumed in blinding white. A thunderous detonation followed as a colossal tsunami rose, towering with divine fury, as if the entire ocean sought to engulf the Empire in vengeance. The parted ocean was slammed shut by the sheer force, folding violently upon itself.

The aftermath was cataclysmic.

The ocean's hue darkened, stained by chaos and death. Countless creatures, monsters, beasts, and fish alike, were shredded into oblivion, their forms unable to withstand the raw, ungodly force unleashed in that fleeting instant.

Even the rising tsunami could not halt their collision. They plunged headlong into the surging tide, their forms vanishing into the churning abyss.

Beneath the mountainous waves, they clashed once more, gliding effortlessly across the ocean's surface, as if the laws of buoyancy and balance had been stripped from existence. In that moment, even Archimedes' principle held no meaning.

With two precise slashes, the ocean was sundered, not just vertically, but horizontally as well, cleaved in two directions like parchment beneath a blade.

And then it happened.

The seabed, long strained beneath the crushing weight of the waters above, could no longer endure. It collapsed, an ancient foundation giving way. With its fall, the ocean roared in primal force, no longer contained by the boundaries of its basin.

It surged outward in a furious tide, seeking to drown the world that had once stood safely beyond its reach.

But Malrik and Orvak didn't care.

The world held no meaning.

Not the sky, not the ocean, not the crumbling realm around them.

Only their opponent mattered. Only the clash.

Only the katana. Only the scythe.

Only this moment, this sacred exchange, nothing else.

With an ear-splitting boom, both warriors plunged beneath the waves. Yet even submerged, they moved as if born of the ocean, cutting through the crushing depths as if water offered no resistance at all.

Their weapons clashed in a frenzy of motion, relentless and precise, unaffected by the weight of the deep. Steel sang in defiance of pressure, sound, and logic.

They streaked across the ocean with impossible speed, faster than any creature that had ever known the ocean. Even the leviathans would have seemed still in comparison.

Their feet crashed onto the seabed with seismic force. The already fractured ocean floor gave way completely, transforming into a massive sinkhole, a yawning void that pulled at the surrounding waters like the mouth of the abyss.

The pressure of the deep intensified, bearing down upon Malrik and Orvak like the weight of a dying world. Yet their movements never faltered. Their blades never slowed. Not for a heartbeat. Not for a breath.

With another thunderous clash, a tempest forged from steel, the water within a twenty kilometer radius violently displaced, as if forcefully vaporized by the sheer magnitude of their collision. For a fleeting moment, the ocean was gone, peeled back by the overwhelming energy that surged between them.

The ocean floor revealed itself once more beneath the chaos, but before it could reclaim its silence, a katana crashed down with terrifying precision. It cleaved through the seabed, not the already ruined terrain, but the very foundation beneath it, splitting the ocean's bones in two.

Orvak and Malrik vanished once more, leaving behind what was once a beautiful ocean, now reduced to ruin, stripped of life and form, without a second thought.

Their figures reappeared high above, suspended midair, a blur of motion as a flurry of attacks erupted between them. Their feet found perfect balance atop a drifting cloud, treating vapor as if it were solid ground.

Neither paused to breathe.

Neither spared a thought.

They moved with supernatural ease, blades dancing faster than the eye could follow, while the trembling cloud beneath them strained to carry the weight of gods.

Above them, the moon bathed the sky in a cascade of silver light, as though it smiled upon the clash, blessing it with a sacred stillness.

They fought like the incarnations of forgotten wars, echoes of ancient battles reborn in flesh and fury. Their weapons tore through the air, each strike a verse in a violent hymn, each motion defying the laws of war.

They were not men.

They were storms.

Tempests given form, locked in a dance of annihilation.

Their duel bore the weight of history itself, each blow a collision of past and present, each clash an echo of empires lost and legends buried.

Their blades sliced the wind, severed clouds, and split even the fabric of space that dared to exist between them. They did not fight for glory, nor for conquest.

They fought for absolute certainty, for the undeniable truth written in the clash of steel.

And then, the cloud, burdened by a weight even oceans could not hold, finally surrendered. It collapsed, dissolving into rainfall.

But Orvak and Malrik were already gone. Their bodies had surged forward, streaking toward the next cloud in their endless warpath across the heavens.

