1655 Rain of Destruction

Dozens of black javelins shot into the raging snow, violently tearing a path through the blizzard. Each weighed more than a ton and moved with supersonic speed... the devastation they could visit upon the desolate landscape of the Antarctic Center was immeasurable.

But much more important than the kinetic force they carried was the mystical force of their Transcendent nature. In the world of the Nightmare Spell, there were rules and laws that trampled reason... a Corrupted Titan like the Winter Beast could shrug off a railgun shell, but it couldn't ignore the blade of a Saint.

Sunny had always known about this odd dichotomy, but only now that he was a Transcendent had he gained a hint of understanding regarding it. He had vaguely sensed on many occasions the world pushing against him, and his will pushing back against the world.

The higher one's Rank was, the more they were able to resist the pressure of the mundane and forcefully exert their will upon the world... as well as other living beings populating it, when two transcendent wills clashed.

That was why, perhaps, a powerful abomination could survive a nuclear blast, but not a blow delivered to it by an Awakened such as him. Because an explosion did not carry an Awakened's lethal will.

In any case, the Winter Beast was going to have a problem dealing with the black javelins, both because of the mundane force they carried, and the mystical force infused in them.

That was if Sunny could actually hit the creature, of course.

Blinded by snow, he closed his eyes and concentrated on sensing the shadows. His body was assaulted by unbearable cold, the crushing wind trying to bring him down. The wind was growing more ferocious, and the cold was becoming more calamitous by the second. The waves of heat rolling off the exploding volcano lessened the cruelty of the snowstorm a little, but not by much.

Counting the seconds, Sunny concentrated on the distant place where the cold was the most terrible. Out there, even shadows could not withstand it, becoming frozen and still. There was a vast blind spot in his field of perception... so, even though he could not sense the body of the Winter Beast, he knew where to aim the javelins.

'Come on.’

There were almost fifteen seconds left before his missiles reached the target area. Which did not mean that Sunny would simply wait patiently...

"Serpent."

Responding to his voice, the giant creature turned into a tide of darkness and flowed under his armor. A few moments later, it had already turned into a serpentine tattoo.

As it did, Sunny sensed the amount of spirit essence he could absorb from the surrounding darkness increase dramatically. He suspected that it was either because of Serpent's new Ability or because of its [Shadow Guide] Attribute having undergone an evolution.

In the past, that Attribute allowed Serpent to help Sunny control his shadow essence better, so who was to say that it couldn't guide the ambient essence of elemental shadows into his soul, as well?

Thankfully, Sunny was currently shrouded in darkness. The twilight sky was obscured by the cloud of ash that had mixed with snow, so no light reached the plain. Even the red glow of the erupting Mount Erebus had been swallowed by the raging snowstorm, drowning the buried ruins of the destroyed siege capital in deep shadows. The lightless world was full of spirit essence.

Which was a good thing, considering that he was not holding back and burning through his own essence recklessly.

"More!"

Long before the first salvo of the black javelins reached its target, the second salvo flew into the seething veil of snow. The world shook and quaked from the deafening roar of their passing, and from the aftershocks of the continuing eruption, as well.

The third salvo was sent into the storm not long after that.

For a while, Sunny was surrounded by a thunderous cacophony of violent shockwaves and the pained howling of the ravaged wind. A dark smile appeared on his face, and he basked in the cataclysmic fury that devoured everything around hìm.

It was a shame that he could not use Serpent better in this fight... there were many forms that his Shadow could assume, but none of them would really counter the profane power of the Winter Beast. On the contrary, all of them would be vulnerable to it.

The same went for his avatars... facing an enemy like that, his best strategy was to consolidate all the power available to him in one source. In himself.

'Still, it's not too bad.’

Sunny found the way the battle was developing rather exciting.

That was until the first wave of javelins finally reached the heart of the snowstorm, though.

His smile dimmed a little.

"Curses."

The very first javelin had survived more than twenty seconds in the snowstorm. But the force of the wind and the fatal cold were much more dire close to the area where the Winter Beast was hiding some of the shadow projectiles were thrown off course by the hurricane, falling into the snow with thunderous explosions,

The rest were swallowed by the cold and sapped of power, turning dead and brittle. Despite how much effort Sunny had poured into them, the speed and power of the black javelins ended up being insufficient. Even if they struck the body of the titan, they would just shatter into ice without leaving a mark on it.

As the fourth salvo shot into the snowstorm, Sunny dismissed the shadow hands and opened his eyes, looking ahead grimly. There was still hope... the Winter Beast was drawing closer with each second, so the second and third salvos would have spent less time in the blizzard by the time they reached its heart.

And yet, Sunny felt pessimistic.

Just as he had expected, the second salvo only managed to devastate a swathe of the plain in front of the titan's intangible fortress of fatal cold. The third one was swallowed without leaving a scar on the storm.

He grimaced.

'No, no... it's for the better.’

Sunny had been afraid that there would be no chance for him to clash with the wretched creature face-to-face. No, it seemed that his worries had been unfounded.

If he wanted to kill something well, he had to kill it with his own two hands. Was that the saying?

As he sighed and took a step back, the fourth and final salvo hit.

However, it did not strike the heart of the snowstorm. Instead, each of the javelins struck a particular spot on the vast field of snow, producing an earth-shattering explosion.

And in response to that devastating attack, the snow split open across the entire region, unleashing a torrent of angry red glow.