

that? Someone who has seen such horrors, and has a wish they truly want. I just decided on my wish a few days ago, is it fair for me to take his away?”.

Julius slaps Luke in the face, who was so surprised that he stopped using Primera Verth, he looks at Julius with hollow eyes. Julius states bluntly, “this place is a second chance for everyone who steps into it. No chance is greater than another. So you take your second chance at life and you run with it”. Luke nods with eyes now filled with understanding, “thank you friend...”. Julius nods back and begins to walk away, but Luke calls out, “hey, also screw Daniel, let’s go tomorrow morning”.

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“Please don’t I surrender!” are the last words of Atilla the Hun before Lander’s fist breaks straight through his head, turning him into dusts of mana. Lander winces in pain, he examines his fist and sees it is swollen, purple, and a few of the knuckles are out of place. He flicks both his swollen hands and breathes to relax the pain. He looks back at the 30 bodies all breaking into mana, “that seemed to be the last of any large groups of non players. Any more are just stragglers that will die when I use my Phantom Azoth”. He wraps his hands in cloth, again wincing in pain when he tightens it, “I changed my mind and started killing all the non players I could find out of boredom, but it turned out to be quite a pain. Also I had to waste quite a bit of mana when they would put up too big of fight and force me to use a mini Phantom Azoth. I’d say I’m only at about half mana right now, so by morning maybe I’ll be at 60 or 70 percent. With my 3 mana potions, and everyone expecting me to return in another day, I should attack early to get the element of surprise. If I begin the day by stalling or fighting without my Phantom Azoth I could gain back even more mana”.

Lander then hears the faint sound of laughter. He follows it and as he does the laughter grows into a small roar. All coming from an ancient clay structure. Lander himself has no memories beyond this instant. His eyesight became blood red. All thoughts left his mind. His hands rise from pure instinct, “Phantom Azoth” he growls. None of the partying Brackensteins even hear him over the sound of their celebrations. All of them are melted into puddles of boiling mana within a split second.

Lander calms down enough to become conscious of his actions, and he punches the wall out of anger, damaging his broken fist more than the wall, “that’s it?! Dead just like that?! All that suffering you put me through just to end like that?!”. Lander comes to a realization, the only idea in the whole world that could calm him down at this moment, “Richer and Luke still live. I will take out all my hatred on them, and make sure they die a slow and painful death”. Lander leaves the Brackenstein residence, with his eyes pointed straight for Nebuchadnezzar’s broken temple, “he’ll know where Richer is, and if he doesn’t then when I use a full scale Phantom Azoth, that’ll sure get his attention”.

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Luke, Julius, and Daniel arrive in the early morning to the base of Nebuchadnezzar’s temple and find Leonne sitting on the ground, with his severed arm a few feet away still holding the chalice. Luke and Julius raise their fists for battle, but Daniel places a hand on their shoulders, relaxing both of them, then she speaks to Leonne, “what are you doing Belwether player?”. Leonne looks up at them and then motions with his head towards the chalice, “Nebuchadnezzar gave his word that if no liquid spilled from this chalice for 3 days then he would allow us to finish Ur. So I ask, please keep the peace. Do not spill this, and do not fight him. We actually have a chance to win this, please don’t ruin it”. Julius looks at the chalice with a skeptical look, “how do we know that you aren’t charging an attack inside of that, or tricking us to kill each other and allow yourself and Nebuchadnezzar to clean us all up in the end?”. Leonne taps his arm wound and stares into Julius’ eyes.