

CLEAVER OF SIN

#Chapter 121: By Whom - Read CLEAVER OF SIN Chapter 121: By Whom

Chapter 121: By Whom

Malrik and Wuthenya appeared within the Wargrave estate, materializing with silent grace. Wuthenya exhaled sharply the moment her feet touched the polished ground. Though she didn't utter a word previously, her mind instinctively braced itself throughout her talk with Malrik, half-expecting another Sinvaira to launch an attack.

Both Malrik and Wuthenya began walking with measured steps, heading toward Azeron's office, their expressions unreadable yet calm.

"I wonder if the youngest is awake yet," Malrik asked, his voice breaking the silence.

"Well, he just completed his True Awakening. I remember sleeping for about a week straight after mine," Wuthenya replied, walking alongside him in a composed manner.

During her own awakening, she had nearly slept through every hour of the day. It had been a time marked by vulnerability, being targeted by assassins for six and a half hours without a moment's rest was no ordinary ordeal, especially for a fifteen-year-old child.

"He's a man now. He should already be awake and training," Malrik remarked with a subtle grin. "Back in my day, I resumed training the very next morning."

"Not everyone shares your obsession, Malrik. Let him rest," Wuthenya countered, shaking her head in mild exasperation.

But Malrik simply shook his head in return. "No one will be around to protect you when I die if he doesn't push himself now."

Wuthenya paused, watching him speak of his own death without the usual sentimentality. She didn't try to hush him with the typical, "Stop saying things like that." After all, no one was immortal. Death claimed all, it was only a question of when.

Though Solaris could inform Malrik when his loved ones were in danger, what about Malrik himself? Who would warn him? Who would see it coming? Who would protect him?

This was one of Solaris's inherent flaws. It could sense danger to others, but not to its wielder. It could protect everyone else but was blind to the peril surrounding Malrik himself.

So, within the entirety of the Wargrave bloodline, only Malrik Wargrave walked in complete blindness at all times. But, it never troubled him. As a Wargrave, it was his lifelong creed: to make a war and battlefield his grave, if necessary.

"Let's just check," Malrik muttered. With that, they diverted course toward Asher's room.

Without pausing to knock or announce their presence, they pushed open the door and stepped inside. But the room was empty, spotless and serene.

"It seems he has left the estate," Malrik noted, his senses instantly sweeping across the entire building like a storm surge. Still, there was no trace of Asher.

"Let's go," Wuthenya said calmly, turning on her heels and exiting the room, with Malrik silently following behind, closing the door as they left.

Within seconds, the duo arrived at the chamber that housed the Primarch's office. No guards stood at the door, none were ever assigned to guard it. With quiet ease, Malrik pushed the doors open and walked in, Wuthenya beside him.

Inside, Azeron sat behind a heavy oaken table, a parchment in one hand as he pored over its contents. Beside him stood Zarek, ever composed in his pristine butler uniform and snow white gloves.

Azeron's golden eyes rose from the document and settled upon his two children, the First and Second.

"Wuthenya. I thought you left last night. What are you doing back here? Wouldn't Stravos be missing you right about now?" Azeron asked, setting his pen down as a gentle smile played on his lips. It was the kind of smile only a father could give, warm, knowing, and quietly pleased to see his children again after some time.

Neither Malrik nor Wuthenya flinched at the mention of Stravos. Of course their father knew. Azeron had eyes everywhere, his information network spanning the entire Empire. Very little escaped him. Certainly not Stravos.

Zarek, as ever, remained at his post. A normal butler would have excused himself by now, granting the Primarch and his heirs privacy. But Zarek was no ordinary servant.

"Good morning, Uncle Zarek," Wuthenya greeted, gracefully taking a seat opposite Azeron. Malrik took the chair beside her.

"I did leave... but I returned. Well, brother brought me back with him, rather," she said simply.

Azeron's gaze slid to Malrik, now weighted with quiet expectation. It demanded explanation.

"Sigh..." Malrik began. "Wuthenya was attacked on her way home."

At that single revelation, the air itself seemed to halt, then twist, then compress. The atmosphere choked with unseen force, as if even oxygen required permission to linger. Cracks began spidering across the walls of the chamber.

Azeron had not moved. He had not even released his aura. But his demeanor had shifted entirely.

The father had vanished. In his place now sat the Primarch of the Wargrave family, an apex existence whose fury, once roused, would be absolute. Whoever dared to touch his daughter would be erased.

To Azeron, Malrik's presence here confirmed one thing, that the threat was beyond Wuthenya's capacity to handle. And considering Solaris' unique ability to alert Malrik when loved ones were in danger, Azeron knew the gravity of this attack.

Though Wuthenya was a Voidstar Life Ranker, fully capable of holding her own against some Rank 9 Emovirae, she was still his daughter, and a Wargrave.

"By whom?" Azeron asked, his voice deceptively calm.

A smile flickered across Malrik's face, and he answered at the same time as Wuthenya.

"Sinvaira."

The name dropped like a blade of judgment. Zarek's expression tightened immediately. There wasn't a soul of power in Crymora who hadn't heard of the Sinvairas.

Beside Azeron, a sharp hum filled the room. His soul-bound spear, Ender, materialized out of thin air, pulsing as it responded to the name. The weapon shimmered with deadly intent.

Azeron's golden eyes turned frigid. One of the Sinvairas had murdered his father. This was not just business, it was blood. But the Sinvairas had always been elusive, their movements ghostlike, their tracks cold.

"You could've informed me before you left," Azeron said, his tone now directly addressing Malrik.

At those words, every glass object in the room shattered outward, bursting into shards that danced in mid-air. Ender's hum rose with intensity, a reflection of the growing storm within its master.

The spear felt everything. As a soul-bound weapon, Ender was attuned to every flicker of rage Azeron possessed.

"Tell me everything you know," Azeron said again, his voice quieter now, yet more dangerous. "Even the bits your best friend told you."

The room had begun to tremble subtly, the building itself reacting to his seething power.

Across the estate, every maid, butler, gardener, and knight paused. All eyes turned toward the Primarch's chamber. They didn't know what was happening, but they felt it. The very air vibrated with tension. No one was allowed entry to that room. No one cleaned it. No one dared approach unless summoned. Only Zarek entered freely.

And now, even though the windows had burst and walls trembled, they saw nothing, heard nothing, Zarek's Astra had sealed everything.

They could only hope the matter didn't concern them, and that no foolish maid or wayward butler had dared to steal from the Primarch.

Malrik understood immediately what Azeron meant by "best friend." He was referring to Solaris. And if Malrik gave Azeron even the faintest hint of the Sinvairas' location... then war would begin this very day.

Chapter 122: Lay Low

In a different location, millions of kilometres away, hidden within a separate space, nine beings gathered. They sat around a large obsidian table. They were the Sinvairas, the very ones who had orchestrated the assault on Wuthenya.

Unlike before, when they conversed cheerfully and spoke of slaying a Wargrave as if it were a mundane Tuesday, they now said nothing. Not a single word. It was not that they chose silence, but rather that they couldn't speak, as though the very air had become too heavy to carry their voices.

