2211 Wielders of Power  
  
A cold wind blew across the sweltering exρanse of Godgrave, making the soldiers shiver. As Ki Song looked at Anvil with a faint smile, the legion of the dead stirred. A vast breach opened in their silent wall as numerous puppets moved, clearing a path directly to the battle formation of the Song Army.  
  
However, that path did not stay open for long.  
  
A moment later, the air trembled, and was split apart as a vertical fracture cut the world. Then, it expanded, and for the first time in thousands of years, snow fell on the scorching surface of the ancient bone.  
  
As the Dream Gate opened, a raging snowstorm became visible in its towering fissure. A magnificent black palace could be vaguely seen in the billowing snow, as well as the mountain it stood upon.  
  
The clouds of snow that escaped the Dream Gate instantly melted, the water boiling and evaporating as a searing haze obscured the front rows of the Song soldiers.  
  
Anvil observed the scene calmly.  
  
"Curious. How are you able to anchor the Dream Gate in the same realm it is rooted to?"  
  
Ki Song shrugged gracefully.  
  
"It is a Component of the Night Garden... why, you did not know?"  
  
There was a subtle mocking note in her, but he did not react.  
  
"The Night Garden... huh, makes sense. Storm God is the god of guidance and travel, after all, and that ship was made to sail the darkness of her Sea."  
  
His gaze shifted from the towering rift in reality to Ki Song.  
  
"Was that the reason why you fed the House of Night to that abomination?"  
  
She lingered with the answer, then chuckled.  
  
"I hoped you would show at least a little trepidation, old friend. But you are too far gone, aren't you? What will it take to make you flinch?"  
  
Ki Song shook heг head.  
  
"I took the Night Garden. I took the other Citadels of the Stormsea, too. Rivergate is gone, and Bastion has fallen. My kingdom is stronger than ever before, while you don't even have enough Saints to rule yours... can you feel it, Vale? Can you feel your Domain crumbling?"  
  
Anvil remained silent for a few moments, looking at her impassively.  
  
"Why should I care?"  
  
Then, however, his expression changed subtly.  
  
Ki Song's smile disappeared, replaced by a cold and vicious expression.  
  
"Can you feel it now?"  
  
He looked down, at the bone surface beneath their feet, as if trying to pierce it with his gaze. His eyes darkened slightly, expressing a hint of contempt.  
  
"I see... you've taken the Spine Ocean, after all. The men I sent to kill your daughters are dying... they are dead. And the Citadels they ruled are now without a master."  
  
Ki Song looked at him silently with no particular expression, and for a moment, she looked like what she was — a flawlessly preserved, masterfully controlled corpse.  
  
Anvil met heг gaze calmly.  
  
"How useless. Do you feel confident now that you have amassed all that power, Song?"  
  
The beautiful corpse smiled.  
  
"It does feel nice."  
  
He shook his head.  
  
"That has always been your blind spot. From our days at the Academy until now, you have always been controlled by your sense of inferiority... and you have always pursued power to spare yourself from feeling inferior. It would have been amusing if it wasn't so pitiful, banal, and distasteful. But then again, what else would one expect from someone of your breed?"  
  
Anvil looked at her coldly.  
  
"Someone like you, who was born with nothing, can't really understand the meaning of power. Power has its uses, sure... but at the end of the day, power itself is meaningless. It is the person who wields it that matters. So why should I flinch? You can take the Citadels of the Stormsea, Song. You can destroy Rivergate. You can even slaughter my Saints — but it won't matter. Because at the end of the day, you will still have to face me."  
  
He regarded her with a hint of disdain.  
  
"And I... am superior. I was forged from purer steel, and no matter how much power you gain, we will never be equals."   
  
Ki Song laughed quietly.  
  
She fell silent for a few moments, then faced him with melancholy in her eyes.  
  
"And only someone like you can really think that I was born with nothing."  
  
As the cold winds of Ravenheart blew across the sweltering expanse of Godgrave, she took a deep breath and then looked up, at the merciless grey sky.  
  
"Were you forged from purer steel than Broken Sword, too?"  
  
A shadow ran across Anvil's face.  
  
He answered evenly:  
  
"Naturally."  
  
Ki Song smiled.  
  
"Is that why you had to make a deal with the Dreamspawn? I guess your steel was not pure enough to defeat someone... of his breed... yourself."  
  
Anvil answered her smile with a cold one of his own.  
  
"You make it sound as if you wеren't there, killing him with me. Why, do you regret it now? Do you wish you made a different choice?"  
  
She shook her head slowly.  
  
"No... you and I both know that it was necessary. Just like erasing all traces of Immortal Flame was necessary. If someone seems to be having regrets, it's you, Vale. Otherwise, you would not have allowed his daughter to grow into someone neither of us can easily eliminate."  
  
Ki Song looked at him calmly.  
  
"I'll correct your mistake after you die, though. Don't worry."  
  
As she said those words, a subtle smell of iron suddenly permeated the air, and Anvil's oppressive presence grew much deeper and terrifyingly sharp, as if it had finally awoken after slumbering all this time.  
  
He shook his head.  
  
"For someone who supposedly had nothing to say, you sure talked a lot. Enough. Let us solve this once and for all. Let us see who is worthy of wearing the crown."  
  
Lowering her head for a moment, Ki Song smiled.  
  
"Farewell, Vale."  
  
Anvil summoned his helmet, and his voice rustled in the wind like the clamor of a myriad of blades:  
  
"...Farewell to you, too, Song."  
  
A hurricane of scarlet sparks drowned the world.