They seemed equal, two forces locked in perfect symmetry, as if the battle itself hovered in a delicate equilibrium.

But such balance cannot last.

There can be no peace in this storm.

One must fall. One must rise. One must live.

## Chapter 107: Passionately kissed

Orvak and Malrik plummeted from the heavens, as though even the boundless sky had grown weary of bearing the weight of their existence.

Yet even as gravity seized them in its grasp, their battle raged on, relentless, unthinking, unpaused. Chaos incarnate.

They struck the earth with thunderous force, crashing into a vast dune that shuddered beneath their might. Sand erupted skyward in a colossal plume, and soundwaves pulsed through the atmosphere, warping the very air.

From within the drifting veil of dust, two figures emerged, one Human, the other Sinvaira. Both stood tall, unbothered, drawing breath as if endurance was a birthright carved into their bones. Their bodies remained immaculate, unscathed, unsullied. Not even dust dared cling to them; not even moisture dared stain them.

No wounds. No sweat. Nothing at all.

Overhead, the moon began its descent, slipping beneath the edge of the world, while the first rays of dawn stretched across the horizon, drawn, it seemed, to bear witness to a clash the world hadn't seen for quiet a few decades.

"I must admit," Orvak said with a smirk, his voice smooth and edged like his weapon. "For a Human, you are remarkably strong. Even a Rank 10 Emovirae would've perished after enduring two of your strikes, barely."

His scythe hung effortlessly across his shoulder, perfectly balanced without the aid of his hands, as though it too bowed to his mastery.

Malrik smiled in return, the gesture both playful and proud. "Well... what can I say? I am the First Sun for a reason."

Orvak chuckled, a red gleam in his eyes. "Then as the First Sun, it's only fitting you'll be the first to die, don't you think?"

Malrik's smile twisted into a smirk, tinged with smugness. "That won't do. If I die, my sister would never let me hear the end of it. Besides, the youngest hasn't seen my strength since his True Awakening. As the eldest, I have a reputation to uphold, every now and then, I have to put on a show."

He paused, then added with a theatrical sigh, "Pity you have no family. I would've killed them too, in order to make it a touching little reunion in the afterlife."

Orvak tilted his head, eyes narrowing as he studied the sadness on Malrik's face, exaggerated or not. "Sometimes I wonder," he said, "if you're truly Human... or a Sinvaira hiding in plain sight."

"Believe me," Malrik replied, his voice low and calm, "even I'm impressed by what I can do."

"That wasn't praise," Orvak said flatly. "I was referring to your tendency to erase entire bloodlines."

Malrik's brows lifted slightly. "Ah, that." He raised a hand to the hilt of his sheathed katana. "Well, if you're that curious, just cut me. See if I bleed red... or something else."

Orvak's smirk deepened, his hand shifting as the scythe slid fluidly from his shoulder into his hand. "I'll be sure to listen for the sound of your scream."

With a sudden burst of motion, so swift it defied the very notion of time, Malrik appeared before Orvak. In a single, fluid arc, his katana was drawn and cleaved forward, the movement so seamless it felt less like an attack and more like a natural extension of his existence.

The sand where he had stood just a breath ago reacted belatedly, erupting outward in a concussive blast, as though struggling to comprehend the velocity that had just left it behind.

The blade, glinting with an eerie blue sheen, howled through the air as it carved its path toward Orvak's neck. But Orvak, ever composed, responded in kind. With a precise flick of his wrist, he raised his scythe and angled the snath expertly, intercepting the path of deadly arc with practiced ease.

Just as the katana and snath were on the verge of colliding, Malrik's body shifted once more, seamlessly, effortlessly. His center of gravity realigned with masterful precision; his shoulders, footwork, and waist flowed in perfect synchronicity, like a dancer executing a movement choreographed by instinct itself.

In that instant, the trajectory of his strike transformed. The blade, once aimed for Orvak's neck, veered suddenly, redirecting toward his right shoulder with surgical intent.

Orvak reacted on pure reflex, his instincts honed and razor-sharp, but it was a heartbeat too late.

The katana sang as it struck, a blue arc of death flashing through the air.

Steel kissed flesh. A savage gash split open, and a torrent of green blood burst forth in a violent spray.

