2259 Triumph  
Sunny stood above Anvil's corpse, looking silеntly into the distance.  
The battlefield had grown eerily quiet, at some point.  
The storm of swords was gone. The sea of dead puppets had been eradicated, as well. Now, his shadows were finishing off the remaining Nightmare Creatuгes of the jungle… and the few Great Ones whom he had brought here himself, as well.  
The battle was all but over.  
And with it, the war was all but over too.  
A deep sigh escaped from his lips.  
'The Sovereigns… are no more.'  
Well, two of them were no more, at least.  
The third one still remained somewhere out there, shrouded in mystery.  
But that was a problem for another day.  
'Come to think of it, we are the Sovereigns now, instead.'  
Sunny could not quite fathom that everything had ended just like that. He had been preparing for this battle for close to two years… Nephis and Cassie had been building up to this moment for much longer, still. The threat of the Sovereigns had been so oppressive, and had ruled their every breathing moment for so long, that it was hard tо accept the fact that it was all over.  
But maybe that was the point.  
After all, the very reason they had conspired to eliminate the Sovereigns was that the Sovereigns were incompetent. Despite their great accomplishments, Anvil and Ki Song had been inadequate in front of the dire trials facing humanity today.  
They had been a titan with feet of clay.  
The King of Swords, that madman, had even wanted to die… at least that was the feeling Sunny got there, at the last moments. Granted, Anvil had wanted to die in a different way.  
The road to Supremacy had been long and arduous, but the battle itself was swift and decisive.  
It was a triumph.  
But...  
'When did it all go wrong for them?'  
And would the same happen to him and Nephis?  
Surely, not.  
If for no other reason than that they already had a bitter example of what not to do.  
'...We've won.'  
Sunny finally realized that unbelievable fact.  
Unlikely as it was,their conspiracy had achieved its goal. The tyrants were gone, and he and Nephis were perfectly poised to usurp their thrones.  
There was just one problem…  
As he stood without movement, there was a rustle of wings, and Nephis landed on the ground behind him. She had assumed her human form once again, the fiery radiance of her true self only betrayed by the blinding white radiance burning in her eyes.  
Her face was still and expressionless, devoid of any emotion. She must have lost the ability to feel once again… perhaps she had lost more than ever before, having undergone the terrible trial of attaining Supremacy in the incandescent white abyss of the merciless sky above Godgrave.  
She looked at Anvil's corpse, not showing any particular reaction.  
After a while, Nephis said:  
"Somehow, I… I imagined that I would be the one to kill him."  
Sunny had imagined the same, as well. He had even considered leaving the King of Swords alive for a bit longer to let Nephis find closure by confronting him one last time…  
For the first time, really. She had never faced Anvil, her father's killer, without a veil of deceit hiding her true feelings before.  
And now, she never would.  
There was little closure to find on this ravaged battlefield, today.  
If there was, it would have been neither Sunny nor Nephis who killed the King. It would have been his son, Mordret, instead.  
Actually, Sunny was quite surprised that Mordret had not shown up until the very end. He had been completely sure that the Prince of Nothing would pull some stunt or another during the battle.  
Perhaps something went wrong in True Bastion, preventing Mordret from playing his carefully prepared cards?  
Granted, he must not have expected to be forced to fight a Cursed Demon today.  
Sunny sighed.  
"Killing him… was easier than I had expected."  
Nephis turned to him and remained silent for a few moments.  
"Maybe it was because he was already dead, where it counts. You would not know,because you have not spent a lot of time around Hollows… but looking into his eyes felt like looking into my mother's eyes, sometimes. It was an eerie feeling."  
Sunny lingered a bit, then asked:  
"What about the Queen?"  
Nephis answered evenly:  
"The Queen was fierce. The Queen was powerful. She… fought until the very end."  
Her radiant eyes dimmed slightly.  
"But she had a weakness, and because of that weakness, she was undone."  
'So Ki Song is dead too, then.'  
It was really all over. They had succeeded.  
Things went better than he had expected…  
They went almost exactly as he had hoped.  
Almost.  
Sunny smiled darkly.  
"Are you wondering if you have a weakness, as well?"  
Nephis tilted her head a little, looking at him with her expressionless gazе.  
"Everyone has a weakness, Sunny. I have a… couple, myself."  
He nodded.  
"How… do you feel? The Sovereigns are dead. Your family is avenged. You must have waited for this moment for so long, and now it's here."  
She lingered for a bit.  
"I don't feel much of anything, really… yet. I think I will feel more later. For now, I am simply content. A hard task is over. More arduous tasks are to come."  
Sunny sighed, then took a step back.  
There were so many things they had to do, so many things they had to discuss.  
Before it all, he wanted to simply embrace her, hold her, and kiss her.  
To share the joy of their victory with her, even if Nephis wasn't capable of feeling that joy just yet.  
But… he was not destined to feel the soft touch of her lips today.  
Instead, he felt the cold touch of Weaver's Mask as it settled on his face.  
Raising his black odachi, Sunny smiled bitterly and said in a cold, emotionless tone:  
"It's time for you to die, then, Changing Star."  
Far away, his dark legion had already slaughtered the remaining abominations. The shadows did not retreat back into his soul, however…  
Instead, they surrounded the two battered armies, looking at the soldiers in eerie silence.  
The human shadows raised their weapons.The monstrous shadows bared their fangs.  
Nephis frowned.  
"What is this?"  
Sunny let out a disdainful laugh.  
"This? It's betrayal, my lady. I would have asked for forgiveness, but really, it's your own fault. Has no one ever told you not to trust a man whose loyalty can be bought?"