1327 Frozen Reflections

Sunny wiped the blood off his lips and remained motionless for a while, staring at the wooden deck. There was an irate expression on his face, and when he threw a furtive glance to the side, his body trembled slightly.

"That's... great."

'The reflections of the gods and daemons...‘

It made sense, in the senseless kind of way that seemed to be prevalent here in the Tomb of Ariel. The time storms were echoes of the final battles between the daemons and the gods. They had been created when the aftershocks of those unimaginable clashes reached the Great River through the titanic walls of the black pyramid.

So... it wasn't that unusual that there were reflections of the awesome deities still remaining in the eye of the storm, where time was frozen still.

Whose figure had Sunny witnessed just now?

Nephis, it seemed, also wanted to know.

"What did you see?"

Her voice sounded nonchalant, but he could tell that she was curious.

Sunny groaned and sat down, then summoned the Endless Spring to take a sip of water. Washing the taste of blood off his tongue, he lingered for a moment and said in a somber tone:

"I think I just saw Nether in full war mode, going all out."

The harrowing figure which was shrouded in darkness... Sunny was not certain, but he felt that it was the Prince of the Underworld, Nether — the Demon of Destiny — himself. After all, he was also the Demon of Choice. And that was what Sunny had sensed within the boundless expanse of rippling darkness, an infinite amount of choices. True darkness also originated from the mists of the Hollow Mountains, where Nether's domain lay.

'Curse it.‘

Sunny had seen a daemon before. However he had not been reduced to such a sorry state after meeting Hope face—to—face. Why was gazing upon the Prince of the Underworld so different?

'I guess it was not seeing him... it was feeling an echo of his killing intent.'

Nether's murderous will was so terrifying that simply looking at his reflection almost killed Sunny. And that was considering that he was an Ascended Tyrant, too... if a mundane person had glimpsed the visage of the infuriated daemon, they would have probably dropped dead at the spot, simple as that.

'Scary...‘

Sunny turned to Nephis and smiled weakly.

"Neph... remind me to never get on the bad side of a deity."

She raised an eyebrow slightly, giving him a dubious look.

'What is that supposed to mean?‘

Ignoring his request, Nephis shook her head and asked:

"So what did he look like? The Demon of Destiny?"

She had spent her Second Nightmare in the Underworld, so she must have been dying to know.

Sunny remained silent for a moment. Eventually, he shrugged.

"I have no idea. I only saw a pair of raven wings, and a figure moving within a shroud of terrifying darkness. That was pretty much it. Ah. but it was also enough to almost make me pass out, so..."

He looked at Ananke and asked:

"Are all gods and daemons reflected in these waters?"

The child priestess seemed unsure.

"I don‘t know, my Lord. Perhaps they are — all except Weaver, who did not participate in the Doom War. War God, Sun God, Beast God, Storm God, Heart God, and Shadow God… their reflections should be here. The same goes for the daemons — the Demon of Desire, the Demon of Dread, the Demon of Choice, the Demon of Imagination, and the Demon of Repose. Oh... anti the sixth one. Uh... I seemed to be forgetting her title..."

Ananke's childish voice grew quiet with embarrassment, and then ceased completely. Sunny stared at her for a few moments.

'Right. The sixth one should be Oblivion. Oblivion is a she, huh?‘

Then... he knew the titles of all seven daemons now, didn't he?

Weaver, the Demon of Fate... the oldest of the seven. Hope, the Demon of Desire — although she was also often called Desire, the Demon of Hope, which was not confusing at all. Then there was Ariel, the Demon of Dread, and the Demon of Oblivion, whose name had been forgotten by all. Nether, the Demon of Destiny — or Choice — was the youngest.

The last two he had never heard of before. The Demon of Imagination and the Demon of

Repose...

'Weirdl'

Their titles did not sound particularly... demonic at all. He had expected something disastrous and terrifying, like the Demon of Strife or the Demon of Frenzy. The daemons had been feared above all other lesser deities, after all, and perhaps even more than the gods.

The word for imagination could also be translated as illusion. vision, or sight. The word for repose could also be translated as renewal, rejuvenation, and restoration.

What was so frightening about these things?

'Well... imagination can indeed be scary, I guess. I can also imagine how ceaseless renewal might end up becoming a nightmare, sort of.'

Nevertheless, the two daemons were a complete mystery to him.

...To be honest, all seven daemons were a mystery, as were all six gods.

'If only there was a place where I could learn a bit about each of them, including how they looked and fought. Right?‘

Sunny glanced at the radiant water, suddenly consumed not only by dread, but also by burning curiosity.

It was all right here, one look away...

shuddering, Sunny forced himself to turn away.

'What are you doing, fool?'

He was in the Tomb of Ariel, of all places. A titanic pyramid built to bury the truths that even one of these ineffable beings had not been able to hear, and where the knowledge of those truths gave birth to the Defilement.

If Sunny failed to understand that not all truths were meant to be learned in such a place,

then he really did not deserve to be alive.

'Ah... what a disappointment.‘

Why wasn‘t there a Demon of Curiosity? Curiosity was a much more terrifying thing than imagination and repose, as far as he was concerned.

Looking at the embarrassed Ananke, he sighed and shook his head.

"The sixth daemon is Oblivion. Don't worry... it's her nature to be easily forgotten. You already did well by remembering that there was one more of them, really."

The child priestess hesitated for a while, then nodded with a smile.

"Right! Thank you, my Lord."

Trying not to look too closely at the surface of the water, Sunny turned away and peered into the distance, where the dark wall of the time storm towered like a boundary of the world.

His expression dulled.

The moment of respite in the eye of the storm was welcome and unexpected... but it was also doomed to be brief.

Soon, they would have to challenge the fury of the unnatural cataclysm once again.

The thought made him shudder.