2256 Abominable Curse  
"...She is complete."  
Sunny traced Anvil's gaze and remained motionless for a few moments, looking at the towering figure of the Queen's vessel, which was enveloped by white flame like a gargantuan pyre. Her dead flesh was burning.  
Sunny's pale face was illuminated by the distant light of Neph's Transcendent form.  
Looking at her, he took a deep breath and forced his murderous anger to subside.  
His expression turned cold and somber.  
Glancing at Anvil, he remained silent for a bit, and then said with a hint of disdain in his voice:  
"You see, this is your root problem. A failure of imagination — or ambition, perhaps."  
Taking a step forward, Sunny pressed the tip of his odachi against Anvil's neck.  
"Nephis? Complete? She is not complete, Anvil… she won't be complete until she becomes Divine. Unlike you and the other two ghouls, she will not surrender until she conquers the Nightmare Spell entirely. That, in the end, is your sin. That is the reason why you don't deserve to sit on the throne of humanity, and she does. That is why you must die."  
Anvil glanced at him with a dark smile.  
"Funny, isn't it?"  
Sunny's expression grew colder.  
"And what, exactly, do you find so funny?"  
Anvil shrugged.  
"She is just like her father, in that regard. Ah… but I think that she resembles her mother much more, instead."  
Sunny took a deep breath, holding himself back.  
There was a reason why he was wasting time conversing with Anvil instead of simply finishing him off, of course. It was not because Sunny had suddenly developed a fondness for villainous monologues… although he would lie if he said that giving Anvil a piece of his mind had not felt good.  
No, it was because Sunny had to get something out of Anvil before the King of Swords met an ignoble end.  
There was something he had to know.  
He exhaled slowly.  
"Right… you bastards killed Broken Sword, as well. Was that also for the greater good?"  
Anvil's eyes darkened.  
"You should know by now why he had to die,Lord of Shadows. All of this could have been avoided if not for that selfish man's folly."  
Sunny smiled faintly, suppressing the desire to cut off the King's self-righteous head.  
Controlling his expression, he said:  
"Enlighten me."  
Anvil let out a sigh and calmly looked Sunny in the eye.  
"It was because he absorbed Weaver's forbidden Lineage, of course. Our hands were tied the moment he did."  
Sunny allowed himself to frown slightly, pretending to be clueless.  
As far as everyone was concerned — even Cassie and Nephis — he was the heir of Shadow God. No one knew that Weaver's blood flowed in his veins, instead.  
Anvil would not know, either.  
He raised an eyebrow and asked, hiding how vital knowing the answer to that question was to him:  
"And why was that so important? What was it about Weaver's lineage that made you betray your comrade? To kill your own leader?"  
Anvil smiled coldly.  
"Children… you don't know anything, do you? Well, no surprise. Some things are not meant to be known by mere mortals."  
As the hurricane of swords above them shifted, numerous blades changing direction, he leaned forward a little and asked:  
"Why did Broken Sword have to die? Let me ask you a question instead, Lord of Shadows… have you ever been to the Chained Isles? You should have. Why did the gods destroy Hope's kingdom and imprison her in the Ivory Tower?"  
This time, Sunny's frown was genuine.  
He hesitated for a few moments, and then responded in a subdued voice:  
"Because daemons… were their Flaw."  
Anvil chuckled.  
"Indeed, daemons were the Flaw of the gods. Because daemons were children of the Forgotten God."  
Sunny drew a breath as Anvil shook his head and continued:  
"And yet, the gods did not punish and imprison all seven daemons. Only Hope. Why was that?"  
Sunny hesitated with the answer.  
"I'm not sure. I heard once… that it was because she was the only daemon who was worshiped by humans."  
Anviled looked at him with a grim resignation and nodded,not paying attention to the blade of the odachi that had cut into his neck.  
"Yes. It was because Hope was the only daemon who was benevolent toward humans, those who carried the sparks of the original Desire. She came to live among them, cared for them, and bestowed gifts upon them. As a result, she was beloved by humans… worshiped by them."  
His voice turned heavy and dark:  
"But she was a daughtеr of the Forgotten God. She carried the Lineage of the Forgotten God. And therefore, everyone who worshiped her… was worshiping the Forgotten God. Was propagating his name, his divinity, and his power. And the more they did…"  
Sunny's eyes widened slowly, but Anvil did not seem to notice, continuing in the same stark tone:  
"The more he stirred in his slumber, coming closer and closer to awakening. That was why the gods destroyed the Kingdom of Hope and imprisoned her. That was why they had forbidden the daemons from siring offspring, as well. And that is why Weaver's Lineage, created in secret, is an abominable curse that should never have existed."  
He gritted his teeth.  
"The Forgotten God is closer to awakening today than he has ever been. Now, then… imagine if Broken Sword — the most revered hero of humanity — was allowed to build a vast and powerful Domain while carrying that abominable curse. How many humans would have known him, loved him, and worshiped him? What would have happened then?"  
Sunny shivered, feeling his mind go blank for a moment.  
He did not know what to answer… he did not want to know the answer.  
He would not have answered if not for the pain of his Flaw, which forced him to be honest even if he wished to deceive himself.  
Feeling something cold permeate his chest, he said slowly:  
"The Forgotten God… would have grown more aware of reality. Or maybe even awakened from his slumber completely."  
Hearing his words, Anvil smiled darkly.  
"Yes. Now, you know... that is why we killed Broken Sword. Because an heir of Weaver must never be known,must never be loved, and must never be worshiped by humanity."