2239 Vibrant Colors  
The fractured battlefield quaked as Sunny landed on the white bone, instantly dashing away with a thunderclap. Surrounded by a billowing mantle of shadows, he was like a formless mass of darkness that moved around the formidable figure of the King of Swords, aiming to end the King's life.  
His black sword was like an omen of death, and at any moment, his dark mantle could bloom with tendrils that shot forward at dire speed, turning into sharp blades, clawed hands, or rattling chains.  
The blades aimed to pierce Anvil's armor, the inky-black hands tried to pull him down, and the chains tried to bind him.  
However, instead, they shattered against the dark steel of his impenetrable armor, were cut down by his swords, and were torn to pieces by his ferocious strength.  
'What a bastard.'  
If the shadows Sunny manifested had been more effective against his Supreme enemy, he would have already encased himself in a Shadow Shell, bringing its immense might down upon Anvil. But for now, there was no point — the Shell would just offer a larger target to the King of Swords, and would be destroyed swiftly.  
'It is… it is like…'  
It was as if Sunny was stuck in a mire. That was what it felt like, to fight against an enemy who had long forged their Will into a deadly weapon — like the quiet horror of a person slowly drowning in cold mud, unable to claw their way out or find purchase.  
That was because the world itself seemed to be on Anvil's side, bending to accommodate his Will. Sunny had not noticed it at first, but once he recognized the wrongness, it was impossible to ignore it.  
The effect was subtle, but unmistakable, turning the King's swords sharper while Sunny's weapons became duller, making the King's armor more durable while Sunny's armor became more fragile, helping the King strike true every time while Sunny always seemed to miss his target by a hair's breadth.  
'The Will…'  
Sunny possessed the Will, too, and wasn't completely unfamiliar with wielding it.He even tried to unleash it against Anvil's will, hoping to bend the world back into shape — not even to favor him, but simply to remain neutral. However, he felt like an infant trying to overpower an adult.  
The distance between them was too vast.  
He could sense it, too, what Anvil was doing… and yet, Sunny had no words and no concepts to describe or understand what he was sensing.  
It was as if he was a blind person who had somehow managed to fathom what colors were, while Anvil could mix the colors to paint a vibrant, beautiful picture with his brush.  
Sunny felt bad. Sunny felt indignant.  
Why did he have to feel like he was drowning while experiencing his full power for the first time?  
'Ah… it's driving me mad.'  
The world was suddenly consumed by blinding radiance as Nephis unleashed a roaring torrent of white flame some distance away. Sunny could not spare any attention to observe her battle against the Queen, but he did catch glimpses of it from time to time.  
Nephis had already assumed her Transcendent form, appearing like a spirit of light in the deep darkness of the Shadow Realm Fragment. Her pure radiance spread far and wide, illuminating the dark sea of puppets and the rustling storm of swords above…  
Her beautiful figure was dwarfed by the gargantuan flesh golem, though, moving in the air as she dodged the devastating attacks of the Queen. From a distance, it looked like a human was chasing a shining firefly across a dark abyss — however, that firefly had a vicious bite, searing the eerie creature with blinding rays of incandescent light, each of them hundreds of meters in length.  
The incandescent rays were soul flame channeled through the Blessing, condensed and shаped by its radiant blade. They cut and burned the flesh golem at the same time, perhaps even evaporating some of the river of blood that flowed with the hideous creature…  
But then again, the Queen's vessel was not that hidеous anymore. As she fought, it continued to change and shift,assuming a more human form. The towering being still looked like a monster born from a feverish nightmare, but it also possessed an eerie, chilling kind of grace now, moving across the fractured battlefield with a ferocious and merciless sense of purpose.  
The wounds dealt to her by Neph's flame were erased in mere seconds, not leaving even a trace.  
The other dead Titans had broken free by then, too. One had been torn apart by a particularly dreadful Great abomination, and another one was turned into a mountain of bleeding flesh by the flying swords… but the rest were already destroying Sunnу's rabid army, killing and consuming the ancient predators of the abominable jungle in a variety of gruesome ways.  
'We are all holding back.'  
Even as his armor broke and repaired itself, as he was assaulting Anvil like a whirlwind of deadly darkness, Sunny knew that the four of them had not gone all out yet.  
They were probing each other, for now, learning the ways of their enemy.  
Sunny was benefiting from this short introduction the most, because Shadow Dаnce allowed him a unique insight into Anvil… into learning the way a Sovereign fought.  
What a Sovereign was.  
But it wasn't going to last much longer.  
Because he could see it, already…  
Anvil was growing bored.  
Even though it wounded his pride and sent shivers running down his spine, Sunny saw that his enemy had only tolerated their battle in hopes of experiencing something amusing.  
But his hоpe was slowly being crushed by the lack of challenge Sunny offered.  
It was disheartening to see.  
So… what was the point of holding back?  
The bone plain shuddered as the head of an enormous serpent suddenly revealed itself above the vast chasm.  
At the same time as it appeared, a tenebrous steed suddenly rose from the shadows behind Anvil, biting down with adamantine fangs, while a graceful knight in intricate onyx armor stepped out of the darkness in front of him, bringing down her black sword on his head.Considering Anvil's power over metal, Sunny entrusted Fiend with another, equally important task — defending Rain against the abominable jungle. Saint and Nightmare, however, were enough to give Anvil pause.  
And that pause was enough for Serpent to turn into a black odachi, landing into Sunny's hand a moment later.  
He was learning to wield the Will from Anvil…  
But that did not mean that he could not cheat.  
[Slaying Blade] Ability Description: "When in its Soul Weapon form, Soul Serpent embodies the Death aspect of Shadow God. As such, it ignores the will of greater beings.  
As his Shadows held the Sovereign in place, Sunny took a step forward and brought his odachi down in a downward slash, the power of his strike causing the air itself to part in a towering rift.