They could all feel it deep within their bones. One of them was gone. He was dead. Permanently. No ability, no artifact, no matter how ancient or forbidden, could retrieve him from the clutches of oblivion.

And how did they know this? Because unlike most beings born from emotions, they were born from human sins. And through those shared origins, they possessed a tethering connection to one another, a dark, intimate thread that linked their lives. They

could feel each other's presence across the world. But now, just a few minutes prior, that connection to Orvak, the Sinvaira of Carnage, had been abruptly severed.

They could not fathom how a mission as simple as eliminating a mere Voidstar Life Rank human had ended in the death of one of their own.

None of them had ever died. Not once.

Though Orvak, the Sinvaira of Carnage, was not the strongest among them... still...

Across the centuries, yes, they had bled. They had skirted the brink of death once or twice, especially when confronting adversaries powerful enough to pose future threats to their grand plan. But, truly being killed? That had never happened.

Because of this, their prolonged existence and uninterrupted survival had deluded them into a false sense of invincibility, as if they were immortals, immune to the passage of time, untouched by the reaper's hand. They believed themselves superior to every race that dwelled within Crymora.

But now, they had been reminded, brutally so, that they were not gods. They had been slapped by reality in the harshest form possible.

A reminder in the form of death.

And so, they remembered, they were not omnipotent merely because they towered above the usual Rank 10s, nor were they omniscient simply because their intelligence network extended across the breadth of all Crymora Empires.

The silence in the room clung to the walls like fog, thick and unmoving. It waited, for someone, anyone, to speak. A voice, a thought, a command. Anything.

But none did.

They simply sat, unmoving, watching one another, each one lost in his or her own thoughts.

"Are we sure he's dead?" one of them finally asked, his brow subtly furrowed as he leaned forward, fingers intertwined.

At his question, several eyes shifted toward him, their expressions cold and sharp, as if they were staring at a fool. They all understood he wasn't truly asking. He was in denial. He simply couldn't accept what had happened.

Because if Orvak could die, then the next one to make a move... might be next. And while each of them desired to live, that did not necessarily mean they were cowards.

Even the woman who had slept through the entirety of their last meeting was awake now. Not entirely, her eyelids drooped as though the weight of the world clung to them, but she was awake. And more importantly, she understood the seriousness of the situation.

"What information do we have?" another asked from the side. Through knowledge, they could reconstruct what had occurred.

But they all shook their heads.

They had no information yet. The moment they sensed Orvak's tether severed, they had convened this emergency meeting.

They didn't know where the battlefield had been, or the circumstances surrounding it. In truth, they knew absolutely nothing. Orvak had been solely responsible for tracking his prey and executing the kill.

"We'll gather all available information later," one of them finally spoke. "But if we're to hazard a guess... only Azeron or Malrik could possibly have done this."

"Again with this Malrik nonsense? Isn't he only thirty or so?" another snapped, scoffing. "He's far too young to even breathe in the same space as Orvak. It had to be Azeron. A revenge strike for his father, no doubt."

"We should still include Malrik on the list," another interjected. "We can't dismiss him now. Nobody truly knows his combat capabilities, no matter how many times we've spied on him. He's... suspicious."

At her words, their expressions darkened. Malrik's name echoed ominously in their minds.

They were the ones who had secretly provided information to Emperor Zolthemir Lux Vanthelmor about the location of Malrik's personal butler, information that had enabled the butler's abduction. Of course, the Emperor had no idea it had come from them. They had wanted to inflict loss... but it had backfired, even back then.

"So... what do we do now?" one of them asked at last.

"We go after Asher, just as I originally proposed," one intoned darkly.

But another quickly shook his head in dissent. "We've already moved, and failed. It's safe to say that individuals like the Youngest will now be under permanent protection. And we can't touch Thalric the Ninth Sun either. He's holed up in that damned Academy, and that troublesome woman is its head."

"One of us has died, for the first time in all of history, and here we are, plotting against human children who haven't even drawn their first real breath," someone muttered from the side, his voice like chilled steel. "What a disgrace. We've truly fallen this far."

All eyes turned to him.

"And what do you suggest?" one of them asked cautiously.

"I say we attack the two who top our suspect list simultaneously, Malrik and Azeron," he said, voice hardening with each word. "Four of us to one. That's eight Sinvairas in total. Neither of them would be able to survive an assault from four of our kind, not even together."

There was immediate tension.

Brows furrowed. Mouths tightened. Fists clenched under the table.

He was proposing a full-scale offensive. The entire Sinvaira, against two humans.

Of course, they knew he wasn't counting the sleepy one who had yet to utter a single word since the beginning.

While his logic seemed sound, brutally effective, even, no one answered immediately. Because the question that lingered unspoken was this:

Would any of them actually do it?

After all, the next to fall could be any one of them.

"I think we should lay low for now," another declared, reclining in his seat with a bored expression, as though Orvak's death were little more than a mild inconvenience. "We can't risk our lives for some fool who volunteered for the mission without anyone even suggesting him."

And indeed, most of them did not care about Orvak's death in particular.

What they truly mourned... was what it meant; They weren't above death.

Chapter 123: Barrel

Asher's figure reappeared within his room in a silver blur. It was already four o'clock in the evening, and his exploration for the day had come to an end. With a heavy sigh, Asher lowered himself into a sitting position on the bed, his gaze distant and pensive.

Unlike what he had read in numerous novels, stories where commoners bore an intense hatred for nobles, that sentiment didn't seem to apply here... or at least not within the Wargrave Ducal Territory.

He was certain many commoners in other regions would harbour resentment toward nobles such as Barons and Viscounts, particularly due to the constant beast invasions and the nobles' apparent inability to bring a lasting end to them.

These nobles could only continue to spend gold coins, hiring adventurers or mercenaries to perform the duties that their knights could no longer fulfill. And yet, they couldn't flee from their territories even if they wished to, not when all their sources of wealth were rooted within the Barony, the land, the taxes, the businesses, the knights. Abandoning it all would be tantamount to treason.

'I wonder what it would be like if I ruled?' Asher mused silently.

But then, his thoughts shifted to his father. Whenever he caught a glimpse of the man in his chambers, the Duke was always immersed in documents and official reports. It appeared to be an overwhelming amount of work, especially for someone as inherently lazy as Asher.

'Should I start thinking about becoming the next Primarch?' he wondered. But the thought vanished almost as quickly as it came, and he shook his head, dismissing it altogether.

He was simply too weak to entertain such a grand aspiration, and besides, the only conceivable reason he might even consider becoming Primarch would be if he ever found another woman he loved... someone like Jennifer.

With a sigh, his body slumped back, collapsing into the plush comfort of the king-sized bed. As his back sank into the softness, his thoughts shifted to the child he had met earlier, the one desperately searching for herbs to treat his ailing mother.

'There are always bad apples among good ones,' Asher thought as he stared blankly at the ceiling. Everyone around seemed cheerful and content, yet even within the Wargrave Ducal territory, thugs and troublemakers persisted.

