2057 Learning Weave

As Sunny was preparing to forge the sword in the real world, he was also concentrating on creating its weave in a dream.

Six of his seven incarnations were involved in the forging, each having to deal with a task that demanded utmost concentration — some even doing things that he had never done or attempted before.

As a result, his mind was under enormous pressure, not quite cracking under it, but definitely on the very verge of being able to endure.

Nevertheless, Sunny persisted with a calm and determined expression. He was not a stranger to these moments of extreme stress — in fact, he thrived in them. The more dire the situation was, the more clear his mind would become. That sense of clarity transcended the mundane at times, allowing him to enter a strange and inexplicable mental state.

Sunny was in that state right now, feeling as if his mind was operating at a speed that even he himself could not perceive.

Many things that he could not quite explain, but intuitively understood, were happening around him and because of him. Therefore, even though he knew that there was a clear cause and effect to everything he did, it almost felt as though reality was simply changing according to his sheer will.

He was in uncharted territory, but there was a beacon guiding him to a safe harbor.

Standing on the edge of a dreamlike island, Sunny inhaled deeply.

Four of his incarnations were here, in the dream Nephis was dreaming about her Soul Sea. One served as a conduit for her essence, two more were weaving radiant strings out of it, and the final one was doing the most important part of the task — he was creating the vast, intricate, and inspired spellweave that Sunny had envisioned for the soulbound sword.

The weave he wanted to create was ambitious even by his standards — and that was without taking into account the unique property of binding the Memory to its master's soul. Therefore, this act of sorcery was promising to be long and punishing,akin to a dire marathon.

However…

A vital moment — perhaps the most vital moment of the entire forging — had to happen at the very start.

It had to happen now.

Looking at Nephis, Sunny forced out a weak smile.

"Do you trust me?"

He was aware that his question was not very fair. After all, as far as Nephis knew, they had only met a few months ago. Trust did not come easy to either of them — it was something that both of them had to build slowly and arduously…

"I do."

The calm answer came almost instantly.

Sunny was surprised by her blunt words. Nephis… seemed to be surprised by them, too. She frowned lightly, as if not entirely sure why she had answered so readily, as well as so easily.

Nevertheless, Sunny's smile grew more relaxed at hearing it.

"Good. Then, if you sense something, don't resist. Let it happen."

With that, he did something both perfectly reasonable and entirely crazy.

He anchored the spellweave — but not in a soul shard, as he had always done before.

Instead, he anchored the radiant strings of essence directly in one of Neph's soul cores.

Her Beast Core, to be precise.

Her eyes widened slightly.

Sunny tensed, not sure if his weaving would hold. After all, he was not even sure that something like that was possible, let alone doable.

But he believed that it was.

He wanted it to be.

They were in a dream, after all. Why would it not be possible here?

Of course, he couldn't just… weave the soul of a living being. At least not yet. But that was not what he was trying to do — he was simply trying to anchor the weave of a Memory in a living soul instead of in a shard that remained after the soul was destroyed.

He felt Neph's warm hand trembling softly on his chest.

But… nothing else happened.

Her soul core did not reject the weave. The incinerating white flames did not annihilate the radiant strings of soul essence — after all, those strings had been woven out of the same flame.

The anchor held.

A wide grin split his face apart.Seeing it, Nephis smiled tentatively, too.

"What just happened?"

He exhaled slowly.

"I anchored the spellweave of the sword in one of your soul cores."

That vital — and quite daring — part of the forging had ended in success.

Then, Sunny's smile dimmed a little.

"Well… I anchored a dream of a spellweave in the dream of your soul core, at least."

Now…

He just had to make their dreams come true.

But before that, the entire vast, unimaginable spellweave needed to be complete.

Taking another deep breath, Sunny allowed his incarnation to close his eyes and concentrated on channeling Neph's essence.

The incarnation responsible for weaving the tapestry of radiant strings continued its work somberly.

The vast spellweave was starting to slowly, arduously, take shape.

It was a daunting thing to do.

Sunny had rejected the familiar comfort of merely copying the patterns created by the Nightmare Spell. Instead, he was weaving entirely new patterns of his own design. Armed with his deep knowledge of weaving and the experience of fusing with various Memories as a shadow, he was attempting to create an enchanted sword that would become a part of Neph's body and soul.

A sword that suited her flawlessly, would grow with her, and could cut down the most harrowing of foes.

Naturally, such a sword demanded the most ingenious of enchantments.

Somewhere in the real world, his other incarnations were forging the physical vessel of the sword. He had used precious materials to create the alloy for it — the heart of the Winter Beast, a treasury of blessed metals, the arrow of the Shadow Realm, Neph's soul flame, and even his own blood.

But really, those materials were not quite as important as it seemed.

Because his sword would be a living thing, and therefore, would grow and change as a living thing.

The spellweave was the same. Before, Sunny had only ever created weaves that were strictly limited by their design. But this weave… this weave was meant to be different.

It was just as intricately designed, just as purposefully crafted. But it was also not as strict, aiming to be merely the beginning instead of the unchangeable end.

As Nephis grew, the spellweave of her sword was meant to grow as well.

Grow more powerful, but also, if need be… different.

The most frightening thing in the world was that which was unknown. And since both Sunny and Nephis had set their hearts on waging war against the world, they were fated to fight against the unknown. They were destined to face dreadful threats they had no prior knowledge of, and therefore could not prepare for.

Thus, the most deadly of swords…

Was a sword that had the ability to learn.