

fight the exact moment Nebuchadnezzar uses his light technique again. Daniel's back was turned so she instantly takes the full brunt of the attack to her back. Julius had no way to block, but the angels holding him down and his armor protect him from most of the damage. Luke was lucky enough to be standing in front of Daniel, so she blocked the entire attack from hitting him.

The light fades and Luke rushes toward Julius, who holds his hand out, "stop! Go win! This is your chance!". Luke's heart is filled with hope once again, and he acts in pure instinct. He swiftly slides across the battlefield and swings his dimly lit red pipe at Lander's neck. Richer sees this happening and acts in a split second. He knows that if he killed Luke right now, then there is no way Lander could make it all the way to the gate before being killed. Richer opens his palm and hits Luke into Lander and sends both of them flying, and they land beneath the door in the sky.

Daniel turns and faces the King, "do you dare use the blood of my people to hurt me?". Nebuchadnezzar smiles, "do you dare resist the will of your people?". Daniel's face sinks into complete darkness, "...how dare you say such a thing. I can't believe I thought you could change". Nebuchadnezzar sighs, "you speak of forgiveness as if you can give it. You speak of your God as if he's your gift to give. You speak of change as if you are the almighty judge of if it is for good or evil. You have to learn that the world is a lot bigger than just you. You can't judge why I've lived the way I have". Daniel shouts back at him, "you act as if killing my people has any right to be called good!". Nebuchadnezzar softly answers, "then you act as if killing me has any right to be called good". Daniel's hands grip into shaking fists, she summons the maximum number of angels possible, the number being uncountable.

The angels take away the King's staff, and hit him from every angle. At the same time, Richer appears in front of Julius and defends him from the onslaught of attacks. "Do you wish for my loyalty now that you have saved my life?" Julius asks. "No, you teleported her here to get injured by that King's attack, that makes you a useful tool to distract her long enough for Lander to win" Richer explains. "What if my bets are on your kid?" Julius pokes. "Your opinions don't matter. You are my pawn" Richer states bluntly. Julian smirks, "understood".

Nebuchadnezzar's staff teleports into his hand, and from it drips the black liquid, shrinking all of the angels and freeing him. "How could you teleport it with no magic points?!" Daniel yells out. "Your people were all held within my staff, but to prevent any of them from fighting against me, I flooded the inside with this liquid, condensing them into blocks of pure magic. It took awhile, but I was able to manipulate these shrunken cores to be 5 cores exactly. Now, this staff can be teleported whenever I please". He then waves his staff and creates 5 balls of glowing mana around a clump of the black liquid. Daniel knows what will happen next, so she dives forward and pushes Richer and Julius out of the way of the liquid teleported to their location. Richer and Julius punch her in the face and jump out of her grasp. "Why do you two fight others helping you?!" Daniel yells in near agony. The two respond in sync, "because I'm stronger without you".

Daniel, Richer, and Nebuchadnezzar have all shown their hand and none have fallen. This combined with the blow to each of their perspective ideologies has finally hit a breaking point. The thing that all 3 of them share has finally been broken, their pride. "Carry the throne, Ophanim" Daniel calls out as all her countless angels twist and bend into a singular giant ball of mana. This ball spins, but the inside spins in a different direction, as does the inside of that, and so on. From the inside, eyes and hands sprout, but are ripped apart as they are pulled closer to the core, then reform again. The whole time, the beast lets out a horrible scream shaking the entire ground. "What the hell is that horrible noise?!" Julius asks. "To those impure ears, you understand praise as screams. No matter how