

# CLEAVER OF SIN

## #Chapter 91: Famished - Read CLEAVER OF SIN

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Lyra nodded with her eyes narrowed. "If the Wargrave wins, the Sun or Moon returns as something more, greater, even. If the assassination organisation wins, their reputation soars to unprecedented heights. After all, how many individuals can claim to have killed a Wargrave?" Lyra spoke as she arrived at her conclusion.

"Exactly my point. The assassin organisation could easily replace such bottom feeders within their ranks. A few Faintstar Life Rank assassins in exchange for a Wargrave's head is a deal that most people would kill for. But well, that's just my perspective. Neither big brother nor big sister said any of this, it's simply my own deduction based on what I've seen and heard. So don't take it as solid fact," Asher replied with measured calm.

Lyra nodded her head slightly and spoke with a thoughtful expression, "I believe the Young Master is closer to the truth than he realises. Still, the truth doesn't particularly matter right now, not when the Young Master has undergone his own awakening."

"But the truth will matter," Asher stated with a calm smile, "when the assassination organisation finally betrays the Wargraves."

"Huh? What do you mean by betray, Young Master?" Lyra asked in clear confusion, her brow furrowed slightly.

"Well," Asher began, "the last true victory for the assassination organisation must have occurred during my father's generation. But now, none of the current Suns or Moons has died during the recent True Awakenings. That's ten entire events, ten complete chances, and the assassins couldn't secure a single win. Anyone would be frustrated after losing ten times in a row. Don't you think so, Lyra?" he asked, voicing his growing suspicion.

Lyra frowned deeply. She could already picture the scenario in her mind. "Although the assassination organisation hasn't suffered any real losses, since they only sacrifice weaklings, they might still decide to make a bold and sneaky move," Lyra said with concern lacing her voice. View the correct content at NovelBin

Asher simply smiled at her words and replied, "Once again, these are just my thoughts, nothing has been proven, and there's no concrete evidence. So don't let it worry you."

"Yes, Young Master," Lyra responded respectfully.

If the Primarch were listening at that very moment, he would have been utterly shocked. What Asher had deduced regarding the secret arrangement between the Wargraves and the assassination organisation was indeed accurate.

It was a matter that had been kept under the strictest secrecy. After all, someone could easily pay the assassin group more to break the deal and truly eliminate a Wargrave. But the Wargraves always took precautions against such outcomes, they were no fools.

Yet, Asher had deduced all of this from just a few casual words spoken by Malrik and Wuthenya, words they had likely said without much thought.

Even Asher himself marvelled at his own deductive prowess. He hadn't even been actively analysing the situation. Lyra had merely asked a question, and the deductions had unfolded in his mind with chilling clarity, as if he were solving basic arithmetic. He found himself quietly impressed with the speed and accuracy of his own mind.

'No wonder heroes always suffer at the hands of villains,' Asher mused silently. 'Heroes are typically overpowered but possess almost no intellect, while villains rely heavily on wit and cunning. That's why they always escape at the last second, they can't overpower the hero, so they outthink them and make them suffer.'

'If I can think this far without even trying, imagine what I could do if I actually put effort into it,' his thoughts continued, a hint of self-praise weaving through his internal monologue.

'Sigh... No wonder intelligent people often meet tragic ends. They eventually grow arrogant, and their own brilliance leads them straight into their downfall,' Asher concluded inwardly, then shook his head as if to dispel the train of thought entirely.

But Asher wasn't the only one who had arrived at the conclusion that the assassin organisation might turn against the Wargraves after enduring ten consecutive failures. Individuals like Malrik, Wuthenya, and certain experienced elders had also entertained similar thoughts.

Privately, many of them were looking forward to such a betrayal. Although they couldn't interfere with the death of a Sun or Moon during the True Awakening, they could certainly retaliate against the assassin organisation if they dared make a direct move.

"I must say, your intelligence is truly terrifying, Young Master," Lyra remarked.

"I'm just average," Asher said with a shrug. "I'm certain there are plenty of old men and women scheming behind the scenes right now."

'Like the Emperor,' he thought privately but refrained from saying aloud.

Asher rose from the bed where he had been sitting and spoke once more, "Lyra, I'll need a lot of food. After coming so close to death several times over the past six hours, I've come to appreciate the simple joys of life."

Lyra bowed with a knowing smile. "I anticipated this, Young Master. I've already prepared a feast in advance," she replied.

Asher nodded in approval, then turned toward the bathroom. 'Having someone who can anticipate your needs... now that's a luxury,' he thought to himself, smiling slightly as he walked away.

The door closed softly behind him as he locked it. After several minutes of bathing, he stepped out, refreshed, and dressed in one of the elegant new outfits he had purchased while in the capital for the Royal Party.

Just a few minutes later, Lyra returned with a large cart loaded with food. She arranged the dishes carefully on the table, the smile never leaving her face.

"Hey, Lyra," Asher asked, raising an eyebrow, "how did you manage all this? I thought you were sealed off somewhere."

"I made the necessary preparations a day before, Young Master. In situations like this, I must stay several steps ahead," she replied, her tone light, yet proud.

'It seems I'm becoming a foodie,' Asher mused as he stared at the array of dishes laid out before him. 'Well, not that I could get fat even if I wanted to. Perk of the bloodline,' he thought, and then he immediately began eating.

After finishing everything Lyra had served him, Asher stood up from his seat, his stomach now pleasantly full, and collapsed onto the bed with a satisfied sigh.

Lyra entered the room once again to clear the plates. She did so quietly, then left just as swiftly.

Within seconds, Asher drifted off into sleep. After all, he had been both exhausted and famished for some time now. A peaceful silence blanketed the room, and the only sound that remained was the soft, rhythmic breathing of the sleeping young master.

## **Chapter 92: Radical Scientist**

Asher could be seen lying on his soft white bed, the gentle rhythm of his breathing echoing faintly within the room. The morning sun cast golden rays through the windowpane as the curtains struggled valiantly to keep them at bay.

Although Asher had slept off in the early morning of the day the True Awakening ended, he hadn't awoken that same day. Instead, he opened his eyes the following morning, having nearly slept a staggering twenty four hours.

He was both mentally and physically drained. After all, it had been his first time experiencing something as intense and overwhelming as the True Awakening.

Asher's eyes fluttered open, his gaze drifting toward the window. Rising from his position, he moved closer and pushed the curtain aside to behold the rising sun, painting the sky in hues of amber and gold.

"How long did I sleep? Why is it still early in the morning? I thought I'd wake up in the evening at least," Asher mumbled to himself.

His eyes shifted toward the clock hanging on the wall, the ticking of its hands steady and unbothered. It was 7:12 a.m.

"Did I sleep an entire day?" Asher wondered internally.

'System, how long was I asleep?' he asked mentally.

[The Host was asleep for twenty two hours] the system, his ever-reliable personal timekeeper, chimed in, emotionless yet prompt.

"Sigh..." Asher exhaled in resignation. "It seems I was just that exhausted and didn't even realize it," he thought.

His eyes dropped to his previously bloated stomach, still remembering the aftermath of yesterday's heavy feast. But now, it was flat, his powerful metabolism having already digested everything he had consumed.