Although that had been the only instance he had come across during his exploration, it didn't guarantee there weren't others lurking in the shadows. Still, Asher wasn't about to go out of his way to begin cleansing the territory of such lowlifes.

It was a thankless job, and frankly, everyone seemed to be living contentedly already. There was no need for unnecessary effort, not when things were calm on the surface.

As he lay there, absorbed in thought, his stomach let out a loud growl of protest. 'We are all slaves to food,' Asher thought dryly.

His mind drifted once again, this time to Jennifer's cooking. He used to keep his fridge stocked whenever she had exams, making sure she wouldn't stress over meals. Asher shook his head, reminding himself that he had already resolved to move on. He had to move on. Yet, his thoughts remained stubbornly tethered to her.

'Love truly is powerful,' he thought quietly.

Once, he had made it his goal to return to his original world, just to see Jennifer again. But even if he managed to do so, how many years might have passed? A single second? A year? A decade? A century? Was the flow of time in Crymora truly the same as the flow of time on Earth?

He had no answers. And even if he did return, what awaited him? Nothing would be the same. Time waits for no man, and certainly, time would not pause the entire Earth simply to wait for his return.

There was no point in feeding himself with illusions and wistful fantasies. He could only hope that she found someone better than him, someone worthy. And perhaps, someday, he too would meet someone just as extraordinary as she was.

As his mind wandered, he felt a familiar presence approaching the door.

"Come in," Asher called out, not bothering to wait for the knock.

With the gentle creak of the door, Lyra entered. At his request, she went off to bring lunch, as his hunger had begun to gnaw at him. Lyra bowed respectfully and left without a word.

Within minutes, the food arrived. Asher ate swiftly, and once he was done, the plates were removed. The day continued to pass by, with Asher doing absolutely nothing, no training, no exploration, no conversation. Just lying there, still and contemplative, his eyes fixed on the ceiling as if it were a gateway to another world.

Then came another knock. Asher already knew who it was, but he couldn't help the sigh that escaped him.

'How many times have I said the phrase "Come in" since I transmigrated into this world...?' he thought wearily. But he had to keep saying it, nonetheless.

"Come in," he said once again.

The door opened, and Zarek stepped inside, with Lyra following right behind him.

"Good evening, Tenth Sun. As instructed by the Primarch, I've come to deliver these..." Zarek said, waving his hand.

In an instant, numerous barrels appeared on the floor.

Asher's eyes swept over them and counted ten in total. He didn't need to be told what they contained, he already knew. It was the blood he had requested as a reward.

Blood from Myth-class monsters.

Still, he wasn't expecting such a generous amount. His senses told him each barrel was filled to the brim.

'It seems not specifying the quantity was a smart decision,' Asher thought, a hint of slyness crossing his mind.

"That will be all, Tenth Sun," Zarek said, bowing lightly before turning to leave.

Asher's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. 'Now I'll be able to heal injuries to my vital organs, even if I take a fatal hit, and restore all my wounds in an instant.'

Happiness flickered across his eyes like a flash of silver.

Without further delay, Virelass materialized in his hands with a silver flash. With a simple thrust, he stabbed the side of one of the barrels, not even bothering to open it conventionally.

Within moments, Virelass began to absorb the contents of the barrel. The rapier moved on its own with a hum, almost as though she could taste the blood.

Without pausing for even a second, Virelass completed one barrel and moved to the next, repeating the process over and over again.

In mere minutes, Virelass had drained every drop of blood from each of the ten barrels, its thirst seemingly unending.

Chapter 124: Virelass' Talent

"Lyra," Asher called out calmly.

Instantly, Lyra, who was always stationed near the door, stepped into the room with silent grace.

"Take away these barrels. I'll be in the training chamber. If anything important comes up, relay it to me there," Asher instructed, then turned around and walked off without waiting for a response.

Lyra bowed in acknowledgment and complied without hesitation. With a fluid wave of her hand, her Astra pulsed outward, lifting the barrels into the air as if they moved on their own accord.

This was an advanced application of Astra manipulation, it granted telekinetic-like control. Of course, its limitations were vast. If not, people like Azeron could easily lift the entire Zarethorne Empire using sheer Astra control and quantity alone.

Although Asher had previously stated he wouldn't be training today, that wasn't entirely untrue. He didn't intend to engage in any strenuous activity, he merely wanted to test a few theories he had been formulating regarding Virelass.

Stepping into the Astra-rich chamber, Asher took a seat on the floor, while Virelass floated silently beside him, suspended in the air like a sentinel.

Through persistent contemplation, experimentation, and light training, Asher had discovered that Virelass could store blood and still heal injuries during battle without tapping into her main reserves by using those available on the battlefield. It was a remarkable feat, one neither mentioned by the system nor by Virelass herself.

But this time, Asher wanted to test something else, an extension of her blood storage ability.

'These abilities weren't even disclosed by the system or Virelass. If I wasn't sharp enough to figure this out on my own, I would've been using her only for immediate healing during battles where blood was already present,' Asher thought, giving himself a small mental pat on the back.

He exhaled deeply and decided to let go of that line of thought, choosing instead to focus on the task ahead.

He wanted to determine if Virelass could separate the blood in her storage, categorize it by quality. Could she, for example, select which type of blood to use for specific wounds?

Asher didn't want a minor scratch, something a mere Whisper-class monster's blood could easily heal, being treated with the rare and potent blood of a Myth-class monster.

That would be the epitome of wastefulness. Even if Myth-class monsters were limitless in number in Crymora, conservation was still a wise path.

With that thought, he focused. He wasn't training himself, he was training Virelass.

Over the past five months, the amount of blood Virelass had consumed was staggering. Every single day, without fail, Asher ensured she absorbed blood. Even earlier that

morning, Lyra had brought him a monster. Asher had slain it, and Virelass had drained it clean.

With those memories drifting through his mind, he began to communicate with Virelass, transmitting his intentions and instructions silently. Although Virelass often acted like a child, she always understood Asher's thoughts without requiring him to speak aloud.

She had held her own against assassins during the True Awakening without Asher issuing a single vocal command on numerous occasions. Just a flicker of intent, a simple mental suggestion, and she had transformed into a reaper, merciless and precise. It was almost as if she shared Asher's intellect... his intuition... his talent.

Asher inhaled deeply, then exhaled. For this experiment to work, he needed to injure himself, just a little.

He wasn't a masochist by any stretch, but if Virelass could heal other people, he would've used someone else as a test subject. Unfortunately, he was the only available lab rat in his own lab.

With a resigned sigh, Asher reached into his system storage space and pulled out a throwing needle, a senbon once used by the assassins during the True Awakening. Naturally, he had collected and stored several of them, anticipating that they might prove useful later during the True Awakening.

Steeling his resolve, Asher prepared to wound himself. He frowned, not from fear of pain, but from the mere thought of damaging his own skin.

With a swift motion, he stabbed himself. His skin split open, and blood rushed forth. The pain was minor, but his expression darkened, more annoyed than hurt.

Virelass immediately sprang into action, instinctively reacting to the instructions Asher had passed along earlier.

The wound closed almost instantaneously, leaving nothing but smeared blood on Asher's hand. His gaze shifted to Virelass, silently asking her which blood she had used.

