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Sunny stared at the grinning skull for a while, then shook his head.   
   
"You know, Eurys, I'd thought you would have learned the true meaning of boredom while hanging on that tree. Can't you just appreciate me sparing time to entertain you? These are history-defining events that I am describing! The stuff of legends! When else would you get the chance to hear something as thrilling and fascinating as this?"   
   
The ancient skeleton stared back at him for a while, then clicked his jaw.   
   
“Well... true.”   
   
He turned his skull slightly and asked in a lively tone:   
   
"So, what happened next?"   
   
A satisfied smile appeared on Sunny’s lips.   
  
"That's better!"   
   
“Let's see... it is hard to describe, actually. Needless to say, the entire world order was upended, and a new one had to emerge from the ruins of the old regime. Fortunately, we weren't unprepared. Jet had the government under her control, more or less, and since there was no reason for anyone there to oppose Nephis — quite the opposite, actually — we had a vast pool of administrative talent to help us make the transition happen as smoothly as possible. In fact, there had already been established plans worked out, disguised as mock exercises until it was time to implement them.”   
   
He shook his head.   
   
“The government was only half of the equation, though. The other half was the Great Clans — Song, Valor, and Night. They had been the ones actually governing human enclaves in the Dream Realm, after all. We had hoped that these established powers would be absorbed into the new Domain after the war ended, and to a degree, they were.”   
   
Sunny sighed.   
   
“The Seven Princesses of Song accepted Nephis as their new Queen despite the fact that she had slain their mother — that was a great stroke of luck. With them on our side, the western reaches of the Dream Realm experienced very little tumult during the transition. Ravenheart itself is now ruled by Kai... I think his official title is the Steward of the West.”   
  
His expression darkened slightly.   
   
“The west... things are more complicated in the west. Morgan had helped us salvage the remains of Valor at the start, but then she disappeared without a trace. Even Cassie doesn't know where she is now. And most of the remaining members of the branch families of Valor — those who had not perished in the war — died gruesomely soon after. It's not a big secret who killed them, of course. Mordret, that madman..."   
  
Sunny let out a chuckle.   
   
“That guy had always been strange, but he became outright eerie after failing to kill Anvil with his own two hands. No one knows what goes on in that sinister head of his these daуs. One thing is certain, though — he knows to hide from the new Supremes. Retaking the Stormsea Citadels he had conquered was a time-consuming, but surprisingly easy affair as a result. Mordret simply abandoned them and vanished. So, both children of the fallen Valor dynasty are missing now. It is unlikely that they jumped into the Fourth Nightmare, but... who knows?"   
   
He remained silent for a while, then shrugged.   
   
“Well, in any case. A Great Clan is far more than just those who carry the clan bloodline. There are also the Knights, the Spellsmiths, the servants, the craftsmen, the workers, the administrative staff — thousands of people, really. Those were either absorbed into the Immortal Flame clan or taken by Effie. Oh, Effie is now in charge of Bastion as the Steward of the East. The Beast Farm is back in business, too...”   
   
Sunny smiled wistfully.   
   
“That leaves the House of Night. House of Night... doesn't exist anymore. The survivors were absorbed by the government, so the government is more or less the third Great Clan now. They are responsible for the waking world just like before, but now their role in the Dream   
Realm is far more prominent. Oh, and they rule the Stormsea, as well. Jet is in control of the Night Garden as the Steward of the South."   
   
He chuckled.   
  
“Funny, isn't it? A woman who can never know rest is in charge of the ship built by the Demon of Repose. Well, she has her hands full... I think she is more sleep-deprived now than she had been as a government Master. There are millions of settlers living aboard the   
Night Garden, after all. The House of Night had not had a Sovereign, but now it belongs to Neph's Domain. So, she can open a Dream Gate, leading to it from the waking world, allowing the refugees to arrive. Actually, the importance of the Night Garden is far greater than simply the third largest city in the Dream Realm."   
   
He looked at Eurys with meaning.   
   
“One of its Components allows Nephis to connect her Dream Gate to two places in the Dream Realm, after all. So, the East and the West are not as isolated as they were before. There's the Stormsea connecting them in the south, the road across Godgrave connecting them in the north, and on top of that, Ravenheart and Bastion are a few steps away when the Dream Gate is opened between them. Works wonders for the logistics of the whole Domain.”   
   
Sunny fell silent for a few moments, then continued in a neutral tone:   
   
“Actually, that is the most glaring change that has happened to the world. It is all far more interconnected now. Both geographically and politically. Everyone had been mostly isolated from each other before, but now, everyone is a part of one larger whole. Everyone is... together. The various regions of the Dream Realm are not independent enclaves, but territories of a single empire. Socially, too... the difference between mundane people, independent Awakened, Legacy Clans, and the Great Clans have all grown thinner. And above it all is the Ivory Tower... quite literally. It usually hangs above Bastion.”   
  
He chuckled.   
   
“Oh, right. No one really knows it, but there's actually a Steward of the North, as well. That's me. I mean, no one appointed me officially, but I'm the only one in the north, so... I can't be the only one without a fancy title, right?"   
   
Eurys stared at him for a while, then clicked his jaw.   
   
“I have no idea what these places are and who these people are, you know? A single man was sent to take care of seven princesses as in the west — what a cruel punishment! — someone farms beasts in the east, and there are gardens in the southern sea. Sounds fun!"   
   
Sunny sighed.   
   
“You have no idea..."