"I wonder what today has in store for me." Asher mused, although he had no particular plans. His thoughts gradually drifted toward his system. Having broken past his former limits, he was eager to see what his current stats looked like.

'Status,' he commanded mentally.

[Name: Asher Wargrave

Age: Seventeen

Bloodline: The Wargrave Lineage

Physique: Absolute Physique

Titles: [Youngest Heir] [Tenth Sun] [Disgrace of the Wargrave] [Unique Body Holder]

Life Rank: Kindlestar

Sub-Life Rank: Radiant

Affinity: Lightning

Strength: 58 → 108

Agility: 59 → 105

Vitality: 58 → 100

Perception: 60 → 101]

Asher smiled softly. Every stat had improved since the last time he checked, more than five months ago. He vividly recalled the moment he first awakened the system. Back then, his base stats were in the tens, still broken by all standards. But his unique physique had doubled those figures almost instantly.

Now, he had ascended to the peak of the second Life Rank, Kindlestar. It wasn't a minor accomplishment. Achieving this while training tirelessly from morning till night, with barely enough time to cultivate, bordered on the impossible.

But Asher had made it happen.

Kale, who had reached the Dust Kindlestar rank, took two full years to attain it. Asher had not only reached but surpassed that milestone in less than half the time.

A sense of pride bloomed in his chest. His Omni Perception now extended to a ten meter radius.

Previously, the ability had granted him a flawless 360 degree view within its limited range. But now, with his Perception stat breaking the hundred point barrier, something had shifted.

His senses within Omni Perception had sharpened.

Before, he couldn't detect invisible entities directly and had to rely on minute changes in wind flow to anticipate their attacks. Now, he could perceive every suspended particle of Astra, motes of golden like energy dancing through the air.

He could see them. He could feel them.

A whole new dimension of reality had opened up around him.

The Astra motes danced joyously around him like spirited children, twinkling and spiraling in elegant patterns. When he moved his hand, they shifted and swirled accordingly, responding to his presence and intent.

Asher's smile deepened. Through the Astra's interaction with the world, he could now track movements and threats more effectively, no longer dependent solely on changes in air pressure or direction.

"Aren't I at least supposed to receive a new title?" Asher wondered, noting the absence of any recent additions.

However, after reviewing the current list of titles, he arrived at a likely conclusion: either the system or the world itself needed to recognize such achievements before new titles were granted.

Since no one outside the Wargrave household had witnessed his True Awakening, he hadn't earned public acknowledgment, and thus, no new title.

"It seems I won't be going to the First Training Ground this morning," Asher murmured to himself.

Turning on his heel, he made his way to the bathroom. After a quick but refreshing bath, he changed into a fresh set of clothes and returned to his room, where he casually sprawled onto the bed with a contented grin.

With no pressing tasks or obligations, he decided to enjoy the rare luxury of doing absolutely nothing. A perfect day off.

But mere minutes passed, and the creeping sensation of boredom began to settle in.

'What a boring world,' Asher complained internally.

He had a full day off. He could remain in bed, simply basking in laziness. Yet something about the idleness gnawed at him.

Back in his previous world, humans had phones and various gadgets to keep their minds occupied during leisure.

'No wonder those old men and women are always scheming. They're simply too bored to sit still, so they wander around causing trouble just to feel alive,' Asher thought with a weak sigh, shifting slightly on the bed to adjust his position.

'What do kids my age even do for fun in this stone aged world, aside from training, fighting, and killing?'

He paused.

'Maybe I should help this world advance its technology. With my intelligence and talent, I could definitely juggle being both a scientist and a cultivator.'

The idea lingered for a moment... and then dissipated.

He was simply too lazy to embark on such a thankless endeavor. There was little for him to gain.

Money? He'd spent over two thousand gold coins in a single day just from one visit to the capital.

As the son of a Duke, wealth was the least of his concerns.

Besides, if his family ever discovered he was pursuing the path of a radical scientist, they'd likely knock some sense into him.

And Asher had no interest in discovering firsthand just how hard the Primarch's fists were.

'Maybe I should make some friends,' he mused as his thoughts drifted to Vaelra Lux Vanthelmor, the Princess of the Empire.

'I just hope these nobles aren't the type who go around bullying commoners for amusement. I'm not wasting my time with that nonsense just to gain shallow friendships.'

Satisfied with that internal decree, Asher closed his eyes once again. Since there was nothing pressing to do, he decided he might as well drift back into sleep.

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After all, another few hours of peaceful rest couldn't hurt.

### **Chapter 93: Secret Foodie**

But just as Asher closed his eyes, ready to drift off again after sleeping for twenty two hours, a soft knock echoed from the door.

"Come in," he answered lazily, still sprawled in his relaxed position on the bed.

"Good morning, Young Master," Lyra greeted with a respectful bow, just as she had done every single day for the past six months.

"Morning," Asher replied casually.

"Young Master, is there anything wrong? Are you experiencing any complications?" Lyra asked, her tone holding a trace of concern, almost shaky.

'Is it because I slept almost a full day?' Asher wondered to himself.

"I'm fine, Lyra. I was just getting some well-needed rest. After coming so close to death, it's only fair that I start appreciating simple things like sleep," Asher replied with a faint smirk.

"You'll get used to it soon," Lyra responded calmly.

'Getting used to almost dying,' Asher echoed her words in his thoughts. But he wasn't surprised. In this world, death came as frequently as sunrise. Emovirae rose daily, born from the unending tide of human emotion. At a certain point, people simply had to grow numb to it.

No species in this world adapted faster, or more ruthlessly, than humans.

"Well, the First Sun and Second Moon were asking about you. But since you slept this long, I was sent to check if anything was wrong," Lyra informed him before continuing. "I'll return after reporting back to them, Young Master." With another graceful bow, she turned and exited the room.

Asher had told her numerous times to stop bowing so often, but Lyra had refused, stating that once a single line is crossed, others quickly follow, and soon all boundaries become blurred. Asher never pressed her on what she meant, he already understood.

With a lazy yawn, Asher closed his eyes once again. Although he was admittedly bored, it didn't mean he was going to start actively looking for something to do. He had made up his mind, today, he would waste the entire day in bed.

However, only a few minutes passed before Lyra returned, this time pushing in a cart laden with food. Asher stared at the cart, unsure of what to say. After the feast he had indulged in the day before, he wasn't even slightly hungry.

"Lyra, you know exactly how much I ate yesterday. Yet here you are again with another full meal. Are you trying to fatten me up or something?" he asked with a raised brow, half amused and half suspicious.

Lyra had a tendency to prepare meals ahead of time as though she were a secret foodie herself.

"I always bring three meals a day, Young Master. And considering you've gone nearly a whole day without eating, it's only proper," Lyra replied smoothly.

"You can take it back. I'm fine for now," Asher said, waving a dismissive hand.

Lyra didn't argue. She simply nodded, then wheeled the cart back to the kitchen before returning to Asher's side.

"I thought Big Brother and Big Sister would have left by now. Weren't they always complaining about how busy they were?" Asher asked, stretching lazily.

