1530 Blessing of Misfortune

Sunny was restless.

Cassie had survived, which brought him indescribable joy. He would have been... broken, if she had perished in Twilight. Nephis would have never forgiven herself for causing the death of her best friend, either.

Not to mention that Effie and Jet would have been killed, as well, making the heartbreaking tragedy simply unbearable.

So, it was the epitome of wonderful that Cassie had survived.

But how had she survived?

He did not know.

It was close to impossible for her to be driven all the way to the limits of the city by accident. Which meant that she had fought her way there on purpose.

Which meant that she knew what would happen.

...Which was also impossible.

Not even because Cassie would have shared such precious information with them, allowing the cohort to come up with a better plan, but simply because she was not capable of perceiving the past and the future in the Tomb of Ariel. She had told them so herself — all Cassie saw in her visions, ever since entering the Nightmare, was darkness.

That was what saved her from sharing the fate of the sybils, who had all been Defiled by the visions of the Estuary. Here in the Tomb of Ariel, Cassie was blind to the future and the past. That was her saving grace.

She could not have known what would happen in Twilight. Otherwise, she would have been Defiled — and she wasn't Defiled. Sunny knew that because he could see Cassie's soul, and because she was still a carrier of the Nightmare Spell.

And yet she had to have known, somehow.

It made no sense at all.

Confused, he even remembered the eerie and nonsensical thought that had entered his mind after they escaped Aletheia's Island. That Cassie could have been able to remember the previous cycles of the Great River, just like the Mad Prince had.

Which would make her Torment.

But she couldn't be Torment for the same reason — if she was, Sunny would have been able to see the darkness of Corruption in her soul, and the Spell would have banished her from itself.

The strange incongruity gnawed at him more and more with each passing day.

The only reasonable explanation was that fate had played a trick on them. It was almost impossible for Cassie to have found herself near the gates of Twilight when the explosion happened — but only almost. She must have gotten incredibly lucky.

Sunny was no stranger to witnessing extremely improbable events. His entire life was full of them due to his [Fated] Attribute. This time, they must have received a blessing of fortune. There was no other sensible way to explain what had happened.

And still, still...

He was restless, plagued by doubt.

It was to the point that Sunny was having trouble concentrating on weaving. He found himself glancing at Cassie furtively when she was nearby, and then felt ashamed for doubting one of his companions.

Not to mention that it was absolutely useless to try and spy on the blind girl secretly — because she could have been watching the world through his eyes, and would be aware of him looking at her.

In any case, Cassie seemed to be perfectly normal. Well... as far as the word normal could be applied to her. She was mostly quiet, but not alarmingly so. She usually kept to herself, but not to the point of avoiding others on purpose. Usually, she would take her turn controlling the Chain Breaker, then descend below deck to rest when Nephis replaced her on the steering oars.

When they were attacked, she participated in the battles, supporting the cohort from behind and stepping forward if there was a need. When everything was calm, she rested and went about her usual duties of maintaining the ship.

Of course, Sunny did not know what she was doing when nobody was watching. How could he?

Well, actually... he could.

Spying on the blind seer was not an easy matter, considering that she could see through the eyes of the potential spy and knew their every move. However, as far as Sunny knew, while Cassie could use her Ascended Ability on the members of the cohort, she could not do the same with his shadows.

She could also see through his eyes, if she wished to, but she could not see what he saw through the shadows.

So, if he wanted to, he could send one of the shadows to observe the blind girl, just in case there was something strange going on with her.

However, he wasn't sure that it was an appropriate thing to do.

Sunny was very peculiar about trust. It had taken him a long time to gain the ability to trust others, so he cherished it greatly. Being able to trust, and receiving trust in return — those were intangible, but precious things.

So, even if sending a shadow to observe Cassie would do the blind girl any harm, he would be breaking trust with her. Their relationship was complicated and tumultuous, and they had endured a lot together to repair it. He was reluctant to jeopardize that relationship...

But the Sin of Solace kept whispering into his ear, fanning the flames of Sunny's paranoia. In fact, the sword wraith did not whisper, but was incredibly loud with his insidious accusations and insinuations —especially so when Cassie was nearby.

She never reacted, which made it seem as though she was unable to hear the odious apparition.

...Or was pretending to not hear it masterfully.

'Just think about it rationally.'

It was hard for Sunny to be dispassionate when it came to Cassie, but this time, he had to be.

'We only made it this far because of Cassie. But if I remove our friendship from the equation... she has indeed been behaving strangely. And there are certain thighs about her actions that can be seen as suspicious, if a stranger evaluates them.'

Which did not mean that they really were suspicious... just that they could be.

Lowering all six of his hands, which had been weaving strings of shadow essence, Sunny frowned.

'In the end, it all comes down to a simple question. Do I want to be polite, or do I want to be safe?'

Seen in that light, his dilemma had a definitive solution.

It was much better to be safe than sorry.

After shaking his head, Sunny secretly sent one of his shadows to keep an eye on Cassie. He was almost entirely certain that he would not discover anything concerning.

But at least the little part of him that had been restless and concerned was calmed by that precaution, allowing him to return to his tasks with an easy heart.

He continued weaving.