

“just when I started to respect your power as King, you again show me how weak you are. A real man is able to win with his own power, but you have to rely on people you think are weak, meaning they are much stronger than you’ll ever be! Even when sealed away you had to use all your power to kill them! So who really won that fight?! I’m going to kill you, then I’m going to win these games with my own strength, and put a smile back on her face”. King Nebuchadnezzar raises his staff, “one man could never defeat the thousands I wield. Not even I, the greatest king, could defeat my own power”.

Meanwhile, Richer’s hand enters the chest of the last army member standing, but when Richer removes his hand, the number of standing army members drops to zero. Leonne stares at Richer with disgust, “I tried to talk you down from the massacre years ago, because I thought you were a human being that could see logic and reason, now I see you’re just a monster”. Richer’s Philosopher’s Stone glows and fires out of it a magnified beam of pure heat. Leonne can tell the blast is aiming for his heart, but if he dodges then the chalice will spill. Then he considers the fact that even if he teleports away, he cannot fight while holding the chalice anyways. He looks at himself, lamenting his fate.

Leonne teleports before the blast makes contact. Richer chuckles and starts to walk away, “you decided to flee from a battle just to protect that stupid cup? How childish-” Richer is punched in the head from below, then a bolt of lightning shoots out of the fist, charging through the man’s head. Richer swings his own fist punching Leonne in the gut and making him drop to his knees. Richer wipes his face of any black burnt soot on it, and analyzes the man before him. Leonne only has one arm now, he looks back to where the man previously stood and sees the severed arm still holding the chalice, “you resorted to using Golden Whole on your arm, just to keep holding it?!”. Leonne stands back to his feet and creates lightning all around him, “you claim that my efforts for peace are weak, but that couldn’t be further from the truth! Your path is the weak one! You just simply kill what you don’t like and it’s gone forever! The path of peace is one that requires true strength!”.

Richer pauses for thought. He lowers his arms, Leonne can see it in the man’s eyes, that he truly is thinking about his life. Richer then comes to a conclusion and smiles, “I’ll let you live for today. That was quite an interesting show you put on. I’ll go grab the other one, and we’ll hit our next target instead”.

Richer jumps to the now completely open temple nearby. When he arrives he sees Mical holding his ring of red glowing weapons, “just when I started to respect your power as King, you again show me how weak you are. A real man is able to win with his own power, but you have to rely on people you think are weak, meaning they are much stronger than you’ll ever be! Even when sealed away you had to use all your power to kill them! So who really won that fight?! I’m going to kill you, then I’m going to win these games with my own strength, and put a smile back on her face”. King Nebuchadnezzar raises his staff, “one man could never defeat the thousands I wield”. Richer casually walks between, “come on, we’re leaving”. Mical blinks a few times to make sure he is not dreaming, “...you of all people don’t want to fight?”. Richer looks at the King and then back at Mical, “yeah, I’m not really in the mood right now. So we’ll go kill my son next and then come back for these two”.

Mical notices Richer’s word choice of “these two”, meaning that Leonne is still alive, and if they go now to kill Julius then the sword in his stomach will be stuck there forever, “if you’re too weak to do it, then switch opponents with me, and I’ll go back and kill Leonne myself”. Richer notices Mical touching the sword as he says these lines, and he sighs, “boy, I didn’t want to tell you this earlier, because I thought it was absolutely hilarious, but now the joke is getting old. You can remove that sword at anytime, Julius was lying to you”. Mical, in complete disbelief, begins to remove the sword himself, his hands become completely limp when he sees no blood. Richer turns to face the King, “we