"I do not know exactly when they plan to leave, Young Master. But none of the Suns or Moons have departed the estate yet. It seems they intend to spend a brief amount of time within the estate before resuming their duties. After all, it isn't every day that the entire family gathers under one roof," Lyra explained.

"Understandable," Asher nodded in agreement.

"But Lyra, I have something to ask," he said, his tone shifting slightly.

"I will answer to the best of my abilities, Young Master," she replied dutifully.

"What do people my age do for fun around here?" Asher inquired.

Although he had claimed he would remain in bed all day doing nothing, his curiosity got the better of him. There was truly no one better to ask than Lyra.

He had a few colleagues here, Ella, Hito, and Tom, but he wasn't quite sure how to categorize them. Were they friends? Or perhaps something closer to 'work companions'?

Either way, he figured they were all currently at the First Training Ground, being pushed to their physical limits by Instructor Harold.

Lyra fell silent for a moment, lost in thought.

'It seems the Young Master is seeking something entertaining to do. Since he doesn't have any close companions his age, there really isn't much to suggest,' she pondered internally.

After a few seconds of consideration, she finally replied, "Young Master, there isn't a great deal one can do for amusement at your age without friends. However, you could try learning to ride a horse. While many don't bother since they're faster than horses themselves, you'd be doing it for enjoyment, and besides, who knows when such a skill might come in handy?"

Asher smiled. Indeed, he had never learned how to ride a horse. Not in his past life as Ethan, and not in this one either. The original Asher had spent his entire life maximizing his physique, leaving no room for such leisurely pursuits.

Although he was fairly certain he'd master horse riding instantly due to his physique and instincts, that wasn't the point. The joy wasn't in learning how to ride, it was in the experience of riding itself.

"I like that suggestion. Anything else?" Asher asked, intrigued. *freewebl.com*

But Lyra simply shook her head and said, "I can't think of much else. Perhaps only training and sparring, but I assume those are not what you're looking for today."

Asher let out a sigh. He had seen that one coming. Sparring and training weren't 'fun' to him, they were tools for progress and discipline. He would never treat them as mere hobbies.

"But, Young Master, since you love combat so much, why don't you go into the forest and fight a few beasts?" Lyra suggested lightly.

"I've no interest in creatures that rely solely on instinct. It's not exciting if I can predict their every move like a child playing pretend," Asher replied, sounding more bored than dismissive.

"Perhaps an Emovira would suffice," Asher mused aloud. Since he had awakened in this world, he hadn't encountered a single one. He had half-expected to see one during the True Awakening, but none had appeared.

Lyra remained silent. She neither encouraged nor discouraged the thought. In the end, it didn't matter what she said. Asher was a Wargrave. His path would inevitably cross with an Emovira, soon.

Suddenly, a wide smile spread across Asher's face. His lips curved upward, his expression lit with mischief or perhaps recognition, as he turned his head slightly and spoke to seemingly no one.

"Come in."

## **Chapter 94: Psychopathic Tendencies**

"Come in."

As Asher's voice reverberated through the room, Lyra raised a brow in mild confusion, wondering who her Young Master was speaking to. Her senses swept across the room and extended a few meters beyond the walls, but she detected nothing. Just as she was about to ask Asher whom he was addressing, the door creaked open.

A gentle footstep echoed, and a man dressed in a pristine butler uniform with white gloves stepped inside, Zarek, the Primarch's personal right-hand man.

Lyra's face momentarily reflected surprise before her expression returned to calm. She wasn't astonished by her failure to sense Zarek's presence, she knew she couldn't, not even if she tried a million times. What truly caught her off guard was the fact that Asher had sensed him when she had not.

Zarek spoke with a faint smile the moment he entered, not bothering with formal greetings.

"It seems the Tenth Sun's senses have evolved significantly after dancing between life and death for a while."

Asher smiled slightly. He had sensed Zarek's body interacting with the Astra motes. Even if Zarek managed to erase his presence completely, cloaking himself from even the most advanced sensory abilities, it was now impossible for him to escape Asher's perception.

Zarek himself was mildly surprised, though he did not show it. He merely smiled and commented. He did not ask any questions, it wasn't his place to do so.

"Good morning, Zarek," Asher greeted as he shifted from his reclined position on the bed into a seated one. He knew that whenever Zarek appeared, it was due to an order from the Primarch himself.

"Good morning, Tenth Sun," Zarek replied with a slight bow of respect. Lyra remained silent, standing respectfully at the side.

"I assume Father calls for my presence once again?" Asher asked, his tone neutral.

"Yes, Tenth Sun. I have been ordered to escort you," Zarek replied with a firm nod.

"Let's go, then," Asher said as he immediately rose to his feet, seeing no point in delaying.

"As you wish, Tenth Sun," Zarek intoned as he turned around and led the way.

With that, Asher, Lyra, and Zarek stepped out of the room. As Asher walked, he inhaled deeply, appreciating the freshness of the air and the sights around him, things he had long taken for granted.

Others might be accustomed to the constant threat of death and the harsh reality of life or death battles, but he wasn't. This had been his first truly intimate brush with death, and it left him feeling oddly grateful just to be alive.

The world seemed more vibrant, more alive somehow, but Asher suspected this was partly due to his Omni Perception. Within a ten meter radius around him, golden motes of Astra floated gently, like specks of stardust gracing his path.

'Although Astra is invisible and can only be felt, I can sort of see it now. But if I can see it, then it stands to reason that others might possess the same ability,' Asher mused.

As they made their way through the halls, maids and butlers bowed in his direction. Asher noticed a subtle difference in their demeanor and posture. In the past, their bows had been mere gestures of obligation, they respected his name as a Wargrave and as a Sun, even if they viewed him as a waste.

But now... Now that he had survived the True Awakening, everything had changed. He had proven himself. He was no longer a discarded shadow behind his siblings, he was now counted among their ranks, a genius in his own right.

Asher was fully aware of the shift. He remembered the way they used to look at him, dismissive, indifferent, and he recognized the reverence in their eyes now. But he couldn't care less. Their opinions, their emotions, none of it mattered. He didn't know them well enough to bother giving a damn about what they thought. The simple truth remained: they would look at him from a distance for the rest of their lives.

From the corner of his eye, Asher caught sight of Thalric and one of the Moons sparring in the courtyard. It didn't even need to be said, Thalric was clearly getting his ass handed to him. As the second-weakest Wargrave, he stood no real chance.

Zarek didn't remind Asher of the waiting Primarch. He simply waited in silence, wearing his ever neutral expression.

Thalric's opponent was the Fifth Moon, a female sibling for whom Malrik had once razed an entire Baron Household, merely because its young lord had smiled while staring at her backside.

At times, Asher couldn't begin to understand what went on in Malrik's head. Although he had never personally witnessed such an act from him, Hillary served as a living testament to Malrik's extreme sense of honor.

Malrik had annihilated Hillary's noble household just because their young master looked at Wuthenya, the Second Moon, funny.

Asher had concluded that the two noble households which fell to Malrik's wrath must have been relatively weak, the second Noble Household probably ranked as Baron or Viscount House. After all, more powerful noble families, like those of Counts, Marquises, or Dukes, possessed formidable knights capable of resisting such actions... of course merely for a few minutes, making evidence harder to hide.