But before the wound could deepen, the threads woven into Orvak's body came alive, wriggling like serpents, they surged from beneath his skin, stitching the torn flesh with unnatural speed. Within seconds, the injury sealed shut, as though it had never existed at all.

"I suppose that makes you the one to draw first blood," Orvak said calmly, unfazed by the gash across his shoulder. In a blink, he surged forward, a blur of lethal intent.

His scythe arced high into the air, then descended like a guillotine, aimed to sever Malrik's neck from his shoulders. But Malrik dropped low, his knees folding beneath him in a fluid crouch. In the same motion, his katana snapped forward like a thrusting rapier, piercing the air with deadly precision.

Orvak's response was instantaneous.

He retracted his scythe with practiced ease, twisting the snath just in time to intercept the incoming strike. Sparks flared in the air as steel passionately kissed steel, the shriek of clashing intent hanging between them.

But Orvak did not falter.

In the same motion, he shifted from defense to offense with the grace of a seasoned predator. With a twist of the shaft, he deflected Malrik's katana aside, then pivoted, his scythe's crescent edge swung down and inward, collapsing toward Malrik's exposed back with ruthless momentum, threatening to carve it open in a single merciless stroke.

But Malrik twisted away at the final moment, fluid as smoke, not even bothering to block or parry. As he rose to his feet, the side of the scythe's snath was already hurtling toward his head with bone-crushing force.

With seamless coordination, his left hand snapped to his waist, unhooking the scabbard. In a motion befitting a true ambidextrous master, he raised it just in time to absorb the blow, steel meeting wood with a thunderous clang.

Simultaneously, his right hand lunged forward like a serpent striking with fangs bared, his katana slashing toward Orvak's chest with surgical precision, aiming to carve straight through his heart.

But Orvak bent backward, spine arching until his body was parallel with the ground. The katana hissed through empty air, barely missing him as it tore through the space where his torso had been.

Without pause, he twisted with inhuman agility, flowing into a series of five rapid backflips, his scythe spinning beside him in a lethal orbit, an extension of his will, whistling through the air like a blade caught in a storm.

Orvak's eyes flicked skyward, catching the first golden sliver of the rising sun.

'I can't afford to drag this out any longer,' he thought coldly.

Around his scythe, a strange black energy began to unfurl, blooming into existence like a poisonous flower. It wasn't aura. It wasn't Astra.

It was something far more primal, something far more destructive. The scythe became shrouded in it, cloaked in a shifting veil of darkness that seemed to devour light itself.

As a Sinvaira born of Carnage, Orvak wielded the very essence of devastation, an energy capable of bestowing ruin upon all it touched.

Malrik's gaze sharpened, his pupils narrowing as he observed the ominous shroud. The sand at Orvak's feet was disintegrating, being erased, without the scythe even making contact. No movement, no swing. The mere presence of that energy consumed everything around it.

He said nothing.

With measured calm, Malrik returned the scabbard to his waist. Then, his katana flared to life, an intense golden orange glow bursting forth in a blinding wave of radiance. The air shimmered, distorted by the searing heat, as the very atmosphere seemed to recoil in anticipation.

This was Malrik's innate element.

The Sun.

## **Chapter 108: Erased [Ko-Fi Bonus Chapter]**

Heat and devastation surged outward, cascading into the world as tendrils of orange and black energy tore through the atmosphere. The very sand beneath them shimmered, glowing intensely, its grains beginning to shift state, melting and fusing into glass under the intensity of their clash.

Orvak and Malrik locked eyes.

Red eyes met blue.

A blue katana faced off against a black scythe.

Golden-orange energy flared violently against the encroaching void of black.

Reality wavered between them, time itself seeming to pause, before both figures vanished in a cataclysmic distortion.

At a single, undefined point in space, they met in a world-ending collision. Crimson and black bathed the horizon as their opposing energies exploded outward in a pulse of pure annihilation.

Without hesitation, they moved. Blades slashed with purpose. Their phantoms tore through the battlefield, roaring like beasts untethered, driven by unbending will.

A thunderous detonation echoed as they collided once more, so fierce that the sand beneath them split and scattered in all directions under the crushing weight of their power.