Virelass hummed softly, her tone slightly sheepish. She admitted she hadn't been able to control which blood reserve she used, not on the first attempt.

Asher sighed and nodded. It was understandable.

With no other option, he resumed his self-experimentation. Although it felt unpleasant, it had to be done. Fortunately, by the third attempt, something remarkable occurred, Virelass succeeded.

She was now able to separate the stored blood by quality and select accordingly.

Asher's eyes lit up with a mix of surprise and pride. He understood what she had done. She had created compartments within herself, distinct divisions for different types of blood. Now, she could choose which one to use based on the severity of the injury.

He couldn't hide how impressed he was. He had only wanted Virelass to be able to pick the most suitable blood for healing, yet she had gone above and beyond his expectations, even outpacing his own foresight.

Still, he couldn't stop there. He had to test the limits.

He gradually increased the severity of his wounds, instructing Virelass to use various blood types to analyze regeneration speed relative to blood potency and injury magnitude.

When he reached the point of testing the Myth-class blood, however, he paused.

He couldn't stab himself in the vital organs, his lungs, liver, spleen, kidneys, or eyes. That was going too far. Just because he had been injuring himself to train Virelass didn't mean he had suddenly developed masochistic tendencies.

With a heavy sigh, Asher rose from his seated position. There was only so much he could do on his own. He would have to wait until a real battle presented him with a more severe injury. Not that he was going to seek damage intentionally, but he wasn't arrogant enough to think himself invincible.

With that thought, he stepped out of the training chamber.

'I guess training resumes tomorrow. By then, I'll see those three again,' Asher mused as he returned to his room.

He collapsed onto his bed once more, resuming the stillness he had maintained earlier.

And once again... he did absolutely nothing.

Chapter 125: Accept

The rest of the day swiftly went by with Asher doing absolutely nothing of significance, and before long, nighttime arrived. After a quick meal and a soothing bath, Asher changed into his pajamas. The former pair had been destroyed during the intense battle of the True Awakening.

Asher laid on his bed, a pristine white duvet covering his frame as he drifted off to sleep early. He had training scheduled for the following day, and he needed to be well-rested.

Time blurred forward, darkness slowly beginning to recede.

The moon, once high and majestic in the sky, began to dip below the horizon, making way for the arrival of the sun, which rose to bless the world with its radiant light.

Asher awoke precisely at 6:00 a.m., his system functioning as a dependable alarm. He rarely ate breakfast before training sessions, as doing so wasn't optimal for his performance. On the rare occasion that he did, it was always something extremely light, just enough to give a boost but not weigh him down.

After a quick shower and a short session of light exercise to limber his body, Asher stepped out of his room and made his way toward the First Training Ground, just as he had done consistently over the past six months. His steps echoed softly as he moved through the hallway, emerging shortly after into a vast clearing where the day's first training would commence, Physical Fitness.

There, he saw familiar faces, trainees he hadn't seen in three days. They sat around, waiting in anticipation for Instructor Harold to arrive, their eyes frequently shifting toward the entrance. There was less than a minute left on the clock. The moment Asher stepped into the field, heads turned toward him. People looked at him differently now, markedly so.

They hadn't seen him for days, and many had heard about the True Awakening. Most of the trainees had speculated on whether he would survive the ordeal. Some believed he would endure due to his outrageous talent. Others, however, predicted his downfall, citing his pride and perceived smugness as his greatest weaknesses.

But they all knew one undeniable truth: after each True Awakening, both Suns and Moons returned changed. Altered. Different. Facing a life and death situation at the age of fifteen was bound to transform anyone, whether physically, mentally, or emotionally.

As Asher walked further into the training ground, he felt the lingering gazes on his back, curious, cautious, and filled with intrigue. His eyes shifted to the right where Tom, Ella, and Hito sat. They smiled at him, offering a silent greeting.

Although they hadn't seen him in three days, they already knew he had survived. What else were maids and butlers supposed to do during their idle hours if not indulge in gossip?

Asher didn't approach the trio. He had always timed his arrival at the First Training Ground to be precisely a few seconds before Instructor Harold appeared. There was simply no time to chat or catch up. That was his routine, and he saw no reason to deviate from it.

Almost like clockwork, Instructor Harold materialized at the training ground, as if he had been there all along. He didn't offer any greetings or early morning motivation. The moment the time struck seven o'clock, he switched into full training mode.

"What are you asses doing on the ground?" his voice boomed across the clearing, slicing through the morning air. "You should be standing, waiting for training to begin! You can train your legs and stamina while you're at it. Now start jogging! Nobody collapses without my permission today!"

His voice was thunderous, commanding, and impossible to ignore.

Those who were seated scrambled to their feet, urgency flooding their limbs. Everyone began to jog, falling into rhythm. But unlike before, Asher's body now carried the weight of specially designed heavy training stones. Since his physique had evolved into something monstrous, his physical strength far surpassing his peers, Instructor Harold had ensured he wore weights for every exercise.

Feet slammed against the earth in unison as boys and girls aged fifteen to seventeen jogged across the clearing, their breath steadying as they slipped into focus. Asher didn't utter a word. He merely breathed in deeply and exhaled with control.

'It's been a while,' he thought as his legs carried him forward. To the world, it had only been three days without training. But to him, it felt like months. A small smile touched his lips as he moved forward. His pace was steady, not too fast, not too slow. Deliberate.

His chest rose and fell with accurate intervals, preserving stamina, ensuring he wouldn't burn out too quickly. Behind him, other trainees jogged along. Hito, Ella, and Tom were close, maintaining pace just behind Asher.

Time passed. The jogging session ended and gave way to weights and other forms of physical conditioning. Instructor Harold showed no favoritism. He didn't spare the female trainees just because they were women. No, power wasn't about gender. Female powerhouses existed, after all. Lily of the Abyss and the Empress were perfect examples of this truth.

Hours passed before they transitioned to the next stage, movement and balance training. Everyone's chests heaved, their breathing heavy, muscles aching. Harold had, once again, pushed them to their limits.

Upon arrival at the Movement and Balance Training Hall, nobody had to be told what to do. The routine was ingrained. Each trainee picked a side, climbed up the beams, and began weaving and dodging incoming attacks designed to test both balance, agility, reaction time and speed.

Asher, however, didn't need to partake in the standard drills. He had mopped the floor with this training on the very first day. There was no point. Everyone, including the instructor, knew that.

And so, with a silent breeze and a faint smirk, the Movement and Balance instructor, Elowen, appeared like a phantom assassin on one of the training contraptions near where Asher stood, calm and composed.

With a sly smile, she addressed him, "How about something different today, oh genius Tenth Sun?" Her tone was playful, yet carried a hint of challenge as she regarded the little monster standing before her.

Asher turned his gaze toward her, his expression calm. "What do you suggest, Instructor?"

"It's simple," she replied, her smile widening. "Since you can now dodge everything without breaking a sweat and move in perfect coordination, we'll change things up. Today, you and I will fight, right here, on the balance beams."

