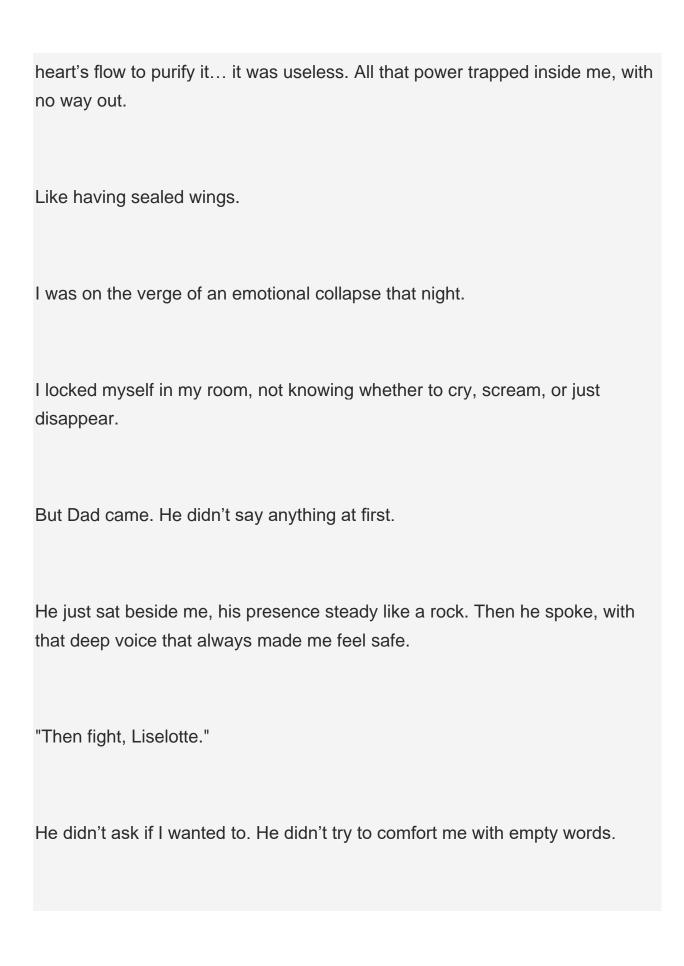
## THE RISE OF A FROZEN STAR

Chapter 6: One Sword is Enough

[Liselotte's POV]
Three months have passed since that day at the temple.
Since I heard the words that stole what I believed was my destiny:
"Your heart is not purifying the mana."
I still remember it clearly, the magic orb that didn't respond, the examiner's awkward silence, and the looks from the other children, a mix of curiosity and pity.
I had mana, plenty of it, in fact more than any other child they had ever evaluated. Even more than the legendary heroes, they said. But without the



He offered a path. And that, in that moment, was enough to make me stand.
Since then, my days have started before dawn.
The first day was the hardest. My hands didn't know how to hold a sword, my body though stronger than it looked wasn't used to moving with such precision.
I fell. I scraped my knees. My muscles ached in ways I didn't know were possible.
But I didn't stop.
Dad's training is demanding. Every day feels like a war. He makes me repeat the same moves for hours until every mistake vanishes. Every time I fail, he corrects me without hesitation.
There is no comfort. Only improvement.

Sometimes, when Mom serves breakfast after training, she watches me in silence. Her eyes show a mix of pride and worry. She doesn't want me to get hurt. But she knows I need this.

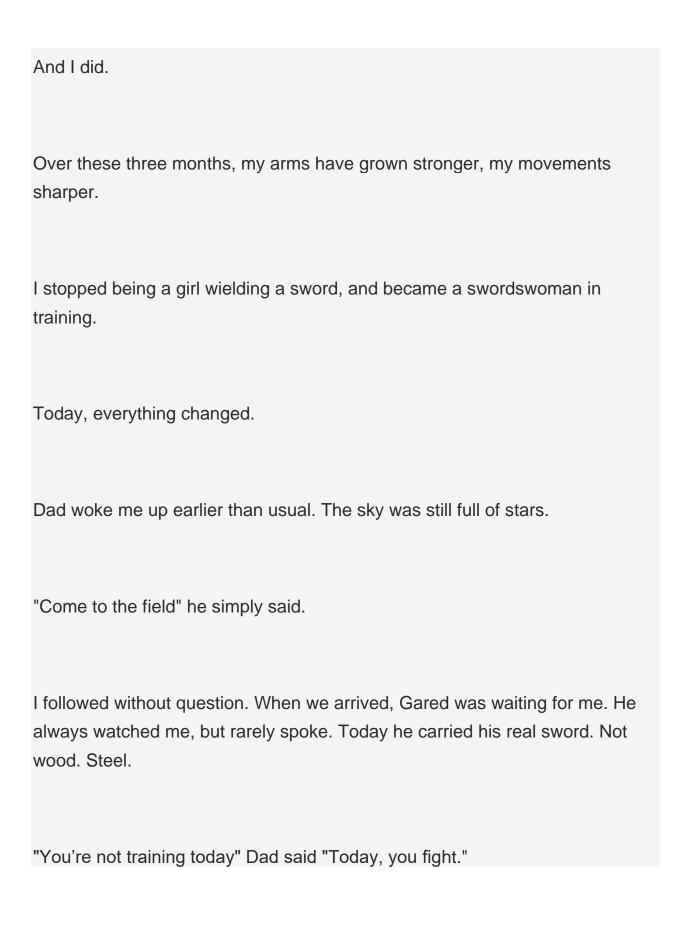
Mom and Dad run an inn. It's not rich or fancy, but it's a warm home. Travelers love it.

