

The heads all turn into mana, and flow away in the wind. He sits in a chair made of stone that sits alone from the rest. He finally notices Mical and gives him an uninterested stare, “screw off, go die in Ur”. Mical clenches his fist, “Richer Brackenstein, I believe we have similar goals. I am going to be killing the Belwether and Wodsnell’s players, and I thought I would be kind and let you have a hand in it”. Richer taps the arm of his chair, a bright glow comes from under his shirt, and from the ground around Mical arises many beautiful gemstones of all different hues. They surround Mical holding his body in place. Richer’s dry tone echos and fills the room, “you act as if you are giving me any sort of favors. If the other players are alive, it is because I allow them to live, and if they are dead, then it will happen exactly how I wish it to be. Do you have anything else left to say?”.

Mical, seeing his end approaching, decides to spend his last moments pushing back against his enemy, “your son is the saddest excuse for a player I have ever seen, I wish I could have killed him myself before I died”. Richer stops tapping his arm rest and smiles, the gems around Mical break apart into dust and the red glow fades from his chest, “I like men like you. Also I agree with every word you said about my pathetic son. This is what we will do. You will stay with me for a day, allow me to eat and rest to enjoy myself for a day before we put an end to Ur. After that we will kill the Belwether, then after that will be my son, and we will save the Wodsnell for last. Once the Wodsnell is dead, I will kill you and end Ur”. Mical laughs, “for all that work you don’t even want the wish you get from it? That’s like finishing the box of cereal and throwing away the toy”. Richer shakes his head, “a Brackenstein must win Ur. I don’t trust anyone else to make a proper wish. This boy however is not fit to make the wish. So I will wait for the next games, and make the next Brackenstein win”. Mical runs his hand through his hair and smiles, “well, I guess there’s no changing your mind. You drive a hard bargain. I accept your deal”.

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Leonne finds the only building that was in the radius of Lander’s attack that is completely unharmed. It is quite the ancient temple, judging by the looks of it, he believes it to be the single oldest building in the city. Its’ size is modest compared to almost everything else, but the detail in the carvings on the exterior are beautiful. Leonne enters to find the entire building is just one large room, with a chair at the back wall. In between Leonne and the throne are hundreds of men and women bowing towards the throne. The man sitting on the throne wears robes, has a long beard tied into detailed braids, but his eyes lack pupils or an iris, no that is not quite accurate Leonne notices upon further inspection. The pupil still exists, but only as the outline of it, while the inside is white. “Bow” the man commands. “I am not one of your servants, and I have no plans to become one. I was here to make a humble request” Leonne speaks. “Does a cat listen to the pleas of a mouse?” The man groans. Leonne holds out his hand, “do you plan on letting these games reach their natural conclusion?”. The man holds his hand out and summons a staff onto it, “I am King Nebuchadnezzar, what I touch turns to riches, the land I stand upon becomes fertile and rich with fruits, and truth becomes the words I speak. Not even God himself could humble a man like me. I spoke the words that these games shall last forever, the world itself bends a knee to these words, and submits to my will”.

Leonne responds quickly, he knows if he thinks about a response he will lose the courage to say what he really wants, “then you King are no cat, nor are you the mouse. You are a man who holds a cat in one hand and the mouse in the other. Is that fun for you to watch no hunt take place? Do you find it amusing that every game, everything goes exactly how you want it to? If you were truly a powerful King, you would let the cat chase the mouse, as you would gather enjoyment from watching, and surely be strong enough to prevent it from ending”. Nebuchadnezzar taps his staff on the floor and all those bowing shriek in terror, “calm yourselves. I would never use such a technique on a man with the courage to barter with I. What is your name?”. Leonne answers the King , “Leonne Belwether”. He