Asher stared at her for a few seconds before nodding slightly. Fighting on the beams was nothing like fighting on solid ground. On the beams, balance became a constant concern. Fake beams, sudden shifts, lateral attacks, and unstable footing all played a role. It was chaotic.

"I accept," Asher said simply.

"Then let's begin," Elowen stated as she rose from her seated position with grace. Although her eyes were focused on Asher, her senses expanded outward, keeping track of every trainee in the hall. None were allowed to slack, not under her watch.

Chapter 126: Sand

Within seconds, both Elowen and Asher turned into a blur as they moved toward one another, their frames tearing through the air as their fists collided.

This time, both of them deliberately reduced their strength to the barest minimum.

Otherwise, the beams and poles beneath them would have shattered under the sheer force of their attacks. Even the speed behind their movements was drastically lessened, but that didn't make them any slower. On the contrary, they became even more agile, as though they had traded speed for finesse and agility.

Their bodies moved like those of wild felines, graceful yet deadly. Their feet shifted rapidly from one beam to another as their wrists clashed again and again. Simultaneously, they both weaved through a flurry of arrows that shot in from the sides.

Asher had intentionally suppressed his Omni Perception during the fight. He was training his natural instincts and reflexes alongside his hand to hand combat techniques.

Suddenly, the beam beneath Asher's feet began to sink into the earth as though it had been caught in a quagmire, breaking him from the rhythm.

But Asher's reaction was swift.

His muscles coiled, preparing to launch him upward. However, Elowen wouldn't allow that. Her fist appeared in his trajectory, calculated and sharp, forcing him to stay and potentially fall with the collapsing beam.

But Asher's senses flared at the last moment. Instead of leaping forward, he shot to the side, narrowly evading her strike. His body slammed into another beam, and Astra surged into his palm, anchoring him in place with barely a sound.

Elowen stared at him for a few seconds, then smiled. The trainees had all been taught how to channel Astra into their feet, but Asher had taken it a step further. He had learned to infuse it into his hands as well, an innovation that saved him in that very moment.

Elowen said nothing, offering no comment on his brilliance. After all, Asher wasn't the first to come up with this. Without a word, she shot forward again, her figure a blur. But Asher was ready this time. He moved gracefully and landed atop another beam.

Yet again, something unexpected happened. An arrow shot upward from below, an angle that had never occurred during the past six months of training. It nearly caught him off-guard.

But Asher reacted quickly, twisting his body mid-air and narrowly avoiding the strike. Unfortunately, Elowen had anticipated this maneuver. She used the brief opening to lunge, her palm aiming straight for Asher's left shoulder.

At the very last moment, she stopped.

Asher looked at her with a smile and spoke, "It seems we have a draw, Instructor Elowen."

Elowen smirked in response. "Until next session," she replied smoothly. And with that, she vanished once more, her movements clean, swift, and effortless.

She had stopped her attack simply because the allotted time for the movement and balance training had come to an end.

Asher shook his head, fully aware that had it not been for the time limit, he would have lost. He dropped down from the beam, landing with deft ease.

Without saying a word, he proceeded toward the next training hall. As soon as Asher stepped in, he didn't need instructions, he already knew where to find the instructor. His gaze naturally drifted upward, and there on the ceiling was Virek, deeply engrossed in an erotic novel.

'Can't he just stand on the floor and read like a normal person?' Asher thought but chose not to say anything aloud.

Seeing the arrival of the trainees, Virek sighed heavily, then closed his book, which disappeared into his space ring. His body dropped from the ceiling with ease, and he began to speak.

"All of you, continue from where you left off last time," Virek instructed lazily.

Then, turning his gaze to Asher, he added, "I'll be teaching you something different today."

A small stone materialized in Virek's hand, and without warning, he tossed it at Asher. With ease, Asher caught it midair in his palm.

"This training will focus on catching the stone using nothing but Astra control," Virek explained. "Think of it as a form of telekinetic manipulation."

Asher would've preferred that the instructor demonstrate the technique, but he kept his thoughts to himself. He knew his own capability and believed he could master it in record time.

Technically, this wasn't even the next formal step in their training. After mastering walking on walls and water, the natural progression was to learn how to lie on them. After all, if one could walk on such surfaces, why not lie on them?

But Virek hadn't taught Asher that, because Asher had already figured it out on his own.

He was the kind of student who, when taught one thing, would use it as a foundation to create something more. He didn't wait to be instructed; he learned by observation, instinct, and relentless practice.

Hours seemed to blur as the Astra control training came to an end. Virek returned to his preferred perch, the ceiling, book once again in hand.

Asher joined the rest of the trainees as they entered the weapons training hall, overseen by Instructor Clinton.

Without hesitation, everyone assumed their sparring stances and began to train with one another. Clinton paced between them, carefully observing their movements and offering corrections where necessary.

He adjusted their strength, refined the angle of their thrusts, and corrected their swings. He taught them patiently, always working with the pace each student could handle based on their individual aptitude.

Before long, that session ended as well, and the monster subjugation training began.

Drake, as usual, floated above the field like a divine entity, indifferent to the very earth beneath him.

Explosions erupted across the terrain, shockwaves rippled outward, and chaos reigned as various levels of destruction unfolded across the battlefield.

Drake's assistant moved tirelessly, summoning monsters for combat and healing trainees who required urgent attention.

After completing their individual subjugation sessions, the trainees exited the field. Asher walked alongside Ella, Tom, and Hito as they made their way toward their living quarters.

Curious and eager, they asked Asher about the details of his True Awakening. Surprisingly, he didn't hold back. He answered their questions openly.

His revelations left them stunned and shocked. They realized the horrifying truth, that if they had been in Asher's place, their chances of survival would have been practically nonexistent.

Ella, unable to contain her curiosity, asked about a rumor she had heard. She wanted to know if the Wargraves awakened an additional ability, or abilities, after surviving their True Awakening.

Asher simply laughed and replied with a firm, "No."

With a few more words and laughter, the trio bid Asher goodnight. He continued his walk alone. As always, Lyra was behind him, walking with quiet grace.

The moon hung in the sky, casting its silver light over the world, a silent blessing from above.

Time seemed to fly, slipping through their fingers like grains of sand. Hours turned into days, days into weeks, weeks into months, each moment streaking by, silent and swift.

Chapter 127: Eighteen

Six months had passed since Asher survived the True Awakening. Throughout those months, he did nothing but train, eat, sleep, and occasionally gist with Ella, Hito, and

Tom. His daily routine rarely deviated from this cycle, as though the rhythm of repetition gave him a sense of order amidst the silent walls of the Wargrave estate.

Once again, he was the only Sun or Moon still residing within the Wargrave estate, being the last among his siblings who remained in training. The only other Wargraves still present were his grand-uncles and his grand-aunt, all of whom were far removed from his daily affairs.

Asher's chest rose and fell with calm rhythm as he slept. The morning sun seeped gently through the window, casting its golden rays across his face. Moments later, stirred by the brightness warming his eyelids, Asher's eyes fluttered open, returning to the world with quiet acceptance.

He remained lying there for a few minutes, simply staring at the ceiling in silence. Today, he wouldn't be heading to the First Training Ground, he had officially graduated from it.

