2401 Two Tyrants  
A titanic arm woven out of darkness and obsidian rose from the formless shadow, spanning almost two kilometers in length. Then, it fell slowly, the vast palm striking the slope of the mountain with calamitous power.  
  
Strands of black silk flew in the hurricane wind, and a whirlwind of snow escaped from beneath them into the frigid air.  
  
The mountain groaned as the shade of Condemnation pressed down upon it, and a huge head followed the titanic arm.  
The shadow of the dead Tyrant slowly pulled itself out of the shadow and straightened, towering above the world. Its size was truly unimaginable - the tenebrous figure of Condemnation was as tall as most mountains on Earth, and even here in the artificial world of Ariel's Game, it seemed improbably immense. Standing at the lowest point of the slope, near the rippling sea of clouds and the tapestries of black silk hiding it, the shadow of the Cursed Tyrant reached more than halfway to the highest point of the Snow Castle mountain - if Condemnation raised its hands, they would cast a shadow upon the jagged peak. And on the giant black moth perched on top of it.  
  
The Puppeteer was looking down upon the towering figure of Condemnation, still eerily motionless. Compared to the immense shade, it seemed almost petite. From the tip of its antennae to the edges of its folded wings, the giant black moth was no more than a κilometer across - barely a quarter of Condemnation's unfathomable height. Its actual body was even smallеr.  
  
Once the titanic shade straightened, the Cursed Tyrant finally reacted. It shifted, its wings trembling subtly. An eerie clicking washed over the world, making the winds go mad with terror.  
  
The Puppeteer stared down at the shadow of Condemnation. And the shadow of Condemnation glanced up, casting its lightless gaze at the Puppeteer.  
  
'Go. tear each other apart!'  
  
Sunny strained against the invisible strings, screaming silently as they cut his very being apart. No matter how fiercely he resisted and how badly he hurt himself by fighting against the Strings of Doubt, he could not free himself from their hold. On the contrary, with every passing moment, the insidious influence of the Puppeteer spread, binding him tighter.  
  
And although he was desperately hoping that the shadow of Condemnation would clash with the eerie black moth, there was no guarantee that it would.  
That shade was different from the rest, possessing a mind of its own. However, that mind was peculiar and alien, not easily understood - Sunny had no idea what guided it, and therеfore, he did not know what Condemnation would do. The tenebrous giant could indeed attack the Puppeteer. It could turn around and crush Sunny under its foot, as well. It could even do nothing.  
  
But that did not matter too much, really, because no matter what it did, the Puppeteer would have to react. Even if Condemnation showed no immediate hostility to the insidious moth, the moth would not be able to ignore the threat it represented or tolerate its presence in the Snow Domain. The Puppeteer would be forced to act, and therefore, the clash between it and the shadow of Condemnation was inevitable.  
  
Sunny was going to use that chance to escape his bindings.  
  
'Come on!'  
  
To his relief, the shadow of Condemnation seemed to sense the silent malice of the giant moth perched atop the mountain. Still looking up, it slowly raised its titanic foot and took a step forward, breaching a vast distance with that single step. It was climbing the mountain.  
  
'Yes!'  
  
Consumed by doubt and pain, Sunny felt a hint of vicious glee. He did not hope that the titanic shade would be able to kill the Puppeteer. Even if the accursed moth was physically weak, it was still a Cursed One, while the shade of Condemnation was merely that - the shade of a once mighty being. Its calamitous power was incomparable to a true Cursed Tyrant, and the shadow of its Will was incomparable to the profane authority of a living deity. Even if shades were immune to the Puppeteer's malevolent power, Sunny did not count Condemnation's chances high. And yet, the devastation caused by a clash between these two would be unthinkable. The Puppeteer would most likely prevail. but it would not prevail easily, and neither would it prevail unscathed. Most importantly, it would nоt prevail rapidly. Which would give Sunny plenty of time to free himself while the adversary's attention was concentrated somewhere else.  
  
Out there in front of him, Condemnation took another titanic step, making the mountain shake.  
  
It was then that the Puppeteer finally moved. Its great black wings unfolded, instantly obscuring the sky. The shadow they cast swallowed the world, and then, the Puppeteer leaped off its silken perch in one rapid, quiet motion. As it plummeted down, the winds groaned and screamed, cut by the sharp edges of the vast black wings. The profane deity of Doubt was like a guillotine blade made of pure darkness, severing the world as it fell down upon the shadow of Condemnation. The black silk billowed and danced as it passed. At the last moment, the Puppeteer righted its flight and allowed the wind to support its wings, turning from the dark slope toward the towering colossus. The two of them collided with harrowing violence, making the sky split apart and causing the mountain to fracture. The giant moth's six legs pierced the chest and the neck of Condemnation, and it straddled the Sacred shade, facing it directly. The tenebrous giant staggered from the impact.  
  
It raised its hand, intending to tear the wings of the Puppeteer apart, but at that moment, the endless mass of black silk boiled and surged. Titanic tendrils of it shot upward and wrapped themselves around Condemnation's wrists, pulling its hands down. More still bound its legs and waist, weighing them down with inescapable power. But that was not all. At the same time, the endless expanse of black silk stretching between the Snow Castle and the surrounding mountains surged, too.  
  
Countless strands of it originated from the silken mountain, reaching outward like a boundless web. Now, they rose into the air and surrounded the Snow Castle, closing around it like a huge cocoon. As they slowly closed, the world dimmed. The blazing, bleeding inferno of the dying sunset was blotted out, and a deep darkness fell upon the fractured mountain. In that darkness, the Evening Star burned, fueling Sunny with a flood of power.