Asher wasn't sure he could bring himself to obliterate an entire bloodline just because someone looked at his sisters lustfully. Sure, he might do one or two things as a big brother looking out for his little sister, but total annihilation? No. That wasn't in him.

He wasn't a maniac, and he hadn't suddenly become one simply because he was now somewhat accustomed to killing or had acquired a system that granted him formidable abilities.

As thoughts of Malrik's psychopathic tendencies flooded his mind, Asher paused, then shook his head. 'It seems I haven't fully shed my morals from my previous life as Ethan,' he reflected silently, his gaze lingering on the Fifth Moon who sparred with Thalric, wielding a simple training bow.

'I should probably adapt to this world's reality soon. After all, supernatural deaths occur daily across various empires.'

With that sobering thought, he turned and exhaled softly, the bloodshed that awaited him looming in his mind like an unwelcome shadow.

'It seems I should be saying goodbye to my normal life,' Asher thought, as his pace fell in line with Zarek's, ready to face whatever awaited him at the side of the Primarch.

## **Chapter 95: Emotions**

As Asher arrived at the chambers where Azeron resided, Zarek pushed the grand doors open, and Asher stepped in with graceful, measured strides. Within the room, Azeron could be seen seated, holding a sheet of paper in hand, appearing every bit like a corporate office worker lost in concentration.

"I greet the Patriarch," Asher said, bowing respectfully.

Azeron did not speak at first. He simply continued reading what he held. After finishing, he set the paper aside and slowly raised his golden eyes, fixing his piercing gaze upon Asher.

"Congratulations on making it back in one piece. That, in itself, is an achievement," Azeron stated calmly.

"It's expected of a Wargrave, Primarch," Asher replied. Whenever he was unsure of how to receive praise, he defaulted to that phrase; 'It's expected of a Wargrave.'

"Sometimes, a simple 'thank you' would suffice, youngest," Azeron said, his voice even.

"Thank you, Primarch," Asher responded instantly, rising from his bowed position with practiced fluidity.

"Call me Father from now on, at least when we are alone," Azeron said, his tone softening ever so slightly.

Asher hesitated.

He had only ever referred to Azeron as 'Father' when the man wasn't present, never to his face. But now, could he truly bring himself to say it aloud?

He knew he wasn't the real Asher everyone knew, Azeron didn't know this. Nobody did. He had awakened in this world under circumstances unknown to him, inhabiting a body and a life that were not originally his.

Although he had no family in his past life, Asher, no, Ethan, had always longed for one. A sister. A brother. A mother. A father. But just because he had wished for it didn't mean he'd ever searched for it. Despite his wealth in his previous life, he had never once made an effort to track down his biological family.

That unfulfilled longing had created a persistent void within him, a void he had hoped to fill with Jennifer and the family he once intended to build with her.

And now, here stood a man who wasn't his father, asking to be called one.

Could he decline?

He dared not.

But still, what right did he truly have? What right did he, Ethan, have to usurp the place of someone else's son? Even if the original Asher had been a coward or a failure, this life, this family, did not rightfully belong to him. It was never meant to.

Yet, he knew better than to open his mouth and confess the truth. He would be jailed or executed on the spot. The Wargraves would never tolerate such a blasphemous act as body possession. After six months of living among them, he had come to understand them to some degree.

If they knew, he would be branded an Emovira.

Although he had grown to accept this role, as Asher, as a Wargrave, as part of this monstrous but fascinating family, these thoughts always clawed their way back. He was human, after all. He had emotions, doubts, insecurities. He wasn't a machine. He wasn't cold-blooded.

Yet regardless of what he felt, this was his reality now.

He couldn't decline.

He had to accept it, if he wished to survive. And if he was being honest with himself, he was beginning to like Malrik and Wuthenya. There was something about them that warmed him, despite the madness in their blood.

Though he would never be the real Asher, and though he would always live with the gnawing guilt of being an imposter, maybe... just maybe... this was his second chance. His chance at familial love. A chance to fill the void that only Jennifer had managed to soften.

A small, almost involuntary smile appeared on his face as he looked at Azeron and responded, "Yes, Father."

"How do you feel?" Azeron asked. "I mean, after all your battles and experiences. Are there any side effects? Any adverse consequences?" His face remained neutral, but deep inside, his heart swelled with a quiet joy.

"No, Father. I'm perfectly fine. Virelasa has precise and thorough healing capabilities," Asher replied with calm confidence. He had half-expected Virelasa to materialize at the mention of her name, but she remained curiously silent, unbothered, perhaps.

Azeron gave a slight nod, then said, "Since you've completed your first mission, it's time for a reward."

Asher's eyes glinted subtly at the word 'reward.' He had been awaiting this moment for quite some time.

"As Wargraves, we possess countless techniques," Azeron began, his voice adopting the tone of an instructor. "Throughout our existence, we've wielded nearly every weapon imaginable."

"You will be granted two rapier techniques aligned with the lightning element, and one standard movement technique without elemental affinity," he continued.

But then, his tone shifted, growing heavier.

"However," Azeron added, pausing as though for effect, "we are Wargraves. We do not rely solely on what has been handed down. We carve our own paths. We forge our own techniques, unique, personal, unparalleled. The techniques you will receive now are temporary, a stopgap. They are merely to sustain you until you begin creating your own world."

There was a quiet finality to his words.

Asher's thoughts stalled for a moment. While techniques were considered gradeless, could someone truly create one from nothing? That level of innovation required vision, talent, and a deep understanding of self.

'Truly... a family of monsters,' he thought, a strange admiration blooming beneath the weight of expectation.

There was no such thing as a standardized Wargrave technique. Every Sun, Moon, Elder, even the Great Elders, had personally crafted their own original techniques, customized to their weapons, elemental affinities, and any unique abilities they awakened during their True Awakenings.

Asher believed he could create his own, eventually. But he also understood the process would require more than raw talent. It demanded insight, precision, knowledge, and an unshakable foundation. He wouldn't rush it. He wouldn't create anything until he was certain, until everything he needed was in place.

"Thank you, Father," Asher said with sincerity as he bowed once again.

But, he didn't need these techniques.

Not really.

He already had the techniques he obtained from Hillary. More than that, with his battle instincts, he could analyze and use the techniques of others just by observing them. Why accept a reward that he could acquire elsewhere, without effort?

He opened his mouth to make a request, to voice the true reward he wanted.

## **Chapter 96: Change**

As Asher opened his mouth to voice the reward he truly desired, Azeron's voice rang out first, interrupting him before a single word could leave his lips.

"But since you have demonstrated what a true Wargrave should embody during the True Awakening, choosing to face danger head-on rather than flee, I shall grant you a special request. You may substitute anything of your choosing in place of the three techniques initially offered," Azeron declared with a soft, subtle smile hidden behind his otherwise composed expression as he stared at his son.

He already knew Asher had stolen two techniques from Hillary. There was no point in bringing it up again. Given that techniques were gradeless, Azeron was confident that, with Asher's prodigious talent, he would be able to refine and elevate those techniques on his own.

