2100 Wolves of Shadow Realm  
  
The shadow of Condemnation looked different from before, but it was unmistakably the same being.   
  
The titanic figure moved across the desolate expanse of obsidian dunes with deceptively slow movements, each of its steps making the world quake. It was woven out of shadows, black dust, immense fragments of obsidian, and wind. Unlike the shadows of the Awakened soldiers, which were vague and unclear, this one was almost perfectly intact.  
  
Myriads of essence spark were drifting into the black sky from its surface, trailing behind the shadow of the Cursed Tyrant like a billowing plume. The sight of it — the dark desolate land, the gargantuan black figure walking across it, the radiant torrents of silver light swirling around it like flame — were awesome and eerily beautiful, but also terrifying.  
  
For a moment, Sunny wondered why he had been able to stumble upon both the shadows of the fallen soldiers of Godgrave and the shadow of Condemnation. The Shadow Realm was vast, after all, so what were the chances?  
  
There were a couple possible answers.  
  
One was that the Gate of Shadow sent him to a location that correlated to Godgrave, and therefore, everything that died near him there naturally entered the same corner of the Realm of Death.  
  
Another answer was that the Gate of Shadow was simply located near the entrance to the Shadow Realm, and the shadows of all beings entered this dark land somewhere near. If so, then Sunny was currently on the outskirts of the Shadow Realm, and the direction in which the wandering shadows were walking was, perhaps, its heart.  
  
In any case, the shadow of Condemnation was different from those tranquil, empty shadows he had seen before.  
  
Not only was it dissolving into essence at a much, much slower rate — so slow, in fact, that it would probably take it countless years to disappear completely — but it was also not as empty as they were.  
  
Death was a weapon that destroyed Corruption, so the shadow of Condemnation was not really a Nightmare Creature. However, it seemed to have retained much more of its former master than the shadows of Awakened warriors. Sunny could sense a distant, subdued hint of the same harrowing will that he had felt in the Hollows emanating from the titanic shadow.  
  
It seemed like the will of a deity transcended even death, having been inherited by its shadow at least partially.  
  
The shadow of Condemnation seemed to possess some agency.  
  
However…  
  
Sunny suddenly paled and took a step back.  
  
That was not going to save it.  
  
'W—what the hell is this…'  
  
After witnessing the colossal shadow, Sunny guessed that the devastation he had witnessed was the result of the battle between the shadow of Condemnation and the mysterious archer. After all, that archer had attacked Sunny on sight… why would the shadow of a Cursed Tyrant would be different?  
  
But the truth was more complicated.  
  
Because there were more participants in this battle than he had anticipated.  
  
The battle was still raging on. As the shadow of Condemnation walked across the dark desolate expanse, it was beset by eerie beings that made Sunny's blood run cold.  
  
These beings were quite immense themselves, each hundred meters across. They were formless and shapeless, woven entirely out of darkness, and moved across the black dunes as if carried by a ghostly wind.  
  
Catching up with the titanic shadow, they soared into the air like giant shrouds of impenetrable darkness, then fell onto its body while changing shape. Countless black tendrils shot forward to burrow into the titanic shadow, and the dark drifters attached themselves to its surface like leeches, biting out enormous pieces of Condemnation's flesh. They were devouring it alive.  
  
Or at least trying to.  
  
The shadow of the Cursed Tyrant was not idle. Continuing to walk in the same direction, it moved its hands slowly, trying to intercept and destroy the appalling beings. A few of them had already been destroyed, but a few more were continuing to cruelly rip into the titanic shadow, consuming it piece by piece.  
  
Like predators stalking prey.  
  
Sunny shuddered.  
  
A few things became apparent to him at the same time.  
  
The first was that the Shadow Realm was not as empty as he had thought. The shadow of Condemnation, which had belonged to a Cursed being, seemed to have retained some of its will. So, there could be other conscious beings in this desolate land.  
  
And just like Sunny, they probably needed to consume fragments to prevent themselves from crumbling.  
  
He was not sure of a lot of things, but he was certain that Cursed beings did not die often. Therefore, the appearance of the shadow of Condemnation must have been like an irresistible lure to all the horrors dwelling in this corner of the Shadow Realm, calling them to one location to enjoy the rare feast.  
  
But what were they?  
  
Shadows of ancient beings, just like Condemnation? Actual shadow creatures like Nightmare or Serpent? Nightmare Creatures?  
  
Or something else entirely?  
  
He did not know… yet.  
  
But he was going to have to find out.  
  
For one simple reason…  
  
If these harrowing things were trying to devour the shadow of Condemnation, it meant that Sunny could consume it, too. He had no chance whatsoever of defeating a Cursed Tyrant… but the shadow of one?   
  
That was in the realm of possibility, at least, especially considering that the dark drifters had already weakened it, and would continue to do so.  
  
Sunny studied the colossal shadow, feeling an almost overwhelming greed.  
  
The shadow of a Cursed Tyrant… if he destroyed it, or at least landed the last hit on it, then how many shadow fragments would he receive?  
  
It would not be just a few dozen, how it would have happened with an ordinary being. Because Sunny received his fair share of fragments when killing things similar to himself, just like humans received a portion of all the accumulated soul fragments when killing other humans.  
  
So… thousands, probably.  
  
His eyes glistened in the darkness.   
  
'I must be the one to finish it off, at all costs.'  
  
Sunny almost readied himself to rush forward when he noticed a sudden shift in the cadence of the titanic battle far in the distance.  
  
Another dark drifter soared into the air, ready to bite a huge chunk out of Condemnation…  
  
When something streaked across the black sky, colliding with it and tearing the creature apart. The wounded horror fell to the ground in a torrent of darkness.  
  
It had been hit by an arrow.  
  
Sunny tilted his head a little.  
  
'Well, well.'  
  
It seemed that the mysterious archer was still in the fray.