

CLEAVER OF SIN

#Chapter 81: Above It All - Read CLEAVER OF SIN Chapter 81: Above It All

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A single word cleaved through the battlefield, a realm already teetering on the brink of apocalypse. It struck Asher's ears with the force of a divine edict, as though the voice of a god had commanded mortals to obey without hesitation, without question.

The moment the word reached him, Asher felt its weight crash down upon his existence. His entire body halted, not with a gradual deceleration, but with an unnatural, absolute stillness. As if time itself had been forcibly arrested.

The crackling lightning that once danced along his form froze mid-arc. His heartbeat, his breath, his very footsteps, everything was suspended.

Even Virelass, ever eager in his grasp, fell silent. Only his thoughts remained, trapped in the echo of that word, reeling as they struggled to comprehend the sheer magnitude of what had just occurred.

Hillary moved without the slightest hesitation, no breath, no thought, only motion. His figure surged forward, rapier already aligned for a single, lethal thrust, one precise strike meant to bring finality.

Asher felt it before he saw it: a thrust so absolute it threatened to erase his very existence. In that instant, time unraveled around him. Memories bled into his vision, his former life before transmigration, the long numbers in his bank account, the woman he had once called the love of his life: Jennifer.

Even fragments of his new life flickered before his eyes, a brief, bittersweet montage flashing like a final tribute to his existence. It was as though his soul had already accepted death.

And then, Hillary's rapier closed the last of the distance, its gleaming tip mere centimeters from Asher's head.

In a sudden flash of silver light, Asher vanished from his position, Position Marker had been activated with nothing but a thought. His form reappeared atop the very tree he had marked earlier.

He had chosen this location with foresight. The first time he used Position Marker to teleport to this tree, he had leapt down after healing and resting, intentionally leaving the

tree intact. He'd predicted that the assassins might target it if they knew its significance. Now, that decision had proven vital.

His gamble had been correct.

As his body solidified atop the tree, the unnatural stillness that had bound him dissipated. His limbs stirred, and his thoughts surged forward once again.

'So... it's a second ability,' Asher realized, his mind racing. Up until now, he had assumed Hillary's gift lay solely in his flames. But this, this was something else entirely.

A command that manipulated reality itself. Only a rare few were born with more than one abilities. Emperor Zolthemir Lux Vanthelmor came to mind.

Asher exhaled slowly, knowing full well: had it not been for Virelass, the sentient blade's unique ability to teleport both of them with a mere thought, he would already be dead.

But his relief was short-lived.

Before his thoughts could even conclude, the word came again.

"FREEZE."

Hillary's voice rang out once more, sharp and absolute, a decree upon the world.

And he was already there, behind Asher, his rapier mid-swing, arcing toward Asher's neck with the force of calamity itself.

Another shock surged through Asher's mind as his entire body froze once more. His eyes widened in disbelief, the weight of the moment crushing down on him like a thunderclap.

'How?'

The question roared through his thoughts, as fierce and relentless as his own lightning.

Then, in that fleeting instant, faster than breath, his mind rewound everything. Every step, every clash since they had both tapped into their elements. And suddenly, it all made sense.

He remembered how, amidst the whirlwind of combat, Hillary had subtly begun to steer their battle toward a specific point, the very tree Asher had marked as his teleportation anchor. At the time, Asher had thought nothing of it. In the chaos of battle, movement often seemed random, unrestrained.

But now, the pieces snapped into place with frightening clarity.

Hillary had orchestrated it from the start. He had been watching. Calculating. Studying Asher's patterns with surgical precision. He knew, as if he had been inside Asher's head, that the only teleportation marker was that tree.

He had anticipated everything.

Hillary knew that when he invoked Freeze, Asher's only chance of survival would be to teleport. And so, he maneuvered the fight toward that very point.

The moment Asher vanished, Hillary would be there, already arriving, already prepared, to cast Freeze again. Cutting off every possible escape. Trapping him within an inescapable sequence.

A checkmate in motion.

All these thoughts cascaded through Asher's mind, unfolding with brutal clarity as he stood frozen, realization crashing in just as fate prepared to strike.

'Indeed, any reincarnated or transmigrated being should know better than to underestimate an old man,' Asher mused, his thoughts razor-sharp even as the rapier closed in on his neck like a guillotine of light.

But just as the blade was about to sever his head from his shoulders, his form vanished once more in a blur of silver.

With a thunderous swoosh, Hillary's rapier tore through empty air where Asher's neck had just been. The sheer force of the swing shredded the tree into ribbons, its splinters instantly igniting into flame. In the next breath, even the embers were gone, reduced to drifting ash.

Deprived of a foothold, Hillary's figure plummeted from the sky, landing with a graceful yet abrupt descent.

For the first time, shock flashed across his expression.

His meticulously crafted plan, built on observation, calculation, and control, had failed.

'He had another teleportation point,' Hillary thought, his mind reeling. It was a variable he had never accounted for.

His gaze snapped toward a distant point, there stood Asher, calm as moonlight, watching him with unreadable eyes.

'How many more?' Hillary wondered, a rare flicker of doubt creeping into his thoughts.

The new location Asher had appeared was the location where he had placed his third and last teleportation mark. He had already thought ahead, just in case the second teleportation mark had become compromised.

Asher stood with composed poise, his purple eyes locking with the obsidian gaze fixed upon him. Both he and Hillary understood the unspoken truth, only two minutes remained before the True Awakening comes to an end, and within that fleeting window, Hillary had no realistic chance of killing Asher.

Hillary's freezing ability demanded direct line of sight; the moment his eyes strayed from a target, its mobility would be instantly restored.

This inherent limitation significantly restricted the scope of its use. Should Hillary ever lose his sight, his second ability would become entirely ineffective.

Moreover, it could only be activated twice per day, an unforgiving constraint that required meticulous planning and precise execution, much like the calculated approach he had taken against Asher.

In perfect unison, they dropped into their stances, as if governed by a single mind. No words were exchanged; none were needed. Understanding flowed between them like instinct.

Neither could overpower the other, one surviving through unparalleled talent, the other through the crucible of battle-hardened experience. And so, they would decide life and death with a single, all-defining strike.

Astra surged through their veins like a chalice overflowing with divine wrath. Flames and lightning bloomed, spiraling into frenzied chaos, the elements themselves bending to their will. Their gazes locked, silent, final.

Then, with a mere thought, they vanished.

One became a streak of blinding purple. The other, a flash of furious crimson. Both channeled every drop of Astra they possessed into the clash, an ultimate gambit.

And then the world broke.

They collided with the fury of gods, like twin titans, rams driven mad with fury, locking horns beneath a collapsing sky. The battlefield exploded into a surreal tapestry of purple and crimson, their energies colliding with such force it birthed a deafening echo that shook the earth.

Concentric shockwaves tore through the forest, leveling all in their path. Dust erupted like geysers, and a mushroom-shaped cloud of smoke surged skyward, reaching as if to scrape the stars themselves.

Deep gouges and ragged sword marks carved themselves into the earth, a battlefield turned graveyard. The forest lay devastated, trenches stretching hundreds of meters in every direction, a chaotic monument to the sheer magnitude of their clash.

From the smoke. From the ash.

From the apocalypse. From the carnage.

A lone figure stood, unbent, unbroken.

Purple hair crowned his head, as if reality itself had anointed him sovereign of the storm. His upper body was bared to the world, his garments long since reduced to cinders by the inferno.

Lightning, tinted in shades of purple, danced and crackled across his frame, alive, furious, divine. His purple eyes gazed toward the horizon where the sun began its solemn ascent, casting golden light upon the ruins left in his wake.

