1531 Colors of the Sky

With his mind at ease, Sunny was able to get back to weaving. Due to the Crown of Twilight, he did not have to worry about running out of essence, and created threads of it with increasing speed.

The sight of him sitting all by himself, moving two sets of shadows hands in addition to his own pair, must have been extremely strange —especially because his companions could not see the tenebrous strings wrapped around his many fingers. But they were long used to the strange things Sunny did from time to time, so he was mostly left alone.

The Chain Breaker sailed duskward, slowly leaving the waters of endless dawn behind.

At the same time, Sunny was observing Cassie.

The blind girl did not do anything suspicious, assuaging his fears. Despite the poisonous accusations the Sin of Solace kept spouting into his ears, she was perfectly normal. Cassie spent half of the day steering the flying ship, then went about mundane tasks or rested in her cabin.

She maintained a calm and friendly demeanor while spending time with the other members of the cohort, albeit remaining slightly aloof. Cassie had become rather taciturn, at some point, but it was not as if she was reticent and went out of her way to not participate in any conversations. It was just that she seemed content to listen quietly, most of the time, only voicing her opinions when there was a reason.

When Cassie was alone, she remained composed and collected. There was not much to do on the peaceful days, but she was seldomly idle. Without anyone noticing, the blind girl had taken it upon herself to maintain the ship in pristine condition. Others had joined her belatedly, sharing the chores and menial tasks while chattering and joking.

The atmosphere on the washed decks of the Chain Breaker was harmonious and tranquil.

Cassie was only alone when she retreated to her cabin to sleep. Sunny felt more than a little bit weird — guilty, even — when sending his shadow to spy on the blind girl there. Of course, he made sure to look away when needed, so as not to see anything improper. But still, it was a strange situation.

Luckily, Cassie was not doing anything to give credence to the

insinuations made by the Sin of Solace. The only peculiar thing Sunny discovered was that she had developed the habit of keeping a diary, at some point.

The blind girl had brought a leather-bound journal with her when they departed Fallen Grace, and was diligently leaving short notes on its pages before sleep. Sunny did not really want to read what she wrote, though. He wouldn't have been able to read the journal even if he wanted to, anyway — not because Cassie did anything to make it hard for someone to gain access to it, but simply because she wrote in braille.

Apart from the leather-bound book, she had also brought a special slotted slate. The slate, which had probably been specially made for her by an artisan in Fallen Grace, consisted of two parts connected by a hinge. By opening the slate, Cassie could place a sheet of paper inside, and then poke holes in it with a stylus by following the slots.

Because of how proficient Cassie was with handling her Flaw, it was sometimes easy to forget that she was blind. But she was — her Aspect Abilities might have allowed her to negate some of the most debilitating sides of her condition, but the underlying cause remained.

When Cassie was alone, she could not borrow someone's vision to see the page. Her ability to sense what would happen a few moments into the future could not help her see the path of ink on paper, either. So, in these private moments, she could only use such a method to read and write.

Separated from her by several bulkheads and the mass of the upper deck, Sunny looked away from the shimmering spellweave and gazed at the beautiful sky above him.

It was painted with a million vivid colors, rays of sunshine falling through the radiant clouds. The leaves of the sacred tree moved gently, making the tapestry of shadows etched into the wooden surface of the deck shift.

Looking down, he sighed quietly, and returned to his task. Days passed slowly.

Eventually, they left the reaches of the Great River where dawn never ended. The sky gradually brightened, turning vast and perfectly blue. The nights were longer here, with water glowing softly in the absolute darkness of the absent stars.

As the Great River changed, the people sailing across its endlessly flowing surface changed, as well.

Kai finally did not seem disoriented anymore, having come to terms with the bizarre and incredible truth of the Third Nightmare. He quietly trained and prepared himself for the nearing battle, perhaps feeling remorseful about not sharing the hardships his friends had endured.

Jet was practicing and experimenting with her mist blade, capturing new souls every time the Chain Breaker was attacked. She was slowly figuring out how to use her deadly weapon to achieve truly harrowing results, which sometimes chilled even her allies.

Effie's belly was slowly growing. She spent most of her time helping the other members of the cohort with their tasks and preparing meals. The huntress remained cheerful and seemingly carefree, but Sunny could see somber emotions hiding behind that bright facade. She was distressed about the future of her child, and troubled because she was not able to support her comrades more.

Mordret... was Mordret. It was impossible to tell what the bastard was thinking or feeling, but he seemed perfectly content with the situation. The only thing that bothered him was that there were not enough living beings for him to kill, which prevented him from forming more soul cores, creating Reflections, and then sending the Reflections to slaughter and rampage on their own, thus nurturing their power.

Cassie remained her usual, unassuming self. Even with Sunny watching her closely, there was nothing especially notable about the blind girl. If anything, she seemed to be slowly growing more confident and energetic the further from Twilight they traveled.

And then there was Nephis.

It took a few weeks for her to recover from suffering the terrible torment of her Flaw and return to her usual self. Her eyes had regained their former liveliness, and her demeanor had shed the dispassionate emotionlessness of having her humanity burn away in the merciless flames.

Sunny felt relieved that Nephis was back to being herself. But he was also tense and troubled.

Because now that she was, he had no excuses to not talk to her anymore.