Trainees who turned eighteen were now considered "graduated trainees." They could now join the Wargrave Knights Order, though at the lowest possible rank, owing to their lack of experience and underdeveloped combat capabilities.

Today, Asher had turned eighteen years old. That meant, by Wargrave tradition, he was no longer permitted to use the First Training Ground, or any training ground, for that matter.

He wasn't the only one who had recently graduated. Several others, including Tom and Ella, had already departed before him. Hito was set to turn eighteen the following week, which meant he too would soon leave to see the world and uncover what it had in store.

There was no special celebration to mark a trainee's graduation. No ceremony, no feast. Instead, each trainee was handed a single document meant for submission to the Knight Order. This document detailed their record of training completion, along with an evaluation of their overall performance and progress during their time at the training ground.

Asher shifted from his lying position to a seated one. Despite having reached such a milestone, eighteen years of age, there was no banquet, no father to offer birthday wishes, no brother, no sister to toast to him long life and prosperity. No one came bearing gifts or heartfelt words.

It wasn't as though Asher had expected any of that, but the absence of warmth made this birthday feel particularly hollow.

At least the previous year had brought meaning, when he turned seventeen, he awakened his Astra veins, gained a system, and acquired a unique physique. That birthday had held promise, transformation, and quiet triumph.

Still, he understood. The Wargraves were not a family for celebrations, for parties or revelry. He was not the first Wargrave to turn eighteen. Thalric had also crossed this threshold, and even for him, there had been no grand gestures, no gifts, no raised glasses. To the estate, it was just another day.

'Would Lyra be giving me another gift this year?' Asher thought with a light chuckle, the corners of his lips twitching upward.

He rose from the bed with quiet ease. Standing tall, he stretched his body, savoring the subtle pleasure that came with releasing tension from his limbs. Afterward, he staggered toward the window, his purple eyes peering through the glass as he fixed his gaze on the expansive Wargrave territory beyond the gate.

In a full year since his arrival in this world, Asher had only left those gates twice. Soon, he would be stepping beyond them for a third time, yet unlike before, he would not return within a few hours or days.

His thoughts wandered to the Academy. Though he had heard it mentioned several times, he had never taken the initiative to research it deeply, not even in the library. His daily schedule was too rigid, and he had never permitted himself to stray from it for even a moment.

He had only been told by the First Sun, Malrik, that upon turning eighteen, he would be heading to the Academy. There had been no registration, no forms to fill, no bureaucratic process to follow.

That didn't bother him much. Soon, he would obtain all the information he needed, he planned to visit the library shortly, a place he hadn't stepped foot in since his awakening at seventeen.

Yet a single question lingered in his mind. If he was to go to the Academy now that he had turned eighteen, then who exactly was supposed to escort him there? One of the Great Elders, perhaps? The Library, who was himself a Great Elder, certainly didn't strike Asher as someone who would volunteer for such a duty.

From the way the man seemed to live in a permanent state of relaxation amidst the library's scrolls and books, Asher had long concluded that he might be the most carefree, or perhaps the laziest, Wargrave in existence.

A soft knock echoed on his door, pulling him from his thoughts. Asher didn't respond verbally. Instead, with a mere flicker of will, he manipulated the Astra in the air using his advanced control to unlock and open the door with silent grace.

Through it stepped Lyra, moving with practiced elegance.

Asher could feel it, her strength had subtly increased over the past year. Though he didn't know the specifics, he didn't ask. Over the past six months, he had allowed Lyra all the time she needed to focus on cultivation and improving her Life Rank.

Every day, as Asher departed for his twelve-hour training from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., Lyra was permitted to use that time to train in his personal training chamber, one saturated with a higher concentration of Astra than most other rooms.

Still, Lyra always returned by 6:30 p.m., faithfully waiting for his return.

"Good morning, Young Master," she greeted with a graceful bow, her tone calm and respectful.

Asher didn't reply immediately. He continued to stare through the glass, lost in thought.

Lyra said nothing more. She stood silently to the side, choosing not to disturb him in case something weighed heavily on his mind.

Eventually, Asher spoke. His voice was calm, tinged with a hint of sadness.

"It seems we'll soon be separated, Lyra."

Lyra's thoughts paused, her expression flickering briefly as she processed his words. She knew what he meant. Asher had told her before, he would be heading to the Academy when he turned eighteen. That time had now arrived.

That meant she wouldn't be by his side any longer, at least not until he returned on breaks or received special permissions, such as when another Wargrave went through their True Awakening.

Chapter 128: Forgot

Honestly, Lyra didn't know what to say or feel. After eighteen years of care, service, loyalty, and quiet devotion, her Young Master was now leaving her behind. She had always known that Asher wouldn't remain here forever, but still... it left behind a hollow emptiness, a void that felt as though the very reason for her existence was being forcefully pulled from her grasp.

What was she supposed to do in Asher's absence? Walk around aimlessly? Train? Cultivate? She knew that once he departed, she would suddenly have far too much time on her hands, time she hadn't had in years.

She wasn't like the other maids assigned to mundane estate duties such as cleaning, dusting, or dressing beds. She was a Sun's personal maid, which meant such chores no longer applied to her.

'I can only grow stronger as I wait for his return,' Lyra thought with a quiet mental sigh.

Then she spoke aloud, her tone composed, "It seems so, Young Master."

Asher didn't respond. He merely smiled, his back still facing her as his gaze remained fixed on the world beyond the window.

He shook his head softly with a light chuckle, then turned slightly as he gave a command. "Prepare breakfast. I'll be taking a shower."

"Yes, Young Master," Lyra replied with a bow before stepping out quietly.

Asher headed into the bathroom for a quick bath. Within minutes, he was done and returned to his room, changing into regular clothes from his pajamas. Around the same time, Lyra returned with his breakfast, gracefully pushing a cart into the room.

Asher's eyes were immediately drawn to a cake placed carefully on the tray. "Did you add a cake today because it's my birthday?" he asked, mildly surprised.

"Yes," Lyra answered with a gentle smile. "I personally baked it, Young Master. Consider it your birthday gift from me this year."

"Thank you, then. I wonder what it tastes like," Asher replied as he picked up a fork and cut a small piece. He brought it to his mouth and took a bite.

After a few seconds of chewing, his eyes widened slightly, and he turned toward Lyra with an appreciative smile. "I didn't know you were this good at cooking."

Lyra smiled as well, clearly pleased that he liked it. "Cooking is one of the qualities required to be placed in charge of a Sun or Moon," she replied calmly.

Asher gave a slow nod and continued eating in silence. Lyra, having fulfilled her task, quietly stepped out, waiting just outside the room in case her Young Master needed anything further.

After finishing his meal, Asher wiped his mouth with a napkin and stood to his feet. He walked toward the door, which opened smoothly with a wave of his hand, no physical touch required.

Seeing him step out, Lyra couldn't help but ask, "Young Master, where are you headed?"

"The Library," Asher said without slowing his pace. Lyra instantly began to follow behind him.