Hillary was gone, devoured wholly by the cataclysm he could neither contain nor escape.

And now, only one remained.

One man stood above it all.

ASHER FUCKING WARGRAVE.

Chapter 82: Mad Rank

Within the hall where every Wargrave had gathered, the aura which had been absent suddenly appeared. The entire hall was drenched in presence as battle intent and madness exploded outward in a controlled chaos. It erupted from every single one of them at this moment, causing their blood to boil.

What they were seeing defied reality, they watched the Tenth Sun sleep for over an entire hour during the True Awakening. Which of them had ever even done this? They wouldn't dare to. No, they didn't dare because they never had the time; they were running for their lives.

They saw the way he fought. They could see his battle experience increasing with every motion, every movement. Their eyes burned into the heads-up display before them. Their gaze didn't dare peel away from the screen; they didn't even dare blink or miss a moment.

They watched with absolute clarity, pride overflowing in their blood and pumping through their veins at this very moment. But none spoke. They simply watched.

They watched as the Tenth Sun plowed through assassins like a lawnmower through blades of grass. They could tell he had learned the dagger techniques on the spot, then went ahead to use the whip like it was just another weapon in his arsenal.

Then they saw him close his eyes. They didn't know why, but they assumed it was one of the assassins' abilities. Still, the Tenth Sun moved without hesitation, without pause, without delay, as though vision never mattered to begin with.

They watched him jump into different abilities like it was nothing. They could see the way he moved like he was one of the assassins, absolutely silent. Heads soared as he moved. Blood painted the sky like a canvas. Bodies dropped like flies with every motion.

They saw him dodge attacks that should have been impossible, as though he possessed an ability to see a split second into the future. But as they were all battle maniacs, they could tell the Tenth Sun was reading the assassins and predicting their movements and attack through their muscles movement.

But someone whose battle experience over the past six months came from a controlled environment shouldn't be capable of this. Even if it was due to talent, it shouldn't be at this level, not yet.

In their eyes, everything was beautiful. It was epic. It was divine. It was graceful. They could only watch in silence, not daring to speak and break the moment.

Then it came, the assassin... the Knight. They heard his monologue... which soon turned into a dialogue. They couldn't be bothered to ask the First Sun which noble household the assassin was talking about. They couldn't be bothered with the words of a weakling for any reason.

But they couldn't help but wonder if the Tenth Sun's winning streak had finally come to an end. Maybe it was time for him to change tactics, from attack to perhaps defense.

The Knight had two centuries of battle experience. That alone was outrageous. Coupled with a cultivation level that stood above the Tenth Sun's, it seemed like the Tenth Sun had no hope at all.

But their thoughts proved wrong, the Tenth Sun had done the opposite. He confronted the man face to face without taking even a step back.

Then it came.

The battle of rapiers.

There they saw it, talent like never before, movement like never before. They saw rapier techniques and movements the Tenth Sun had never shown since the beginning of the True Awakening.

The Tenth Sun hadn't shown his true rapier skills until now due to stamina conservation. He had allowed the rapier to act on its own and handle some enemies. But from the few moments they saw him use the rapier fully, they knew, he was extremely talented.

But what they saw now was different. It was overwhelming. He stood against a mountain and clawed his way through every single attack, through every single exchange. They watched him learn an attack technique on the fly, on the spot with one try, and then perfect it in the next.

They watched his battle experience peak in real time as he devoured everything the Knight poured out. Although two centuries of battle experience can't be swallowed within minutes, it still didn't matter to the Tenth Sun.

Then their elements came. Crimson and Purple. Searing and crackling. Flames and Thunder.

The world changed colors in the heads-up display as the battle peaked to its utmost. They watched the forest they had chosen flatten across kilometers. None dared to breathe at this moment as these two rapier users fought even mid-air, plummeting from the sky without a moment's pause.

They all knew deep down, none of them had such a True Awakening. Many of them had run away and fought as they ran and hid for a few minutes. After all, the True Awakening was meant to survive, not to plow your way through like they were seeing now.

But even then, they had lost limbs, eyes, ears. Their mouths were torn open. Some had injuries tear through their necks. In a nutshell, they all came back half-dead in every sense of the word.

But here stood the boy they once thought a failure. The boy they once thought a stain. The boy they once thought useless.

The failed Heir.

The dim Sun.

Then a word echoed through the hall just as it echoed through the forest. FREEZE.

They watched as the Tenth Sun came face to face with literal death. Malrik had already prepared to move. After all, they didn't know the restrictions on the Tenth Sun's teleportation abilities. But at the last moment, he vanished.

A grin spread on their faces like madmen. Then again, the grin vanished just as quickly, for the moment the Tenth Sun vanished, the Knight vanished too. His words cut through the hall and forest once more, FREEZE.

This time, they didn't doubt. They watched with expectation. The Tenth Sun had pulled off so many miracles that they now felt inferior in terms of talent. And as though meeting their expectations once again, the Tenth Sun vanished, he had already thought ahead yet again.

Then they watched as the Tenth Sun and the Knight ended it in one move that could only be described with one word: Divine.

Through the haze, through the dust, through the fumes... they saw their bloodline stand upright without a single injury. His back straight. His weapon in hand. The sun pouring down its rays on him as if bowing to the show he had put on earlier.

Seeing all this, their battle intent and aura erupted in utter controlled madness. The hall shook. Cracks snaked across its walls. The windows shattered as grins widened and various whites of eyes could be seen throughout the hall.

Even Azeron Wargrave, the Primarch, was not left out. His own aura flared at this moment as the air screamed in defiance.

Thalric, the Ninth Sun, was no different. Although he hated the Tenth Sun, the truth right in front of his eyes couldn't be denied. He had loved every bit of the past six hours.

And so, these madmen welcomed another madman into their mad rank.

Chapter 83: Serial Killer

Within the decimated forest, Asher stood calmly, his breath steady. His hair danced to the wind of his own apocalypse. His eyes were on the sun rising on the horizon as he just stood there, as if still digesting everything he had just gone through within the past six hours and thirty minutes.

He had never imagined his life would suddenly become something like this, going to sleep and waking up in another world for no reason at all.

Then training for six months for the so-called True Awakening, which he knew nothing about, only to be thrown into a forest at exactly 00:00 and told to survive without even a single bit of support.

He had gone through the True Awakening in nothing but his pajamas, which were now torn to pieces. No armor of any type, just a thin cloth even the weakest fire in existence could burn through with ease.

Asher sighed, his eyes glancing down alongside Virelass, who was now in his hand, humming in utter satisfaction, as though she welcomed the madness with open arms.

"I never knew you were this crazy, Virelass," Asher spoke aloud, and the rapier hummed once more. Asher simply smiled and shook his head in response.

Although he said that, Asher could feel his entire body rejoicing from the battle, as though every single blood cell, bone, flesh, and vein had experienced it firsthand. He couldn't deny it, at the beginning, he just wanted to survive, and if he couldn't, he would return to his room and pass it through that method.

But when he switched methods and engaged the assassins without running, he had loved every single moment of it.

Asher remembered his grin as he fought, as though he was a maniac who lived for the chaos. He remembered taking their lives, the feeling of his hands tearing through flesh like they were nothing. The sensation of life vanishing due to his blade, it was still fresh in his memory, he could remember the entire sensation vividly.

He, just a normal boy six months ago, now killed like a psychopath, using his bare hands to tear through a chest and even pulling out a heart and crushing it with just a clench of his fist. The brutality that once would have made him flinch was now a casual memory.

