2038 : Soul of a Poet

Sunny smiled.

"Needless to say, it would be very beneficial for you to accumulate as much spirit essence as possible — the deeper your reserves of it are, the better. Not to mention that we don't know how saturating your soul with spirit essence will benefit the eventual transformation of your soul core. It might very well be a boon during your Ascension."

Then, his smile dimmed, replaced by a serious expression.

"Do note one thing, though. This bond between your soul and the world is a connection that goes both ways. So while you are able to absorb spirit essence from the world, you can also… leak it, I guess. In fact, a little bit of it seems to be seeping out all the time, more so when you are in the throes of strong emotions. So, get a grip and don't go around irrigating the world with your soul essence, causing random storm clouds to gather… or clear, especially here in Godgrave."

Rain stared at him incredulously.

Deepen her connection to the world? Accumulate more spirit essence? Get a grip and keep it contained within her soul?

Random storms?

What… the hell was he talking about?

What even was spirit essence?

She narrowed her eyes.

"And how am I supposed to do that, pray tell?"

Sunny grinned mischievously:

"How should I know? I have no idea. I can estimate the numerical value of the spirit essence contained within your soul because of the Mark of Shadows, but at the end of the day… it's your soul!"

Rain sighed.

"Right."

So, she would have to figure it out herself.

'As if I do not have enough things to figure out myself already…'

Still, it was good news. Having more essence was indeed the dream of every Awakened… it would have been best if her soul core simply had an enormous capacity, thus improving her body six times over, but having an auxiliary reservoir of essence was also great news — especially considering that its maximum limit seemed to be vastly more generous than that of a soul core.

All this essence would probably come in handy when she started learning sorcery…

Still thinking about the fact that her soul was, apparently, more than a little bit weird, Rain turned her gaze back to the runes.

What she saw made her eyes sparkle.

It was the list of her Memories.

Memories: [Puppeteer's Shroud], [Beast of Prey], [Essence Quiver], [Bag of Withholding], [Green Canteen], [In Case of Emergency], [Heavy Burden], [Outskirts at Noon], [Don't Cut Yourself], [Pièce de Résistance], [Safety First], [Fancy Handy Bracelet].

She stared at that last one for a moment, then rolled her eyes and concentrated on the very first Memory.

New runes ignited in the air.

Memory: Puppeteer's Shroud.

Memory Rank: Awakened.

Memory Tier: VI.

Memory Type: Armor.

Memory Description: [A worm of doubt once found its way into a righteous king's heart. With time, the king was devoured from inside and became its puppet. A lifetime later, the Puppeteer Worm escaped from the king's dead body, leaving behind a cocoon of black silk. No one knows where it went; however, once people dared to approach the silent castle, they found the silk among the mountains of gnawed bones and fashioned it into an armor.]

Memory Enchantments: [Enhanced Durability], [Doubtless], [Blessing of Spirit].

She shivered.

That description… was not creepy at all!

Then, Rain glanced at her brother.

'...I guess I was wrong about him.'

He could come up with something meaningful to write, after all. That chilling story about the ancient king was both enthralling and poignant.

And she had a great advantage when compared to all other Awakened — her Fancy Handy Bracelet… no, she refused to call it that… not only showed her each enchantment a Memory possessed, but also described the effects of those enchantments in detail.

Trying not to think about giant moths, Rain shifted her gaze to the next Memory.

...Her brow creased a little.

Memory: Beast of Prey.

Memory Rank: Awakened.

Memory Tier: III.

Memory Type: Weapon.

Memory Description: [Bespoke enchanted bow, received in exchange for an exclusive Memory coupon in the Brilliant Emporium.]

She remained motionless for a bit, then shifted her gaze further down the list.

The crease of her brow deepened.

Memory: Essence Quiver.

Memory Rank: Awakened.

Memory Tier: II.

Memory Type: Tool.

Memory Description: [High-quality enchanted quiver, received as gratuity in the Brilliant Emporium. Buy one, get one free! Become a client today!]

Rain scowled deeply as she looked at the next Memory.

Memory: [Bag of Withholding]...

Memory Description: [I've really outdone myself this time, if I do say so myself. Anyway, why am I bothering with these descriptions? It takes essence to weave each letter!]

Rain sighed deeply, closed her eyes for a few moments, then stared at her brother with a strange expression.

He smiled.

"What? Why are you looking at me like that?"

She inhaled, slowly counting to ten in her mind.

Then, shaking her head, Rain shifted her gaze away from the list of her Memories and tried to concentrate on the rest of the runes.

'...I'll force him to rewrite these descriptions, even if it will be the death of me!'

The runes read:

Echoes: —

Attributes: [Poet], [Godheart], [Mark of Shadows].

[Poet] Attribute Description: "Your soul is attuned to the melody of Names. The cadence of your heart gives shape to its will."

There was no surprise there.

[Godheart] Attribute Description: "Your heart is bonded deeply with the world."

Sunny had already explained this one when talking about her soul core. The choice of the name, though... was quite poignant, actually.

[Mark of Shadows] Attribute Description: "You are the Princess of Shadows, bearing the mark of their Lord. Shadows recognize you as one of their own."

A wide smile appeared on Rain's face against her will.

'So it's official now… I'm a princess!'

Her brother grinned.

"Of course you are."

Rain froze.

"W—wait… did I say that out loud?"

He laughed quietly.

"No… but it was written all over your face."

She threw a menacing glare at him, then turned back to the runes.

There were only a few strings left.

Aspect: —

Dream Realm Anchor: —

Flaw: [Crown of Thorns].

Flaw Description: [You cannot kill].

…And just like that, Rain's thoughts returned to her Flaw.

She sighed, covered the beautiful bracelet with the sleeve of the Puppeteer's Shroud, and lay back down.

Looking at the roof of her tent, Rain remained silent for a while, and then asked in a somber tone:

"Sunny, do you think... that it will be alright? The… all of it, I mean."

He did not answer immediately, looking at her from the darkness.

Eventually, a pale smile appeared on his lips.

Her brother nodded.

"Sure, it will. That's a promise."