2253 Reversal  
Even if Anvil had been rattled by the shocking turn of events, he did not allow himself to stay in that statе for more than a few seconds.  
After all, he had come to this battlefield to fight a Sovereign. It did not matter much to him whether he had to fight Ki Song or the Lord of Shadows…  
There was a lot Sunny had to adjust to, however.  
The fractured bone plain shuddered as he pushed against it with his foot. His newly found power was too vast, too tyrannical — underestimating his own speed, Sunny failed to align his sword properly and missed Anvil entirely, crashing into him instead of beheading him with one clean, ruthless strike.  
Their clash caused a shockwave to tear the world apart, and Anvil was thrown dozens of metres back. The impact was truly terrible.  
Sunny loоked down at his armor, expecting to see fractures marring the smooth surface of the jet-black jade. However, to his surprise, the Mantle was entirely intact.  
It was Anvil's impenеtrable armor that dented, instead.  
A vicious smile twisted Sunny's lips.  
"You must have worked quite hard to forge this Supreme suit of armor..."  
A split second later, he was already upon Anvil, slashing down with his blacк odachi. His speed was so great that it seemed as if Sunny was blinking in and out of existence instead of moving across the weathered bone.  
Anvil still managed to deflect the blow, though, staggering back as a result.  
Sunny smiled.  
"...I bought my armor from a Sleeper for a fistful of soul shards."  
Behind the smile, however, he was a little wary. Serpent's Class depended on Sunny's own, but its Rank depended on his mastery of Shadow Dance. So, it was still a Transcendent Titan despite Sunny already being a Supreme one… Anvil's condemning sword, though, was Sacred.  
If Sunny was not careful, his Shadow could be destroyed.  
So, he allowed three of his shadows to flow down his arms and envelop Serpent, instead, augmenting both its power and its resilience.'Huh…'  
It was only then that Sunny considered his current state.  
His original body had been destroyed, so only the seven incarnations remained. It was a strange reversal — before, he had been a human who needed to spend essence in order to turn into a shadow, but now being a shadow was his natural state. Instead, he needed to spend essence to assume the shape of a human.  
The expenditure was minuscule compared to the unfathomable rate with which he replenished essence, but it was still a curious fact.  
In any case, one of his shadows was serving as a gate for the silent legion, three were augmenting Serpent, and three were serving as his body now.  
Which meant that he was still three times stronger than Anvil — more so, really, since the Shadow Realm Fragment was empowering him.  
The King of Swords stood no chance… it was as if their roles had been reversed.  
Sensing the gap but remaining indifferent to it, Anvil grasped the hilt of his Sacred sword with both hands and looked at Sunny somberly.  
"You talk too much."  
Sunny grinned as he raised the black odachi.  
"That's because I have a lot to say…"  
They clashed once again, moving with stunning speed. This time, Anvil was the one to lash out with his sword, empowering his attack with razor-sharp Will — just like he had done before to cut Sunny's courage, determination, and hope.  
However, this time, his cold Will clashed with Sunny's own.  
And although Sunny was new to wielding his Will in a battle, he managed to resist Anvil's ruthless strike unscathed.  
His grin widened.  
"Now, then. Let me get a few things off my chest…"  
As the smile disappeared from his face, replaced by a chillingly cold expression, he exploded into a whirlwind of darkness. The clangor of steel roared above the fractured bone plain, and the ancient bone itself groaned, huge chunks of it plummeting into the black smoke veiling the burning Hollows below.  
Sunny unleashed a barrage of strikes upon Anvil, suppressing him and pushing him back."Where should I start?"  
He cut down, used the momentum of his deflected attack to close in, and rammed the King of Swords with his shoulder. Anvil let out a pained grunt.  
"First of all… you are a rotten bastard. Even worse, you are also an utter fool. Did you really think that strangling your heart and turning yourself into an emotionless tyrant would save you from the curse of your Flaw? That you would not lose anything if you did not care about anything?"  
Anvil caught the black blade of the serpentine odachi in a bind, but Sunny lowered his hands and easily overpowered him, circling the Sacred sword and pushing his own up. Anvil leaned back at the last moment, but a long cut was still left on his cheek, swelling with blood.  
"...That is the entire reason you lost everything, you vile fool! If you were not such a soгry excuse of a father, your children would not have grown to despise you. And if you were not such a failure as a ruler, your subjects would not have turned their back on you. All of this mess… is your doing! One foolish man has almost destroyed the world! Bastard, are you proud of yourself?!"  
Anvil did not respond, straining to survive in the onslaught of lethal attacks. Maybe engaging in a conversation was a luxury he could not afford at the moment… perhaps he simply did not care.  
His cold grey eyes were calm and focused.  
Sunny snarled, thrusting his odachi forward to destroy one of the red runes glowing on the surface of Anvil's armor.  
"Secondly… damn, where do I even begin? Stifling humanity's growth to prevent more Gates from opening? Suppressing and eliminating our most talented warriors to stop them from becoming Saints? Abandoning billions of people to die because trying to save everyone seemed less likely to succeed? Starting a bloody damn war against fellow humans instead of aiming your precious swords at the Nightmare Creatures?! You scum… that was your grand strategy? That was the best you could do?!"  
He growled and took a step forward instead of taking a step back to avoid the falling blade of Anvil's sword. Catching it on his odachi, Sunny pulled both blades downward and slammed his elbow into Anvil's face, feeling with great satisfaction something give under his titanic blow.  
As Anvil staggered back once more, blood flowing from his nose, Sunny looked at him with murderous madness burning in his black, terrifying eyes.  
"And lastly..."  
He aimed his odachi at Anvil's heart.  
"Bastard, what nonsense were you spouting about forging Nephis into a flawless sword? How fucking unhinged are you, you piece of trash? Come on, say it again… I dare you! Say it one last time before I pull your tongue out, cut it, and then feed it back to you. I'm listening!"  
The black odachi lashed out once again, throwing Anvil to his knees.  
Bloodied and reeling, the King of Swords looked up at Sunny…  
And smiled.