1798 Knowledge of Everything

When Sunny woke up, reality was the same. His dreams did not change the cold, ruthless truth.

He had wondered a lot what he would find at the edge of this alien world, but never expected to find the end of his own.

Sunny slowly sat up and stared at the wall with an absent expression.

...Would he still be alone in this frozen wasteland when his world crumbled and become one with the spreading Dream Realm?

Reality was the same, but he was not.

It wasn't unexpected, to change after witnessing something so shocking. He had mused about how small he was in comparison to the colossal stump in the Burned Forest. But only witnessing the white dome of LO49 under the strange sky had really put his entire life in perspective.

Sunny was quite a self-centered person. He wasn't a narcissist or someone who had no empathy for anyone except himself, but he cared about himself more than he did about others. There were a few people out there he would die for - but even then, It was because they were dear to him, and their loss would hurt him terribly.

Only those who had not suffered before were oblivious enough to be truly selfless. People who had experienced anguish and pain knew the value of selfishness, because caring about oneself meant not having to suffer that anguish again.

So, Sunny was a reasonably selfish man. He was also a man who had experienced all kinds of torment, witnessed great tragedies, and endured it all to continue walking forward.

Still, even he could not remain unmoved in the face of the destruction of his world, and the extinction of his kind.

'She was right... knowledge is indeed the heaviest thing in the world.’

The winds were howling beyond the walls of the

empty hut. The sky was cold and dark. Pale starlight bathed the desolate expanse of ice, reflecting from it in a ghostly radiance.

Some distance away, the dome of LO49 stood lonesomely above the snow.

Sunny let out a long sigh.

He did not want to, but had no choice except to reevaluate a lot of things. Very important things, including the very concept of the future and his own place in its frightening reach.

In fact, even though Sunny did not know what to think yet, he felt that he had already made a few decisions.

It was just that he had not realized these decisions yet.

Life.,,, was so messy.

He had gone to Antarctica in search of conviction, thinking that his own was lacking. He did not find what he was looking for there, but instead learned that his own beliefs and aspirations were in no way inferior to anyone else's.

Sunny had also learned to despise the Sovereigns in Antarctica. The callous ghouls who played their games while countless people died, even though they could extend a hand and save them.

He wanted to make his will known and if not punish the tyrants, then at least prevent their hidden conflict from causing too much collateral damage among the civilian population. He did a few things to realize that goal, but before his efforts truly bore fruit, the Battle of the Black Skull happened.

And then, Sunny was thrown into the Third Nightmare.

What happened in the Tomb of Ariel... well. He made a proper mess of everything, and then somehow solved it, as well. But the way he solved it was more damaging than the Nightmare itself.

However, those... those were his personal issues. They had nothing to do with the Sovereigns, what he had wanted to do in Antarctica, and the fate of the world.

And by the time he returned, the Sovereigns had already made their move, and the Southern Campaign was over, Those refugees that had not been evacuated across the ocean fled into the Dream Gates, and left the waking world. Sunny's immediate goal had no meaning anymore.

Sunny himself, meanwhile... was abandoned by the world. He was forgotten, expelled, and erased from existence. Untethered from everyone, and everything. Completely lost.

So, he left.

He left and never looked back, crossing the Hollow Mountains, the Forgotten Shore, and the Burned Forest in solitude. All to leave the world that had rejected him behind...

Only to find a piece of that world at the end of the journey.

What was he supposed to do now?

Should he continue to pretend that nothing of what was happening to humanity had anything to do with him now?

Should he continue to hide, keep his own company, and slowly lose his mind?

Should he continue going north?

Just yesterday, Sunny was full of excitement at the thought of exploring the uncharted parts of the Dream Realm.

But today, he did not care anymore. The thrill was gone, replaced by a heavy emptiness.

Summoning the Endless Spring, Sunny drank some water, sighed, and then absent-mindedly looked at the beautiful glass bottle.

That Memory of his had served him well over the years.

It was a gift from someone who didn't remember him anymore.

His expression turned cold.

...Of course, there was a different choice to be made, and a different destiny to be carved out.

Instead of heading north, he could turn around and go back.

He could return.

'And then what?’

Nobody remembered him. Nephis, Cassie, Effie, Kai, Jet, Rain... Teacher Julius, Saint Tyris, Beth... and everyone else.

They did not think or care about someone they did not know.

But Sunny remembered.

'When I go back... if I go back... I'll have to do a few tricky things.’

By now, he was powerful enough not to be a mere spectator. Why did he have to simply watch the ruthless players move the figures across the board? Instead, he could exert his influence to personally change the game.

A person like him could do a lot when no one was looking his way. The idea of confronting the Sovereigns seemed like pure madness before. It still did, but was it, really?

Could Sunny exert his will and reshape the world to fit his desires?

He would have to plot the downfall of Anvil of Valor and Ki Song.

There was the third one, as well... perhaps the most dangerous of the three.

But dealing with the Sovereigns was only the beginning.

Now that the destruction of everything was accelerating, there was only one way - forward, to the very end. Either the Nightmare Spell would swallow humanity, or be conquered by humans.

Supreme, Sacred, Divine.

The end could only be stopped if new gods were born of humanity. Therefore, that was what Sunny had to ensure... if he went back.

Did he dare to dream it?

A long time ago, Nephis had proclaimed her determination to conquer every Nightmare. Sunny had thought that she was insane back then.

The wind was growing colder outside.

He remained silent for a long time, listening to its howling.

‘...So what if it's insane?’

Sunny was not quite healthy in the mental department himself. He had not been for a long time.

He did dare to dream it. At this point, there was very little that he did not dare to do.

Walking out of the door, Sunny looked at the sky.

The sky was full of stars.

'I am nobody. And I have nothing.’

He inhaled the frigid air and looked south with a cold, dark gleam in his lightless eyes.

'So let's change everything.’

With that, he dismissed the Marvellous Mimic and reached into his soul, which was still tethered to the waking world.

Soon, his figure disappeared from the sea of starlit ice.

...Instead, a ragged silhouette appeared on a desolate street in the outskirts of NQSC, surrounded by a whirlwind of dancing snowflakes.