

detect Mical's attack. Mical summoned a long staff with a hook on the end, which he hooks the staff and pushes upward, pulling Nebuchadnezzar's arms up into the air. With his stomach completely open and defenseless, Mical summons a second weapon, a hammer with a chain at the handle, which is wrapped around the handle of his own staff. Due to the staff now being extended, this pulls the chain and flings the hammer towards the King, glowing red with the power of Primera Verth. The hammer makes contact, creating a deafening smack sound. The red explosion from the attack blinds the both of them, and blows both of them backwards. The King falling back into his seat, while Mical flies across the room, landing on his feet. Mical lets out a sigh of relief, "just you wait Lenna, we're one step closer to your smile".

"That was a clever trick only summoning half of your weapon. Once again, you almost finished me. However, the second I become impressed, you reveal what you fight for and leave me saddened by you. You could have been a mighty warrior if you fought for yourself" King Nebuchadnezzar states with a bitterness to his voice. Mical understands how the King was able to survive, a black liquid drips out of the head of his staff, falling in front of him like a waterfall. Mical chuckles, "so your staff can produce magic that you can't?! Is the staff the real King?!". Nebuchadnezzar keeps his composure, and simply points his staff forward, the liquid follows. Mical jumps and dodges the attack, but it stops in midair, becomes a solid ball, and then bounces on the floor to change direction, before turning back into a wave of liquid crashing toward him. Mical jumps in the air, summons a sword that he sticks into the ground, and then stands on top of the hilt, letting the liquid crash below him. He then jumps from the hilt of his weapon straight for the King.

Mical summons all of his weapons, tied together by a chain creating a ring around him. Upon the ring is a halberd, a long sword, a hammer, two short swords, some knives, a pair of nun-chucks, and his signature scythe, which all begin to glow red. The King's eyes grow wide, "such magnificent magic. I recognize that beautiful red glow anywhere I see it. The mark of a true magician". Mical smiles, "it seems I was wrong, maybe you are actually the king". Mical grabs the chain in front of him with one hand, and part of the chain behind him with the other, then throws both arms down in a circular motion to have all the weapons spin in a wheel. In return, the King raises his staff to block the attack. A light appears from the staff, and before Mical's eyes can see the attack, he finds himself laying on the ground, with his weapon wheel laying on top of him. His eyes face the bright blue sky, and the dark night sky that split the heavens. He starts to sit up, but feels a sharp pain everywhere in his body. He looks back and forth and sees the entire building is gone, besides the floor. The floor has burn marks, puddles of water, fire, plants growing on it, and rubble is floating inches above the ground. He examines himself and sees no deep injuries, but just burns and cuts all over his body.

"What sort of magic was that?" Mical asks out of pure curiosity. "My specialty is Silver Crest magic. When I was King, I saw that I needed something to fill my staff with for strength. I used up Babylon's artifacts and still this was not enough to defeat our enemies. So I had an idea. The Jews we had kept as slaves were hardly serving a purpose anyways, they could not even perform their slave tasks properly...". Mical knows what the King will say next, ignoring the pain he stands to his feet and shouts, "you monster!". "I rounded up as many as I could and sealed them within my staff. That is how I am able to use such strong magic, it is the work of thousands guided by my will" Nebuchadnezzar explains in a sickening prideful tone. "With such vast numbers inside there, they should easily be able to rebel your command and break free!" Mical chants, hoping for it to happen. "You are correct. They have tried many times. That's when I discovered a trick. If I use all my mana and focus I can create the Alkahest in only small amounts, I cannot control it either, but that is hardly needed. So I just create as much as I can, and I flood the inside of my staff with it. Melting all of them into pure mana. No chance for rebellion after that". Mical raises his weapon which glows red again, he barks in a brutal dry voice,