"What for, if I may ask, Young Master?" Lyra inquired. It had been over a year since Asher last visited the library, and curiosity edged her tone.

"The Academy," Asher replied curtly as they made their way down the hallway toward their destination.

Lyra fell silent after that. There was nothing else she needed to say. Within a few minutes, they arrived at the massive doors of the Library. Asher walked in without hesitation as the doors opened inward with a soft creak.

At the far side of the grand room sat the Librarian, a Great Elder, reclining with his legs propped lazily on the table, a thick book resting in his hands.

"Good morning, Great Elder," Asher greeted respectfully.

"Hooo... You've returned after a whole year, Asher," the man responded with a lazy smile. Morthen Wargrave, the Librarian and a Great Elder of the Wargrave family, lowered the book slightly as his eyes met Asher's.

Asher offered a faint smile. "I'm here to read up on the Academy. Since I turned eighteen today, I'll be heading there soon."

"Hmmm, that's true. Time flies so quickly," Morthen murmured, rubbing his beard absentmindedly. "Well, help yourself. Also, greet Thalric for me when you get to the Academy."

"I will," Asher replied, though inwardly he had no such intentions. He knew Morthen's words were more of a polite formality than an actual request.

"I know you wouldn't bother wandering even if I asked, so you can just wait around. I should be done in a few minutes," Asher added, speaking to Lyra without turning back. He didn't wait for a response as he walked toward one of the towering shelves, scanning for books about the Academy.

But as he browsed one row after another, time slipped by. Minutes turned into what felt like hours. Still, he found nothing.

'Is it that the Wargraves think so little of the Academy that they don't even bother recording information about it? Or is it simple negligence?' Asher wondered.

Still, he didn't give up. He moved from one shelf to another, eyes scanning spines, fingers brushing across various covers. He was looking for something, anything. In truth, he didn't even know the name of the Academy he was supposed to attend.

Eventually, realizing the futility of his search, he turned and approached the lounging Great Elder.

"Great Elder, may I ask where the books on the Academy are kept?" Asher asked politely.

"Ohh... I forgot to tell you," Morthen said, lifting his head as if the thought had only just returned to him. "The Wargrave Library doesn't have any information on the Academy."

Asher's lips twitched in frustration. He fought the strong urge to sigh audibly or knock the old man on the head. He had spent all that time wandering around the library for nothing, because the man simply forgot something so important?

He didn't say anything further. Did he dare blame a Great Elder? Of course not. He wasn't nearly strong enough to even consider it.

With a silent, frustrated sigh, Asher turned around and exited the library.

Lyra followed behind quietly, offering no comments. Her presence, as always, was calm and composed.

After walking for a while, Asher glanced sideways and decided to ask her a question. Given that she was over forty years old, she might know something about the Academy that he didn't.

"Lyra, is there anything you know about the Academy?" he asked.

Lyra was silent for a few seconds before answering. "Young Master, I don't really know anything about it. I knew from the beginning that I had no hope of ever going there."

Asher gave a small shake of his head, but her answer made perfect sense. Her role had been determined from a young age, serving the Wargrave family as a personal maid, not as a student or a Knight.

Her explanation, brief as it was, was perfectly understandable.

Chapter 129: Orchid

Five days had passed since Asher turned eighteen years old, and during this time, he had done nothing but sleep, eat, and train.

Asher had nothing to do aside from these things, and he genuinely felt like he was going crazy, literally. Within these five long days, he had attempted to do anything even remotely fun... anything at all, but to no avail.

There was simply nothing.

His only option had been to enter the library, where he read up on Crymora, the surrounding Empires, and the wars that had once ravaged the world in olden times.

And yet, even after all that, Asher still felt an unbearable sense of boredom. Just because he had a perfect memory didn't mean he was a lover of books. In truth, he only ever opened one, or even touched the spine of a book, when it was absolutely necessary.

At least during his time in the First Training Ground, there had been a sense of routine, of purpose. Wake up at dawn. Train relentlessly until nightfall. Retire to his chambers, bathe, eat, draw Astra from the surroundings, and then sleep.

It had been like clockwork. Predictable. Repetitive. But it worked. It gave him structure. It gave him direction.

Now? Now he woke up whenever he wanted. Trained whenever he wanted. Ate when he felt like it. And then... he had an obscene amount of free time on his hands.

Asher let out a long sigh as his gaze remained fixed on the ceiling above. He had long since lost count of the number of times he had cursed under his breath due to the absolute lack of technology in this world. At times, he even wondered how cavemen on Earth had survived during the Stone Age.

But in some twisted way, it made sense, they didn't know what technology was. So they could never experience the void he now felt in its absence.

'No wonder nobles always waged war. They're simply trying to ease their boredom,' Asher thought, somewhat amused.

The sun hung high in the sky, its golden rays casting a soft glow upon the land and streaming gently through the windows of Asher's room.

As he lay there, lost in the spiraling depths of his thoughts, an idea suddenly occurred to him. His lips curved into a smile. It was a simple idea, almost absurdly so, but in its simplicity, it was perfect.

Since he had nothing else to do, why shouldn't he behave like a typical young master and visit an auction house? After all, he had about ten thousand platinum coins at his disposal, which he hadn't touched. Well, technically, he had only ever spent a single platinum coin back when he first explored the Wargrave Territory.

Sitting up with a gleam of excitement in his eyes, Asher called out, "Lyra."

His ever-present personal maid stepped into the room without a moment's hesitation. "You called, Young Master," Lyra said respectfully as she entered.

"Is there any auction house within the Wargrave Territory?" Asher asked, silently praying there was one nearby. If not, he would simply collapse back into bed and resume his miserable state of inactivity.

Lyra replied instantly, "Yes, Young Master. There are about five of them, each varying in strength, reputation, and the level of items they auction."

"Perfect," Asher said with a satisfied nod.

Lyra raised an eyebrow in quiet confusion and asked, "Are we heading to any of these auction houses, Young Master?"

"We are," Asher replied calmly, without elaborating.

This only deepened Lyra's confusion. As the son of a Duke, Asher had no reason to personally attend an auction. If he wanted anything, all he needed to do was mention it, and it would be delivered to him in the shortest time possible.

"May I ask why?" Lyra finally inquired, unable to suppress her curiosity.

Asher's gaze shifted toward her. He could understand her thoughts perfectly. But he wasn't planning to attend the auction to waste money. He simply wanted to observe, to pass the time. Maybe buy one or two items he probably wouldn't need. That alone would bring a small sense of fulfillment.

"Sightseeing," Asher stated plainly.

A look of realization slowly appeared on Lyra's face. She had noticed her Young Master's growing boredom over the past few days but had remained silent, aware there was little she could do to ease his restlessness.

Asher's thoughts wandered again. From what he had read and remembered, auction houses often became battlefields after their events concluded. Deaths were a common occurrence, as people fought over treasures they couldn't afford in the first place.

He wasn't going to hide his identity. He was the Tenth Sun of the Wargrave Ducal Household, and it would be foolish to pretend otherwise. He would wield the Wargrave name like a shield, especially since his personal strength was still relatively meager at this point.