This gesture was merely a means to offer his son the opportunity to ask for something else, perhaps something he truly needed, if he didn't genuinely desire the techniques.

'This couldn't get any better,' Asher thought with a concealed, mental smile as Azeron's words echoed in his ears.

"I will forgo the techniques, Father. I wish for something else," Asher said as he stood upright, his posture firm with conviction.

"What is it?" Azeron asked, his tone level as he listened intently.

"I request the highest possible quantity of blood you can grant me, from Myth Class, Void Class, and End Class monsters," Asher stated, his face calm and neutral, his voice devoid of any discernible emotion.

'Since I was going to receive three techniques, I might as well request three different classes of monster blood instead,' Asher reasoned internally.

At his request, a heavy silence settled between father and son as they locked eyes.

"Do you understand what you're asking for?" Azeroth finally asked, his golden eyes narrowing as they emitted a subtle but dangerous glow.

The Myth, Void, and End Classes were the three highest classifications of monsters in Crymora. Any creature within these categories possessed enough destructive capability to annihilate millions with relative ease.

Before Asher could respond, Azeroth continued, his voice deepening.

"These are not beings one simply decides to face on a whim. We don't engage such entities without purpose, without meticulous preparation and strategy."

"I understand, Father," Asher replied.

"I don't believe you do," Azeroth countered, his gaze still fixed on his son. "Malrik has already briefed me on the limitations of Virelax's Crimson Pact ability. I understand that this is the reason behind your unusual request for such rare blood. However, you must learn to think before speaking, especially when making demands of this magnitude," Azeroth continued, his voice now laced with a restrained, paternal reprimand.

Void and End Class monsters were not entities one simply went after for sport or experimentation. These apex predators were not only individually powerful, they had the capacity to control entire hordes of lower-class monsters, effectively commanding legions of beasts. With a mere thought, they could launch world-wide invasions and reduce empires to dust.

Despite this, the various Empires across Crymora allowed these creatures to live, and that tolerance existed for one reason only: these monsters were, for the most part, dormant.

Void Class and End Class monsters were perpetually in a state of slumber. They hardly moved, even when awake, and only ever stirred when driven by overwhelming hunger. They were the epitome of indolence, supreme beings so far up the food chain that they deemed everything else beneath their notice.

If you left them alone, they would often do the same, unless, of course, you possessed something they desired.

Because of this, the Empires refrained from provoking them. Even so, elite surveillance forces were permanently assigned to monitor all known Void and End Class monsters, in case of emergencies or whenever one of the ancient beasts awoke.

It wasn't that Asher had failed to consider any of this, rather, he lacked the complete depth of knowledge regarding these monstrous entities. In his mind, he had imagined something closer to a straightforward one on one battle. The reality, however, was far more complex and dangerous.

"Thank you for the wisdom, Father," Asher responded with a respectful nod.

'Looks like I won't be getting the blood after all,' Asher thought to himself, sighing inwardly.

"However," Azeron said, his voice softening slightly, "I will procure for you the blood of a Myth Class monster. As for the Void and End Class... abandon such thoughts entirely."

"Thank you, Father," Asher responded with a touch of genuine gratitude. He knew all too well that obtaining even Myth Class blood was no trivial feat.

'Smart child,' Azeron thought to himself. 'He deliberately avoided specifying the exact quantity, leaving it to me to determine how much to provide. Clever.'

"You can expect it by tomorrow or the day after," Azeron added. "Zarek will contact you when it's ready."

Asher nodded in acknowledgment, a faint smile forming on his face.

"Oh, and your room will be changed," Azeron stated suddenly.

Asher's smile faltered as a look of confusion crossed his features. "A change of room? Why?"

"I know you've been training in your current room, and even your bathroom, after your daily sessions at the First Training Ground. The new room will be equipped with a dedicated training space, which will allow you to increase your training efficiency even further," Azeron explained.

Azeron's senses covered the entirety of the Wargrave estate. He had the ability to observe anyone within its boundaries if he so chose. However, he refrained from unnecessary intrusions. In Asher's case, it wasn't spying, he had simply heard the crackling of lightning from a distance. His senses were sharp enough to pick up even the subtlest disturbances from afar.

At those words, Asher's mind ground to a halt, fixating on a single thought: 'Has he been watching me?'

Truthfully, Asher didn't mind if Azeron had observed him. He hadn't committed any wrongdoing, after all. But his thoughts raced regardless, sifting through memories from the moment of his awakening in this world, combing through every detail in search of anything suspicious.

His mind briefly drifted to the system, but he had always communicated with it internally, never aloud. After a few moments of analysis, he determined there was nothing out of place.

"I truly appreciate this, Father," Asher said with a genuine smile. And indeed, he meant it. His previous training locations, his room and bathroom, though spacious, had never been designed for such a purpose.

"Is there anything else you need to discuss with me?" Azeron asked, his tone returning to its usual calm cadence.

Asher paused for a moment of consideration. He had only come to request the blood, there was nothing else on his mind. "No, Father."

"Then you may leave, Youngest," Azeron said, his gaze drifting back to the stack of papers on his desk.

## **Chapter 97: Horseback**

As Asher turned to leave, Azeron's voice came again.

"Wait."

Asher, who had already pivoted to exit the chamber, immediately paused mid-step and turned back toward the Primarch. Azeron's hand lowered beneath the table, rummaging through the cupboard space built into its frame. After a few seconds, he flicked something toward Asher's face with practiced ease.

Asher's hand moved instinctively, snatching the object midair. His eyes lowered to examine the item now resting in his palm, and then a faint smile tugged at the corner of his lips.

It was a ring.

But Asher knew better than to assume it was ordinary. Azeron wouldn't call him back just to throw a meaningless trinket. His deduction was swift.

'It must be a space ring,' Asher thought. 'With this, I can finally use my inventory without any limitations.'

"The ring contains twenty thousand platinum coins," Azeron explained. "Since you defeated Ryan Silvershade, earning me fifty percent of their family's income as a result, I figured it was only fair to share a portion with you."

At that moment, realization dawned in Asher's mind. He had entirely forgotten about Ryan since the duel concluded. He never dwelled on individuals who bore no significance to his life or goals. Once Ryan was defeated, he simply erased him from his thoughts and returned to his training regimen without a second thought.

He hadn't expected Azeron to actually give him a share of the profits, he hadn't even considered it, much less asked for it. The matter hadn't once crossed his mind.

But then, a certain detail caught his attention, causing his thoughts to stall.

Twenty thousand platinum coins.

'A single platinum coin is equivalent to one thousand gold coins... That means I now have twenty million gold coins,' Asher thought, his mental voice rising in astonishment. He inhaled deeply as he computed the staggering amount.

'And this is just a fraction of the fifty percent? How wealthy are these people? No wonder they had the audacity to craft an entire carriage out of solid gold,' he mused.

Although Asher didn't know the exact percentage Azeron had chosen to give him from the acquired fifty percent, it didn't matter. The sheer value of what he had just received was already staggering.

He smiled slightly and said, "Thank you, Father."

