2106 Shadow of the Colossus  
  
It did not take Sunny a lot of time to soar into the sky and reach the shoulder of the shadow of Condemnation — the opposite shoulder from where he had seen the mysterious archer last, that was, since the promise of getting another arrow driven into his heart did not seem alluring.  
  
But even that short amount of time was enough to let him truly fathom just how immense the shadow of the Cursed Tyrant was. Before, he had only seen Condemnation from a distance — which had been awesome enough. But now that he had ascended its great height, from the mountain-like legs to the wide plateaus of its shoulders, Sunny saw the colossal shadow in an entirely different light.  
  
Walking across the dark expanse of the Shadow Realm, it was really like a world of its own. The black hills were barely visible from the great height, and the desolate land looked flat. There were no clouds to obscure the ground, but the great plume of silver essence bathed everything in pale radiance, making it seem like a different world from the lightless, lifeless desert below.  
  
There were hills and valleys of their own on the immense body of the shadow of Condemnation, with a strange and alien terrain that only seemed more dreamlike because the entire immensity of it all was constantly moving. The great body of the Cursed Tyrant could have sheltered an entire city, with countless humans spending their entire lives without ever setting foot on the ground.  
  
Which only put into perspective how astonishing the feat of the King of Swords, who had slain this ancient deity, was. It was no different from a tiny ant slaying a towering elephant.  
  
…Of course, the shadow of Condemnation was different from how the Cursed Tyrant had been when it was alive. In fact, Sunny was starting to understand that this great body was nothing more than the vessel of the actual Cursed One, who had been more of an insidious force than a physical presence.  
  
A force that absorbed what was around it, tearing parts from the world to make them parts of itself.   
  
Similarly, the shadow of Condemnation had absorbed what had been around it, as well. However, the Shadow Realm was different from the Hollows and Godgrave, and therefore, its body ended up quite different from its past self.  
  
There was no soil, no stone ruins, and no jungle here. Instead, there was just dust, shadows, and silence.  
  
So, the shadow of Condemnation was far less substantial than the actual Cursed One had been. Its towering body was woven mostly out of immaterial things — shadows, dust, and distant light, with giant slabs of black obsidian floating in the dark abyss of its vast expanse like islands of solidity.  
  
Sunny had landed on one of these islands, released the effect of the Feather of Truth to return to his normal weight, and folded his wings, judging that it was too early to dismiss them. Wisps of ghostly smoke shrouded his figure, and a few black feathers drifted to the ground, dissolving in streams of darkness a few moments later.  
  
He glanced at the feathers and froze for a moment, suddenly remembering something that he would have preferred to forget… the terrible visage of Nether, the Demon of Destiny, which he had glimpsed reflected on the surface of the Great River once, a long time ago.  
  
The figure of the Prince of the Underworld had been vague and unclear, shrouded in fog. But Sunny remembered one detail of his appearance vividly — two terrible black wings that seemed to devour the sky, drowning the world in howling mist.  
  
Sunny lingered for a moment, then shifted his gaze to the mangled breastplate of the Onyx Mantle.  
  
A sudden, embarrassing thought suddenly entered his mind.  
  
Here he was, a divine shadow, in the realm of Shadow God… and yet, he was wearing a suit of onyx armor forged by the Prince of Darkness, and sporting a pair of black wings.  
  
The Underworld was where true darkness dwelled and had originated from, and true darkness was the natural enemy of shadows. Beings born from it were also here, acting like insatiable predators. So...  
  
Had the mysterious archer mistaken him for a Darkness Creature, as well?  
  
If so, it was not that surprising that Sunny received an arrow in the heart instead of a greeting.  
  
But then again, that maniac seemed like the murderous sort regardless of circumstances. The shadow of Condemnation had nothing to do with true darkness, and yet, the mysterious archer was here, fighting for the right to slay it — not at all different from the dark drifters or Sunny, intending to kill and consume Condemnation.  
  
That was the only way to survive here, in the Shadow Realm.  
  
Maybe Sunny would have been greeted by an arrow even if he had been wearing a beautiful silk robe sewn by Shadow God's own hands.  
  
In any case, the mysterious archer had come dangerously close to costing Sunny an incarnation, and if there was one thing Sunny was good at, it was holding grudges. He was going to find and kill the wretch no matter the cost.  
  
The mysterious archer was a shadow creature as well, after all… the shadow of Condemnation was not the only thing Sunny could consume to gain a treasure trove of shadow fragments.  
  
Who knew, maybe he would be able to not only form a Titan Core, but also saturate the seven cores to finality by the end of this expedition.  
  
But he would have to kill the four Dark Ones, the damned archer, and the shadow of Condemnation first to achieve that.  
  
'Step by step…'  
  
The archer was currently tied up dealing with the Thing, while the Leech was in a feeding frenzy. The Wolf had momentarily fallen behind.  
  
So, the best chance to even the odds Sunny had was to finish the wounded Vulture. It was still impaled by the fangs of the great serpent, having yet to free itself. The fangs themselves were of value, as well, since Sunny could use them as weapons again.  
  
'Let's hunt a Dark One.'  
  
He briefly considered summoning Saint. She was busy helping the Lord of Shadow clear the jungle… as well as keep an eye on old Jest, who had shown a tendency to wander into places he was not supposed to go as of late.   
  
More than that, while Saint was supposed to be immune to soul attacks, she would not necessarily be immune to the Shadow Realm… to shadow attacks? To whatever law ruled this desolate land, eroding shadows and turning them into pure essence.  
  
Sunny was not going to risk summoning his Shadows until he found proof that they would not be destroyed as a result of entering the Realm of Death.  
  
The bones of a Soul Serpent offered some assurance, but they could be an anomaly. For now, he had to proceed alone.  
  
Smiling darkly, Sunny took a running start and jumped, leaping to the next slab of obsidian. There were many of them scattered around, drifting chaotically in the sea of shadows that the body of Condemnation was composed of.  
  
For now, he had to reach the edge of the colossal being's shoulder and look down to evaluate the situation.  
  
Then, he had to kill.