2237 King of Swords  
The swarm of Great Nightmare Creatures escaped the gates of the Nameless Temple like a monstrous tide. Their grotesque and harrowing forms loomed in darkness, and the darkness bloomed with the frenzied scarlet flames of countless hungry eyes.  
A terrifying litany of bestial wails shook the world.  
A moment later, countless fangs sank into dead flesh and countless claws shattered enchanted steel. There were beings among the liberated Great Ones who resembled beasts, and there were those who defied description. Having shaken off the shackles of the Dream Curse, these dreadful creatures were overcome with fury, hunger, and the chilling scars left on their souls by the endless nightmares.  
The dead puppets, the flying swords, and the ancient predators of the abominable jungle — these three armies clashed on the fractured battlefield, unleashing a devastating wave of violence.  
Sunny was not a Sovereign, but his army of abominations was not that inferior to the other two Supreme forces. Of course, there were far fewer of them than there were of the Queen's puppets and of the King's swords. But each Great Nightmare Creature was far more powerful than most individual minions of the Supremes were, and as a result, the carnage of their onslaught was simply chilling.  
There was a simple trick to why Sunny was able to match the Sovereigns as a mere Transcendent, in that regard…  
It was because, unlike them, he had no control over his army whatsoever.  
Nightmare had spent more than a year slowly lulling the Great Ones to slumber, but now that they broke free, Sunny had no power over the harrowing swarm of frenzied abominations at all. They were just as likely to devour him as they were his enemies… so, he would be wise to stay away from his own monster.  
Perhaps it would have been even wiser not to unleash scores of Great Nightmare Creatures in close proximity to himself, but there was no putting this particular genie back in the bottle.  
In any case, he had done what had to be done. The abominations would stall the sea of puppets and the storm of swords for some time, at least — giving him and Nephis time to deal with the Sovereigns in person.  
Or be dealt with by the Sovereigns, instead.  
'How thrilling…'  
Anvil was already a split second away from descending upon Sunny in all his harrowing might. However, at that moment — strangely enough — Sunny found himself neither shaken nor wary. Instead, he was curious.  
How would he fare in the battle against a Supreme?  
This was the first time Sunny felt his true power as a Titan. His original body and the Onyx Mantle encasing it were both augmented by all seven of his shadows, making him feel strong enough to crush entire mountains under his palm. His speed, his endurance, his resilience — all of him was empowered by the embrace of shadows, becoming…  
Titanic.  
Beyond that, he was also being nurtured by the Fragment of the Shadow Realm, pushing his physical prowess even further. Essence flowed into his soul like a river, both from being surrounded by the purest form of his source element and because of Serpent waging war on the scarlet jungle below…  
And much as Sunny was empowered, Anvil was suppressed.  
'Do I stand a chance, I wonder?'  
The first attack came faster than lightning. It was so fast, in fact, that Sunny could not even see it — he could only sense it through the movement of shadows. Time seemed to slow down to a crawl, and the snowflakes froze in the air, shining like cold stars in the night sky as they reflected Neph's brilliant radiance.  
Anvil's cursed sword descended upon him like an ill omen, twisting the very space around it…  
And moving through the frozen time, Sunny dodged it with the practiced ease of a master swordsman.  
Sidestepping thе attack, he pushed himself forward. At this speed, the air itself was like a wall barring his path — Sunny shattered that wall easily and thrust his odachi into Anvil's unprotected face.  
Cold contempt glistened in the Sovereign's grey eyes.  
'Ah… I made a mistake.'  
Ignoring the laws of inertia, Anvil's sword instantly changed direction and transitioned to a horizontal slash from a downward cut. He struck Sunny with the flat of the blade, causing a crack to appear on the surface of the Onyx Mantle and sending Sunny staggering back. A dull pain radiated through his abdomen, and he tasted blood on his tongue.  
There were rules to swordsmanship. The footwork, the human anatomy, the application of force — however, Anvil commanded a force that broke all the rules, refusing to obey any law that had not been made by him. He could control metal itself, and therefore, his sword could move in any direction he wanted, at any speed.  
His body was encased in a suit of steel armor as well, and therefore, observing his footwork was of no use.  
"Let me show you swordsmanship, worm…"  
Hearing Anvil's indifferent voice, Sunny smiled faintly.  
'Crap.'  
In the next moment, a barrage of attacks descended upon him like a steel storm. There were too many of them to count, and each carried the devastating power of a Supreme. Anvil's assault was inescapable and tyrannical, as if the sky itself was falling upon Sunny.  
The cursed sword the King held in his hands was the most vicious, but the six blades levitating around him were no less deadly. The shattered bone cracked under Sunny's boots as he evaded and dodged, then exploded a moment later when the cuts aimed for his body bit into it with obliterating force.  
Sunny's black odachi deflected a few strikes and blocked a few more, then was cut cleanly and crumbled into a stream of shadows. A new sword appeared in his hand almost instantly — then, four more arms were formed from shadows, each grasping its own blade.  
He survived the barrage of attacks, somehow, realizing with a shudder that the eternity of murderous steel he weathered only lasted for a heartbeat.  
And that there was one last wave of attacks he could not escape.His blades were broken, and his shadow hands were severed.  
The cursed sword flew toward him, with nothing to stop it from piercing his heart.  
…Just before it pierced him, though, Sunny simply dissolved into the shadows and stepped out of them behind Anvil, delivering a crushing blow to the Sovereign's back.  
'What is it with this guy and calling all his enemies worms?'  
Sunny grinned behind Weaver's Mask.  
"How about I show you swordsmanship, instead?"  
As Anvil used his Aspect to right his body and turn, the six dreadful swords becoming a sphere of rustling steel around him, Sunny switched his stance and channeled a flowing and unpredictable battle style — the first style he had ever learned.  
The style Nephis had inherited from Broken Sword, and he inherited from her.  
Anvil's eyes darkened.