The kill count for this night alone was almost a hundred. Even most serial killers in his past life only touched that range of numbers after almost or over a decade of serial killing. But he had reached it in a single night.

Yet, he felt nothing, neither physically or psychologically. Although he had felt something earlier during Ryan's case, since then, he had adjusted and adapted. He knew it was only a matter of time until lives fell to his blade. After all, Crymora wasn't a world that showed kindness to mercy.

Although all these thoughts circled in his mind, they remained just that, thoughts. He wasn't going through any existential crisis. He wouldn't hesitate to move for the kill if another assassin stepped out again.

He was simply going through the difference between his two lives, a difference so great that even the distance between heaven and earth couldn't compare.

'Would Jennifer love me if I was a serial killer in my former world? Or would she turn me in to the police?' Asher thought with a soft chuckle.

Then he shook his head as he decided to forget about such thoughts entirely, dismissing them as pointless distractions.

His mind shifted to his brain, the way it had functioned during the past six hours. It was a way Asher had never thought possible. His careful planning and execution, his ability

to think ahead and predict his opponents' thought processes, it all felt like second nature in the heat of combat.

Right from his orphanage days, Asher knew he was extremely intelligent. He didn't even need to try to read or study. It came effortlessly; he didn't have to put in a single ounce of effort when it came to academics, which was what helped him maintain a 5.0 CGPA in his university days, and that was without even trying.

Asher had watched a lot of anime about intelligent characters with a knack for planning and scheming. He had tried doing this once in a while since he believed he had the same level of intelligence, but he failed horribly at it. His mind would go blank, as though he couldn't plan or scheme anything of worth.

But here, in Crymora, his mind worked like a supercomputer. He thought, he planned, he executed, and it had all worked without any form of hiccup. Even Hillary, who had planned ahead and sent him into a trap, still failed at his own strategy, all because of Asher's brain and his adaptability.

'Was my brain also enhanced when my body was reformed during the merge with the Absolute Physique?' Asher wondered curiously.

But he didn't feel any more intelligent. He just simply had a natural knack for planning and scheming now. Still, Asher had no thoughts of becoming a schemer, it wasn't his way. If he could wipe out his opponent with his rapier, why waste time thinking?

He would only plan and execute in matters like the True Awakening that forced him into a binding spot. Outside that: no brains, just straight hands.

His eyes scanned the battlefield as he took it all in. He and Hillary had destroyed many things, trees, grass, boulders. Everything had been laid to waste. Trenches torn open by rapier attacks, stretching over a hundred meters, could be seen almost everywhere. The ground beneath his feet was hot, molten, nearly turning to lava from the sheer intensity of the combat.

Kilometers swallowed in their conquest of death. But outside their destruction, the rest of the forest stood untouched, as only smoke and shockwaves reached them, silent witnesses to the massacre.

As Asher took in his surroundings, the system finally came.

[Ding]

[Host, it's 6:30 a.m]

As the system notified, reminding him of the alarm he had set earlier, Asher's form vanished before he could even speak a word.

Chapter 84: Bragging Material

Asher felt the world and the colors around him swirl and spin, as though he had suddenly become dizzy. Then, in the very next moment, everything snapped back into perfect alignment, returning to its rightful place in reality.

Blinking to steady himself, Asher opened his eyes and took in his surroundings. From what he could tell, he was now standing directly before the grand gates of the Wargrave Estate.

Virelass floated nearby with a faint hum, moving forward without even a moment's hesitation. Asher followed closely behind. He was just about to issue an order to the Knights stationed at the gate to open it, when the massive gates creaked open on their own accord. He didn't say a word. Without pause, he simply walked in.

The moment Asher crossed the threshold of the estate, numerous eyes of varying shades and intensities locked onto him, as if compelled by his presence. Each gaze carried a different reaction: shock, reverence, fear, happiness... and even lust. The onlookers were Knights, butlers, and maids, staff of the estate.

In the next heartbeat, every single one of them bowed deeply before Asher without uttering a word. Asher, remaining silent, walked past them all. His steps were calm, composed, and purposeful. His destination was clear, the towering, expansive castle that stretched wide and majestic across the estate grounds.

Upon arriving at the castle, Asher felt a distinct pressure in the air. It was overwhelmingly heavy, almost suffocating, yet he didn't acknowledge it with words. He simply walked forward. A butler standing at the entrance door pushed it open for him, and Asher stepped inside.

Once again, a new wave of eyes fell upon him, slamming into him like a tide. But this time, they carried something entirely different. There was no reverence or shock. No fear. These eyes brimmed with madness, joy, and most of all, acceptance.

Asher's purple eyes scanned the entire grand hall. He saw every figure present. The Nine Suns and Moons stood together in unity. The Three Great Elders and the Five Elders were also gathered. And at the highest point of the hall stood the Primarch himself.

They all stared at him, unblinking, each wearing wide grins that reached the corners of their faces. Asher's gaze shifted, settling on Thalric. In Thalric's eyes, he saw a flicker of acceptance, though his face remained completely expressionless.

In that instant, fragments of memory surged from deep within, memories that did not belong to him, but to the original Asher. He remembered vividly the moment he had

failed his first awakening. He remembered the faces of those around him, looking down upon him from their elevated seats, their judgmental eyes cold and dismissive.

None of them had spared him even a glance after his failure. He had become a nonentity, a forgotten disappointment. After all, a Wargrave who failed to awaken on his first try was nothing but a disgrace. They cast him aside like refuse. He locked himself away for an entire year, drowning in alcohol, spiraling into despair.

In the end, he took his own life with drugs. No one even noticed. He died alone, unknown, unseen, unheard, and unloved.

Only Lyra had remained at his side, without saying a word, without judging him, without hesitation.

And yet, now, everything was different.

The same eyes that once regarded Asher with disdain now radiated acceptance and even affection. Asher could feel it in the subtle waves of aura they exuded. He had no doubt that if he were to raise his hand and point at someone, they would rush to draw their weapons and reduce that person to nothing but dust.

All of this had changed because of one thing; Talent.

Still, Asher had no desire for revenge on behalf of the original Asher. He didn't see it as abandonment. From Ethan's perspective, now inhabiting Asher's body, the boy had simply run away from his fate, locking himself away from a world that had already given him one more chance to take hold of his future. He had surrendered.

But he, Ethan, now Asher, would do what the original could not. Just like in his previous life, he had clawed his way up from the bottom. Born and raised in an orphanage, overlooked and ignored as one of hundreds, he had still risen to the top of every field he entered, using nothing but his brain.

With that thought anchoring his heart, Asher's lips parted, and he spoke with calm yet unhidden authority.

"I've returned, Wargraves."

The moment the words left his mouth, their auras flared violently, as though his voice had triggered a battle cry in their blood. Their battle intent surged, filling the estate and shaking its very foundations with maddening force. Asher stood his ground, unshaken. His own aura surged in response, spiraling upward until it reached the very roof.

They stared at him like predators sizing up their prey, and Asher didn't falter for even a moment. He returned their gaze head-on, his presence distorting the very air around him.

Then a single footstep echoed across the hall. Calm, deliberate. The sound reverberated as though it came from a distant chamber, even though it happened right there in the open hall.

Azeron Wargrave, the Primarch, stepped forward and approached Asher. His voice was deep, regal, and filled with restrained pride as he spoke:

"Welcome to the family, Asher Wargrave. Stand tall and proud, for you have achieved the impossible."

As he spoke, he placed his palm firmly on Asher's right shoulder.

Asher lowered himself into a respectful bow, placing his right hand upon his left chest. His voice rang out clearly.

