2279 Damned if You Don't  
  
Sunny found himself in his current situation because of the Weaver's bloodline — the forbidden lineage of a mysterious daemon that the Anvil once described as a terrible curse. Because of it, he had to stay hidden and avoid drawing too much attention.  
  
Still... since he was already cursed, it would be foolish not to make full use of the daemon’s twisted gift.  
  
Having more of it than he currently did wouldn't make much difference. And it wasn’t like Sunny had to completely disappear and spend the rest of his life in hiding — daemons were known to many people, after all.  
  
It was just that they were always distant and strange. They existed in the shadow of the gods, other beings of Divine Rank, and unspeakable horrors — the Seven Demons hadn’t exactly stood out in the mix of fantasy figures. It was only when Hope descended into the human world and tore the skies apart that everything truly unraveled.  
  
The issue was that humanity now had only three Supremes, with no higher authority above them. So if Sunny ever revealed himself, he would attract even more attention than Hope did.  
  
Anyway, he had already tracked down three of the seven fragments of the Forbidden Lineage — the Blood Weave, the Bone Weave, and the Soul Weave. Each had made him significantly stronger, saving his life on many occasions.  
  
Four fragments remained.  
  
They had weighed on his mind ever since he encountered the Netther, the Demon of Fate, on the wall of the Ebonу Tower.  
  
Sunny thought about them often:  
  
  
“The gods created all living creatures, but not everything they made carries divine lineage. Only those born of the gods, or their descendants, do. Why did the gods forbid us seven from having children? Why were we made to be alone? Is it because we come from the Forgotten One, who sleeps in the Void?”  
Now, Sunny had the answer. It was strange, realizing he had discovered something even daemons hadn’t. The Netther had merely suspected the truth... but the Demon of Fate must have known it.  
  
After all, the next part of the carving spoke of the Weaver.  
  
“Where is the Void, and where is its Door? How did the Weaver enter it, and what did the Weaver see? Why did the Weaver defy the gods and begin a lineage?”  
  
Sunny was just as clueless about the Weaver’s plans and motivations as their kin had been. What he did know, though, was that the Weaver had cast seven pieces of his forbidden legacy across the threads of fate, leaving them to be discovered someday.  
  
“Blood, bone, flesh, soul, spirit, mind. And shadow...”  
  
One was lost to dreams, one to fear. Another to peace, one to night. One to sorrow, another to decay. And the last... stolen by a thief.  
  
Sunny had found the one taken by the Vilesome Thieving Bird — the Blood Weave — and the one lost to rot, the Bone Weave, in the Ebony Tower. He had also recovered the one lost to grief, the Soul Weave, in the corrupted version of the Tomb of Ariel — near Oblivion's final resting place.  
  
Flesh, spirit, mind, and shadow were still missing.  
  
He was convinced the first three were hidden within the remaining three Grand Citadels — left behind by the Demon of Terror, the Demon of Silence, and the Demon of Fantasy — the Ravenheart, the Night Garder, and Bastion.  
  
The final one... seemed to have been discovered by the Broken Sword, leading to his downfall. So it must be somewhere in the Underworld, close to where Broken Sword’s remains now lay.  
  
Now that the early chaos of leading people had mostly settled, and the responsibilities Sunny had carried were fulfilled, he could finally send out a version of himself — or several — to resume the hunt for the Weaver’s missing fragments.  
  
The Underworld was dense with true shadow, making it a natural counter to Sunny’s powers — so he planned to save that for last.  
  
But the mirror maze beneath the Real Bastion was strange in a different way. Sunny knew a lot about true darkness by now... but he still didn’t understand enough about the Others.  
  
He figured he’d start with either the Ravenheart or the Night Garder. Since the latter existed in the wаking world, the decision was simple. Sunny would begin with the Ravenheart... the domain of the Demon of Dread.  
  
And once he collected the final fragments of his inheritance...  
  
Then he would return to the Tomb of Ariel.  
  
While Sunny mulled it all over, Effie stared at him with a puzzled expression.  
  
"Inheritance? Aren’t you already rich, Shadow Boy? Who would be giving you anything?"  
  
Sunny blinked a few times.  
  
"S-Shadow Boy? That’s a new one."  
  
He frowned.  
  
"Look... I’m not a boy. First of all, I’m a grown man. Second, I’m a Supreme — a proper king."  
  
Effie narrowed her eyes and looked him over.  
  
"...Still kinda small, though."  
  
Sunny’s eye twitched.  
  
He stared at her for a moment, then sighed and looked away.  
  
"Wicked beanpole."  
  
It wasn’t like he couldn’t change his appearance if he wanted to. He was the Shаdow now, and Shadows were inherently mutable. He could look however he wanted — tall or short.  
  
But his original form felt the most natural. Plus, he liked the way he looked — his body was fine. Actually, it was kind of cool.  
  
Oh, and Nephis liked it too.  
  
And even if Effie would never admit it, she kinda did as well.  
  
Sunny smiled softly, the sting of his Flaw reminding him that he’d sort of dodged her first question.  
  
"Yeah, I’m wealthy. And if you’re wondering who’d leave me anything — well, gods and daemons fought to make me their heir. Actually, parts of my inheritance are scattered around... one in the Ravenheart, and another here in the Bastion."  
  
Effie blinked, surprised.  
  
Her grin widened.  
  
"So, you and I are gonna be spending more time together, huh..."  
  
In the next instant, Sunny’s smile vanished, and he winced slightly.  
  
That was because Nephis kicked him under the table.  
  
"What... what was that for?"  
  
Looking as expressionless as ever, Nephis said plainly:  
  
"I believe what he meant was that his journey will soon bring him to the Bastion. Your help would be appreciated, Effie."  
  
Effie looked at her, then at Sunny, and back again.  
  
After a moment, she smiled.  
  
"Sure. I’m always up for a smart adventure."  
  
Just then, Cassie cleared her throat.  
  
"Can we please return to the list? Since Sunny’s going to the Ravenheart, we can set the volcano discussion aside. But we still have..."  
  
As the conversation continued, Sunny found himself growing bored again.  
  
So, seizing the opportunity, he shifted his focus and checked on what his other shadow-selves were up to.