2116 The Storm and the Mountain  
  
The two of them continued to fight viciously, wreaking havoc inside the shadow of Condemnation. When the slab of obsidian they were clashing on cracked and shattered, Sunny and the mysterious slayer leaped through a cloud of black dust to the next one, and when that one was split in two, they chose the larger half to continue their battle.  
  
Meanwhile, outside…  
  
The hurricane winds had grown truly terrifying, and the darkness was chased away by the bright silver radiance. The shadow of Condemnation leaned its colossal body forward and plunged into the essence storm, making the vast wall of swirling light part with its immeasurable mass.  
  
Usually, it was the storms that broke against the slopes of indomitable mountains. But this time, a dark mountain had moved to break the storm.  
  
Neither the devastating wind nor the vast expanse of raging essence managed to slow the shadow of Condemnation down.  
  
However, it was not as if the storm had no effect on it.  
  
The essence particles could not penetrate the body of the dead god with the same ease they had pierced Sunny, but they did damage it a tiny bit. All across the immense surface of the colossal shadow, sparks of fire were struck when the streams of pure essence brushed against the glossy obsidian.  
  
It was to a point that, in a few moments, the whole titanic figure of Condemnation seemed to be wreathed in flame.  
  
And while each individual particle of essence dealt an infinitely small amount of damage to the walking mountain…  
  
There was also an almost infinite amount of these particles.  
  
So, the tiny scratches they dealt to the body of Condemnation slowly, but inevitably mounted.  
  
It was like the wind or currents of water slowly weathering stone over the span of thousands of years, encapsulated in a manner of days, hours, and minutes. As the obsidian eroded, a cloud of black dust slowly formed around the shadow of the dead god, shining radiantly in the silver veil of the essence storm.  
  
If Sunny saw the awesome scene of the colossal shadow walking through a storm of light, he would have understood why the giant slabs of obsidian he had seen in the Shadow Realm all seemed polished, with a smooth and glossy surface instead of the rough and uneven texture of natural stone.  
  
But Sunny had no time to pay attention to what was happening outside the dark cosmos of Condemnation, because he was currently being strangled by a murderous shadow.  
  
'A… crap… what the hell!'  
  
Sunny was not a tall man, while the Nightmare Creatures he faced were usually on the enormous side. That was why he had plenty of experience climbing the bodies of his enemies to kill them… what he was not familiar with too well was being climbed like a tree.  
  
And that was what the nimble slayer had done, circling him with elusive grace and then suddenly mounting Sunny from behind. Their legs were now wrapped around his waist, and while one of their arms was crushing his windpipe, the other was poised to plunge the bone knife into the side of his skull.  
  
In that position, Sunny could not reach the vicious archer with the splinter of the ivory fang… in fact, he could not reach them at all, not even to bite them. All he could do was desperately struggle to hold one of their arms in the air, preventing the bone knife from making a hole in his skull, while clutching at the other in futile attempts to liberate his neck.  
  
'Argh, damn it!'  
  
The archer was not really trying to strangle Sunny, of course — it would take way too long to suffocate a Saint. Rather, they were trying to crush Sunny's windpipe, which would lead to suffocation naturally further down the line.  
  
Worst of all, there was a good chance it would work.  
  
Grinding his teeth, Sunny did the only thing he could do — he dismissed the Onyx Mantle, allowing it to turn back into the Onyx Shell. There was no point in maintaining the suit of fearsome armor, anyway, considering that the damned archer showed the ability to cut it like paper.  
  
With his skin becoming more rigid, however, Sunny could resist the stranglehold more.  
  
Better yet, while the Onyx Mantle was crafted with sublime intricacy and refinement, fitting him like a second layer of skin, it still had some bulk to it. When that bulk disappeared, leaving behind only a black tunic, there was a little distance between Sunny and the archer for a split second.  
  
Sunny used that second to turn his body slightly, and then fall back, slamming the nebulous slayer into the hard surface of the cold obsidian with dire force.  
  
The obsidian cracked, and something inside the archer seemed to crack, as well.  
  
That was not only because of the terrible force of the slam, but also because Sunny had augmented the impact with the weight of his body — and his body could weigh as much as a modest mountain, as long as he wanted to.  
  
Well, to be honest, Sunny had no idea how much an actual mountain weighed. But he was pretty sure that his current weight could turn an armored APC into an alloy pancake.  
  
Despite all that, the archer's hold did not weaken even for a second.  
  
'No way!'  
  
Growling, Sunny pushed with his feet, and sent them both flying over the edge of the obsidian slab, into the vast darkness of the shadow of Condemnation.  
  
Outside, the silver light continued to assault the shadow colossus. Condemnation was walking through the radiant fury of the essence storm, making the world quake with each step. It leaned its body forward and raised a titanic hand, shielding its head from the wind.  
  
The raging river of pure essence crashed into its forearm, striking a flood of sparks and tearing a few chunks of obsidian away.  
  
The body of the shadow of Condemnation — the obsidian, the captured shadows, the frozen light, the fragments of shattered winds — was slowly being ground by the raging ocean of essence particles.  
  
It was growing smaller bit by tiny bit.  
  
Deep within its dark expanse,Sunny and the vicious shadow he was trying to kill landed violently on another enormous chunk of polished black obsidian. This one was much larger than the rest and perfectly spherical in shape, located in the space where a human heart would have been.  
  
Since space was twisted and broken inside the shadow of the dead god, just like time was, there was no real up and down here. Sunny rolled across the glossy black surface, but never fell further down — because no matter where on the enormous sphere he stood, down was always below him.  
  
Standing up with a stifled groan, he briefly looked around.  
  
The alien expanse of the shadow of Condemnation was no different from before.  
  
It was just that…  
  
A confused frown appeared on Sunny's face for a short moment.  
  
'Does it not… feel more cramped in here now, somehow?'