

~

Mical watches the Brackensteins gorge on food for the second day in a row. They seemingly did not pause to breathe, only to talk and laugh. Such a purely gluttonous act brings Mical enough disgust to never want to touch food again. Richer sits with them, laughing along side them, but not consuming the food like they are. "Oh Richer you spoil us!" one of them cry out, "you give us everything we could want!", "thank you our savior!". Richer answers all of them with a simple head nod of acknowledgment.

Mical leaves the room and sits on the ground in the hallway. He spends the time thinking of his dear Leena, "I know things look bad now, sword stuck in me, and working with the worst of the worst who plans on killing me first chance he gets, but no one has it harder than you Leena, and you still have a chance, so that means I'm pretty garenteed to win". "This Lenna, is she hot?" Richer asks bluntly. Mical swings his arm and hits Richer's leg. Richer takes the punch and sits down next to him, "then she must be really hot. For you to do all this for her. If you use the wish on her, then you're stuck here forever. You know that right?". Mical gifts Richer a smile so bright it nearly blinds him, "I already devoted my life to her, what's so different about this?". Richer nods, "if you use the wish on her, then Ur will continue, and I can do as I please. That means I won't have to kill you". Mical shakes his head, "doesn't matter to me either way".

Mical points his thumb backwards towards the other Brackensteins, "they are all a bunch of pigs, why do you spoil them so much?". "Because they are family. I understand they are pigs, but the Wodsnells are demons. Anyone against the Wodsnells is a friend of mine" Richer explains. "What about the Belwethers? Aren't they enemies of the Wedsnells?" Mical questions. Richer spits on the ground, "Traitors and the weak are much worse than demons. Belwethers are the weak. They hide away, stay neutral, and think that a handshake between the three families can fix a thousand years of war". Mical nods, "who are the traitors?". Richer answers with a demonic growl, "my son, Luke Brackenstien". Mical points towards the sword in his stomach, "I met Luke, he is working with Julius Caesar, who put this sword into me. Caesar has to remove the sword or else I'll die. We both have quite the gripe with those two then". Richer inspects the sword, and cracks a smile, but quickly removes it from his face, "as I said. We will attack the Belwether player first, tomorrow morning. So rest up".

~

Luke, Julius, and Daniel all sit together laughing. "Make them do a handstand!" Luke laughs. "I can do better than that!" Daniel laughs. The mana angels do a handstand, but the next one does a handstand on the feet of the one before, creating a tall stack of 5 of them. Julius chuckles, "there is no way you could make them fly, those wings are just decorations right?". Daniel chuckles back, "want to bet on it?!". Two of the angels grab another with their many arms, and stretch them all back 50 feet, and then throw the angel into the air. The wings of the angel extend and it soars through the sky. "What a mighty feat! How much do I owe for losing a bet?" Julius says with surprise. "You'll need money to pay me back, so you can do so when we are out of here".

Julius shakes his head, "we aren't getting out of here. Not now, and not ever". "Why is that?" Daniel asks. "Because I can't win Ur. Everyone who comes in here, they all have something they wish for. They will tell you that they'll make your wish, to escape here, but in the end they will always betray you" Julius admits. "I told you I wouldn't..." Luke says confused. "That's how every lie starts" Julius states bluntly. Daniel shakes her head, "your wickedness knows no bounds. Luke showed how much he cared about you and how he has no one else besides you, and you throw him away without a care?". Julius looks at Luke, whose eyes are full of tears, "I knew a man just like you. He had nothing, so I gave him everything. He was the most loyal friend a man could ask for. But every day, the Senate