

CLEAVER OF SIN

#Chapter 41: Ostentatious - Read CLEAVER OF SIN Chapter 41: Ostentatious

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The next day gently arrived, it was the day of the Royal Party. The Royal Party was scheduled for 10 a.m. in the morning, but at this time, Asher still hadn't made his way to the palace yet.

He was still dressing up after having breakfast. After all, no party that was set for a particular hour ever truly began at that exact time.

Asher stood before a mirror, dressed in a refined combination of blue, ash, and black cloth. If there were a charm stat on his system, it would simply read infinity at this point.

After spraying the perfume he had bought the day before, Asher called out, "Lyra."

Hearing her name, Lyra stepped into the room. "Yes, Young Master?" she replied with gentle respect.

"Is everything and everyone ready yet?" Asher asked as his gaze turned to meet hers.

"Everything is ready. We are just waiting on you, Young Master," Lyra answered calmly.

Asher nodded with composure, then began walking toward the door with steady, measured steps. Lyra swiftly moved ahead and opened it.

"Good afternoon, Tenth Sun," the five guards stationed outside greeted him in unison. Asher nodded slightly, his eyes briefly scanning their new armor. However, he didn't comment on it. He simply continued walking downstairs, heading toward the waiting carriage.

Those seated downstairs in the inn's dining area froze the moment they noticed the guards walking behind a young boy.

The instant their eyes caught the insignias on the guards' armor and the emblem on the boy's chest, they all swallowed hard, a singular thought echoing through their minds.

A Sun.

Asher didn't speak to anyone. His presence alone commanded attention, like a magnetic force. Though everyone within this inn was wealthy and well-connected, after

all, this was one of the finest inns in the capital, who could possibly be more wealthy and connected than a Duke?

Asher stepped out of the building, and the coachman was already waiting behind the horse. His attire had been upgraded to match the significance of the event.

The Wargrave Household had even purchased him new clothing to ensure he would not be looked down upon in any aspect.

"Good afternoon, Tenth Sun," the coachman greeted with a respectful bow.

Asher paused and looked at the man, then asked, "I hope you aren't having any health issues?"

It immediately clicked in the coachman's mind that Asher was referring to his bloated stomach from yesterday. He bowed again, responding, "My health has no issues, Tenth Sun."

Asher gave a small nod before entering the carriage. This time, however, Lyra did not join him inside. Instead, she mounted another horse and followed from behind, maintaining the formation.

Asher gazed out the window as the carriage rolled forward toward the palace. From anywhere within the capital, the palace was visible. It almost seemed like it was situated atop a mountain, making it appear elevated and majestic, but it wasn't. It was just that massive.

On the way, Asher encountered numerous carriages of various shapes, designs, and levels of opulence. However, he didn't recognize any of the insignias decorating them. He hadn't read about them in the library and so paid them little mind.

Because it was a Royal Party, a gridlock had formed near the palace gates, as too many nobles and individuals of importance were arriving one after another. At this point, Asher had already closed the window and now sat alone in the silence of the carriage, his eyes closed in silence.

Several minutes later, the carriage came to a stop. A guard quickly dismounted from his horse and gently knocked on the carriage door to signal their arrival, then carefully opened it.

Hearing the creak of the carriage door, Asher's entire demeanor shifted. His face became neutral, expressionless. His posture relaxed, yet his bearing transformed into one that spoke of noble lineage and quiet authority.

He was mimicking what he had observed during his awakening, the way the Suns, Moons and other members of the Wargrave family carried themselves. This was a

Royal Party, after all. He could not afford to appear lesser. And besides, he didn't know anyone well enough to be smiling idly at them.

Rising from his seat with a graceful calmness, Asher stepped down from the carriage, now completely surrounded by his guards. The view before him was overwhelming, the entire royal palace lay stretched before his eyes.

Tall. Regal. Magnetic. Powerful.

The structure looked as though it could pull in all eyes simply by existing. His eyes trailed along the magnificent buildings that spiraled outward from the main palace. Everything seemed crafted from rare stones or precious materials. The opulence here was in a league of its own.

Even the Wargrave estate seemed modest, perhaps even poor, compared to the grandeur laid bare before him.

Though the view left Asher momentarily stunned, as even the Wargrave estate wasn't this extravagant, his face remained perfectly impassive.

'Truly, there are levels to wealth', Asher thought.

His purple eyes flicked around, noticing a few carriages lined up behind his, but none in front. He then turned his gaze forward to where a grand door stood in the distance. With calm, confident strides, he moved forward.

Behind him, the guards and carriages began to roll forward, peeling away from their location as though heading toward a garage or holding area. Asher continued walking. From the carriages behind, he felt the weight of eyes watching his back, but he didn't falter.

When he finally arrived at the door that appeared to lead into the banquet hall, the two butlers standing guard prepared to ask for identification. But as soon as they spotted the insignia on his chest, their eyes lit up with recognition.

They had been informed ahead of time that the Tenth Sun of the Wargrave Household would be attending. The guest list had been meticulously prepared, after all.

They didn't dare question his identity. With swift, rehearsed motions, they bowed in his direction. Then, turning toward the banquet hall, their unified voices echoed through the chamber with startling clarity and power.

"Asher Wargrave, Tenth Sun of the Ducal Wargrave Household, has arrived!"

Hearing the formal announcement, Asher could only sigh internally.

'Nobles are really ostentatious,' he couldn't help but think.

Regardless of what he felt, he took the next step forward into the hall.