1570 Writ in Water

Sunny did not really believe that the fairy tale Ananke had told him was literal. The magical Well of Wishes did not really exist, and neither did the remnant of the primal desire from which the gods had been born exist in the Estuary. Cassie had told him herself — not everyone's wish would be fulfilled here.

But his would, through some unknown process.

Still, looking at the mysterious lake surrounding him, Sunny could not help but wonder if both of them had, perhaps, been wrong.

Wouldn't it be nice, for something that magical to exist?

But, of course, the dark and seemingly endless lake was not the Well of Wishes Ananke had told him about.

Sunny realized it when faint lights ignited in its depths, and a nauseating feeling assaulted his senses.

'Argh... damn it!'

He staggered slightly, barely keeping himself from plunging into the cold water. Regaining his balance, Sunny stared at the distant lights.

A strange expression appeared on his face.

'Don't tell me...'

There, deep beneath his feet...

More runes shined, weaved from light.

He could not read them, and felt dizzy from merely looking at them, but they were not the same harrowing runes that covered the walls of the tunnel.

Instead, they were the second kind of runes that the Spell refused to translate. The runes that had to do with the Unknown, the progenitor of the daemons.

At least these writings did not threaten to corrupt his soul.

Sunny studied the runes for a few moments, having no idea what they meant. However, strangely... he felt that he was on the cusp of grasping their meaning. It was as if the secrets described by the shining runes were just outside his reach.

'I wonder if Aletheia got that far...'

And the Mad Prince. And all the previous versions of Sunny that had entered the Estuary.

Had any of them learned the secrets written by the Demon of Dread in the depths of a mystical lake? The lake that was hidden behind a tunnel full of Corruption, almost as if guarded by it.

Sunny took a deep breath...

And then, following an impulse, summoned the Sin of Solace.

[Hideous Truth] Enchantment Description: "The more the wielder's sanity is shattered, the more powerful this blade becomes. It bestows revelations of madness on those who give in to its will."

Sunny was not entirely mad, but through the paradoxical nature of the Sin of Solace, the spirit of the cursed sword had long ago reached completion. Therefore... he was long overdue to receive revelations as a reward for reaching the pinnacle of madness.

The hilt of the jade jian landed comfortably in his hand.

And the moment it did, Sunny felt the thin barrier separating him from understanding the nauseating runes dissolving.

Finally, their true meaning was revealed to him.

Looking down, Sunny shuddered as he read:

[Hail Weaver

Demon of Fate

Firstborn

of the Forgotten God]

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Sunny stared at the familiar runes, dazed.

'Hail... Weaver...'

His mind was in a state of shock... or maybe epiphany. He couldn't tell.

'The... Forgotten God?'

So the Unknown, the progenitor of the daemons... was a god?

The seventh god?

How could it be?!

He raised a hand and wiped his face, suddenly feeling cold.

There were only six gods. Sun God, War God, Beast God, Storm God, Heart God, and Shadow God.

Which was strange, considering how obsessed the Spell — and the Dream Realm as a whole — seemed with the number seven.

But who was the Forgotten God?

Where had another god come from, and how could he be the parent of the daemons?!

Daemons were said to have appeared out of nowhere, creating themselves...

'No, wait.'

If there was a seventh god — which was rather unbelievable, considering that Sunny had never seen him... her... it?... mentioned anywhere — then why would the Spell refuse to translate his name?

And why did Sunny feel dizzy and nauseated when encountering the few, exceedingly rare mentions of him, written in the strange runes?

And why was the name of Weaver written in the runes at the heart of the Tomb of Ariel?

Sunny hesitated for a while, then walked further, heading for the next set of runes shining underwater some distance away.

'Forgotten God, Forgotten God...'

A seventh god existed, huh? That was... very strange.

Soon, he reached the next set of shining runes. They read:

[Hail Hope

Demon of Desire

Daughter

of the Forgotten God]

He frowned a little, then continued walking.

Soon, he walked over the runes mentioning all seven of the daemons: Demon of Fate, Demon of Desire, Demon of Oblivion, Demon of Dread, Demon of Imagination, Demon of Repose, and the Demon of Choice — as well as Destiny.

It seemed that even Ariel had forgotten to mention the name of the Demon of Oblivion. Or perhaps he had, but Sunny had already forgotten reading it.

In any case, all seven daemons were called the children of the Forgotten God.

It was at that moment that a startling realization ignited in Sunny's mind, making him sway a little.

'Desire, Dread, Repose, Imagination, Oblivion, Destiny, Fate...'

The seventh god... the Forgotten God... was the progenitor of the seven daemons.

In hindsight, it was all so obvious.

'Wouldn't it make him... Dream God?'

Dream God — the god of dreams, nightmares, restoration, imagination, oblivion, and fate.

People dreamed about what they desired. They saw nightmares about things they dreaded. Sleep brought with it rest, and was full of fantastical things. Dreams were easily forgotten, disappearing into oblivion. And, sometimes, dreams brought with them visions of fate... like the prophetic visions Cassie received when she slept.

Destiny, meanwhile, was the other side of fate.

It all made sense.

The seven daemons... each represented one of the Aspects of the seventh god, Dream God.

Who had been forgotten and erased from history, for some reason, only mentioned in forbidden runes that could not be read by most people, and repelled anyone who tried.

Thus becoming...

The Forgotten God.