'2362 Hunter and Prey  
The ultimate adversary of a wolf was the hunter, and therefore, if Sunny wanted to resist the primordial demon who embodied the concept of the Wolf, he had to embody the concept of the Hunter.  
  
To the best of his ability, at least.  
  
That statement sounded like an inspirational adage, but actually, there was nothing abstract or philosophical about it. Instead, it was strictly a matter of cold practicality. At the level of power where Sunny had found himself, the physical battle between two creatures was merely an expression of the violent clash between their wills, their spirits… their essences. An ultimate expression, true, but still only an outward one - no more than the tip of the iceberg.  
  
So, channeling a concept that was both superior and in direct opposition to the essence of his adversary would help Sunny resist their Will better, empowering his own against the foe. At least that was what he hoped and expected to happen - obviously, Sunny had never attempted a technique like that before. He had never even thought to think about such a technique before, let alone implement it. Luckily, Sunny had several vital advantages as far as channeling the concept of the Hunter went.  
  
First of all, he was a hunter - one of the most accomplished hunters of mankind, no less. The number of powerful Nightmare Creatures he had hunted was almost incalculable, and there were few people in the world more knowledgeable about how to stalk prey. Secondly, he had witnessed the primordial hunters from the era of the Wolf once, a long time ago. Not only had he witnessed and battled them, but he had also learned their primal, ruthless battle style - he even used it when sparring with Morgan during the Southern Campaign, increasing his familiarity with the combat techniques of those prehistoric humans.  
  
And lastly, Sunny was a master of Shadow Dance. That power of his allowed him to learn the essencе of the enemy and assume their form, but even if there was no adversary for him to shadow - or if he did not dare to shadow anyone due to the fear of losing his unmoored, untethered self - he still had a great wealth of experience channeling the mindset and physicality of someone other than himself. Of becoming someone else, even. Shadows were a malleable sort, after all. So, even if Sunny had never attempted to channel an opposing concept to gain an advantage in a battle of Wills with a superior adversary, he was still sufficiently confident that he could pull it off.  
  
Flying down the slope of the volcano while the Wolf was distracted by the Obsidian Wasps, Sunny steeled his mind. 'Feel it…' As Sunny lunged forward, the tip of his spear slicing the fabric of the world apart, he imagined himself as someone else. His imagination summoned a vision from the depths of his being, and submitting to his will, that vision came true. He could almost feel it… he did feel it. The chill of the early morning as he left his crude hut, its walls made of rough hide. The drops of dew trembling on the blades of grass. The smell of fresh blood in the air. The cries of his kin, the ghastly sight of a body ravaged by beasts. The wolves had attacked his tribe in the night, stealing a life. The anger, the sorrow… the hunger. The dark malice in the eyes of his fellow tribesmen, who glanced at him for guidance. He was the best hunter among them, after all… their leader. Their chieftain. The familiar weight of his spear as they headed toward the woods, the polished texture of its well-worn shaft, the wicked sharpness of its flint blade.  
  
With this spear, he was going to kill the Wolf. He was going to kill it because it had dared to prey on his kin, because it had dared to hunt in his territory. 'Haa…' Sunny could feel his blood growing hotter, running faster. His eyes glinted with harsh, murderous light. His clear mind was engrossed with the channeled image, his movements turning sharp and economical, devoid of elegance or grace. His Will had become different, as well. It changed to fit the essence of a fearless, ruthless Hunter.  
  
In the next moment, Sunny was upon the Wolf. His spear lashed out, aiming for the beast's glowing, malevolent eyes, bringing with it the absolute finality of Death… However, the Wolf was a ferocious and cunning predator, as well. It was larger than Sunny, stronger than Sunny, faster than Sunny… it was hungrier than Sunny, too. It avoided the spear easily, leaping away and letting out a fearsome growl. The distressing gaze of its three crimson eyes pierced him, penetrating into his very soul. And suddenly, Sunny was little and weak. He was prey paralyzed by fear.  
  
The ash billowed around him, and before the Wolf could lunge forward again, Sunny disappeared into the shadows and stepped out of them somewhere else, his ruthless spear piercing the Wоlf's side. "I…" The ancient fiend whined and exploded into a storm of obliterating snow, retreating down the slope of the volcano to take shape again.  
Sunny took a step forward and aimed his spear at the Cursed Demon once again. His lips twisted into a vicious grin. ",am no one's prey." The Wolf stared at him with madness and hatred for a split second, and then rushed forward in a hurricane of rabid killing intent.  
Sunny met the beast with the tip of his spear, and at the point where they clashed, the slope of the volcano fractured, innumerable tons of ash and rock sliding down into the sea of clouds.  
  
A deafening thunderclap sent the clouds rippling, and the world shook, hurt by the violence of the cataclysmic forces they had unleashed. Neither Sunny nor the Wolf paid it any attention, though, having turned into a rolling, distressing whirlwind of destruction. The two of them were intertwined in a frightening dance of death, and nothing could withstand the lethal horror of their primal fury.  
The towering volcano shuddered.