

CLEAVER OF SIN

Chapter 131: Old

Hearing Cassandra introduce herself as the Vice Commander, and boldly declare the fate of all who dared oppose the Wargrave, made Asher smile with quiet amusement.

His eyes drifted to the pair of Chakrams hanging at either side of her waist, their metallic glint catching the ambient light. With a light chuckle, he commented, "Nice weapons."

Cassandra gave a brief nod of acknowledgment as she replied, "Thank you, Tenth Sun."

'She's stronger than Big Sister Wuthenya,' Asher thought inwardly. After all, there was simply no plausible way someone who wasn't among the elite, at the very pinnacle of power within Crymora, could hold the title of Vice Commander.

It was a position that demanded not only overwhelming strength but also undeniable prestige. 'Ella would no doubt be ecstatic at the idea of becoming her disciple,' he added in thought, a smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

"What does the Tenth Sun seek from the Knight Order that necessitates his personal presence at the Knight Order Round?" Cassandra inquired respectfully, her voice calm yet resolute.

'So, this structure is called the 'Round' instead of a barracks like we had back on Earth,' Asher noted to himself with mild curiosity.

"I'll explain everything to you and the Commander together," Asher replied with a composed tone.

Cassandra nodded in understanding, then raised a hand and gestured forward. "This way, please. Allow me to lead you to the Commander."

"Thank you, Vice Commander," Asher said as he moved forward beside her.

"Please," she added, walking ahead with a faint smile, "call me Cassandra."

Her snow-white hair flowed elegantly behind her, swaying with each step she took.

Lyra, who had remained silent since their arrival, continued to do so. She did not speak, nor did she show any sign of emotion. She moved when they moved, halted when they halted, like a shadow. She would only speak if spoken to.

As they moved deeper into the building, Asher observed the flow of the Knights' lives within the Round. Knights walked through the corridors, carrying out their daily tasks with discipline and pride.

When they noticed Asher, they all paused to bow respectfully, offering him courteous greetings. Unlike the maids and butlers whom Asher often ignored without a second thought, he returned every greeting here with a nod or a word of acknowledgement. He respected these Knights.

From several rooms, the clash of metal against metal echoed through the air, vivid sounds of training. Though Asher couldn't see them, the presence of sparring Knights was evident.

"Would you care for a brief tour of the grounds?" Cassandra asked as she noticed him looking around with intrigue.

Asher paused for a moment to consider her offer. Although he didn't have much time left before the auction was set to begin, a quick exploration wouldn't hurt. Besides, there was something compelling about this place, something worth seeing.

"Sure. Thank you in advance," he replied.

"It is my duty, Tenth Sun," Cassandra responded with a slight bow of her head before leading the way into one of the side chambers.

Within the room, numerous Knights were engaged in fierce sparring. The constant ringing of clashing weapons filled the space, and the blur of motion in the air painted a vivid picture of their speed.

The scent of sweat lingered heavily in the atmosphere. Despite Asher and the others entering the room, none of the Knights seemed to notice. It was as if they were wholly engrossed in their training, lost in their world of discipline and repetition.

Cassandra then led them to another room. The moment Asher approached the entrance, he felt it, an oppressive gravitational force pressing down subtly on his body. Cassandra had warned him not to cross the red line drawn across the floor, as it marked the boundary where the enhanced gravity field began. Still, even standing outside the threshold, the pressure was noticeable.

Inside, Knights pushed themselves through extreme physical exercises. They lifted, sprinted, held impossible poses, each movement performed with robotic precision. Their expressions remained calm and unbothered, as though they had subjected themselves to such torturous routines every day of their lives, never skipping a single session.

From there, Cassandra led them into a third chamber. The instant they entered, Asher was struck by the dense, overwhelming presence of Astra. The Astra here was thick and potent, far surpassing anything he had ever felt in his own personal training chamber.

Of course, it made perfect sense, these were Wargrave Knights. They were the elite, and as such, it was only natural that resources would be poured into their advancement without restraint.

Finally, Cassandra led them to the last room.

Here, a wide pool of vibrantly colored water stretched several meters across. Within its shimmering surface, soldiers sat cross-legged in the lotus position, their eyes closed, their bodies still.

"What are they doing?" Asher asked, his curiosity piqued.

"Body tempering," Cassandra replied. "Not everyone can endure the toll of pushing their physical limits day after day without sustaining injury. This pool is infused with rare herbs, it heals, fortifies, and enhances the body. It accelerates muscle recovery and strengthens the physique, doubling the efficiency of their training."

Asher nodded in understanding. Although he had never experienced such a method himself, he imagined that it was highly effective. Then again, he doubted the Wargrave bloodline required such treatment. Their physique and regenerative capabilities were absurdly powerful to begin with, perhaps making methods like this unnecessary.

With the brief tour concluded, Cassandra resumed leading them toward their original destination. There were no further stops.

Eventually, they arrived before a massive golden door adorned with intricate carvings and the crest of the Knight Order. Cassandra stepped forward and knocked gently, her voice calm but firm.

"Vice Commander Cassandra, reporting in with the Tenth Sun."

The door opened with a soft creak, revealing the inner chamber. Cassandra stepped inside, followed closely by Asher. Lyra came to a halt at the threshold, positioning herself beside the entrance as if to wait.

But Asher turned to her and spoke a single word.

"Follow."

Lyra gave no verbal response, nor did she show any surprise. She simply obeyed, entering the room with quiet grace.

Asher allowed his gaze to roam across the chamber. It was simple in design, yet exuded power and order. A single table sat in the center, flanked by two chairs directly opposite each other. On both side walls stood shelves filled

with ancient scrolls and sealed documents. Beyond that, the room was devoid of decoration, only purpose remained here.

A tall man stood with his back to them. His posture was straight, disciplined, almost statuesque. He wore armor, polished and formidable, and upon his back rested a lance, strapped securely, as though it were a part of him. He stood tall, easily six feet nine inches.

As he turned to face them, a smile graced his features. His voice, tinged with the wisdom of age, echoed gently.

"I wonder what the Tenth Sun seeks from this old Commander."

Asher's gaze locked onto him. The man had white hair and a matching beard. The color wasn't a fashion statement, nor the result of magic, it was the mark of time. Yet there was no frailty in his form. He stood like a battle sage, an old warrior who had seen countless wars and lived through every single one of them.

'How old is he?' Asher wondered silently. He had expected the Commander to appear middle-aged at most.

And yet, here he was, elderly, yes, but far from diminished. The fact that this man still held the position of Commander, despite his years, was a testament to his enduring strength and unshakable presence.

If he had truly grown weak with age, Asher knew someone like Azeron would have removed him without hesitation.