The world blurred into streaks of orange and black, a chaotic canvas of clashing steel and energy, as their weapons met again and again in close, feral proximity.

Malrik's katana flickered, glitching in and out of reality, like a weapon torn from the fabric of existence itself. In its wake, thousands of crescent-shaped slashes, radiant like miniature suns, erupted into being.

They spiraled and converged, fusing into a single titanic arc of incandescent destruction, a sun-forged slash that towered hundreds of meters into the sky.

With a single, fluid swing of his katana, the monumental crescent surged forward, an embodiment of annihilation, death cloaked in golden flame.

A maddening grin stretched across Orvak's face.

He didn't flinch. He didn't dodge.

His black energy pulsed violently, alive, wild and deadly. Like a storm answering a challenge, his form exploded forward, a blur of darkness. He shot toward the descending crescent like a black star tearing through the heavens, embracing devastation head-on.

Orvak's scythe rose high into the sky, then came crashing down upon the towering crescent sun. His black energy surged outward like a ravenous maw, seeking to consume the solar onslaught. But in a sudden twist, the radiant arc flared crimson, then erupted in a deafening explosion that split the very air.

The blast struck Orvak with cataclysmic force.

He didn't scream.

He grinned, eyes wild, as pain ripped through him, the sun-forged energy searing his flesh, tearing through his body like a divine punishment. His form was hurled backward, spinning through the air like a broken kite caught in a storm.

But as wounds split open across his frame, black threads surged from beneath his skin, old, eerie, and alive. They danced like serpents, weaving flesh and sinew back into place before falling still, dormant once more.

Orvak twisted midair, crashing down feet-first, his heels carving deep trenches into the sand as he skidded to a halt.

But before he could even lift his head,

A crimson-stained blue katana was already upon him, blazing toward his neck like a predator diving from the heavens, swift, merciless, inevitable.

But Orvak was no novice. His senses and battle instincts had been honed over centuries, refined in blood and chaos. Even wounded prior, his response was near-instantaneous. His arm rose fluidly, and the snath of his scythe intercepted the incoming blade with a resounding clang of steel against steel.

But Orvak wasn't finished.

He had been wounded twice. That demanded retribution.

A surge of black energy erupted from him, vicious and lethal, like a living storm, racing outward in a wave meant to consume Malrik whole.

Malrik's senses flared.

Sunlight burst across his body, golden-crimson energy enveloping his frame in an instant. Then he vanished, a blur of radiance streaking across the battlefield.

But the moment he reappeared, Orvak was already there.

Like a phantom, he materialized mid-swing, his curved scythe descending upon Malrik's neck with grim finality, like a heavenly reaper claiming his due.

Malrik's katana rose with deadly precision, guided by pure instinct. In a blinding clash, steel met steel, black met crimson, and the world shuddered.

A thunderous blast echoed across the battlefield as their energies collided once more, rippling outward in a deadly pulse that shattered the ground beneath them.

Neither of them took a step back.

Orvak's curved blade remained locked against Malrik's katana, both weapons trembling under the pressure of opposing force. But then, just for a moment, a mischievous glint flashed across Orvak's crimson eyes.

Without warning, the tip of his scythe extended like a spear, fluid and vicious, piercing forward in a blink.

The elongated edge drove into Malrik's neck.

Crimson blood burst into the air, painting the sky as metal tore through flesh. Orvak twisted his scythe, attempting to drive it deeper, to sever Malrik's head in a single brutal stroke.

But Malrik had already acted.

With a sharp burst of movement, and at the cost of further lacerating his own neck, he forcefully hurled himself backward. His body streaked across the battlefield, vanishing and reappearing two kilometers away in the blink of an eye.

Orvak slowly lifted his scythe, the tip gleaming with blood. He dragged his tongue across the metal with a savage grin, eyes never leaving his prey.

Malrik didn't panic.

Injury was no stranger to him, pain was merely part of the rhythm of battle. But even he could feel it now, the invasive surge of black energy, like a swarm of shadowed blades, attempting to flood his system and tear him apart from the inside.

Still, he remained motionless. Unshaken.

His golden-crimson aura ignited around him once more, flaring like a second sun. The searing radiance enveloped his entire being, and within moments, the torn flesh of his neck began to knit itself back together, sunlight sealing wounds that should have spelled death.

