

many chances I give you all, you'll only ever hear the screams". Richer's stone glows so bright it is blinding, everything begins to shake. Every building left shatters into dust, the ground shakes back and forth. Daniel, with her deep understanding of mana, is the first to understand the situation, "...I never thought about it like that...". "What is this boy doing?!" The King shouts. "When you smack mana or magic against something it normally just tries to break that object, but not with the walls containing us here! The magic just bounces back! So if you hit with enough magic, it'll continue to bounce! Like a microphone held to a speaker, it'll keep getting louder till no one can stand! I've finally seen what this war between the families has done, I'm going to make sure that boy wins and ends the suffering forever!". Nebuchadnezzar holds out his staff, "I cannot let anyone win and risk wishing to end Ur. Imagine us being able to fight like this for thousands of years to come!", the room lights up with his light spell once again.

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Lander and Luke both land directly below the floating doors. When they notice this, they realize this is their best chance. They stand to their feet, Lander drinks his first mana potion, while Luke grabs two nearby pieces of rubble and uses Primera Verth on them, "how come you can have mana potions?!". Lander laughs, "normally that idiot is supposed to check the incoming players for any mana potions, and confiscate any he finds, I was worried he was going to check me, but he told me that I was pathetic without even checking! What an idiot!". Luke notices he pulled out that potion from his left pants pocket. Lander opens his Phantom Azoth, while Luke charges in.

"I'm sorry, but you never had a chance..." Lander says with remorse as Luke bursts into flames. As Lander watches the boy burn, for a moment he feels the same emptiness that Richer felt. Only instead of being able to feel this and learn from it as Richer was able to, Lander had no such chance. The flames disappear from Luke's body, and it glows a soft red. "What is this?! What do you think you're doing?!" Lander screams. Luke drops his two weapons and slashes Lander with his fingers, across his whole body, and down to his pocket. When he breaks the first mana potion, it blows up, blasting both of them away.

Lander, while laying on the ground holding the wound on his side, holds out his other arm bringing down two meteors, 3 fire tornadoes, and sky scraper sized pillars of fire on Luke. Luke felt nothing as he jumped out of the fire, glowing the slightest hint of red. Luke laughs, "you can turn objects using Primera Verth right?! I'm nothing more than a tool to everyone else anyways, my body is just an object!". In reality, neither man could see that his Primera Verth was not perfect, Lander's attacks were slowly chipping away at Luke's skin. Lander is forced to leap out of the way of the oncoming attack, all while fires engulf Luke again.

"Why do you continue to fight?! I have had the greatest technique since I was young, why prolong your own death?!" Lander yells in rage. "Because..." Luke starts and then cuts himself off by laughing, "...I just want to have more fun!". Lander's fists clench until they both start bleeding, he lights the boy on fire again and cries out, "this is fun for you?! The death of my family before my eyes, then you come to pick off the last one your father didn't kill?! You sicken me! You're a monster just like the rest of your family!". Luke leaps out of the flames again, now with a noticeable scratch on his arm, "I don't care about my dad or your family! I spent my life locked away in a room, these games are the most fun I've ever had!". Luke charges, ready to strike Lander again.

Lander notices the scratch on Luke's arm, this time he feels no remorse. He turns off his Phantom Azoth, and brings into this world the smallest, most potent version of it he can create. One