2053 : Stolen Credit

Witnessing the two enchanters at work had been of benefit to Sunny.

Firstly, it had satiated his curiosity. The hidden heart of the Great Clan Valor — its craftsmen — were quite a fascinating bunch… even more so than he had thought. Sunny had assumed that Clan Valor simply possessed a natural affinity to Aspects that allowed Awakened to create Memories, but the truth was more complicated.

Instead, there was an intricate and beautifully ingenious synergy between three different groups of Awakened artisans, with each group boasting its own unique range of powers that complimented those of the other two. Both the conceptual design and practical execution of this system were quite admirable, and gave Sunny a lot of food for thought.

But he had had benefitted in a more palpable way, as well.

Sunny could not deny the fact that it had felt gratifying, to learn that he had surpassed most of the enchanters of the Great Clan Valor. The path to becoming a capable sorcerer has been long and arduous, so it felt validating, to see how much more refined and sophisticated his sorcery was when compared to others.

And how much more it could achieve.

So, Sunny was now more confident in himself. Confidence was not going to help his achieve success in and of itself, but it did matter. The forging he was planning to undertake tomorrow was going to be a difficult challenge, so his mindset was important.

And there was another thing, as well…

Sunny had been inspired by visiting the forgemasters, after all… in a sense.

Strangely enough, the spark of inspiration had not come from watching Master Alice perform a Forgery of the bone arrowhead. It had not come from watching her Infuse an item, either.

Even the beautifully disturbing sight of a spellweave being born in the scale cuirass was not the source of Sunny's epiphany.

Instead… it was watching Master Snow craft the armor in the preparation for the enchantment.

Back then, Sunny had noted that the man must have been a perfectionist — because he had crafted the scale armor in too precise of a manner, doing extra work despite the fact that Memories rearranged themselves to fit the bodies of their owners anyway.

That was one of the rudimentary enchantments granted to each Memory by the Nightmare Spell. So, even if someone's craft was a little messy, the Spell would correct it on its own.

And that was what inspired Sunny.

Because he had realized that he had been unnecessarily ignoring one of the most powerful tools at his disposal… the Nightmare Spell.

Sunny was cut off from the Spell, so it was useless to him.

However, Nephis was not.

Nephis was still a carrier of the Nightmare Spell, and she still received its help. The Spell continued to translate dead languages for her, whispering into her ear, and granting her Memories for slaying foes.

The armor-type Memories would fit themselves to her body, the hilts of the weapon-type Memories would accommodate the size of her palm… and so on.

The assistance of the Nightmare Spell did not end with this minor benefit, either. There were more profound ways in which the Spell assisted Awakened — just like it had assisted Sunny in creating Shadows, was helping Cassie translate the insights of her Dormant Ability, and providing the forgemasters of Valor with a way to create Memories.

In case of Nephis, the Spell was not involved in her Aspect too much. The most it had done in that regard was providing her with an Aspect Legacy.

However…

Who said that Sunny could not exploit the Nightmare Spell just because he was banished from it?

Sunny, the creator of the Memory, was not a carrier of the Nightmare Spell, but Nephis — the recipient of the Memory and the person to whose soul it was going to be bound — still was. Since the binding was going to happen inside the soul of a carrier of the Nightmare Spell, the Spell would have no choice but to become involved in the process.

If there was ever a reason for the Nightmare Spell to take action, it would.

Therefore, Sunny could very well use its generosity.

As they walked toward the Ivory Island, he smiled subtly.

In truth, he did not have to create a perfect soulboud Memory. He could just create a Memory that was close enough to being soulbound, and let the Nightmare Spell fit it to Neph's soul itself.

Wouldn't that be perfect?

Not only would his chances of success increase tremendously, but he would also be able to observe the final changes the Spell made, and the way it interfered with the process. Armed with this last bit of knowledge, he would be able to master the creation of soulbound Memories entirely, and then use that knowledge to make a few of those for himself.

'It's perfect.'

Of course, that did not mean that Sunny could relax. He had to create a solid foundation for the Nightmare Spell to build upon… or rather, he had to create everything well enough for the Spell to deign it necessary to make the final touches.

He could handle that, though.

Everything was ready.

Well… almost everything. He just needed Cassie's help with the last part.

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Some time later, Nephis was sitting on her bed with an incredulous expression.

Sunny, meanwhile, was on his knees, crawling around the bed.

After a while, she sighed and said in a neutral tone:

"You know, this was not what I expected when you said that we had urgent business in the bedroom."

Sunny finished drawing the last line of a runic circle Cassie had taught him how to draw, and looked up at her with a mischievous smile.

"Oh? What did you expect?"

Nephis coughed.

"Well… I don't know. A war council, perhaps."

Sunny grinned.

"No… it's just this. Plus, you can really blame me. Your living quarters are just one huge chamber, so the entire floor is technically your bedroom. Get some walls in here if you want to avoid misunderstandings!"

Shaking her head, Nephis leaned back and sighed.

"I like the space, though."

She paused for a moment, then added with a small smile:

"...And the misunderstandings."

Sunny chuckled.

Then, he took a deep breath and remained motionless for a few moments.

It was time.

"Summon the Dream Blade, please. Let's begin..."