But this wasn't regeneration. Malrik possessed no healing factor. Nor was his katana a holder of a healing ability.

This was something he had forged himself, a technique born of pain and study, a fusion of elemental mastery and biology.

By manipulating sun energy at the cellular level, he could incinerate foreign forces and catalyze rapid tissue regeneration through controlled stimulation. A healing born not from magic, but from mastery.

Malrik's knees bent forward slightly, his body coiling with intent to move.

But Orvak had already acted.

A pulse of black energy surged across Orvak's form, vicious, chaotic. In the next instant, it poured outward, sweeping across the entire desert in a wave of obliteration. Everything it touched, sand, air, even light, was devoured into utter blackness, as though reality itself collapsed in submission to its hunger.

Malrik saw it coming.

He didn't flinch. He didn't activate a technique.

His sun energy simply flared, rising, swelling, until it eclipsed the desert like the dawn devouring night. A divine brilliance radiated from him, so intense it blurred the world into gold. Every inch of darkness it met was scorched away, purified in blinding intensity.

And then they collided.

With an apocalyptic detonation, the two energies, one of unholy malice, the other of transcendent sanctity, clashed in a world-shaking storm. Darkness roared to consume. Light blazed to cleanse. Each force sought to bend the other, to extinguish its rival completely.

When the storm finally receded, silence reigned.

The desert was gone.

Every dune, every grain of sand, erased.

All that remained was scorched, pitch-black earth, twisted and barren under the weight of Orvak's devastating energy.

Malrik's katana rose.

He took a single step.

And in that instant, Orvak felt death.

An ancient instinct screamed within him, and he moved without thought, raising his arm to block. But the moment he did, he felt... nothing.

A sharp, wet sound cut through the silence.

Green blood burst into the air as his severed arm spiraled upward, detached and lifeless. Orvak's mind staggered, his thoughts grinding to a halt. He couldn't grasp what had just occurred. The speed, it was beyond anything he had seen, beyond anything he had anticipated.

But there was no time.

Before he could shift, before he could react, he felt it again. That same chilling presence of death.

He adapted.

He moved.

His head jerked sharply to the side, barely escaping, but not unscathed.

A blinding slash tore across his face, carving through one eye. Pain flared through his skull as vision turned to blur and blood. He had barely saved his neck.

'How?' the thought rang in his mind, fractured and disbelieving.

### **Chapter 109: Halo [Ko-Fi Bonus Chapter]**

As the question echoed through his mind, the threads within his body surged forth with unrestrained vigor. The severed arm lying on the ground twitched, then moved in an instant, black threads bursting from its surface, latching onto the strands that still hovered at the stump where it had once belonged.

In a seamless motion, the arm reattached. The gash that marred his face disappeared as his skin regenerated, the obsidian threads weaving themselves into the wound and sealing it shut with flawless precision.

'He's using the morning sun's rays as anchors for movement.'

The realization struck Orvak like lightning. Without hesitation, his scythe swung toward the single ray of sunlight touching his body. Just as he moved, the crescent edge of his blade clashed against an oncoming katana, steel meeting steel in a flash of power and precision.

But Malrik only smiled. Behind him, a small sphere of golden-crimson light flickered into existence. Then, without warning, it began to swell, rapidly expanding as though drawing in the fury of the sun itself.

Orvak didn't need an explanation; his instincts screamed. He retreated without hesitation. Yet the moment he moved, Malrik pursued, his speed fluid and graceful, effortlessly matching Orvak's every step.

Now fully formed, the golden-crimson sphere loomed immense, radiating blistering heat that warped the air around them. The ground beneath trembled, scorched by the waves of searing energy washing over the battlefield.

Malrik's grin widened. His lips parted, and with quiet finality, he spoke a single word:

## **Blaze**

The world seemed to convulse.

In that instant, a cataclysm of golden-crimson energy erupted in all directions, merciless and unrestrained. It surged outward like an unforgiving tide, indifferent to friend or foe, a roaring tempest that threatened to erase all within its reach.

Sensing the impending onslaught, Orvak shifted into a defensive stance.

## **Shield of Carnage**

With a thunderous surge, black energy erupted outward in a violent wave. A colossal dome of pulsating darkness shimmered into existence, encasing his entire form within its sinister embrace.