"There's no need to thank me," Azeron responded. "You earned it through your own merit. Also, consider this a personal reward. Your monthly stipend will still be sent to you as usual, without interruption."

Asher nodded enthusiastically. Although his calm exterior betrayed little, inwardly, he was elated. He loved money. In his past life, he had been an orphan, one among over a hundred children, scraping by with whatever little they had. Which one of them hadn't fantasized about striking it rich or living a life where money was no longer an issue?

Though in this new world his goals had shifted, power had become his primary motive, his affection for money hadn't diminished in the slightest. The only difference was that, being born into wealth now, he no longer needed to pursue it as actively. There was no need to subject himself to needless suffering when luxury was at his fingertips.

"You may go now," Azeron concluded.

Truthfully, Azeron had intended to give Asher the space ring much earlier. He had prepared it and stored it in one of his desk drawers, but the opportunity to hand it over had never presented itself, until now.

'I wonder if Duke Rhydion Silvershade is eating expired steak for breakfast these days,' Azeron thought to himself with a chuckle before shaking his head and returning his focus to the papers on the table.

The grand doors opened once more, and Asher stepped out of the chamber with a slight spring in his step, a smile gracing his face. His gaze landed on Lyra and Zarek, both of whom stood to the side.

Zarek gave Asher a respectful nod and then silently entered the chamber from which Asher had just emerged.

Asher and Lyra began walking side by side, their steps fluid and elegant. Asher's mind, however, was adrift in thought. Sensing his mood, Lyra finally broke the silence.

"It appears the Young Master is in high spirits," she remarked softly.

Hearing her voice, Asher smiled as they continued walking. "Indeed, I am," he replied calmly, offering no further explanation.

After the incident at the Royal Party where his memory had almost been tampered with, Asher had become far more cautious about what he shared with Lyra. It wasn't that he didn't trust her, he did, deeply, but he had no way of knowing how resistant her mind was to mental intrusions or psychic tampering.

If someone ever tried to get to him and failed, the next obvious target would be Lyra, the one person who remained by his side almost constantly. With that in mind, Asher had begun limiting the information he shared with her. Of course, he still told her basic things or details that weren't truly sensitive, things others could learn or deduce easily.

Although he had disclosed some of Virelass's abilities to her, Asher wasn't concerned. Those powers could very well become public knowledge in time, and they weren't exactly secrets worth guarding too zealously.

Still, he wasn't truly worried. Asher knew Lyra well. If anything were amiss, if she so much as blinked out of rhythm, coughed oddly, or changed the cadence of her walk, he would notice immediately. Any deviation from her normal behavior would alert him in an instant.

Eventually, they arrived at Asher's room. There, he informed Lyra about the room change authorized by the Primarch. Lyra received the news with a warm smile and nodded in understanding. Within moments, maids and butlers appeared, executing their duties with practiced movements.

They didn't move the bed or the chains, those were permanent fixtures, but they carefully gathered Asher's clothing and shoes, transferring them to the newly assigned quarters. The new room was already fully furnished, down to the smallest details: from the bed to the bookshelves, and even down to essentials such as a toothbrush and comb.

Asher spent a few moments inspecting the new space, noting how well it was arranged for both comfort and functionality. Eventually, he made his way to the large window, a habit that had become something of a ritual. Looking outside was always one of the first things he did whenever he woke up from his sleep.

Standing by the window, he found his thoughts once again beginning to drift. Should he spend time learning horse riding as he had once considered? Or perhaps he should simply forego that idea and dive straight into his training regimen, especially now that he had access to a private training space?

The room's new amenities gave him far more flexibility than before. A part of him itched to begin immediately, eager to push his limits further. But another part contemplated whether taking some time to experience other facets of noble life, like mastering horseback riding, might be worthwhile.

## **Chapter 98: Racist Horse**

Asher stood silently by the window, momentarily lost in thought. After a few seconds of contemplation, he finally decided to try horseback riding. There was no harm in learning something new, afterward, he would simply return to his training.

No harm, no foul.

With that decision made, he turned and spoke, "Hey, Lyra, let's do that horse riding thing you suggested earlier."

"As you wish, Young Master," Lyra responded with a graceful nod.

"Do you know how to ride a horse?" Asher asked with genuine curiosity.

"Yes, Young Master. I've been riding horses since I was twenty years old," Lyra replied, her tone carrying a matter of fact assurance.

"Then let's go. You'll teach me, then," Asher said with a small smile as he stepped forward. Lyra simply nodded and followed closely behind him.

Over the past six months, Asher had explored the entirety of the Wargrave estate. The corridors and shortcuts had become familiar to him. After navigating through a few winding hallways and cutting across some less-traveled paths, they exited the castle-

like building through a rear door, eventually arriving at the estate's stables, an expansive area where the horses were housed.

Asher took in the sight of various horses. Some were the normal breed similar to those from his former world, while others were distinctly different, the unique steeds they had used during their journey to the Empire's capital. These were the ones that seemed to possess boundless stamina.

The difference between the two types was glaringly obvious. The normal horses appeared relatively small, with less pronounced muscle definition and rougher, less pristine coats. On the other hand, the unique horses were the exact opposite. They had a bulky build, muscles bulging beneath their skin, and their manes shimmered with a healthy, well-groomed luster.

'Does this horse hit the gym or something?' Asher couldn't help but wonder silently, mildly amused by the creature's imposing appearance.

"It seems Young Master is curious about that horse," Lyra said with a soft smile, noticing the direction of his gaze, toward a strikingly black, muscular stallion.

"I am," Asher responded flatly. Then he added, "On our journey to the capital, these horses ran for almost an entire day, and they barely looked tired. Isn't that kind of stamina supposed to be impossible?" he asked, unable to contain his curiosity.

He recalled how his stamina had burned out after two hours of battle during the True Awakening, and yet these horses had lasted nearly twenty-four hours. And that was while only being classified as Whisper-class beasts.

Lyra smiled as she began explaining, "Young Master, unlike the ordinary horses over there, those that can barely last four hours, these ones are called Enduron Horses."

Asher nodded slightly, indicating for her to continue.

"They are somewhat like a subspecies of horses, or rather, a superior species," she elaborated. "They were affected by Astra, and this led to their enhancement. Their bodies passively absorb Astra from the air and convert it into stamina. They also have enhanced speed as a secondary trait."

Asher fell into thought again. The ability to passively absorb Astra and convert it into stamina was exceptionally valuable, especially in a world like Crymora, where Astra existed in abundance. These horses could essentially run across the land with minimal fatigue. Of course, they would still require occasional rest due to biological needs, but even that seemed like a minor limitation.

"I thought Whisper-class monsters don't possess abilities," Asher questioned, recalling what he knew of the creature classification system. According to that knowledge, Whisper-class beasts were not supposed to have any kind of ability.

Lyra nodded thoughtfully before answering. "Yes, you are correct. Typically, they don't. But there are exceptions. A few specific Whisper-class beasts do possess abilities, although their abilities, and their physical forms, are so underdeveloped that they remain within the Whisper-class despite it."

