2268 Unbroken Curse  
  
The ancient skeleton let out a sigh and turned his skull to stare at Sunny. He remained silent for a while, then said neutrally:   
   
“As to your original question, Sacred beings are called Spirits because that is what they are. They are spirits of places, of concepts, of laws... well, in a way. Actually, the word ‘daemon’ meant the same thing, originally. Because daemons were the first Sacred beings, and therefore the first Spirits."   
   
Sunny raised an eyebrow.   
   
“What? Weren't daеmons Divine?"   
   
Eurys nodded.   
   
“Oh, they were. However, they were not born Divine. At the dawn of the Age of Gods, the seven newborn daemons were merely Sacred. They became Divine swiftly, though, as if it was in their very nature. Weaver was the first, and Nether was the last. Quite fitting.”   
   
As he said those words, a few sparks of light drifted above Sunny, forcing him to grimace.   
   
His soul was still being destroyed by the Shadow Realm.   
   
Therefore, he did not have much more time to waste.   
   
Raising from his chair, Sunny glanced at Eurys and asked:   
   
“I guess you won't simply tell me all about the daemons, the gods, the Doom War, the Nine... and most of all, about Weaver?"   
   
The ancient skeleton chuckled.   
   
"I think I already told you enough, no?"   
   
Sunny grimaced, then nodded briefly.  
  
"Prepare to die, then."   
   
He hesitated for a few moments, then added in a less resolute voice:   
   
“Or... I don't know. Prepare to be prepared to die? I am not sure that I can actually kill you just yet."   
   
The ancient skeleton stared at him with a grin.   
   
“There is only one way to find out, is there not?"   
   
Sunny remained motionless for a while, collecting himself.   
   
Then, he reached into the shadows and manifested them into the shape of a fearsome black odachi. Since his essence was Supreme now, the shadow sword he had created was akin to a Supreme weapon, as well — and a tremendously lethal Supreme weapon, at that, considering that it had been created from the ancient darkness of the Shadow Realm.   
   
Sunny studied Eurys for a few moments. Killing an undying skeleton was not a straightforward task. After all, Eurys did not have a beating heart or a functioning brain that could be destroyed. He could not bleed to death or succumb to debilitating wounds. In fact, he did not even seem to possess a soul — at least not one that Sunny could see or sense.   
   
Even his shadow was no different from the shadows cast by inanimate objects.   
   
Their surroundings were dark, but the distant light of a vast essence storm still reached them. So, the shadow of the ancient skeleton could just barely be seen, laying on the black dust beneath him.   
   
Taking a deep breath, Sunny raised his odachi and shaped his will into a slaying blade.   
   
Then, he thrust his sword down, imbuing it with tyrannical killing intent — as lethal and deadly a strike as he could muster. The blade of the odachi slid between the skeleton’s ribs, passed through where his heart would have been, and plunged into the shadow below.   
   
A powerful gust of wind rose above the graveyard of serpents, and the towering pillars of ancient bones groaned, a few of them toppling thunderously somewhere in the distance.   
   
A cloud of dust rose into the air.   
   
By the time the dust settled, Eurys was laying motionlessly on the ground, staring at Sunny with lifeless, empty eyes sockets. A few seconds later, he said:   
   
“Well... that was disappointing.”   
   
Sunny clicked his tongue.   
   
“Damnation. Hey... it's not me, it's you! I am not bad at killing things, you are just too damn hard to kill. Can you even be killed?"   
   
Eurys let out a long sigh.   
   
“It should be possible. I guess you are not powerful enough to break Shadow God's curse yet, boy.”   
   
Sunny remained silent for a bit, then dismissed the black odachi and took a step back.   
   
"Then I'll get stronger. I am relatively new to being Supreme... maybe things will be different when I learn to wield my power better."   
   
He hesitated, then asked neutrally:   
   
“You are not in a hurry, are you?"   
   
Eurys did not answer immediately. Eventually, he laughed.   
   
“Well, you saw those unfortunate fellows in the White Dеsert. They have been fighting each other for thousands of years already, and are not going to stop anytime soon. However... while they bear the same curse as me, they are different from me. That is because they have long lost themselves, turning into mindless husks."   
   
His laughter dimmed.   
   
"I, on the other hand, have managed to preserve most of myself intact. Not through sheer willpower or because I am special, though — simply because I was nailed to that damn tree before the battle ended. It was the tree that kept me whole. Now that I am free, however, I'll become a mindless beast just like the rest of them soon. My, oh my! I hoped to die before that happens."   
   
Sunny stared at him somberly for a little while.   
   
“How much time do you have left?"   
   
Eurys shrugged and responded nonchalantly:   
   
“More than your world has left, I'd say.”   
   
Sunny nodded.   
   
“Then I'll come back to try and kill you when I am stronger. Perhaps once I become a Spirit, mаybe sooner.”   
   
As he dismissed the Shadow Chair and turned around to leave, Eurys called out to him in a creaky voice:   
   
"Didn't you hear what I said, boy? You have no chance of becoming a Spirit. It's impossible!"   
   
Sunny grinned.   
   
“I heard you well. But... says who? The world has changed a lot since your time, Eurys. And if it didn't change enough... why, then I'll just have to go and change it more."   
   
A rat from the outskirts had become a king.   
   
If something like that was possible, then why would becoming a god be any different?   
   
Especially considering that his companion was none other than Changing Star.   
   
Walking away, Sunny raised a hand and waved.   
   
“I'll kill you soon, Eurys of the Nine!”