"Thank you, Primarch."

Azeron gave a slight nod in acknowledgment, then turned away. His red cape billowed dramatically behind him as he walked back towards his private study. But as he moved, the grin on his face slowly softened into something unexpected, a genuine smile.

The attention in the room shifted. Every eye that had been fixed on Asher now turned to the Primarch in astonishment.

'The Primarch is smiling?' they whispered to themselves in disbelief.

Azeron did not even try to hide it. Even if he wanted to return to his cold, neutral facade, he couldn't. He was far too proud in this moment.

'Lily, are you watching?' Azeron thought with a soft smile tugging at the corner of his lips. 'He's grown into a fine young man from the disgrace they once labeled him as. He's inherited your talent for the rapier, and even surpassed it. Soon, he'll stand above you, using only the rapier techniques you once dreamed of perfecting.'

His thoughts drifted to his wife, Lily, who was no longer here to witness this transformation. If she had seen Asher's true Awakening and his sheer talent with the rapier, Azeron was certain she wouldn't have hesitated to obliterate the entire Lux Vanthelmor royal family just for making her son unhappy.

Azeron knew many would be stunned by the rare smile gracing his features. But now was not the time for such concerns.

He had something more pressing to do.

He needed to call Zarek.

He had to show him the battle recording, this bragging material was too good to pass up. And perhaps, just perhaps, it might finally push Zarek to settle down and start a family of his own.

Chapter 85: First Beef

As the Primarch disappeared from sight, all eyes immediately tore back toward Asher.

"You've done well, youngest. It seems like just yesterday you visited the family library for the first time," said the voice of the Great Elder Librarian, Morthen Wargrave.

"Thank you, Great Elder," Asher replied with a soft smile.

With that, the Wargraves began to walk away one by one, each lost in their own thoughts. None of them bothered to inquire about the limitations of Asher's blood healing or teleportation abilities. Perhaps they were too stunned, or simply respectful enough, to question him now.

The Ninth Sun, Thalric Wargrave, paused for a brief second, his gaze lingering on Asher. Then, without a word, he turned and walked away toward his quarters.

Only Malrik and Wuthenya Wargrave, the First Sun and the Second Moon, remained behind. Their expressions were warm, and their gazes softened as they addressed him.

"Who would have thought you had grown this strong already? You hid it well, youngest," Wuthenya remarked first, her tone laced with affectionate amusement.

"Indeed," Malrik added. "Were you planning to surprise everyone with your strength? Because, if so, the surprise worked."

"I never really hid anything. No one knew simply because they never cared enough to find out," Asher replied with a grin. "You can check the records at the First Training Ground, though."

Within the estate, only the Primarch had any awareness of Asher's abilities, based on the discreet reports submitted from the First Training Ground. Those records were originally used as reference points to gauge what rank of assassins to dispatch to test a Sun or Moon during the True Awakening.

"Let's get you healed first. Although your rapier possesses healing capabilities, we don't know its limitations, or if it might have missed something subtle," Malrik said, shaking his head.

At his words, Virelass, who had vanished earlier, suddenly reappeared with a dissatisfied hum, clearly displeased at the suggestion that her healing might have been inadequate.

"Virelass, don't make a fuss about it. It's just a routine check," Asher said with a resigned sigh.

"Your weapon's name is Virelass? That's a cool name," Wuthenya said with interest, her jet-black eyes shifting toward the rapier.

Sensing her gaze, Virelass floated forward and circled around Wuthenya, humming curiously.

"She seems to like you," Asher remarked, amused by his weapon's behavior.

The next moment, Wuthenya's soul weapon, a slender, obsidian dagger, materialized in the air and blocked Virelass' path, as though telling her to stay away from its master. Virelass hovered in place, and the two weapons began to hum at each other as though communicating.

Asher had no interest in getting between whatever interaction was occurring between the two soul weapons, so he simply ignored the standoff. Wuthenya, on the other hand, watched the little exchange with obvious amusement, as though enjoying the playful show.

"So, who are we meeting for the check-up?" Asher asked, turning his attention back to Malrik.

Malrik shook his head with a light smile. "No need to bother yourself with such details. The healer is already on the way. We just need to sit and wait."

With that, they walked together into a nearby waiting room, where they sat down comfortably and began to talk. Meanwhile, Virelass and the dagger had begun clashing mid-air, their blades humming with magical resonance. The echoes of their collisions rang out like distant chimes of metal, while tiny sparks danced in the air, adding a surreal glow to the atmosphere.

'Is this Virelass' first beef?' Asher mused, watching the exchange through his Omni Perception without so much as turning his head.

'Wait, Virelass has always been gentle. Since when did she start picking fights? Did the True Awakening awaken some battle-hungry trait in her or something?' he continued in thought.

'Forget it.' He ended with a mental sigh.

"So, youngest genius, how do you feel after your True Awakening?" Wuthenya asked, having already shifted her attention away from the duel of soul weapons.

"I feel... normal. Is there something I should be feeling? Was something supposed to awaken during the True Awakening?" Asher responded curiously.

"There's nothing new to awaken, really," Malrik answered from the side. "The name 'True Awakening' isn't about unlocking some hidden power. It's meant to awaken you to the reality of the world itself, its brutal, unforgiving truth. It's a life or death moment designed to make you feel like the entire world of Cyrmora is your enemy."

Asher gave a subtle nod, releasing a quiet sigh of relief. Deep inside, he had been panicking. The thought that he might have missed awakening some vital ability had gnawed at him.

'So, they really were watching...' he thought to himself. He had guessed this, when he started looking for anything that could act as a camera before he decided to give up.

"What Big Sis means," Wuthenya added, "is that this was your first time taking a life. Don't you feel any psychological burden? We may be Wargraves, but we're still human at the end of the day. We bleed. We die. And yes, we feel."

Her dark, serious eyes met Asher's vivid purple ones. She spoke with care, but there was a quiet gravity in her words.

Asher understood her concern. After all, he had just eliminated nearly a hundred assassins. But he had no reason to lie.

He simply shook his head and responded calmly, "I don't feel anything. There's no emotional burden, at least, not anymore. Although I did feel it the first time... after my spar with Ryan Silvershade. But I adjusted after that."

Hearing his response, Wuthenya and Malrik nodded knowingly. They had reviewed the recording of Asher's spar with Ryan. They had seen firsthand how brutal it had been, how Asher had shattered every limb on Ryan's body with calculated, merciless lethality.

"Well," Wuthenya said gently, "if you ever feel anything down the line, don't hesitate to speak up. You wouldn't be the first Wargrave to feel the weight of psychological burden. So don't think of it as weakness. There's actually an ability to lift that burden, that's why I'm asking."

Her tone was sincere, and her emphasis left no room for doubt.

"No problem, Big Sis," Asher replied with a small smile.

'There really is an ability for everything,' he thought. 'Here I was, wondering if there were any therapists in this era...'

But he understood Wuthenya's concern clearly. From all the fantasy novels he had read and the countless anime he had watched in his past life, there was always one common truth: psychological weight could be a killer on the battlefield.

Wuthenya was simply trying to prevent that from happening to him.

And in her own way, she was doing it with love.

Chapter 86: Overpowered Ant

As Asher, Wuthenya, and Malrik discussed, a knock echoed through the door.

"You may come in," Malrik answered calmly.

The door creaked open, and a tall man standing at over six feet entered with a composed demeanor. The moment he stepped in, he bowed in greeting. "I greet the First Sun, Second Moon, and Tenth Sun."