She paused, giving Asher a moment to digest her words, and then continued. "There's a small, adorable creature known as the Red-Eyed Rabbit. They're essentially normal rabbits that have been touched by Astra. As a result, they gained the ability to leap to heights that would be considered impossible for their species. However, despite this enhancement, they do not evolve into Echo-class creatures simply because of that singular ability."

Hearing her explanation, Asher raised an eyebrow and countered, "Isn't that just like the enhancement all beasts and monsters receive to their racial traits during evolution? Just like how wolves gain sharper senses of smell and sight? Yet they're not immediately classified as Echo-class either."

Lyra smiled knowingly, as though she had anticipated the question. "No, Young Master. The Red-Eyed Rabbit's case is the same as the Enduron Horse. They both have abilities, not just enhancements to existing traits. It's a subtle difference, but a critical one."

At this point, Asher simply nodded. He had no interest in expending more mental energy analyzing creatures he could kill before they even blinked.

"Should we begin with a normal horse or an Enduron horse?" Lyra asked, tilting her head slightly.

"Hmmm... Let's start with a normal horse first, since I know next to nothing about how to ride," Asher replied decisively.

With a nod, Lyra moved toward a brown, average-sized horse and opened the gate holding it in place.

"Why are there so few normal horses?" Asher asked, noticing there were fewer than twenty regular horses in contrast to the over hundred Enduron horses.

"No one really rides the normal horses anymore, Young Master. We only keep them around for those who have failed to awaken," Lyra replied calmly as she steadied the animal.

"So, you're saying unawakened individuals can't ride Enduron horses, even if the horses are tamed?" Asher asked, his brow furrowed in confusion.

"Yes, Young Master. No one knows exactly why, but Enduron horses will not allow unawakened people to mount them. Even if someone manages to climb on, the horse either goes berserk or refuses to move entirely. Some people have even killed Enduron horses out of frustration, but eventually, the phenomenon was accepted as a racial limitation. Even unawakened individuals who raise an Enduron from birth cannot bypass this restriction. Hence, we maintain normal horses for the unawakened servants in the Wargrave estate," Lyra explained in a single breath as she finished preparing the horse.

'I never thought I'd encounter a racist horse one day,' Asher mused inwardly, almost wanting to laugh.

With that thought lingering in his mind, Lyra began educating him on the fundamentals of horseback riding, starting with the most basic principle, which, to his surprise, was understanding the horse itself.

Asher had expected her to immediately show him how to mount and ride, but Lyra was quick to clarify that a horse was not a machine. It was a living creature governed by instinct, emotion, and memory. If a rider was fearful, the horse would sense it. If the rider was angry or tense, the horse would know.

Given this information, Asher had no choice but to start by gently stroking the horse's neck and shoulder. He spoke to it in a calm, soothing tone, allowing the horse to sniff him and become familiar with his presence.

And so began Asher's first lesson in horsemanship, not with reins and saddles, but with understanding and connection.

## **Chapter 99: Avenge**

Although Asher could have easily asked Lyra to ride the horse and be done with it, he knew that wasn't the point. He was here to enjoy the moment, the process, not to rush through it like a speedrun.

With that in mind, Lyra moved to the next lesson: mounting the horse.

Asher didn't really require much instruction for this part; he had seen it done countless times in movies and anime. Still, Lyra demonstrated the correct way to mount a horse, gracefully swinging her leg over and sitting firmly in the saddle. Asher followed suit, mimicking the motion effortlessly.

Even if he hadn't known how, he could have easily finessed his way onto the horse's back with his physique and coordination. Nevertheless, Lyra made him repeat the process several times, ensuring it became second nature.

Then, they proceeded to the third lesson: sitting posture.

Lyra spent a few minutes correcting Asher's seated position as she gave concise and purposeful instructions. "Keep your legs relaxed but close to the horse's sides," she instructed calmly. "Hold the reins softly, with your hands low and steady, just above the saddle."

Asher absorbed and replicated every word with ease. Thanks to his Perfect Muscle Memory, anything he physically performed was done with precision. Even if Asher had wanted to slow the learning process to enjoy it more, his ability paid no attention to such sentiments.

Next came the fourth lesson: basic commands.

This involved learning how to guide and direct the horse using both physical cues and verbal signals.

Minutes blurred into more minutes, and soon Asher had absorbed every necessary instruction. Before long, he was trotting across the open field, the horse responding seamlessly to his commands.

A bright smile spread across Asher's face, boyish and carefree, as the wind swept against him. He could easily outrun the horse if he wanted, his own speed far exceeded that of any steed, but that wasn't the point. The experience itself was what mattered. He even found himself leaping over a few hurdles scattered across the training grounds.

'I've seen people shooting arrows while riding... maybe I should try learning that too,' Asher mused as he rode without restraint. Behind him, Lyra followed calmly atop her own horse.

After nearly an hour of spirited riding, Asher switched over to an Enduron horse. Surprisingly, he handled it just as easily as the normal one. Having mastered the basics, he felt confident enough to raise the stakes.

"Lyra, let's race," he declared suddenly.

Lyra smiled in response and nodded without hesitation. "As you wish, Young Master."

They decided to use the normal horses for the race to keep things fair. In an explosive start, a brown horse and a black one burst forward, cutting through the wind and weaving between the trees behind the Wargrave estate.

The thunderous rhythm of hooves striking the earth echoed through the field, accompanied by the sound of heavy breathing and pounding hearts, though all of it was drowned beneath the steady beat of momentum.

During the race, Asher even shouted the cliché phrase "Giddy up!" without any trace of embarrassment. He was thoroughly enjoying himself, embracing the moment fully.

And as expected, he completely lost to Lyra.

"Good race, Lyra," Asher said with a smile, dismounting as they made their way back toward his room.

"Thank you, Young Master," Lyra replied, returning the smile. She hadn't gone easy on him, and she hadn't needed to. Her victory had been genuine.

Once they returned to the room, Asher immediately took a bath and changed into fresh clothes. He had been riding for hours, and the physical exertion, while manageable, had still left him dusty and windblown.

Later in the evening, curiosity tugged at him. He found himself stepping into his personal training room, a place he hadn't visited since he moved into his new room. But tonight, he couldn't resist the urge to inspect it.

As he pushed open the heavy door, a wave of dense Astra washed over him. The moment he stepped inside, the door shut automatically behind him with a quiet thud.

'Incredible. The Astra concentration in here is over twenty times higher than the one in my room,' Asher thought, his eyes scanning the chamber in awe.

The walls appeared to be made of some kind of heavy, unfamiliar metal. Even the floor was crafted from the same mysterious material. Everything exuded durability and strength.

'In this place, I can recover my Astra far faster. I can cultivate at an accelerated pace. This could save me an enormous amount of time,' he thought with satisfaction, walking slowly around the chamber.

He took several minutes to inspect every corner, marveling at its construction and possibilities. Then, satisfied for now, he stepped out. By that point, darkness had blanketed the world of Crymora. The sun had long set, and the moon now cast its gentle silver light across the estate.

Within moments of his return to his room, Lyra entered with his dinner, which Asher ate gratefully. His thoughts were already drifting toward the training he planned to begin the next day.