But that didn't mean he would casually stroll into an auction house with only Lyra beside him. That would be the height of stupidity, no different from suicide. He would take the Wargrave Knights with him, but this time, he needed more than just presence, he needed strength. He needed elite Knights.

After all, he was certain that some people would still attempt something, even after realizing who he was. Some were just that bold, or that stupid.

Though it might seem as though he was bringing wolves to guard him in a chicken coop, Asher knew better than to underestimate the dangers of this world.

His life was far too precious. There was no guarantee that if he died, he'd simply wake up back on Earth, in Jennifer's arms. If such a guarantee existed, he would have jumped out of the window a year ago, the very same day he transmigrated.

"Lyra, find out if any of those auction houses are holding an auction today," Asher instructed, his tone regaining that calmness it often carried.

Lyra nodded with her usual composure and stepped out. But the moment the door closed behind her, she moved at the peak of her speed, her steps silent but swift, determined to carry out her Young Master's orders without delay.

Asher, meanwhile, sat back down and resumed his musing. He had read countless novels in his past life, stories filled with transmigration and reincarnation. But not one of those authors ever addressed the crushing boredom that came with being thrown into a medieval world.

'It seems they always covered it up with time skips,' he mused.

Roughly five minutes passed before Lyra returned. Her movements were composed, her expression serene, no trace of the speed she had just demonstrated across the territory.

"Young Master, an auction house called The Orchid is holding an auction that will begin in approximately forty minutes," Lyra stated respectfully as she bowed.

Chapter 130: Feminist

Hearing this, Asher nodded with a small smile as he spoke. "Perfect. This couldn't have happened at a better time," he stated as he rose from his bed with a stretch.

He casually dismissed Lyra with a wave of his hand and stepped into the bathroom. He hadn't bathed since waking up, and since he would be leaving the estate soon, he had to freshen up. It wasn't just about appearances, it was about etiquette and representation. A Wargrave didn't step outside looking anything less than pristine.

Asher stood before the mirror, drying his face, his eyes narrowing slightly as he dressed. This time, he wore a well-fitted black jacket adorned with the Wargrave Ducal Household insignia, embroidered in silver thread. Anyone who saw him in that outfit would instantly think he was royalty, perhaps even a prince.

At merely eighteen years of age, Asher already stood at an impressive height of six feet and six inches, having gained three additional inches in just the past year. This was entirely normal for someone of the Wargrave bloodline.

After all, Malrik himself stood at an imposing eight feet tall, and then there was Azeron, who was even taller than Malrik. The tallness in their genetic makeup was simply too dominant to ignore.

Now fully dressed, Asher stepped out of his room with gentle, composed steps, the door silently closing behind him.

Lyra, as always, walked two steps behind, maintaining the precise balance of space, far enough to give her Young Master breathing room, yet close enough to react instantly to any threat that might arise.

"Are we heading to The Orchid Auction House now, Young Master?" Lyra asked softly.

Asher didn't pause or glance back. His footsteps remained as soundless and graceful as an assassin's. "No," he replied calmly, "we need to take a Knight with us first. So, I'm heading to their department."

"I could simply call them over, Young Master," Lyra suggested dutifully.

"We're not taking many guards this time," Asher said, gently turning down her suggestion. "Only one."

Lyra instantly frowned at this. She was well aware of the deaths that often occurred after auctions. While many wouldn't dare to attack a Wargrave, prevention was always better than cure.

Just as she was about to voice her concerns about the danger, Asher spoke first, as though reading her thoughts. "You'll understand."

At those words, Lyra said no more. Instead, her senses sharpened, and her face turned ice cold. Any soul that laid eyes on her Young Master in The Orchid Auction House would not escape her scrutiny. Not even one.

Butlers and maids along the hallway bowed as they greeted Asher respectfully. He didn't blink or acknowledge them. At this moment, his mind was elsewhere, on Tom, Ella, and Hito.

They were all members of the Knight Order now, and despite their close proximity, he hadn't had the chance to speak with any of the three. He hadn't even seen them, much less engaged in conversation to ease his boredom.

At least now, he looked forward to seeing them, and perhaps even Kale, the one he had his first proper sparring session with back in the First Training Ground.

Within minutes, Asher and Lyra stepped out of the main building, their footsteps falling on the grass in steady, synchronized rhythm. They moved toward a separate, detached structure located just beside the main manor.

Asher passed through a small gate that separated the two buildings. The new location flooded his senses with noise and raw energy.

He could hear the heavy breathing, the sound of sweat hitting the ground, people shouting at the top of their lungs as if trying to squeeze out the last ounce of strength from their bodies. Motivation through volume.

Just behind the building, hundreds of individuals, both men and women, could be seen swinging their weapons with determination. Some wielded daggers, others spears, hammers, halberds, and more.

Asher's purple eyes swept across them with quiet intensity. From what he could observe, he concluded that these were the new trainees gathered from all three of the Wargrave training grounds.

Within the crowd, he spotted Ella, punching the air fiercely with her fists, she had never been one for weapons. Hito swung his twin short swords simultaneously, his ambidexterity on full display. The wind visibly shifted and sliced apart as Tom brought his hammer down with explosive force.

Asher could see the sheer determination burning in their eyes. He didn't interrupt or speak. He merely watched from a distance before turning away with a small, approving smile.

They had successfully graduated from a training regimen designed for children into one meant for adults. Asher had no doubt that the Knight Order's training would be no different from a grueling, soul-crushing death sentence. But that was how greatness was forged.

Just as Asher was about to step into the building, a figure suddenly materialized behind him, then bowed with grace and spoke.

"It's an honor to welcome the Tenth Sun to the Knight Order Round," the voice said respectfully.

Asher turned his head slightly, his eyes falling upon a striking woman with long, snow-white hair tied neatly into a ponytail. She stood tall, easily seven feet in height. Her body was clad in armor that shimmered faintly under the sunlight, and on either side of her waist, two circular chakram weapons hung like twin reapers waiting to be unleashed.

Asher could feel it, the immense aura she was trying to suppress. She was strong. Immensely strong.

'Strong,' Asher thought simply.

"And you are?" he asked plainly. Since his transmigration into this world, he hadn't had the luxury or time to visit the Knight Order Round. His days had been consumed by nothing but endless training.

The woman raised her head at his question, her ash-colored eyes meeting Asher's sharp, purple ones with measured calmness.

'Beautiful... Her body is an absolute bombshell. Honestly, that face deserves to be hung in a temple or carved into a statue,' Asher thought inwardly, though he didn't allow any of his admiration to show on his expression.

Even though he had scanned her entire frame with his eyes, his gaze remained steady and locked onto hers. Using his Omni Perception, he took in every detail of her presence without a flicker of visible reaction.

"I'm Cassandra, the Vice Commander of the Wargrave Knight Order," she said with a firm tone. "Killer of all who dare oppose the Wargrave."

If Asher could whistle, he would have done so right then and there.

If there was anything he admired, it was women in power.

Of course, not in a sexual way. He just... appreciated strength, regardless of gender. In fact, one might say he was something of a feminist himself.

Men can be feminists... right?