

with his hands in his pockets. "That's Lander. One of the 3 great families" Luke answers with a hint of pride for helping his master. "3 Great families?" Julius inquisitively. "There are only 3 families that are given knowledge of Ur and pass down extra knowledge of magic and training. They are the biggest threats. The other two are just outsiders" Luke explains. "Ah, I see..." Julius places his hand on Luke's shoulder, "I too know what it is like to not be born into the greats. I had fight and take what was mine every step of the way!". Luke's face grows red with embarrassment, "umm Mr.Caesar, I'm one of the 3 Greats, it's just I was born without any magic talent...". Julius removes his hand, "I see...in any case just watch for now, I shall form a strategy once I understand this man".

Lander sighs, "if no one is going to come out, then I guess I'm just going to have to drag you all out and kill you all". Lander puts on a pair of gloves and then snaps with both hands, flames erupt from inside the gloves and emerge out the wrists of them. He pulls both arms backwards and the flames spread on top of the gloves, covering his hands in flames. Then, he throw both his arms up in a cross shape and this causes flames to run down the street in the cross shape. It slams into the nearest small chapel and causes the entire building to catch fire. Luke gasps, "basic magic can't possibly produce that much fire right Mr.Julius?!". Julius stays silent as he too is analyzing the same mystery. Lander laughs, "I bet that killed atleast a couple of you, only a few thousand to go!".

Lander raises his arms ready to throw his fire, but suddenly a scythe appears in front of his body and the cut sinks into his shirt. The instant it slices his shirt pocket, lightning fills the entire area. Burning large black ash columns into the roads. The lightning dances around the street and the buildings too, burning all of it. The man wielding the scythe jumps backwards before being able to injure Lander. "That was pretty good! If you would have cut anywhere else you would have injured me pretty good! I didn't expect so much from one of the commoners Mical!" Mical catches Lander's contagious laughter, "Is that lightning in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?! Hold on, I got another! I didn't expect so much from you either, but I guess you're just lightning in a pocket!". Lander's laughter fades into confusion, "well, I wasn't expecting that response. I'm not sure if that makes killing you easier or harder...". Mical kicks the ground and suddenly appears in front of Lander, he swings the scythe again. Lander swings his fire hands towards Mical, but he is far too slow. The lightning still pouring out of Lander's pocket switches directions and points itself at Mical's head. Just before impact, the scythe disappears and a shield appears in his arms, blocking the bolt.

Luke's heart races with the thrill, "how was he able to move that quick?! He was even faster than the lightning!". Julius answers, "that was pure physical strength. The only men I have ever encountered with such monstrous strength were those whose lives were a worse hell than you could imagine. That man must have seen war in his life". The shield he is holding is burnt and cracked from the lightning. Lander and Mical stare at each other's eyes without making a single move. Then, casually, Lander opens his other shirt pocket causing even more lightning to pour from him. At the same time, Mical forces his shield to disappear and now summons two short knives.

Mical charges, while at the same time Lander swings both arms without any aim. Mical crouches down and slides under the wall of fire, then on the other side leaps in the air towards Lander. The lightning dances around nearly covering all parts of Lander. Mical holds his left knife sideways and blocks the lightning with it, and holds it as close to his pocket as he can blocking almost off of it, while he starts to attack from above with his right knife. Both his knives begin to glow brightly, "Primera Verth" Mical whispers. If Mical had not have done this same thing hundreds of times before, he would have felt sorrow seeing the fear in Lander's eyes, but this did not hold him back. Just before impact, Lander is pulled away. Mical's attack continues and drills a giant 50 foot crater in the ground.