Asher, Malrik, and Wuthenya didn't reply to his greeting. Instead, Wuthenya simply spoke, "You may proceed. And don't miss anything."

Hearing this, the man stepped forward, heading toward the sofa where Asher sat. Virelass, who had been playfully engaged in a mock battle with Wuthenya's soul-bound dagger, instantly disengaged and returned to Asher's side.

She was curious, she wanted to see if this man could truly find what her master's siblings believed she had missed.

Seeing the man arrive before him, Asher asked, "Do you need me to stand or lie down for this?"

"You don't need to bother yourself, Tenth Sun. Being seated is perfectly fine," the man answered. His hands rose over both of Asher's shoulders. A green glow appeared on his palms and then gently enveloped Asher.

Asher remained silent, watching with rapt attention. After all, this was the first time he was witnessing a healing ability outside of Virelass'. The glow surged through every inch of his body, as though scanning him for anomalies or hidden damage.

The man didn't dare make eye contact. His eyes and hands remained focused on Asher's shoulders. Three minutes passed in complete silence. Then, suddenly, the green glow vanished. The man removed his hands and turned toward Asher and his siblings.

"First Sun, Second Moon, the Tenth Sun is perfectly healed. He is merely physically exhausted, and his Astra is almost completely depleted," the man stated formally.

"You may leave," Wuthenya replied. At her words, the man bowed once again and left without another word, closing the door behind him.

"It seems Virelass' healing capabilities are top notch." Malrik remarked with a slight chuckle.

Hearing this, Virelass hummed proudly, as if saying; Hmph, don't ever look down on my greatness.

"Yes, Virelass is the best in whatever she does," Asher said with a smile. He was confident, unshakably so, in Virelass's healing abilities.

"But can she heal other people?" Wuthenya asked, her tone pensive as she voiced the thought that had been lingering in her mind.

Asher simply shook his head and replied, "No, she can only heal me, the one who is soul-bound with her."

Malrik and Wuthenya nodded their heads, accepting his explanation. 'A shame...' they both thought at the same time. It would have been a significant advantage if another sibling had the ability to heal others.

"So, let's talk about your rapier's ability. We've seen some of it, but we'd like to know more," Malrik said with a smile.

Asher looked at the both of them for a moment. 'There's no need to hide it since they've already seen it,' he thought.

"The blood healing ability, which you already know about, is actually called Crimson Pact," Asher began. "But there are some limitations. For example, if my arm or a limb is severed, I can't simply heal it with the blood of any random beast, like a rat beast or a wolf. Those types of blood are only good for minor injuries."

At Asher's words, Malrik and Wuthenya fell into thought.

"So basically, the graver the injury, the higher the quality of blood you need?" Wuthenya asked, summarizing. f.(r)eeewe/bnovll.com

Asher nodded and continued, "Yes. That's why I always blocked any attack aimed at my organs, like my eyes, lungs, or other vital areas, while sacrificing less vital areas like my ribs or taking surface wounds. The assassins' blood could heal those gashes and cuts, but when it comes to delicate organs... I'd rather not take the risk. Better safe than sorry."

Wuthenya and Malrik nodded again as they recalled Asher doing exactly that during battle. Even the knight turned assassin, Hillary, had picked up on this and incorporated it into his strategy against Asher.

"I guess that's a reasonable limitation. After all, your rapier can also store blood," Malrik added.

Asher nodded, unsurprised that they knew about Virelass' ability to store blood despite never having mentioned it aloud. After all, Virelass had healed him more than twice without actively drawing blood from anyone.

Within Virelass' reserves were just blood samples from Whisper and Echo ranked beasts, which Asher wasn't even sure could regenerate human limbs or deeper wounds.

"What about the teleportation ability? It seems like you can place marks in various locations, allowing you to teleport," Wuthenya asked, moving the conversation to another of his abilities.

"That's basically how it works," Asher replied. "But the ability only works with three marks, no more."

"But we only saw you teleport to two separate locations. If you had used a third mark, you could've had more breathing room," Malrik said, raising an eyebrow.

Asher simply smiled and replied, "The third mark was placed in my room months ago." He didn't need to say more. Wuthenya and Malrik instantly understood.

"So you could have teleported to your room the moment you woke up in that forest, ended the entire True Awakening before it even began," Wuthenya said with a smile, clearly intrigued by the possibility.

"A True Awakening not lasting even five seconds would've been... interesting. That might've set a record for the shortest True Awakening ever," Malrik added, just as amused.

"What about the third ability that protects you against mind based abilities?" Wuthenya asked next.

'Well, technically, that's the system's function and not Virelass's,' Asher thought, but he didn't dare say it out loud.

"It protects my mind against many mind related abilities," Asher answered vaguely. "Which is why I think things like that psychology abilities wouldn't work on me, since they operate through the mind."

"Now that you mention it, that's actually true. That ability wouldn't work on you," Malrik agreed.

Asher nodded. Whatever mind related skill they brought against him would be completely ineffective thanks to the system's protection.

"Are there any more abilities?" Wuthenya asked.

'It seems they don't know about Virelass' Astra Veil ability,' Asher noted internally.

"Not really," he replied aloud, choosing to keep that ace hidden.

'A man should have one or two secrets of his own,' Asher thought with a mental smile.

"What about your abilities? Would you both fill me in?" Asher asked, his eyes lighting up with curiosity, clearly expecting to hear about some mind blowing powers.

Malrik rose from his seat with a smirk. "If you want to learn about our abilities, youngest, then you'll have to follow us to the battlefield. After all, we found out about yours on a battlefield."

"Indeed," Wuthenya added, echoing his sentiment with a grin.

'Tsk. What is wrong with this family? Would it kill you to just tell me now?' Asher thought. But he wasn't going to jump into a battlefield just because he was curious. His siblings were overpowered titans. As for him, he was just an overpowered ant, but still an ant, regardless.

"Great catching up, youngest," Malrik said as he stepped out of the room, with Wuthenya following right behind him.

Chapter 87: Why?

Asher sighed, then rose from his seat and walked out of the room. Stepping outside, he couldn't sense Wuthenya and Malrik anywhere around him.

'They must have vanished again,' Asher thought, turning in the direction of his room with a slight frown.

As he walked through the hallways of the estate, thoughts swirled in Asher's mind like a storm. His greatest limitation during the True Awakening had been the lack of highly potent blood.

If someone stronger than Hillary had been the one to come after him instead, the blood he had gathered wouldn't have been nearly enough, simply because it had come from weak beasts.

But the truth was, he had no way around it. Although he could ask his siblings for help, Asher could already guess what Malrik's response would be, he might invite Asher to hunt the beast together.

He, who was barely equal to a Veil ranked beast, going against anything higher? That was utter madness, borderline suicide.

His mind spun back to the brief time he'd spent with his father barely hours ago when the mission to survive was handed down to him.

'If I'm asked to pick my own reward,' he thought, 'then I would ask him for a lot of blood from at least a Void class beast.'

But at the back of his mind, a whisper told him he was simply being too greedy. A Void class beast could cause the downfall of an entire empire, and yet here he was, asking for one's blood.

Still, Asher reassured himself that he wasn't being unreasonable, after all, he hadn't asked for the blood of an End class monster, which was in an entirely different league of danger and rarity.

'But I wonder what gift Father has prepared,' Asher thought to himself as he walked. He was genuinely looking forward to it. He couldn't contain the small flutter of excitement in his chest, but he knew he couldn't just walk up to the Primarch's study, knock on the door, and ask about it.

That would be considered rude, even as a son. So he would simply wait for Zarek to sneak up to his door as he usually did, perhaps bringing word of his father's decision.