And then — it struck.

Crimson collided with black, and the world was plunged into chaos.

The earth groaned before it fractured, then shattered, until it liquefied into molten lava under the unbearable heat. The very air shrieked as though it were being ripped from existence, stripped away by the overwhelming force.

Even space itself trembled. Cracks tore through the fabric of reality, spiraling outward in a frenzy, only to frantically weave themselves shut before collapse could take hold.

A storm of dust, smoke, and burning fumes erupted skyward, an apocalyptic column surging over a thousand meters into the air, as if reaching for the heavens in a cry of devastation.

Through the thick haze of smoke and ash, a lone figure emerged, calm, composed, and smiling.

Malrik Wargrave.

His smile wasn't born of arrogance but of exhilaration. It had been far too long since he had released an attack befitting his true strength.

Most of his battles were spent dismantling low-level beasts and stray Emovirae, unworthy prey, far beneath his caliber. Worthy opponents were rare. And even when they appeared, one strike was often all it took to bring them to ruin.

But this... this was different.

A battle that stirred his blood.

Lifting his eyes to the rising sun, he let a quiet chuckle escape, the warmth of the light dancing across his features. Then his gaze shifted forward, piercing through the swirling dust, eager to see if anything remained of his adversary.

And then, two glowing red eyes pierced the haze.

Orvak.

He stepped forward, untouched, his body unmarred by the devastation. The Shield of Carnage had held. Not a scratch had breached its defense.

All around them, the land had been erased. For thousands of kilometers, the terrain was reduced to smoldering ruin, flattened, melted, annihilated.

They stood alone amidst the wasteland.

Two titans.

Two cataclysms in human form.

Each one capable of leveling empires with a single breath, a single strike.

"HAHAHAHA!"

Orvak's laughter echoed across the ruined expanse, cutting through the choking haze like a blade.

"To think you, Malrik Wargrave, could unleash such devastation... I'm genuinely impressed. But now, allow me to show you mine."

He grinned, eyes gleaming with feral excitement.

In a single fluid motion, he dropped into a stance, his scythe raised high behind him, as if prepared to sever the heavens themselves.

The very air around him began to tremble.

Astra energy surged wildly, spiraling toward him in a maddening vortex, as though the world itself were collapsing into a singularity centered on his being.

His black, destructive energy howled, chaotic, unstable, divine in its fury, as it wove itself with the swirling Astra.

***[Pinnacle Technique: Reality Cleave]***

With a roar of unleashed power, his scythe swung forward, an arc of sheer obliteration, carrying the weight of worlds. The swing was not merely physical; it rippled through existence itself, seeking to divide the fabric of reality in flawless symmetry.

Malrik didn't even have time to react. In that fleeting instant, he felt the very concept of reality at his waist fracture, like a mirror cracking under pressure.

And then — it broke.

Reality shattered, then immediately reknit itself.

But it was too late.

Malrik had already been cleaved in half at the waist.

A fountain of crimson erupted into the air, painting the ruins in deep scarlet as his bisected form dropped amidst the carnage.

"Goodbye, Wargr— "

Orvak's words were cut short. Something shifted above him, an immense presence. His eyes snapped upward just in time to witness Malrik descending like a burning comet from the heavens.

### ***[Sun Katana Technique: Scorch Halo Descent]***

Malrik's katana slashed through the air in a wide arc, golden-crimson light trailing behind it like the tail of a solar flare. The blade came screaming downward, aiming straight for Orvak's head with the wrath of a dying star.

Orvak reacted instantly. His black energy surged forth in a violent pulse, enveloping his entire form in a cocoon of chaotic protection. But the moment the radiant blade struck, the world trembled.

A massive halo of golden fire exploded outward, its heat so intense it vaporized everything within several kilometers without hesitation, friend or foe, ash or stone. The landscape cried out in agony.

Orvak gritted his teeth. He could feel his black energy buckling, cracking beneath the sheer radiance of Malrik's sun-infused assault. The oppressive energy of the sun gnawed at his defenses, relentless and pure.