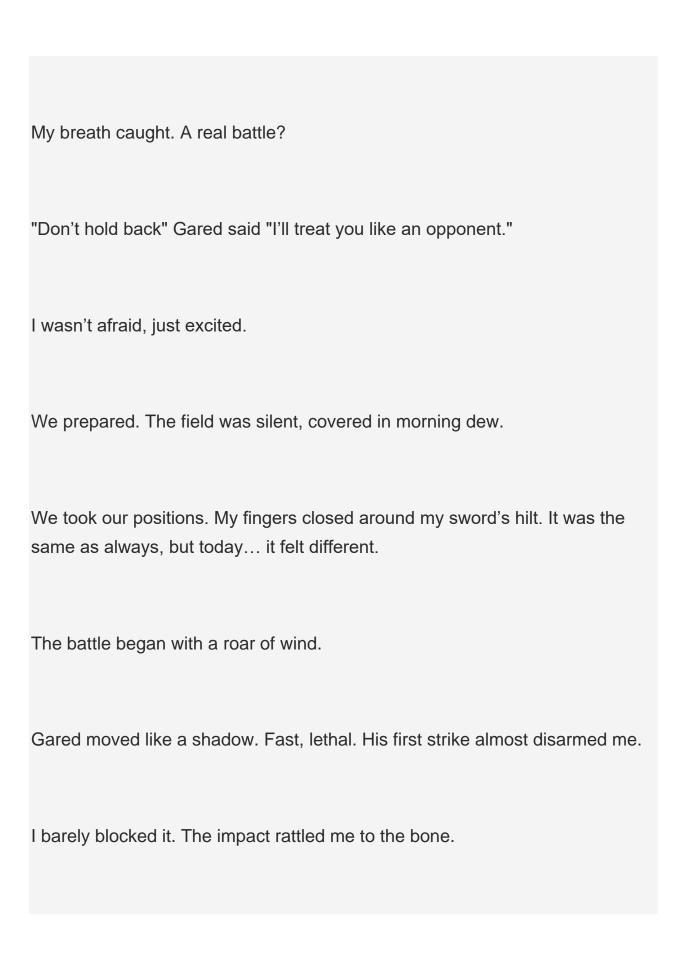
Dad used to be an adventurer, one of the best in his group "Shadow Fang." Sometimes his old companions come to visit. And when they do, they teach me a few things too.

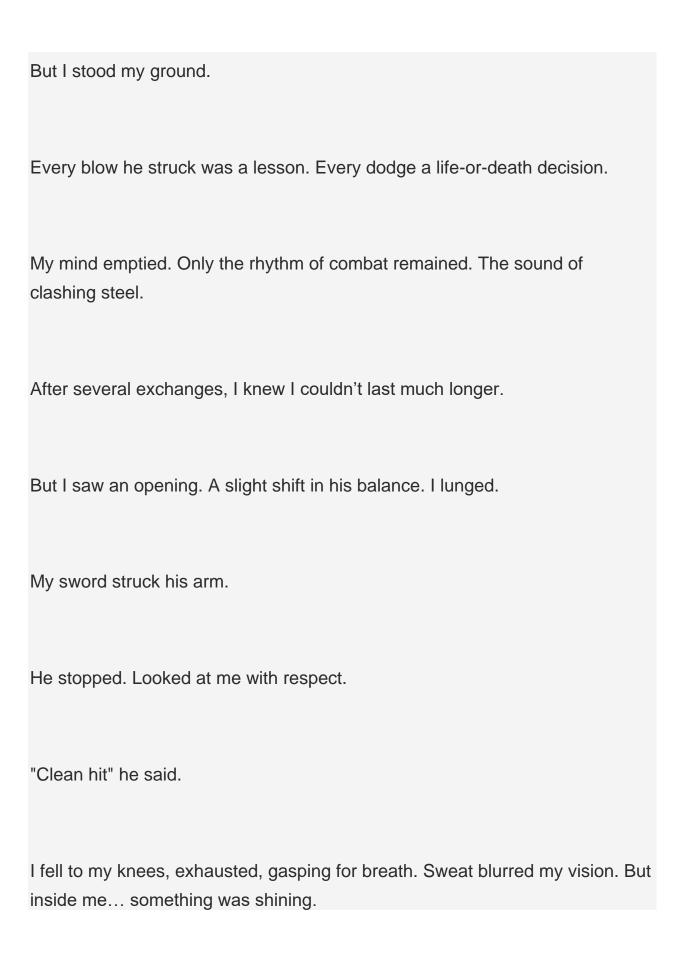
At first, they laughed. A ten-year-old girl training as a warrior. What kind of joke was that? But when they saw my effort, my determination... they stopped laughing.

One day, Gared, the group's swordsman gave me a training sword forged just for me.

"It's heavier than what you're used to," he said "but with your will, you'll make it a part of you."







Dad knelt beside me. Placed a hand on my head.
"One sword is enough, Lotte. It always has been. You just have to keep sharpening it."
I cried.
But not from pain.
From pride.