With that thought settled, his mind drifted to Lyra, the one person who had believed in him without a shred of doubt. 'I wonder how she's doing. I should be seeing her soon,' Asher thought warmly.

During the True Awakening, the personal maid or butler of a Sun or Moon is sealed in a hidden location to prevent any kind of help or interference during the event.

After all, many Suns and Moons in the past had secretly made their maids or butlers assist them during their awakening trials.

But these attendants had always paid the price for doing so. In the end, it didn't matter that they were just following the orders of a noble's child.

'She should be released soon,' Asher thought as he walked through the corridor, his thoughts spinning. He genuinely looked forward to seeing her again after nearly dying multiple times. Even when his life had flashed before his eyes, Lyra had appeared in those fleeting images, always present, always close.

As Asher approached his room, barely a few meters away from the door, his steps faltered for a split second. He had sensed a presence inside his room, and this presence definitely wasn't Lyra, or Zarek.

'Who is it?' he wondered. But that didn't stop him from opening the door. The moment he stepped in, a sabre came streaking toward his neck with ridiculous speed, aiming to kill or at least seriously injure.

But Asher didn't bother dodging or parrying it the conventional way. Instead, he calmly activated Position Marker and vanished from his spot, reappearing instantly on the table where he had previously placed the marker in his room.

His purple eyes snapped forward, locking onto the figure standing near the door. There stood a boy, calm and composed, the Ninth Sun: Thalric Wargrave.

"What is the meaning of this, brother? You know siblings aren't allowed to attack one another unless it's an official duel," Asher said, his voice turning cold.

Although he had always ignored Thalric simply because he couldn't be bothered with meaningless rivalry, Asher wasn't someone who would take kindly to being attacked without provocation.

But he didn't retaliate, yet. First of all, he didn't know how strong Thalric truly was. He didn't know the boy's element, nor the abilities associated with his sabre. Asher simply knew nothing, while Thalric might know almost everything about him. Besides, he was still tired from the True Awakening.

But Asher had never been naive to think that just because he was talented and had won against someone as useless as Ryan, he could now contend with Thalric, a true Wargrave. At least, not yet.

Thalric stood calmly, his red eyes fixed on Asher as though trying to stare into his soul. Then he began to speak. "You know, right from the beginning, I've always hated you. Seeing you sleep, eat, and run around like a fool, it always made me angry."

Asher didn't speak. He simply listened, his purple eyes meeting Thalric's red ones, unblinking and unreadable.

Silence stretched between them like a drawn blade before Thalric spoke again. "You don't have anything to say?"

'Isn't this supposed to be a one-sided monologue? What do you want me to say?' Asher thought to himself.

"What do you want me to say?" Asher finally asked aloud, his voice neutral and unbothered.

"You're supposed to ask why," Thalric replied sharply.

'Did this idiot think up an entire script and now expects me to follow it?' Asher thought silently. Still, he decided to play along. He had always been curious why Thalric talked down to him for no apparent reason.

"Why?" Asher asked.

"Because you are the reason Mother died. If you hadn't been born, she wouldn't have died during childbirth," Thalric said.

He paused briefly before continuing. "All my memories of her are from when I was just a year old. You took her from me... from us... the moment you came into this world."

Asher remained silent. He could hear the sadness behind Thalric's voice. He was sure that if Thalric wasn't trying so hard to maintain his composure, the boy might have broken down in tears right then and there.

'Isn't he only a year older than me? Meaning the memories he has of her should only be from when he was a baby. How can he even remember anything from that time?' Asher thought.

'Wait... Don't tell me this fool possesses the rare condition; hyperthymesia?' Asher thought in disbelief.

"She looked forward to me awakening the rapier," Thalric continued. "She talked about it every night, putting me to sleep with tales about the rapier. I looked forward to awakening it, to training with her..."

Thalric clenched his fists tightly.

"But that wasn't possible anymore. I awakened the sabre. But you, the one who took her from this world, ended up being a failure. A child who killed his own mother. A great warrior lost her life... and the son she died for couldn't even awaken, something even commoners could do," Thalric spat with venom.

"It tore me apart. It consumed me. If it weren't for the family's duel restrictions and the rule that heirs couldn't leave the estate before awakening, I would have killed you myself," Thalric said, his voice cracking slightly.

Asher simply watched him, unsure how to respond. He had grown up without parents, without any true emotional guidance. Now, he stood face to face with someone who had experienced the love of a mother, even if briefly. He didn't know what to say. Perhaps he should say sorry?

But the truth was, Asher had grown up alone and learned to take care of himself without relying on others. He wasn't someone who easily tapped into emotional vulnerability. Not because he was cold blooded, but simply because he never had the chance to grow up with that kind of emotional support.

"But," Thalric continued, his voice regaining its strength, "after watching your True Awakening, I could see Mother passed her talent to you. What she had wished for her entire life finally came to life, but she isn't here to witness it. So I'm here to tell you: do not stain her name. Live up to her expectations."

Thalric raised his sabre and pointed it directly at Asher. "I may have forgiven you because of Mother's wish, but make no mistake, I'm always watching. If any of your performances are subpar, you'll be hearing from my sabre."

Without even waiting for Asher to respond, he opened the door and stormed out of the room, without bothering to close it behind him.

Asher could only stand still and watch, his body unmoving, his mind still trying to make sense of what had just happened.

Chapter 88: Gains

Asher couldn't quite comprehend what had just taken place. Thalric had abruptly entered his room, launched an unprovoked attack on him, uttered a series of statements, ones Asher strongly suspected were rehearsed, and then stormed out in dramatic fashion.

'He didn't even bother to close the door,' Asher thought with mild sigh as he stepped down from the table and made his way toward the door to shut it himself.

'Is he going to turn into some sort of tsundere type brother now?' Asher mused with a quiet chuckle. All his recollections of Thalric were derived from the memories of the original Asher. If he; Ethan had transmigrated earlier into this body, he certainly wouldn't have allowed Thalric to speak to him in that manner.

But, regardless of whatever attitude Thalric had exhibited thus far, Asher had no intention of letting it influence his opinion. He had made a firm decision to judge everyone based on his own perceptions and thoughts, not through the inherited memories of another person.

He had encountered Thalric once before. Although the fool had been eager to exchange sharp words, Asher simply couldn't be bothered.

He was utterly indifferent toward Thalric; if Thalric chose not to seek him out, then he too would not make any effort. However, should Thalric suddenly decide to act like a

genuine, caring brother, perhaps Asher might consider reciprocating that sibling affection, if only marginally.

With a sigh, Asher allowed himself to collapse onto his bed, his back resting against the soft mattress, eyes staring blankly at the ceiling above. His thoughts were far away, drifting towards the memory of his True Awakening.

That experience had been unlike anything he had ever felt before. Even now, having returned home, he found it difficult, no, impossible, to forget it.

A subtle smile tugged at the corners of his lips as the sensations of that moment washed over him again. Deep within, if given the chance, he would willingly go through another True Awakening. The benefits he had gained from it were, quite frankly, extraordinary.

During the battle with the assassins, after he had teleported back to his position marker and fallen asleep for approximately an hour and a half, he had still managed to fight uninterrupted for two straight hours.

Realistically, Asher shouldn't have possessed enough stamina to endure such an extended combat sequence without collapsing from exhaustion.

An hour and a half of sleep shouldn't have been sufficient to recover his strength and stamina. Normally, his body would have required a minimum of four hours of rest. Yet, he had fully recovered in that brief window due to his unique Absolute Physique ability: Limitless Physical Growth.

