

vanishes before their eyes. “No! Please, do not ruin the only chance we have!” Leonne cries out. Richer’s chest begins to glow a bright red, “sorry, but if you want a chance, then you have to make it happen”. Leonne clenches his fist, “Richer! Quit acting like I am a stranger! I tried to talk you down from your path before, now you speak to me as if I am nothing! Look where your path has led you! Did you get what you wanted?! Your family will be dead within the generation, and the Wodsnells are still going! So stand down! Let’s fix this!”. Richer takes a single step, and appears within the army behind Leonne. The Philosopher’s Stone around his neck lifts out of his shirt, and begins producing a natural disaster. Winds blow the army off of their feet, water crashes down on them from above, then lightning bolts, 5 miles in length strike the ground around Richer, and drag across the ground spreading in all directions. Due to the previous waters, even those who dodged it, were still burned and electricuted. In a single instant, nearly half of the army was injured beyond fighting capability.

Leonne summons his Alkahest and sends it towards Richer, who casually summons a 200 foot tall wall of bees to block the attack without even facing it. He reaches out and grabs the arm of an injured soldier and rips it clean off. “Mana zone” he speaks before throwing it straight into the army. The arm still had a large amount of mana in it, and he created a mana zone which created more and more mana. This became unstable and exploded in the crowd in a blue explosion.

Surprising Richer, his wall of bees collapsed from Leonne’s attack, and he is forced to dodge the Alkahest. Richer laughs, “you almost had me there! How did a weakling like you learn a such an advanced technique, not even I know?!”. Leonne rolls up his sleeve and reveals a glowing bracelet, “I spent my life studying, and recreating all of my families large collection of magical books. Then I sealed away all of my recreations inside of here. I could never in my lifetime preform something like this, so I just access the knowledge I sealed to temporarily use it”. Richer laughs, “such a disappointment. I was excited for a moment that this would be a fun fight. While using what you seal is a smart tactic, it has 1 flaw. When you fight with something you have no understanding of, you end up being weaker than if you use something weak that you mastered”.

Leonne spreads his liquid to surround Richer from all sides, then collapse in on him, “I’m sorry it came to this, I wish I could have led you to peace...”. The black liquid explodes, splattering all around the battlefield. The screams of those affected fade as they shrink to nothing. Richer emerges, completely untouched. “How?!” Leonne cries out. “You created a perfectly sealed area, so I just created a mana zone inside. The infinite affect of a strong mana zone outdoes the shrinking affect of your technique, so it blew up” Richer explains. He sees how defenseless and pathetic Leonne is, so he turns his attension towards the army. He summons meteorites to crash down onto them, while he attacks with his hands and starts ripping them to pieces.

Meanwhile, Nebuchadnezzar watches from his throne, with no desernable emotion on it. Mical summons a scythe much larger than himself, but he jumps from the ceiling at the same time, so the weight of the giant weapon carries with the momentum. The blade begins to sink into Nebuchadnezzar’s chest, and Mical swings at the same time. Mical calls out with a deep bloodlust, “Primera Vert-”, the blade snaps into a million pieces, each one klinking onto the floor. Mical kicks off his throne to move away quick.

The King touches his wound, “I am impressed, if I didn’t act quick enough, I’d surely be dead from that attack. I simply just sealed small pieces of your blade into my staff, so it would become weak and shatter. Don’t kick yourself for not using Primera Verth sooner, it would have just alerted me to the technique and I would have counter attacked”. Mical laughs, “I wasn’t kicking myself, I was trying to kick your ass”. Nebuchadnezzar lifts his staff, but Mical moves so fast that the man could not even