2121 Titan  
  
The Seventh Shadow's titanic blow landed on the archer's spine and sent them flying like a tattered doll — or at least it would have, if not for the original body, who lunged forward at the same time to   
deliver a strike of his own.  
  
The opposite momentum of his blow made the impact utterly devastating, damaging the surroundings and sending a shrapnel of bone fragments flying in all directions.  
  
'Ah… ouch…'  
  
His tortured body did not respond well to the violent strain of the battle, though. In fact, it felt like he was on the verge of collapse.  
  
But that was alright.  
  
Because there was another, entirely fresh Sunny ready to pick up the slack.  
  
As soon as the archer landed on the ground, the seventh incarnation was already upon them. The enemy was weakened and dazed, but still dangerous. Even slowed down by the oppressive commands of the Lord of Shadows, they managed to dodge the lethal attack and roll away, standing up a moment later...  
  
Still burning with the same cold, murderous determination.  
  
Sunny smiled weakly as he pushed his original body from the ground.  
  
The mysterious shadow was truly stubborn. Or maybe they simply did not know any better, having spent thousands of years slaying others in order to survive. Did it even remember anything except hunting and killing? Was it even capable of giving up?  
  
It did not matter, anyway.  
  
Even if the archer's resolve was infinite, they were already too far gone. Whatever strength they had left was enough to kill one Sunny, perhaps, but not two, especially with the second one bearing no physical wounds.  
  
Surrounded by the towering remains of the dead serpents, the three of them fought without holding anything back. The ground quaked from the fury of their desperate clash, but it swiftly became apparent that the archer had no hope of emerging whole from that fight.  
  
Sunny even felt a little dirty, for a brief moment, for ganging up on the murderous shadow.  
  
But that bizarre and ridiculous notion quickly disappeared, replaced by vindictive glee.   
  
'...So what?'  
  
So what if it was two against one?  
  
That was what the damned maniac deserved!  
  
Sure, in other circumstances, even seven of his incarnations would not have been enough to kill the vicious slayer of the Shadow Realm, let alone two. After all, he kept calling his enemy "the archer" for a reason — the mysterious shadow was obviously a sublime master of archery and ranged combat, using traps, cunning, and meticulous ambush tactics to hunt down their prey.  
  
Melee combat was not even their true area of competence, unlike his, yet that was exactly what Sunny had forced upon them.  
  
Not to mention the fact that all of the archer's careful preparations had been rendered useless when the shadow of Condemnation stomped through their hunting grounds, pursued by the Creatures of Darkness.  
  
There was no telling how many of those dreadful beings the archer had fought, defeated, and destroyed before Sunny showed up, either — so, from the very start, he had been fighting someone weakened and drained by a long, unforgiving battle.  
  
But what of it?  
  
Sunny had been in a dire state from the very start, himself. His powers were severely restricted, and he could not even risk summoning his Shadows.  
  
So, he sincerely believed…  
  
That even if the two of them had clashed in their peak states, the end would have been the same.  
  
The archer would have been killed, and Sunny would have been the killer.  
  
Just like he was going to kill the damned thing now.  
  
The archer was still fighting, but their strength was dwindling. The Seventh Shadow calmly dodged their crushing blows, delivering one cruel, inescapable strike after another in return. The original body served to distract and slow down the enemy, allowing for these strikes to land.  
  
When the murderous shadow tried to switch targets and finish off the original body first, the seventh avatar would ruthlessly punish the moment of distraction, thus making destroying the more battered version of Sunny impossible. He had mastered the strange art of fighting as a group, after all — the two incarnations moved in perfect harmony with each other, weaving an inescapable net of death.   
  
Sunny evaded a swift and devastating kick with flowing grace, then used his other body to lunge at the archer from behind. The shadow sidestepped his lunge easily, but that took a precious moment — a split second later, Sunny's fist struck the side of their head, sending the enemy reeling.   
  
And using that opportunity, the original body delivered a vicious kick to the side of the archer's knee, feeling something crack with dark satisfaction.  
  
…It was a little barbaric, to simply batter the mysterious shadow to death. But what could he do? All his weapons were gone, and even the last splinter of the great ivory fang had shattered when he destroyed the shadow of Condemnation. Now, only a piece of it remained, still clenched in Sunny's fist to add some weight to his punches.  
  
He inhaled hoarsely.  
  
"Just give up and die with grace…"  
  
As the archer regained their balance and raised their arms to block an obliterating blow, the seventh shadow added:  
  
"Find peace within me. Or whatever…"  
  
Their enemy looked almost like a ghost now, having lost most of their solidity. Black smoke was flowing from countless wounds on the archer's body, surrounding them like a billowing veil. The contours of the graceful body beneath it had always been nebulous, but now, they were so vague as to almost seem immaterial.  
  
It was time to end this.  
  
Sunny might have harbored a grudge against the mysterious archer, but an enemy like that…  
  
They deserved a clean death, at least.  
  
Lunging forward with both of his bodies, he sent one of them low, while the other struck high.  
  
The archer staggered back, avoiding the strike to their head, but they failed to avoid the original body. A moment later, Sunny managed to grab them and wrestle them to the ground.  
  
This was the end.  
  
While the seventh avatar grabbed the archer's arms, the original body pressed the enemy into the ground with all the prodigious weight allowed to him by the [Feather of Truth] and raised his fists.   
  
His face was calm and cold when he struck down, aiming to split the mysterious shadow's skull.   
  
One blow was not enough, so he struck again, and again, and again…  
  
Until even the Onyx Shell could not keep up with the devastating power of his blows, and the skin on his knuckles split, drops of crimson blood falling into the ghostly wisps of black smoke.   
  
The archer was still struggling, but by now, their movements were so weak that it did not matter.   
  
Taking a deep breath, Sunny allowed for the shard of ivory fang he was still holding in his fist to slide down, and then caught it between his fingers.   
  
He brought the sharp edge of the bone fragment to the archer's throat.   
  
However, just as he was about to slice it open...  
  
A friendly voice resounded from the darkness.  
  
"My, oh my. I wouldn't do that…"