This ability enabled him to break through his own physical limits after pushing himself to the very brink of exhaustion.

That particular breakthrough had allowed him to completely annihilate the assassins without holding back in the slightest, and to even fight Hillary on equal footing, relying solely on raw talent.

That marked his first gain: a profound physical breakthrough.

His second gain had been the sheer volume of combat experience he had accumulated. Within the confines of the True Awakening, his battle instincts and expertise had skyrocketed. The experience gleaned from fighting the assassins, combined with the lessons learned during his intense duel with Hillary, had reshaped him fundamentally.

Six hours spent in a relentless, life or death struggle had transformed him into an entirely different person.

Not to mention the rapier techniques he had subconsciously absorbed by observing Hillary's style during their deadly duel. Asher realized that such refined understanding

could never be acquired from someone unfamiliar with the rapier. He might have reached a comparable level through practice, but it would have taken months.

Yet, one singular event had effectively erased the need for time. Although he wasn't suddenly a master of the rapier, he had at least taken a significant step forward. In comparison, the battle and rapier experience he had gained over six months of training at the First Training Ground paled before six hours of authentic, lethal combat.

Then came his third gain: Techniques.

From what Asher had read in the library, various types of techniques existed within this world. He was fairly certain that the Wargrave family possessed countless techniques. After all, each and every one of them was born with a unique weapon and their own methods of wielding it.

However, from his research, Asher had also discovered that techniques weren't categorized into formal grades or ranks. They were treated as equals in theory. The disparity in power between similar techniques often stemmed from the individual using them and their level of mastery over said techniques.

But Asher had always found it difficult to agree with this notion. Surely individuals operating at his father's level had created techniques so absurdly powerful that someone at Asher's current level might never even dream of learning them.

Still, he reserved judgment. If the people of Crymora didn't classify or grade techniques, it likely meant they had reasons, perhaps cultural or philosophical, for doing so.

From his True Awakening, Asher had acquired two distinct techniques: a movement technique and an attack technique. Although Hillary had used two attack techniques during their duel, Asher was only able to replicate one. He had dodged the second attack before it had fully manifested, and thus failed to observe and learn it.

The movement technique, Asher was convinced, had been taught to Hillary by whatever assassin organization he once belonged to. It certainly didn't resemble anything knights were typically trained in.

The technique allowed Hillary to instantly appear behind Asher in the blink of an eye. Asher had only been able to counter this movement thanks to his Omni Perception ability. Without it, he might have suffered critical injuries to his spine and other delicate organs.

As for the attack technique, it allowed Hillary to forcibly manipulate wind pressure generated by his swings and thrusts into razor-sharp crescent shaped slashes. Asher had learned it on the spot and immediately used it against Hillary in return.

Asher wasn't particularly surprised that the other assassins didn't possess advanced techniques beyond their rudimentary weapon styles. They were clearly of a lower rank. Even Hillary, who stood above them, had only managed to acquire one true movement technique from his organization.

A grin slowly spread across Asher's face as he mentally reviewed his gains, rewards he had literally risked his life for.

'Although I should be resting, I should probably test out this movement technique,' Asher thought as he sat up from his bed, driven by curiosity and excitement.

His mind replayed the moments when Hillary had employed the movement technique against him. With a single step, Asher vanished and reappeared beside his table, as though he had teleported. Another step, and he disappeared again, this time emerging on the other side of the room.

The more he used it, the more he began to notice the limitations. The opponent needed to be stationary for the technique to be truly effective. Additionally, it couldn't be used to traverse long distances. Still, Asher couldn't help but feel that he could refine and enhance this technique, perhaps increase its speed, range, and adaptability.

That thought made him pause.

'Is this why techniques aren't graded?' he wondered. 'Because with enough talent and effort, anyone can elevate any technique far beyond its original design? So, techniques are not limited by structure, but by the capabilities and creativity of those who wield them?'

Chapter 89: Asleep

In another location, a place shrouded in absolute darkness, a vast, circular table sat at the center of an enigmatic space. Around it were seated ten human-like figures, each radiating a unique aura of mystery and power.

Some lounged in a relaxed, almost indifferent manner. Others sat upright with a regal authority etched into their very posture. One figure, however, was fast asleep, as though the matters unfolding around her were of no concern whatsoever.

None of them uttered a word. Silence prevailed as they all kept their gazes fixed upon a massive screen hovering above the center of the table.

A colossal heads-up display glowed faintly, illuminating their shadowed faces with its light. On it, the image of Asher appeared, moving with brutal efficiency as he tore through the assassins like a dragon laying waste to a swarm of insects, insignificant and powerless in comparison.

During the True Awakening, the Wargrave family had not been the only ones observing the unfolding events. These ten mysterious beings had scattered enchanted crows throughout the forest, each bird acting as a sentient surveillance device. Through the eyes of those creatures, they had watched every moment with meticulous attention.

These ten had existed for ages, their presence rooted deep in the hidden histories of Crymora. Following the catastrophic fall of the Star Fragment, a moment in history that irreversibly altered the world, they had risen to power in secrecy.

Their true goals remained unknown.

Though whispers of their existence circulated among those who stood at the pinnacle of global power, no one knew their true number.

Yet these ten stood above nearly all known entities. They rarely showed themselves and only acted personally when they wished to eliminate a being of significant strength.

Then, as the True Awakening came to a close, the massive display vanished, its light snuffed out like a candle in the dark. The room was plunged once more into silence and shadow.

"An interesting show," one of the figures murmured, a man with a soft, almost amused voice, though the smile that spread across his lips was far from sane.

"This isn't a show," another replied, his tone heavy with seriousness. "Another Wargrave has risen. And based on what we just witnessed, he is extraordinarily talented."

"There's no need to sound so worried," a woman commented from the side with a casual tone. "He's still just a child. It will take him years, if ever, to reach our level."

"The Wargraves are becoming a persistent headache. And now, with the Tenth Sun added to their ranks, I believe it's time they suffered a devastating loss," another figure said, his voice lazy, yet tinged with menace.

"Oh ho... Should we kill their current Primarch? Just like we eliminated the former one?" a voice asked gleefully, as though already relishing the idea of bloodshed.

A different woman shook her head in response. "I suggest we go after a Sun or Moon instead this time. We paid a steep price when we went after the former Primarch. Three of us fought him together, and we still nearly died, brought to the brink of death by a single human. Although he eventually perished, the power each Primarch wields is nothing to scoff at."

"That's only because I wasn't there," a man interjected with a cocky grin. "If I had been, such a disgrace would never have occurred. I would've ended that human with a single blow."

The others didn't even glance in his direction. They were used to his reckless arrogance.

"Let's not forget the losses we suffered after that human's death," another woman added, her frown deepening. "The Emovirae we spent years cultivating throughout the Zarethorne Empire were nearly wiped out by the Wargraves. Even the other Dukes joined the effort."

"Then it's decided," the first man said again, his voice regaining control. "One of us will target a Sun or Moon. In the meantime, we'll pull our primary pieces back, in preparation for the inevitable retaliation from the Wargraves."

"How about this?" another suggested, a wicked grin forming on his face. "When they begin their counterattack, we infiltrate the Wargrave estate and exterminate every living human within its walls."

"Let's first decide who our immediate target will be," another replied with a nod, his eyes gleaming at the idea of razing the Wargrave estate in a wave of blood and carnage. "Then we can plan the rest accordingly."

"So... who do we move against first?" The question hung in the air, prompting all ten to fall into deep thought.

"What about the Tenth Sun?" one proposed.

