1571 Seventh God

Sunny remained motionless for a while, trying to digest the earth¬shaking revelation he had received in the Estuary.

He felt as though he had stumbled on a great, almost unimaginable secret. Something that, perhaps, lay at the root of all the mysteries that had been plaguing him for so long.

There were not six, but seven gods: Sun God, War God, Storm God, Beast God, Heart God, Shadow God... and Dream God, who had been forgotten.

The daemons were children of this Forgotten God.

Therefore... by rebelling against the gods, had they rebelled against their own kin? Just like the gods themselves had waged war against their kin, the ineffable beings of the Void.

'No, wait...'

The connection between the Forgotten God and everything that had happened, and continued to happen, was too deep to be a mere coincidence.

The realms of the gods were destroyed, consumed one after another by the Dream Realm. Seeds of Nightmare bloomed in its depths, infecting the last remaining realm, the waking world, by a plague of Nightmare Creatures.

And then there was the Nightmare Spell, created by Weaver — the firstborn of Dream God.

Had the Forgotten God really been Dream God? Or had he been Nightmare God?

Or... had he been Dream God once, but then became the god of nightmares?

Why had he been erased from history? Why did the runes describing his title... and not even his real title, but simply referring to him as the Forgotten God... possess a repelling force to them? It was almost as if merely mentioning him was forbidden.

On a level close to a universal law.

'Wait...'

If a mere mention of the Forgotten God was forbidden, was that why Weaver's lineage was described as forbidden, as well? Come to think of it, Sunny had never heard about any of the daemons having offspring. Had they been forbidden from propagating because of their connection to the erased deity?

His head was spinning.

'There's something to it... I am certain.'

The Forgotten God, the Dream Realm, and the Nightmare Spell. There was an obvious connection between them, a throughline that neatly tied it all together. An answer to most of the questions that Sunny had asked himself countless times, but was never able to solve.

The next set of runes shone in the distance, luring him to walk further. 'Maybe that answer lies right ahead.'

Taking a deep breath, Sunny walked across the surface of the hidden lake.

Soon, he reached the source of light. However, to his surprise, it was not a string of runes... instead, it was an image. A familiar image, too.

Surrounded by a field of terrifying darkness, a mass of golden flame was burning, illuminating the void with its radiance.

It was the start of the myth of creation — the scene where desire was born in the everlasting void, bringing with it direction.

'Why is this here?'

Sunny frowned, then walked forward, soon reaching the next source of light.

Again, a familiar image was in front of him... or rather, beneath him. This one, however, was a bit different from what he had seen in the drowned temple of Fallen Grace. On the mural of the drowned temple, there were six radiant figures surrounding the reduced mass of flames, with vague shapes of the Void Creatures hidden in the darkness.

But here, in the waters of the dark lake... there were seven.

And looking at the seventh figure made Sunny feel dizzy and nauseous. It seemed that not only mentioning the Forgotten God was forbidden, but depicting him, as well.

Sunny walked further.

The next several scenes painted in the water were largely the same. They depicted the seven gods fighting against the Void Beings, albeit in more artistic and mysterious manner.

However... the final scene of the war was very different from how it had been drawn on the mural in the drowning temple.

There, the Void Beings had been shown beaten and diminished, surrounded by the six proud and victorious gods.

Here in the Estuary, though, the scene was entirely not the same. The Void Being were just as giant and terrifying as ever, and the seven gods were depicted in a desperate fight against them, both sides seemingly on the verge of being destroyed.

The next scene was different, as well.

In the temple, it showed the six gods confidently enveloping the Void, and the harrowing creatures dwelling in it, in a net made from the remnants of the golden flame. Here, though... the scene was largely the same, with one important distinction.

One of the seven radiant figures was hopelessly caught among the terrifying shapes of the Void Creatures, unable to retreat. Nevertheless, the net of flames still enveloped the void, creating a cage around it.

And sealing the radiant figure in that cage with the beings of the Void. Sunny shivered, a terrible understanding dawning on him.

He walked to the next scene and saw it...

Just before the net closed, forever sealing the Void, the radiant figure of the seventh god tore seven pieces of itself and sent them flying away. The radiant sparks — much brighter than the remnant sparks of the golden flame that would later become humans — escaped the cage just before it closed.

The final image was very similar to the one depicted in the drowned temple. It showed the familiar picture of forests, plains, river, and a vast sky... the world as Sunny knew it.

Humans were depicted in that image, as well, wandering the landscape as tiny dots.

There were seven vague, but much more prominent figures among them, though, standing under the blue sky, confused and lost.

The daemons.

Sunny trembled.

'This is not the myth of creation.'

Indeed, the story drawn in the depths of the mystical lake was not the myth of creation.

Instead... it was the story of how the daemons were born.

Of how the gods sealed the Void, abandoning one of their own, and how that seventh god tore seven pieces of his soul to let a part of him escape the cage.

Thus becoming the progenitor of the daemons... who were mysterious creatures that were rumored to have appeared from nowhere, possessing a power not quite equal, but similar to that of the gods.