1980 : Flawed Creation

Morgan opened her eyes in the darkness. She had fallen asleep while sitting on the cold stone floor, her back leaning against a slab of crumbling stone. The wind was howling as it passed through the ruins of the main keep, and pale moonlight poured through the gaping holes of its partially collapsed dome.

Taking a deep breath, she leaned on her sword and stood up.

Her vermilion cloak had turned to tatters, and her black armor was broken and battered. Dismissing both Memories to give them some time to mend themselves, Morgan felt a cold wind caress her skin gently. It was a pleasant feeling, especially after days spent in frenetic fighting.

Her black tunic fluttered slightly, revealing how littered it was with tears, most of them crusted by blood.

She sighed and listened to the sounds of the ruined castle, trying to evaluate if there were any immediate threats.

It did not seem that way. Her companions would have warned her if the enemy was launching another attack… or if something else was. They would not have been eliminated without a fight, either, and there was no chance that she would have missed such a disturbance.

It seemed that Mordret was still licking his wounds after the last assault, just like they were.

'Good...'

Morgan walked into the moonlight and looked up at the tall dais towering above the ruined hall.

There was no throne on the dais, and no altar. Instead, there was only an iron anvil.

Beautiful swords were scattered on the floor below the dais, glistening in the cold moonlight. There had been a mountain of them here once, but her father had taken most of the swords with him to Godgrave, to use in the battle against the Raven Queen.

Morgan stared at the abandoned swords for a while, a strange mixture of regret and amusement shining in her striking scarlet eyes.

It used to be that she admired the swords her father had forged quite a lot, never missing the chance to steal a look at them. But now, she saw them for what they were — flawed creations that had been discarded by their demanding creator for failing to live up to his harsh expectations.

Morgan knew because she was one such creation herself.

…Thank the gods.

People seemed to be disturbed by the notion, but she had always known that her father saw her as a blade to be forged into a flawless weapon more than he saw her as a human being. That was how he saw everyone, really, and the only distinction between her and the rest of them was that she had been the most promising of blades.

One made of most precious steel, one that he had harbored the most hopes for, and had forged with most care.

Morgan knew that people had always misunderstood her father. To them, he was many things: a great warrior, a genius sorcerer, a wise ruler… a fearsome tyrant.

But what he really was, first and foremost, was an artist. An artist who resented the deep imperfection of the world and rebelled against it, striving to create one flawless thing with all his heart.

A flawless sword.

Morgan had been meant to become that sword, so she understood him best, and she had been fine — happy, even — to carry that responsibility, despite how cold and harsh its weight was. She had been proud.

It had all changed after Antarctica, of course.

Looking at the scattered swords, Morgan sighed.

There, she had learned the error of her ways. Ever since being a child, Morgan had always done what she was told. She had followed the guidance of her father, enduring his harsh training by sacrificing most of what other children had, and what most other people cherished. She had always excelled, never failed, and satisfied his every demand.

And she still lost.

Which inevitably made her think about the reason for her defeat, of course.

What Morgan realized as a result… was quite disturbing.

If she had done everything her teachers told her to do flawlessly and without complaint, and still lost, then the fault did not lay with her.

Instead, the fault lay with her teachers, and the very form they were trying to mold her to…

In truth, it was not just the King of Swords who had become disappointed in his daughter after Antarctica.

Morgan had become disappointed in her father, too.

'Good thing I did.'

Looking at a beautiful, discarded sword that lay at her feet, Morgan smiled wistfully.

She would have probably become an actual sword if she had continued to follow her father's will blindly. That would be quite a fitting Transcendent Transformation for a girl who had been raised to be a perfect tool… a pretty, deadly blade to be wielded by someone else.

However, Morgan did not really want to be a sword, nor did she want to be wielded by another's hand.

That seemed like quite a pathetic fate to her.

So, her Transcendent Transformation had turned out to be something else.

Of course, she could still transform into a sword — if she wished to.

But that was not at all the only thing she could become.

Picking up the abandoned sword, Morgan silently absorbed it into her body and smiled.

'...How nice. I should have done this much sooner.'

A moment later, her figure rippled, turning into a river of liquid metal. It flowed across the moonlit hall, drowning it. The violence of its passage put cracks into the marble floor and made slabs of stone crumble to dust.

Sweeping every abandoned blade that lay forlorn on the below the dais, Morgan climbed the steps and swallowed the ancient anvil, as well.

Finally, the river of liquid metal coalesced back into a human figure. A moment later, it regained color, and Morgan was back to her original self.

Looking up, she observed the radiant remains of her shattered moon and sighed.

"Time to face another day."