

The pair do not have to wait long. Just as Julius predicted, an explosion of pure mana appears in the center of the destroyed area. “Richer?! I’ve waited years to kill you with this!” Lander yells. “That’s not my father, is it Nebuchadnezzar?” Luke ponders. “No, it’s the worse option...we’re back to the drawing boards...”. The figure stands in the middle of the area, tall and cloaked, but no details can be discerned because mana is pouring out of them like a waterfall. The mana around the cloaked figure forms into thousands of hands that grab anything nearby and pull themselves away from the center. The mana pulls itself until it breaks into 3 pieces, which form together into human shaped figures, with wings, a halo, and hundreds of arms each. “An angel?” Luke questions. “New order! Kill her!” Julius commands. “Her?!” Luke asks, and before his question can be answered one of these angels tackles Julius and holds him to the ground, with its’ many extra arms they reach towards Luke.

Lander’s jaw drops, “you aren’t Richer, but your skills are too good to ignore, I’ll have to use everything I have!”. Something begins to form above Lander, but instantly Lander is grabbed by two of the angels. The lightning, fire, and his Phantom Azoth are enough to break them apart, but afterward his lightning and fire slowly dwindle. Lander snaps both his fingers and waits for it reappear, “what the...my mana, those things weren’t attacking me, they pulled out my mana! Who are you?!”. The hooded figure responds with a soft spoken demand, “give up your ambitions. You still have another chance”.

Luke sprints at the figure along the way jumping over piles of burnt rubble. He grabs a steel beam, and uses Primera Verth on it. The steel beam blows off the concrete attached to the bottom of it, along with the ground underneath as Luke pulls it along with him. The two angels that attacked Lander turn their attention towards Luke. They fly towards him and pick up large chunks of earth with each of their many hands. They extend all their arms to push the chunks at Luke. Normally, Luke would be able to dodge one or two, before being crushed to death by the thousand more to come, but Luke was experiencing something that all athletes have encountered before, a state of pure focus where no thought enters your mind and your body moves on pure instinct. Luke jumps from rock to rock slashing and spinning through the air. Each slash continues for a mile, carving out a gash in the ground. The cloaked figure, nor Luke were expecting him to reach his target so quickly, catching both of them off guard, but he manages to hold his attention for just a moment longer to continue his slash. He cuts the cloak in half which falls to pieces.

Luke’s heightened state runs out because he reached his target. He looks down and releases his Primera Verth is still active, he wonders to himself, “I needed evil to complete it, so what evil do I have now? I didn’t attack out of hatred or anger so what is it?”. Then what he sees shocks him out of his question. The person who stands before him is a woman wearing long robes, sandals, and a pair of bright brown eyes. Her long hair rests halfway down her chest, she looks at Luke with her brown eyes, “come, sit, this battle is already over”. The woman sits on the ground and pats the ground next to her. Luke looks back at Julius for confirmation, and when he receives none he just looks back at the woman confused. She sighs, “I see, you know you don’t need that man. He is only trouble that will lead you to pain. I can show you a better way”. Lander too sighs, “if you aren’t Richer, and my mana is low then I have no reason to continue here today. Luke, I can’t wait to kill you and your father. It should take about 3 days for my mana to replenish, in the meantime find your father, and anyone you else you wish and gather up. It’ll be easier to kill you all together”. Instead of teleporting, or running Lander walks away, knowing that he is in no danger. While he does, his Phantom Azoth vanishes, but due to the carnage it caused, one can hardly tell the difference.

“Let go of Julius” Luke demands. “I can’t do that. My only goal is to bring peace to this horrible world. Other than the crazy boy who just left, this man is by far the most dangerous in Ur due