2214 Dark and Cold  
  
The soldiers of the two great armies were cowering in front of the startling fury of the clash between the two demigods, their faces pale, their eyes opened wide in awe and terror.  
  
...Sunny was not feeling too brave at the moment, himself.  
  
Leaning on the hilt of his odachi while the tip of its blade rested on the ground, he was observing the battle intently. His black mask remained expressionless, but the man behind it had a grim expression on his face.  
  
The soldiers were merely witnessing the clash, after all. They wеre frightened by the obliterating forces that the two Sovereigns were unleashing, but what they feared was becoming collateral damage in the dreadful fight, at most.  
  
Sunny, however, would soon be facing these monsters in battle himself. He would experience the indescribable terror of their inhuman power himself. So, his wariness was far less theoretical.  
  
'Too strong, too fast...'  
  
The Sovereigns were indeed far beyond any Saint. Even Sunny, who was a Transcendent Titan, was not anywhere near their level of strength. He was struggling to follow their movements with his eyes, and any one of the countless harrowing blows they rained upon each other would have left his body broken and mangled.  
  
Their power was simply tyrannical.  
  
However, in and of itself, it was not too terrible.  
  
He had faced and killed plenty of Great Nightmare Creatures, after all... to the point that fighting them ceased to feel like the stuff of dark and dreadful legends. Many of them had been faster and stronger than Ki Song and Anvil were, capable of toppling mountains and reshaping landscapes with their blows.  
  
They had died under his blade nonetheless.  
  
There was a different plane to the battle between the Sovereigns, though, one that few could perceive.  
  
Sunny could not perceive it, either... but he knew that it was happening out there, in the vast storm of rustling swords, reshaping reality itself.  
  
Just as the King and the Queen were engaged in a physical battle, their Wills were battling each other, as well.  
  
Perhaps Anvil's impossibly durable armor was only remaining whole because he willed it to be. Because Ki Song's bare hands could bend and break the armor because she wanted them to.  
  
The sea of puppets and the hurricane of swords were merely extensions of their mortal bodies, as well. They were expressions of their dire power. Every time a flying sword pierced a dead puppet, and each time dead hands closed around the cold steel of a flying sword, the two wills clashed with each other, too.  
  
He was not knowledgeable enough about the Will, but he was sure that the Sovereigns were wielding it with just as much skill as they would any weapon. And just like a weapon, the Will was a deadly tool in their hands.  
  
Perhaps the real battle was happening on that conceptual plane, unseen by all except the two Supremes themselves.  
  
There was another level to their clash, as well — one that made Sunny's head ache. It was the clash between the Domains of the two Sovereigns, which... had some effect both on how much strength they could express, and how sharp their Will could become.  
  
Perhaps.  
  
He was not sure.  
  
Ki Song had decided to have the battle on the Breastbone Reach, which was a strange choice. Here was the territory of the King of Swords, after all — she was surrounded by his Domain from all sides, which had to be a great disadvantage, stifling her power.  
  
However, just before they clashed, everything changed.  
  
Sunny could not quite perceive it, but he did sense it... a subtle shift in the very nature of the world around them. It must have happened because somewhere far below, Revel finally conquered the Spine Ocean Citadel — Ki Song gained more authority over Godgrave, and the boundary of her own land pushed against Anvil's sphere of influence from the depths of the dark ocean.  
  
And then there was the Dream Gate, which seemed to have opened to the snowy vista of Ravenheart... somehow.  
  
Sunny knew that the Dream Gates served as conduits of Supreme power — whenever they appeared, the surrounding land became a part of the Sovereign's Domain. That was how Anvil and Ki Song were able to bring their Domains to the waking world during the Chain of Nightmares and eliminate the Gate Guardians that had emerged during the Battle of the Black Skull.  
  
Ravenheart was now directly connected to Godgrave, spreading the Queen's influence to this godforsaken land... most likely.  
  
So, a fragile equilibrium was formed, with the two Sovereigns fighting on the boundary where their Domains pushed against each other, creating neutral ground.  
  
Sunny had to keep all that in mind.  
  
He had to watch, and wait... and when both of the Sovereigns exhausted their powers, he would have to enter the fray and face their chilling, tyrannical power himself.  
  
Side by side with Nephis, of course.  
  
Would they really be able to win?  
  
Well... now, they had no choice.  
  
Because they had already made it.  
  
He closed his eyes for a moment, feeling the weight of that choice pressing down on him like a crushing burden.  
  
For a moment, Sunny allowed himself to be weak and unsure.  
  
He felt sick. He felt disgusted with himself.  
  
'I am... the most hypocritical person in the world, aren't I?'  
  
Two worlds, even.  
  
That was because the moment Nephis had chosen the path of no return, leaving herself no other option but to defeat the Sovereigns and become one herself, she had made a choice for the countless mundane humans living in the Sword and Song Domains, as well.  
  
And Sunny... Sunny was her willing accomplice. Should they fail, millions of people would die.  
  
Opening his eyes, Sunny looked at the unfathomable carnage of the great battle in front of him.  
  
The scale of it let him reel.  
  
'...I can't fail, then. I simply can't.'  
  
He gritted his teeth.  
  
Just as always, Weaver's Mask betrayed no emotion.  
  
But the shadows throughout the Sword Army suddenly grew deeper and colder.  
  
Endlessly deep, and infinitely cold...