"He'll be going to that useless school soon. That would be the perfect opportunity. We could use him to lure out another Sun or Moon and eliminate two in a single strike."

"He's still too weak," another dismissed coldly. "His death wouldn't shake the Wargraves. If we're to deliver a blow, it must count. We need someone whose loss would significantly cripple their strength."

"Then how about the First Sun?" someone suggested. "That man has been a constant thorn in our side. He seems to have information on the whereabouts of our agents. Taking him out would weaken their power base and provide a chance to strike at their estate as well."

"Indeed," another agreed, eyes narrowing. "That human called Malrik is proving to be more troublesome than his father ever was."

"According to recent rumors, Malrik may have already surpassed his father in strength. Whether that's true or not, we should tread carefully," someone else added cautiously.

"Are you really placing your faith in human rumors now?" a woman scoffed. "What's next? Are we going after those old fossils called Great Elders and Elders."

"How can you mock them as 'old fossils' when you yourself are likely older than every living Wargrave combined?" the man beside her shot back. He continued, "I'm not suggesting we go after those Elders. I propose we move against the Second Moon, Wuthenya Wargrave."

Silence fell like a curtain.

Wuthenya. A name that carried weight. Within the Wargrave family, she ranked just below her father, brother, and a few of the Elders and Great Elders. But beyond the family's hierarchy, she was a force unto herself. Entire cities could fall beneath her feet if she so willed it.

"Then who will carry out the mission, and when?" someone finally asked.

Before any deliberation could begin, one among them raised a hand with a grin.

"I will," he declared confidently. "I'll take this kill. I wasn't part of the group that brought down her grandfather. But I can at least send her to join him in death."

The others turned toward him briefly, then nodded. They understood. He would not back down.

"Then it's settled. We will reconvene once her death has been ensured. For now, we pull back our pawns and prepare."

One by one, the figures began to vanish, dissolving into the darkness like shadows returning to the void.

All except for one.

The woman who had been fast asleep from the beginning remained. She had not spoken. She had not watched the True Awakening. She had not participated in the discussion. Only the soft rhythm of her breath and the gentle rise and fall of her chest remained, completely detached from the chaos to come.

Chapter 90: Win-Win

As Asher was happily testing out the new movement technique, a faint smile lingered on his face. However, his steps came to an immediate pause when he heard a knock on the door. His smile widened, for he already knew who it was, Lyra.

"Come in," he said with a calm smile, gently sitting down on his bed. At his words, Lyra stepped into the room, still dressed in her maid uniform. Her appearance remained

flawless, as always, a testament to the fact that although she had been sealed away somewhere, nothing truly harmful had occurred to her.

"Good morning, Young Master," Lyra greeted politely, her voice as serene as ever.

"How are you, Lyra? I heard you were locked away to prevent you from assisting me," Asher asked with a gentle tone. Although she appeared perfectly fine, he still asked to be sure.

Lyra smiled tenderly before replying, "I'm perfectly fine, Young Master. Congratulations on successfully surviving the True Awakening. I never had any doubt in you."

"Your trust in me is always overwhelming, Lyra," Asher responded with a soft chuckle.

"Well, I was fairly confident you could have simply teleported here if you were in any real danger," Lyra replied with a touch of amusement. This was one of the key reasons for her unwavering confidence in Asher's survival.

"Well, I am a Wargrave, Lyra. We don't run. It's in the name itself, Wargrave. We send our enemies to the grave, no matter who or what they are," Asher said, shaking his head slightly with a smirk of pride.

"You seem particularly cheerful today, Young Master," Lyra observed, noticing the constant smile that had adorned Asher's face since she entered the room.

"I won't lie, I am. Most people dread the True Awakening, but I actually wish there was a second part to it," Asher said candidly, not hiding his thoughts in the least.

Lyra sighed in exasperation as she remarked, "It seems the Young Master has become something of a battle maniac."

Asher smirked again. "Think of it as a side effect of having such a powerful bloodline surging through my veins," he said casually. He would never admit to being battle-crazed, blaming it all on the bloodline had sort of become his go-to excuse.

Standing nearby, Lyra shook her head subtly, clearly unconvinced by Asher's explanation. Everyone knew that bloodlines typically came with zero actual side effects. And even if there were any, most people would still trade anything they had just to possess a powerful bloodline.

"May I ask what exactly happened during the True Awakening?" Lyra inquired. Only those who bore the Wargrave bloodline were permitted to witness the True Awakening ceremony; no one else was ever given access to that part of the family's legacy.

"Hmmm... Well, let's just say I danced with death and life far more than I should have," Asher replied cryptically, and then proceeded to explain everything in detail.

He didn't hold anything back from Lyra. After all, there was nothing to hide. He began from the moment he woke up, described how he initially hid, the fights he engaged in, how he got injured, fought again, got thoroughly injured, ran out of stamina, teleported away, fell asleep from exhaustion, resumed fighting repeatedly, and finally left the forest through teleportation once more.

Lyra simply nodded as she listened intently to Asher recount the ordeal he had endured. Although she had heard vague rumors about the Wargrave's True Awakening, she had never known any specific details, being just a maid.

Even among the Wargraves themselves, those who had not undergone their own True Awakening were never informed of what to expect; they were deliberately kept in the dark.

"It seems your True Awakening was relatively better, Young Master. It sounds like Virelass's healing capabilities played a crucial role," Lyra observed thoughtfully.

"What do you mean, Lyra?" Asher asked, raising a curious eyebrow.

"Well, when the Ninth Sun returned from his True Awakening, he had lost an eye, his right leg, and his left hand. He was bleeding profusely. We could literally see his innards as he limped toward the estate gates," Lyra recounted solemnly, recalling the haunting image.

Asher didn't doubt her for a second. Many maids and butlers must have witnessed the same thing. It appeared to be a family tradition for the returning Suns or Moons to walk from the Wargrave gate back into the estate, as if recognizing their survival in a life-changing battle. Thalric must have gone through the same ordeal.

'How come I don't have any memories of that?' Asher wondered to himself. 'I should've been around fourteen at the time, and Thalric would've been fifteen. Is it that those who haven't undergone their True Awakening can't witness someone else's?' He decided to drop the thought altogether, it wasn't important right now.

"It seems Thalric survived purely through sheer willpower after suffering such debilitating injuries," Asher concluded. Injuries of that magnitude would have easily caused death from severe blood loss in his previous world. Correct content is on NovelBin

"But, Young Master," Lyra continued, "where do these assassins even come from? Does the Household personally send them?"

Asher let out a sigh upon hearing the question. "From what Big Brother and Big Sister told me, Father places a bounty on our heads just a few hours before the True Awakening," he explained. Then, pausing thoughtfully, he continued, "But I suspect that

Father, or perhaps the entire Wargrave Household, has some sort of arrangement with the assassin organization that sends those killers after us during the True Awakening."

Lyra fell into silence, contemplating Asher's theory. "An agreement with an assassination organization?" she echoed, confused yet intrigued.

"Think of it this way," Asher began, "if I were the leader of an assassin organization, there's no way I'd send novices or amateurs like the ones they usually dispatch, especially not to kill a Wargrave. I would've sent someone far more skilled to end things quickly. Yet, for some reason, they always send assassins who match our strength just enough to push us, to test us, but not overwhelm us."

He paused for a moment to let Lyra absorb his words.

"If the assassins succeed in killing the Sun or Moon they were sent after, the organization claims the victory. But if the Wargrave heir survives, then the Wargraves earn their win. A calculated risk. A win-win situation for both sides," Asher finished, his tone steady and contemplative.