1647 Infinity Mirror

'Now, this... is going to be a problem.’

Standing on the threshold, Sunny studied the long corridor. It stretched in both directions as far as he could see, bending slightly. The stone floor was smooth and even, while the tall ceiling was illuminated by a scattering of softly glowing gemstones. The turquoise gems were embedded into it, dimly drowning the corridor in pale light.

The problem was with the walls.

Both of them were perfectly smooth and seamless, as if the corridor had been formed inside the mountain by some unknown means instead of being constructed. Much worse, their glossy surface was reflective... the walls of the corridor were like two endless mirrors.

Remembering what Cassie had said, Sunny frowned.

The blind seer inhaled deeply behind him.

"Oh, my."

Her voice was somber.

Sunny hesitated for a few moments, then asked neutrally:

"Left or right?"

Cassie answered with a hint of confusion:

"Why are you asking me?"

He scratched the back of his head and shrugged.

"Why not? My luck is pretty much non-existent. So, I'll trust your intuition."

She tilted her head a little.

"Really? Because my intuition tells me to get out of here as soon as possible."

"Yeah, I should have expected that answer...

Sunny closed his eyes for a second, then cleared his throat.

"...On second thought, why don't we just go left?"

The moment the two of them stepped into the corridor, their reflections appeared on the polished walls. Since the two endless mirrors were positioned directly opposite each other, the reflections stretched into infinity, forming countless mirrored corridors. When Sunny took a step, a legion of his reflections took a step. When Cassie followed, a legion of her reflections followed, too.

They were surrounded by a myriad of identical copies of themselves, marching in step with them on both sides.

Suddenly, he felt very uneasy.

"...You said not to answer if a reflection speaks to me, right?"

Cassie nodded, and a myriad of her reflections nodded at him at the same time.

Sunny's reflections were pale and somber, Cassie's reflections were beautiful and moved with elegant grace.

"It's better not to look at them at all. See no evil... and all that."

He grimaced.

‘And my shadow sense just happens to be gone. What a convenient coincidence.’

Frowning, he lowered his head and looked at the floor. As Sunny walked forward, he concentrated on his feet. Nevertheless, he could still glimpse the reflections at the periphery of his vision, all walking forward while looking down.

Only... did he imagine it, or was one of the countless reflections completely still and staring directly at him, Instead?

Sunny had to use all of his willpower to keep looking down instead of turning to confirm it. A moment later, there was nothing out of the ordinary in his peripheral vision once again.

[How powerful are these Others, exactly?]

He spoke in his mind instead of aloud, believing that Cassie would hear him. Indeed, her response came a few moments later:

[Nobody knows. From the reports I've seen, they are sometimes as powerful as the person they reflect. Sometimes, they are strangely brittle... but don't rely on my information too much. It's misleading. Because reports are only left by those who survived. As for those who didn't, there is no way to tell what they faced.]

Sunny frowned.

Cassie lingered for a bit, then added:

[What makes them so dangerous is not their power, but rather their strangeness. We don't know what they are, where they come from, what motivates them, how they think... or if they think at all. When you fight a human or a Nightmare Creature, you can usually predict what will happen, even if only in broad strokes. Because you know what drives your enemy. It's different with the Others.]

He nodded quietly.

What people feared the most was the unknown. And what was not known posed the most danger.

[But if the reflections do come to life, we should be fine as long as we don't look to them and don't speak to them. Right?]

Cassie remained silent longer this time.

[I don't know.]

Sunny grimaced.

All around him, a myriad of reflections grimaced as well.

'How long is this damned corridor?'

They had been walking for a while already. However, there was no sign of other doors, and no end in sight. The mirror tunnel was empty and silent, the dark, dim light of turquoise gemstones washing it in ghostly light.

The only sound that broke the silence was the soft rustle of Cassie's clothes. Sunny's steps, meanwhile, were completely noiseless

But then...

Another sound broke the silence, making him stop in his tracks.

It was the quiet, but unmistakable sound of a glass surface cracking.

Sunny froze for a moment.

‘...To hell with this.’

Turning around, he grabbed Cassie and immediately used Shadow Step to teleport back in the direction they had come. Without shadow sense, he could only jump as far as he could see after a swift series of consecutive jumps, Sunny returned them to the small stone chamber and shut the door, then slumped tiredly on the floor.

"Damn. I hate mirrors so much..."

Come to think of it, there had to be some connection between the reason he tended to avoid mirrors and this place. Mordret must have visited Bastion before being handed to Asterion... had he perhaps encountered something strange here? Or maybe his mother?

Cassie quietly straightened her clothes and sat down, as well. Neither of them were physically tired, but being on edge for extended periods of time inevitably led to mental fatigue,

She was silent for a while, then asked:

"So, what now, Sunny? Are we turning back?"

He glanced at her darkly and remained motionless for a moment.

Then, he shook his head.

"No."

With that, Sunny raised his free hand and summoned another Memory.

A few moments later, a small lantern carved out of black stone appeared on his palm. Cassie turned her head and concentrated on it, a slight frown appearing on her face.

"A lantern?"

He nodded.

"Indeed. However, it is a very special one. This lantern does not produce light. Instead, it swallows it."

What was a reflection? It was light that had been cast back. Therefore, much like shadows, reflections could not exist without light.

Gritting his teeth, Sunny stood up and opened the door of the stone chamber again. At the same time, he opened the gate of the Shadow Lantern.

A moment later, a torrent of shadows surged into the mirror corridor, flooding it with impenetrable darkness,