2105 No Good Deed  
  
The Vulture was like a pitch-black rag that was violently pinned to the nebulous surface of the shadow of Condemnation — of course, if that rag was large enough to cover an entire stadium with its dark expanse, rippling eerily in a ghostly wind. The impact tore its wings and slammed the creature into the colossal shadow, the ivory fang piercing and impaling it like a giant javelin.  
  
Sunny was not sure if he had managed to deal a grievous wound to the dark creature, but he knew that it was hurt.  
  
More importantly, it was immobilized, even if it was only for a few fleeting moments.  
  
Already, the Vulture was moving, its voluminous body rippling to produce countless tendrils of darkness. The tendrils extended forward, found purchase on the flesh of Condemnation, and then strained, trying to pull the creature of the ivory fang.  
  
Sunny was not paying too much attention to its movements, though…  
  
That was because he was already loading the second fang into his slingshot.  
  
There was a reason why he had chosen to use the fangs of the ancient serpent as projectiles instead of simply manifesting several great javelins, each the size of a siege ram, from the endless expanse of shadows around him. Even though the fangs weren't ideally shaped, as far as missiles went, he knew that they would be far more deadly.  
  
For two reasons.  
  
First of all, manifested shadows were less reliable here in the Shadow Realm than they usually were.  
  
They were firm and solid for as long as he actively rebuilt and sustained them, but only just barely. He could summon a pair of tenebrous wings or form a Shadow Shell, yet there was a limit to their usefulness — the arm of the Shadow Colossus, for example, had crumbled after one blow when he was dislodging the fangs of the colossal serpent. That level of solidity was not exactly suitable for battle.   
  
Secondly, Sunny was borrowing deadliness from the fangs themselves. He did not know how terrible the ancient serpent had been when it was alive, exactly, but it had definitely been a being of immense power. Even though it had perished countless years ago, its remains still carried an echo of that unfathomable power.   
  
There was a reason why the arrows crafted by the mysterious archer were so deadly, and while being imbued with killing will played a large role, the materials from which they had been fashioned were also of great importance.  
  
Glossy obsidian, dark wood, and black feathers — all collected here, in the Realm of Death, and thus bearing its mark.  
  
What could be more deadly than the bones of an ancient Soul Serpent, then? Since Sunny needed help eliminating the predatory spawns of true darkness, he could as well call upon the remains of a being who had personified the very essence of death.  
  
His gamble appeared to have paid off, considering how hurt by the ivory fang the Vulture seemed.  
  
It struggled to free itself, arduously dragging its rippling body along the fang's length…  
  
But before it could, the second one slammed into it, smashing the creature back down and piercing it through.  
  
Sunny allowed himself to grin fiercely in the depths of his Shell. The shadow of Condemnation had drawn much closer by then, so hitting the Vulture for the second time had not been an easy task.  
  
'Get away from my prey, you bastard!'  
  
He could probably use his slingshot one more time...  
  
With the Vulture wounded and temporarily immobilized, the mysterious archer would be free to deal with the Thing without distractions, too. Sunny would not call their forced alliance a partnership, but they had to deal with the dark drifters before lunging at each other's throats. Otherwise, the shadow of Condemnation was going to be consumed by the Dark Ones before either of them could kill it.   
  
The enemy of his enemy was…  
  
Before Sunny could finish the thought, something streaked across the black expanse of the sky, and an arrow pierced the chest of his Shadow Shell.  
  
'...Huh?'  
  
In the next moment, a terrifying impact tore the Shadow Colossus apart. A geyser of darkness burst from its back as its torso exploded violently. Bits of the Onyx Mantle shot in all directions like shrapnel, and while the lower half of the Shell was tossed down, the upper half flew high into the air, both mangled beyond recognition and bleeding shadows.   
  
The deformed remnants of the Shadow Colossus crumbled and dissolved into nothingness, while Sunny slid across the spine of the ancient serpent, crashing into the base of its skull.   
  
"Ah…"  
  
He shook his head in a daze, and then threw a hateful gaze at the shoulder of Condemnation.   
  
'That wretch!'  
  
It seemed that the mysterious archer was not on board with the idea of a temporary alliance, no matter how necessary it seemed. They would rather just kill anything, and everything, that stood in their way.  
  
Or just happened to be nearby.  
  
No, but what kind of maniac instantly attacked someone who fought their enemies?!  
  
Sunny rolled with a hiss and rose to his feet. By then, the shadow of Condemnation had already reached the remains of the colossal serpent. The gargantuan being stepped over it, passing above Sunny, and continued on its way.   
  
It was as if a dark mountain stepped over him, covering him in its cold darkness for a few moments.   
  
The Vulture was still impaled and struggling to free itself, the Leech was still tearing into the abdomen of the shadow of Condemnation with hundreds of maws. The Thing had reached the shoulder of the gargantuan shadow and was now too high for Sunny to see, while the Wolf was only a dozen seconds away from catching up with the Cursed Tyrant.  
  
Sunny gritted his teeth, seething with anger.  
  
'...Alright, I'll just kill you all, bastards!'  
  
Summoning a pair of black wings, Sunny raised a hurricane as he launched himself into the air.  
  
He was flying up, aiming to reach the shoulders of Condemnation.