With narrowed eyes, Orvak summoned his strength. His Astra pulsed violently, converging around him like a storm about to break. He poured everything into his defense, and then,

## ***BOOM***

The collision between their forces detonated in a cataclysmic explosion, a shockwave tearing through the battlefield, birthing a new wave of haze and destruction.

But Malrik wasn't finished.

As the dust swirled, he surged forward in a blur, his katana flashing like a solar flare. He appeared before Orvak with terrifying speed, blade aimed for his neck.

Yet just as the blade began its arc, Malrik froze, if only for a moment. Around him, millions of black crescent shaped energies materialized in the air, orbiting like dark moons.

Then they struck.

One by one, they launched forward, silent, lethal, precise, each one like an arrow loosed from the bow of a forgotten god.

Malrik shifted seamlessly from offense to defense, his form blurring into a silhouette of golden-crimson brilliance. His katana danced through each incoming crescent strike, slicing them apart with effortless precision, like a blade gliding through silk.

With every motion, his speed surged, as if the very concept of exhaustion dared not touch him.

Then, without warning, a black dome burst into existence above him, its oppressive energy seeking to trap him where he stood. But Malrik didn't spare it a glance. Under the brilliance of the noonday sun, such an attempt was laughably futile.

He invoked his movement technique. In a flash, he harnessed the sun's rays as his anchor, vanishing in a streak of golden light, only to reappear before Orvak, poised to strike once more.

### ***[Sun Katana Technique: Solbrand Cataclysm]***

Orvak reacted instantly, raising the snath of his scythe in defense, but it was futile. Malrik's katana cleaved through it with the inevitability of a collapsing mountain crushing a flame. The blade didn't pause; it continued its lethal arc, streaking toward Orvak's neck like a judgment long overdue.

In that very moment, the solar energy amassed within the katana detonated outward, unleashing cataclysmic force with apocalyptic precision. A brilliant eruption of solar might engulfed the Sinvaira, targeting him with unerring, point-blank devastation.

The heavens seemed to wail as a dying star's scream tore through the atmosphere. A concussive shockwave erupted, blasting outward in concentric rings of annihilation that shattered the earth, sky, and reason alike.

The air shrieked in agony before being ripped apart entirely. Space itself fractured, unable to withstand the force, and split open into a yawning void. Sinkholes the size of cities ruptured across the land as Malrik, once again, transformed a place of natural beauty, the desert, into an image of divine ruin.

When the haze and solar storm finally dissipated, the battlefield was no more. In its place lay a glassed wasteland, the desert's very composition altered by the overwhelming heat of Malrik's solar essence.

And there he stood, katana lowered, cloaked in the heat-haze of destruction. His eyes shimmered an icy blue, and upon his lips curled the grin of a menace born not of chaos, but of mastery.

## **Chapter 110: Jealous**

Malrik stood with the same serene smile he always wore. Neither dust nor sweat clung to his form, as his solar energy incinerated everything that dared approach him. His chest rose and fell rapidly as he worked to steady his breathing.

In his right hand, his katana vibrated in what felt like satisfaction, as though it had long yearned for a battle of such magnitude, and indeed, it had. With a single fluid motion, Malrik sheathed the blade into its scabbard.

Most Wargraves didn't even bother acquiring a scabbard for their weapons, much like Asher, who carried his rapier bare. But Malrik considered himself a true swordsman.

After awakening, he had specifically requested a scabbard and had never once carried his weapon without it, always secured at his waist, a symbol of discipline and pride.

"You seem extremely pleased, Solaris," Malrik's deep voice rumbled as his fingers lightly brushed the edge of the scabbard. At the mention of its name, the katana responded with a low hum, vibrating once more.

"Don't expect another battle like this anytime soon," Malrik said quietly, his tone carrying a strange mix of fondness and resignation. "They are exceedingly rare, Solaris."

His piercing blue eyes scanned the desolate surroundings, or at least, what remained of them. Thousands of kilometers had been reshaped into a warped, glass-like landscape. Sinkholes yawned open as if trying to devour the sky itself, and dust and ash swirled through the air, thick enough to choke any creature still clinging to life.

It was almost beyond belief that a human had caused such cataclysm. In fact, it was outright inconceivable. Yet Malrik had done it. At barely thirty years of age, he had ascended above the thresholds that the world had placed on power. He stood above limits, a sword-wielding titan under the watchful gaze of the sun.