Later that night, as he lay on his bed deep in thought, a soft knock echoed through the room.

'What's Wuthenya doing here?' Asher wondered, recognizing her presence through his Omni Perception before she even entered.

But before he could utter his usual "Come in," the door creaked open, and Wuthenya stepped in casually, entirely unbothered by formalities.

"Sister Wuthenya, what are you doing here?" Asher asked as he rose slightly, shifting into a seated position on his bed.

"Oh ho... can't I visit my little brother just because I feel like it?" Wuthenya asked playfully, smiling as her eyes met his.

"You can, Sister Wuthenya. I'm just surprised, it's already quite late," Asher replied, shaking his head slightly.

Wuthenya chuckled softly, then said, "I came to inform you of my departure. This will be our last meeting for a while, youngest."

Asher raised an eyebrow. "Isn't it dangerous to travel at this time of night? What if you're ambushed?"

"Don't worry," she replied, still smiling. "No one would dare. And besides, if I die, the youngest will avenge me, right?"

She said it in a light, teasing tone, but her eyes held a spark of genuine warmth.

Asher didn't respond immediately. Instead, he smiled, then stood. "Let me escort you to your carriage."

Together, they stepped out into the cool night air, talking casually about trivial matters as they walked. A few minutes later, they arrived at the designated location where Wuthenya's personal maid stood waiting beside a carriage with the horses already prepared.

"See you later, Sister Wuthenya," Asher said as she began to climb into the carriage.

Wuthenya paused, then turned to look at him. "I expect to hear good results when you enter the Academy, youngest," she said, her voice carrying a hint of fond expectation.

With that, she stepped inside and gently closed the door. Yet even as the carriage began to roll away, her sharp black eyes lingered on him until the very last moment.

Asher didn't reply. In truth, he knew next to nothing about the Academy. But he simply waved her off in silence, watching the carriage disappear into the night.

With a soft sigh, Asher turned and disappeared back into his room.

## Chapter 100: Inhuman

Three black Enduron horses could be seen pulling a gold plated carriage through the dead of night at full speed. The moon hung high in the sky, casting its silver glow as the only source of light during these dark hours.

A woman dressed in a maiden white and black gown could be seen holding the reins, skillfully guiding the Enduron horses.

Within the gold plated carriage, another woman sat with composed elegance, her posture refined as she crossed one leg over the other. Her flowing green silk hair cascaded gracefully down her back with immaculate beauty. Her black eyes were serene as she gazed out the window in contemplative silence.

She was Wuthenya Wargrave; the Second Moon.

Although many would never dare to travel under the shadowed veil of night, Wuthenya was different. She welcomed the darkness as though it were a part of her, an extension of her very being.

The chances of travelers being attacked during the night were extraordinarily high, but to the truly powerful, like Wuthenya, the time of day bore no consequence.

Morning? Afternoon? Night? Bright? Dark?

It made no difference. If anyone dared to make a move against her, they would only return them to the place where new life comes from.

A faint smile touched her lips as she gazed out the window, the wind whipping against her face, her hair fluttering behind her. The three Enduron horses surged forward with power, yet the world around her did not blur.

To Wuthenya, whose perception was refined beyond measure, they were simply too slow to distort reality.

Her thoughts, in this moment, were fixed on her youngest brother, the Tenth Sun, Asher Wargrave.

She had watched him from afar since he was a child. She had witnessed his silent suffering under the unbearable weight of the Wargrave Bloodline's immense expectations.

But Wuthenya had never intervened.

Had Asher failed his third awakening, she still would have remained silent. The Wargrave estate, with all its ruthless traditions, was ironically the safest place for someone so weak.

Yet now, that same failure of a brother had turned out to be the greatest monster among them all.

She replayed every second of her own True Awakening, comparing it meticulously to Asher's. Though she had survived until sunrise during her ordeal, she lost both her right arm and her right eye, in addition to sustaining numerous other injuries.

But her youngest brother's awakening had been nothing like hers. He had fought. He had strategized. He had executed. His basic rapier techniques were astounding, unreasonably so, and his ability to grasp and replicate his opponent's techniques with just a single glance was nothing short of insane.

As she brooded over her monstrous youngest brother, her mother came to mind, Lily of the Abyss.

Unlike Azeron, who always maintained a neutral expression, Lily never hid her emotions. She smiled. She laughed. She loved. She played.

She was not born a noble. She came from common roots, a woman who rose to Azeron's equal with nothing but her body, her hands, and her rapier. Such talent was rare even among the nobility.

The Wargrave family did not look down on commoners. Well... perhaps it was more accurate to say they hardly cared about anyone who wasn't either family or enemy.

Their Primarch could marry anyone, whether a woman from the slums, from a noble house, or even from another empire. The Wargraves didn't care. They believed that their bloodline overshadowed any blood it mixed with.

And they ensured that no drama from the Primarch's wife's lineage would ever interfere with the sacred traditions of the family.

'I wonder how Mother is doing. Is she happy now that her wish has been fulfilled? Is she watching us from beyond? Or is she merely asleep?' Wuthenya wondered, a soft, nostalgic smile curving her lips.

As the first daughter of the Wargrave lineage, she had always shared a unique and cherished bond with Lily. When her mother died giving birth to Asher, Wuthenya couldn't believe it. She believed, no, she was certain, that something unnatural had occurred. Some ability. Some trick. Some foul play.

Even after Azeron, her father, assured her there was no such interference, she refused to accept it. How could a woman that strong, that invincible, die from childbirth?

She had turned the Empire upside down in her search for the truth, anything that could explain, anything that could ease the void within her.

But deep down, she had known. There was no force at play.

She had simply been denying reality, for there were no enemies left upon which she could project her anguish.

The Wargrave family, in the meantime, spent that entire period grieving and cleaning up the chaos Wuthenya had caused. If a situation turned volatile and someone raised complaints, they threw gold coins at the problem to silence it.

If someone wanted more than coin, they negotiated.

And if someone tried to exploit the tragedy for personal gain, they were wiped from existence without hesitation.

Months passed, and eventually, Wuthenya calmed. She accepted the harsh truth and grounded herself once more.

Now, as she sat quietly with her melancholic expression, the memories of her time with Lily lingered like gentle shadows, wrapping around her thoughts.

'I will ascend to the heights you once stood upon, Mother,' Wuthenya vowed silently.

Though she uttered those words with conviction, she was already nearly there. Just two Life Ranks away. But, she understood better than anyone, those two Life Ranks could be an unbridgeable chasm.

Before Lily of the Abyss died, she had attained the rare and awe inspiring rank of Dust Crownstar, a title few in history had ever held.

A commoner reaching such power was as rare as phoenix feathers. Lily of the Abyss had stood proudly among the apex of the world's most powerful.

But Wuthenya was not far behind.

She now stood at the Spark Voidstar Life Rank, and with such power, only a select few across the Empire dared meet her gaze directly.

Sometimes, she found herself wondering just how strong her elder brother, Malrik, truly was.

They were both geniuses, equally talented in their youth. But Malrik always seemed... inhuman. As though his existence defied logic. Though he was older, and naturally should be stronger, the gap between them was simply too vast.