2411 Flesh Weave  
  
Sunny felt the final truth enter his body and infect it, spreading like a malignant code. The very nature of his mortal vessel was being changed and rewritten, his cells being torn apart and reassembled according to the new blueprint - the agony of being undone and rebuilt was simply appalling, making him stagger and fall.  
  
It was the opposite of the gentle process of evolution and renewal that Awakened experienced when attaining a new Rank - violent, unnatural, and profoundly wrong. Sunny could feel that he was becoming something that he had never been meant to become, changing into something that he had never been meant to be.  
  
For the fourth time.  
  
The legacy of Weaver took root in his body, reshaping it. This time, the change mainly affected his flesh. His muscle tissue, tendons, internal organs. everything was being reforged and tempered, becoming much more resilient and tenacious than before, full of inhuman vitality.  
  
'How does this even make sense?'  
  
He was a shadow now. An immaterial being who only possessed flesh when wishing to manifest as a human. so why the hell did it hurt so much?  
  
Sunny gritted his teeth and let out a tortured growl as his body was rebuilding and rearranging itself. It must have glanced quite monstrous to an outside observer - his muscles were rippling and twisting like snakes under his skin, and disgusting squelching noises were resounding from inside him. If there was one mercy, it was that he was not prone to bleeding - otherwise, the scene would have been immeasurably morbid on top of being deeply disgusting.  
"Argh! Damnation!"  
  
Sunny slammed his fist into the floor of the Snow Castle, sending a web of cracks running through the ice. But then, suddenly.  
  
His agony was washed away.  
  
A peculiar and subtly euphoric sensation overwhelmed him when fragments of the Weave clicked together. Blood Weave, Bone Weave, and Flesh Weave - the three parts of the nebulous daemon's Legacy responsible for the material vessel of their descendant - fused together, forming a synergetic whole. His heart was transformed and improved by the Flesh Weave, pumping his blood, which had been altered by Blood Weave. The blood flowed through the marrow, which had been enhanced by Bone Weave, becoming enriched and renewed. The human body was an intricate and interconnected machine, and now, each part of it had been altered, strengthened, and enhanced to resemble that of a higher being. of a daemon, to be precise.  
  
There were other parts of him that worked in great synergy with each other now, as well. An additional boon was born from the fusion of the three corporeal fragments of the Weave - flesh, bone, and blood. Sunny was renewed from head to toe. Even his skin, which had already been enhanced by the Jade Mantle, received a subtle overhaul. It was a full set. well, the first part of the full set, at least.  
  
His broken arm was already regaining mobility. The grievous wound in his chest was healing rapidly. It was not only flesh that was repairing itself, either - the acquisition of Flesh Weave had served as a catalyst, and his bones were mending themselves as well. Sunny did not lose a lot of blood often, but if he did, more would be produced at greater speed.  
  
He let out a stifled laugh. 'Finally.'  
  
He could finally call himself a tenacious cockroach with full confidence. What a feat!  
  
The transformation was coming to an end. Sunny exhaled slowly and sprawled on the ground, feeling the coldness of the ice sooth his heated body. He felt excellent, really. Remarkably strong, quick, agile, resilient, enduring. He was full of energy and brimming with vitality, his senses having turned sharper than before. The world was clear and crisp.  
  
It was clearly and crisply coming undone as the mountain shook and groaned around him. It was also straining to expel Sunny, the pressure rapidly mounting.  
  
"Sunny! Are are you okay?"  
  
Sunny turned his head and glanced at Kai, who loomed above him with a worried face. He raised a hand and formed a circle with his thumb and index finger.  
  
"I'm fine. I'm great, actually."  
  
Kai let out a sigh of relief and smiled. He glanced at Sunny, wishing to say something. In the next moment, however, Kai's figure turned hazy and vanished, disappearing without a trace. Sunny stared at the empty space where Kai had stood a split second before absently, then turned his head to stare at the ceiling.  
  
'He was sent back to the Dream Realm.'  
  
Sunny would be expelled from Ariel's Game soon, too.  
  
Now that he had gotten his prize, there was no reason to stick around. So, he inhaled deeply and waited to be banished from the artificial realm.  
  
As he did, Sunny could not help but think about what he had learned. About what Weaver had done.  
  
'That damned daemon.'  
  
The magnitude of the truth that had been revealed to him was too great to fathom in a few short seconds. There was so much knowledge he had gained, and its nature was so world-shattering and shocking, too. His thoughts were scattered as a result.  
  
'Weaver.'  
  
Weaver had not been killed by Slayer, despite what Sunny was led to believe by one of the previous truths.  
  
And yet, she did kill the Demon of Fate eventually, fulfilling her fate. She killed Weaver twice.  
  
Slayer. Orphne of the Nine. That was her name, even if she did not remember it. Curiously enough, Slayer had not forgotten her name during the innumerable years she had spent wandering the Realm of Death as a feral shadow. Instead, she had began to forget herself immediately after slaying Weaver for the first time, as if cursed as punishment for taking a daemon's life. That first time might have been her own triumph.  
  
But the second time. Sunny was certain that the sinister daemon had orchestrated their own ultimate death - or had at least foreseen it. Possibly even Weaver could not escape their fate, especially not when nine Fated paragons of doom were working to bring it about. But even if Weaver could not escape their inevitable demise, they could at least influence the tapestry of fate enough. to design it. So how had the Demon of Fate died? And why? For what?  
  
Well, the answer was obvious, now.  
  
Weaver had revealed it to Sunny directly, no less.  
  
What was it thе sinister daemon had said, having forеseen that a person following in their footsteps would learn the truth of that moment one day, thousands of years in the future?  
  
"Let me show you how gods die."  
  
Sunny's whisper was almost inaudible.  
  
Weaver had promised to show him how to kill the gods. and they did.  
  
Finally, Sunny knew the answer to the questions that had been plaguing him for a decade.  
  
How had the gods died? What had happened to the daemons?  
  
Now, he knew.  
  
"Weaver killed them. Weaver killed them all."  
  
A hoarse, unbelieving laugh escaped from his lips.