The blazing sun overhead bore down on Malrik's figure, but to him, it was not oppressive. Quite the opposite, it was invigorating. He could feel his Astra replenishing rapidly, and even his stamina returning at an incredible pace.

This wasn't the doing of Solaris, his katana. No, this was something entirely personal. It was one of Malrik's own unique abilities: under the direct light of the sun, he possessed near-limitless stamina, boundless Astra, and remarkable regeneration.

"It seems nothing remains of Orvak... the Sinvaira of Carnage," Malrik murmured to himself, the ever-present smile still tugging at his lips.

His final technique had caught Orvak entirely off guard. The ***Sun Katana Technique: Solbrand Cataclysm*** appeared to be a simple katana swing on the surface, nothing unusual, nothing worth panicking over.

That deception was intentional.

Orvak had attempted to block it with his scythe's snath, and he hadn't even reinforced himself physically. He hadn't seen the true danger.

But Solbrand Cataclysm was no ordinary swing. It was a technique that unleashed every ounce of solar energy Solaris had absorbed over time, days, months, maybe even years.

Orvak hadn't merely died. He had been utterly annihilated, erased by the very essence of the sun. No blood, no bones, no sinew or ligament remained. He no longer existed. In all of Crymora, there was not a trace of him.

Malrik's smile deepened. He had killed a Sinvaira. No one in recorded history had ever achieved such a feat. Most who encountered a Sinvaira never even lifted a blade, the creature would vanish before anything could happen.

Had anyone borne witness to the battle, their limbs would have collapsed beneath them. They would've fallen to their knees in awe, or in terror. The scale of power on display could have obliterated an entire empire in one fell strike.

But no one had witnessed it. No eyes recorded what had transpired. That was precisely why Malrik's combat capabilities remained shrouded in mystery. He didn't spar for amusement. He didn't test his strength in front of others. He fought to kill, nothing more, and none of his opponents had ever lived to speak of their battle, just like now.

The only person who knew even a fraction of what had occurred was Wuthenya, and she had been left behind at the first battlefield, the forest... if one could even call it a forest now.

She had simply been too weak to follow the speed at which they moved, even under the moon's influence. Strong though she was, strength alone was not enough when faced with beings like Malrik.

Malrik still hadn't moved. He stood unmoving, his gaze fixed on the sun above, while his cerulean-blue hair danced in the whispering breeze. He was lost in thought, replaying the battle that had ended mere moments ago.

Together, he and Orvak had obliterated an entire forest like it was nothing. Then they razed an ocean, cleaving through its seabed as easily as slicing through warm butter. They created massive sinkholes and ruptured the ocean's floor, redirecting its waters beyond its natural boundaries.

His eyes drifted toward the drifting clouds above. He had never before fought while standing on a cloud. But his battle with Orvak had taken him there, to weightless vapors that shouldn't support a body, yet through refined Astra control, he had stood atop them as though they were solid ground.

'Did I kill Orvak too quickly?' Malrik wondered. To him, the fight had ended far too soon. But he also knew that Orvak had intended for a swift battle once the sun rose, not because he feared the sun, but because he didn't want to attract a crowd and find himself at a disadvantage.

'I wonder when the next Sinvaira will appear. It seems they were watching the youngest True Awakening,' Malrik mused, assembling the fragmented hints in his mind.

To him, it was obvious. Asher had shown talent that defied common understanding, and the very next day, the Sinvairas had taken action, targeting one of them.

'Father will be jealous... especially Ender, his spear,' Malrik thought with a small smirk. He was certain that once this news reached Azeron, the spear named Ender would not remain silent. It would thirst for its own clash against a Sinvaira.

With that, Malrik turned and began walking across the glass-like terrain beneath him with composed elegance. Anyone who saw him at that moment would never guess that he had just fought a battle that teetered on the edge of life and death. He moved as if he were returning from a pleasant stroll through a garden.

No injuries. No sweat. No blood. Not even a tear in his garments. Not a speck of dust marred his form.

Throughout the entire battle, Orvak had only managed to land a single blow, through a sneak attack by extending his scythe unexpectedly.

And with that, Malrik vanished in a streak of radiant golden-orange light.