2120 Godslayer  
  
The shadow of Condemnation had not been destroyed, but it was currently vulnerable. And while Sunny and the ruthless slayer of the Shadow Realm were both in quite a sorry state, they were also both positioned perfectly to deal the weakened deity a fatal blow.  
  
Well, Sunny was alive. The mysterious shadow was dead, but... refusing to depart.  
  
In any case, either of them could kill the shadow of Condemnation. The only question was who would strike first.  
  
So, Sunny rushed forward without wasting any time. Or he tried to, at least… sadly, his body was damaged quite severely, so the best he could manage was limping forward with urgent haste.  
  
'Ah, it hurts…'  
  
That was what he would have thought in any other circumstances. But currently, there was only one thought in his mind:  
  
'Kill it, kill it… I must kill it first!'  
  
Smiling darkly, Sunny limped toward the whirlwind of black dust while gripping the splinter of the ivory fang tightly. Far away, the mysterious archer had finally managed to settle their form and rose from the ground, ignoring the harrowing wound on their thigh entirely.  
  
'Crap.'  
  
Sunny could feel the chilling gaze of the archer shift, landing on him first, and then moving on to the shadow of Condemnation.  
  
'Crap!'  
  
Gritting his teeth, Sunny commanded the shadows to manifest into dark wings behind him… however, just then, the will of the murderous archer slammed into the world, forcing the shadows to cower in fear.   
  
"You damn traitors!"  
  
Cursing loudly, Sunny broke into a sprint.  
  
The archer was moving, as well…  
  
But he was faster.  
  
Sunny had come to his senses first, and so, he reached the shadow of Condemnation first.  
  
Leaping into the air, he plunged into the whirlwind of black dust. For a moment, the familiar alien force pulled at his mind, body, and soul, trying to absorb them — but it was much weaker now, so he simply ignored it.  
  
A moment later...  
  
He stabbed his ivory blade into the very heart of the dark whirlwind, where a perfect sphere was slowly forming from the shard of shattered bone.  
  
A mundane blade might not have been able to hurt the intangible force that was Condemnation.  
  
But Sunny was using the fang of a Soul Serpent, and of an unfathomably powerful one, at that. Soul Serpents were conduits of Death, and Sunny was its heir… so, he sharpened his will into infinitely cold killing intent, and channeled that intent into the splinter of the ancient bone, willing it to deliver death and destruction to the shadow of the dead god.  
  
It seemed to have worked.  
  
When the ivory blade pierced the heart of Condemnation…  
  
Sunny sensed an imperceptible ripple spread through the world.  
  
And then, he felt something ancient and indescribably vast break apart.  
  
And then, he felt nothing but hollow emptiness take its place.  
  
The whirlwind of wind was suddenly torn apart, and the black dust settled.  
  
The shards of bone fell to the ground.  
  
Sunny fell, too.  
  
The splinter of the ivory fang had shattered, leaving only a small piece of bone in his fist.  
  
But…  
  
As he fell, his eyes widened, and a nearly inexhaustible torrent of shadow fragments — far greater than anything he had ever experienced before — flooded his soul.  
  
It was both exhilarating and terrifying.  
  
He could feel his shadow cores, which had been damaged somewhat by the Shadow Realm, being replenished and rebuilt to how they were before.  
  
And it did not stop there.  
  
The raging torrent of shadow fragments filled his soul, saturating it…  
  
And deep within its dark depths, the seventh, final core had finally come to fruition, igniting with lightless splendor.  
  
Falling onto the dune of black dust, Sunny rolled down its slope and let out a short, panicking laugh.  
  
'Crap, crap, crap…'  
  
In the next moment, the familiar agony of a new shadow core being formed sundered his mind, making Sunny scream and convulse.  
  
This time, there was no soothing voice of the Spell to accompany him through the process. He had not woven corresponding words into the Handy Bracelet, so the bracelet was silent, as well.  
  
In fact, it had not even announced the slaying of the shadow of Condemnation — probably because it had no idea what to do when Sunny destroyed shadows, which were not technically alive, and therefore couldn't be killed.  
  
'G—g… get a… get a grip, you idiot!'  
  
Sunny struggled through the pain, trying to regain awareness of his surroundings.  
  
Replenishing the spent fragments was a good thing. Finally forming the seventh core and becoming a Titan was simply splendid. That was why he had come to the Realm of Death, after all.  
  
But he had really chosen a terribly unfortunate moment to accomplish this wonderful feat.  
  
Because…  
  
Just as Sunny tried to stand up, a merciless hand gripped his neck and roughly pulled him up.  
  
'Crap!'  
  
The shadow archer was still alive.  
  
…And full of fury, it seemed, glaring at Sunny through the wisps of ghostly smoke with chilling malice.  
  
Half-paralyzed by the dreadful pain of his soul being torn apart by the emerging shadow core, and his very being changing, Sunny shifted his weight and kicked the archer with as much strength as he could muster.  
  
For a moment, he felt like his neck would break, but it slipped from the enemy's iron grip instead. Sunny was pushed away and fell on the black dust, rolling further down the slope of the dune.  
  
The archer pursued.  
  
Crashing into a towering rib of a dead Soul Serpent at the foot of the hill, Sunny groaned weakly and tried to crawl away.  
  
"Aaargh!"  
  
Damn! Why did it hurt so much!  
  
The archer caught him after a few moments. Sunny rolled, avoiding the foot that would have crushed his skull otherwise, and raised his arms to defend himself. A devastating blow descended upon him, almost caving his ribcage in, and a moment later, a harrowing kick sent him flying into the air.  
  
Sunny landed in a heap and rolled a couple of times, coming face to face with the human skull he had noticed earlier.  
  
The skull stared at him with gaping black holes of its empty eye sockets, making Sunny shiver.   
  
Would his own skull be left laying here, forlorn and forgotten, as well?  
  
Rolling onto his back, he rose a little and caught the archer's foot, which had almost reached his head by then.  
  
No… considering how vicious this bastard was, there was no chance in hell that his skull would be left intact.  
  
Sunny had saved his head from being kicked straight off his shoulders, but in the next moment, he was punched in the face instead.  
  
Flying back, Sunny crashed into the spine of a dead Soul Serpent and fell to his knees. His vision was blurred, and he tasted blood on his tongue.  
  
'I'm actually bleeding… wow…'  
  
He was practically drowning in blood.  
  
The pain was subsiding, at least.  
  
Raising his head to look at the blurry figure of the approaching archer, Sunny spat a mouthful of blood...  
  
And smiled.  
  
"Hey, fool…"  
  
The archer did not pay his words any attention, raising their fist to deliver the final strike.  
  
Sunny tensed his muscles, preparing himself.  
  
"...Behind you."  
  
The murderous shadow froze for a split second, then spun around.  
  
But it was already too late.  
  
Because there, behind them, another Sunny was already bringing down his fist with all the dreadful power of a Transcendent Titan.  
  
It was the long-awaited seventh shadow.