

Runesmith 329

Chapter 329: Let The Duel Commence!

“Wayland did? Are you sure?”

“Yes! Isn’t it interesting? Who would have thought that he was an actual Knight?”

“Yeah... who would have thought...”

An elven woman dressed in the guild receptionist attire along with a large bald man were peeking out through the window. There they could see a barricade of soldiers in the distance blocking the way to the Valerian estate where Lord Arthur lived. Not so long ago they all heard the news that some trouble between the nobles were brewing.

“Are you sure the information is correct? Is it really that Wayland?”

“My sources said that it was a man dressed in runic armor, it did look like the one Mister Wayland uses but perhaps it could have been someone else inside?”

Solana the sun elf receptionist answered while also trying to peek at the knights. Some of them were frantically running around with no purpose. It was as if they were caught with their pants down and didn’t know how to react. Then there were also the regular soldiers that belonged to the city lord, they were on high alert.

“Guild Master, will you get involved?”

“Why should I?”

“Oh, I don’t know~. What if it’s really Mister Wayland?”

The elven lady chuckled while leaving the guild master in his office. The large man’s lips started to angle down as he watched the scenes play outside. He had chosen to ignore the city lord’s call in favor of the older brother. In his mind the bastard son had no way of winning and putting his neck out could only cause him harm. Yet if this new Head Knight could cause a reversal, it could put him in a bad spot.

“...Is this why he hid his status screen? Did I misjudge his worth?”

He asked himself a few questions while giving out a sigh. In reality, he didn’t feel that he did anything wrong. With the information that he was given, this was the correct choice. Theodore Valerian or one of the other brothers would normally be the ones to take the dungeon over.

“A hidden Knight? Could he be his Head Knight? Then what was it with that offer...”

To him, it didn’t make any sense, was Arthur several moves ahead of him? The position of a knight was also offered to the guild master. It wasn’t that strange for powerful adventurers to be given these positions but he chose to refuse it.

“Was this all just to test my loyalty? Haha, did I fail then... interesting. Well then, let’s see what this Knight can do, That Emmerson should not be an easy target.”

After putting in some thought the large man finally smiled. He was now actually interested in who this new player was. Could it actually be Wayland or someone that was just using his equipment? There was a large possibility that it was just a platinum adventurer coerced by Arthur.

However, if it was just an adventurer he could not see him easily winning over that Knight Commander. There was a difference when it came to fighting monsters and humans. Adventurers delved into the depths of the dungeon and spent most of their lives there honing their skills. Knights on the other hand were primed for war, their skills were developed to kill other people of the races and this duel was probably something a powerful knight would be used to.

“S-stop!”

“Why should I listen to a lowly knight like you? Don’t you realize that you are in the presence of your superior?”

“I...”

The Valerian Knights that arrived at the villa some time ago were confused. Some of their people had been tossed like rag dolls to the side while attempting to stop an armored man from entering this estate. He had a certain presence that could be attributed to tier 3 class holders. It was clear that they would not be able to easily subdue him.

“If you understand then make way, your commander owes me an explanation and I will not leave without one!”

This person was not kidding, soon after arriving he was shouting and trying to duel their leader. This was not something any of them expected. The injured group of knights that returned from their mission from the forest area must have been responsible for all of this. Five returned from a group of fifteen and apparently, the Lieutenant had been slain by this person.

“Who are you? Do you expect me to believe that someone like you is part of the noble Valerian Knights?”

Finally, all of the knights gathered here looked at their savior. There he was Commander Emmerson, one of the strongest people that they knew and their leader. When he appeared all the fear that they were feeling instantly went away, it was as if there was no foe they couldn’t defeat as long as he was fighting with them. They knew that this man would not stand for any of this and that this false knight before them was a deadman.

...

Name:

Emmerson L 215

Classes:

T3 Spirit Blade Guardian L65

T2 Spirit Sword Knight L50

T2 Shield Knight L50

T1 Squire L 25

T1 Warrior L 25

‘He is not using anything to hide his status screen and look at those tin soldiers...’

Roland wanted to laugh at the lower leveled knights that were quick to hide behind their leader. When he arrived at the scene they were like headless chickens, just running around and covering in fear as he used his suppression skill. While it was not powerful enough to make them kneel, it was enough to affect their behavior. However, this skill could be countered by another tier 3 class holder with a similar one and Emmerson clearly owned it.

‘A Spirit Blade Guardian... At least it’s not an Aura one like that woman.’

The man that he was facing was thirty-nine levels his superior. Normally this would not be a level gap that could be easily bridged. The levels weren’t even the main problem as the difference in skills would be the bigger issue. The almost forty levels in difference indicated a difference in years of training and honing. The only thing that Roland had going for him was the broken stat multiplier that potentially put him over Emmerson’s stats.

Roland’s information about other tier 3 classes was very limited. The names were dropped here and there but not much information could be gathered about the skills these classes used. By the name, he could be sure that this class had something to do with the defensive guardian class. The spirit blade part indicated that he could potentially have some powerful offensive sword skills that he needed to watch out for.

The equipment that Emmerson was wearing was the second tip. The moment the man came out he was already trying to analyze the enchantments that were on that piece of armor. Just as he expected the weapon, shield, and even the armor had greater enchantments on them. They were not of runic origin but ones probably created by a Master Enchantsmith.

‘This complicates things a bit...’

The skill that he used to identify magical enchantments wasn’t perfect. There was a problem with him being unable to see the entire structure from up close. Even though his eyes had become enhanced, analyzing intricate enchantments wasn’t easy. Then there was the other issue, these magical words that were spread over the armor were not concentrated as runes were.

Parts of the symbols were on the back of the man’s armor and the same was true for the weapon and shield. For Roland to be able to truly analyze everything he would need to see all of those items from all sides. This didn’t mean that his skill would be useless in this fight, it just meant that he couldn’t use it right now. While he could tap into the golem eyes of the turrets that were placed here, the skill used to analyze the enchantment wouldn’t work through them, and the image quality left a lot to be desired.

“Who are you? Why do you come here to make a scene just to remain quiet? You wish to duel me? Do you even have the right?”

Emmerson was not amused by Wayland's appearance and even less about him just remaining silent for so long. For Roland, the battle had already started the moment he appeared before him. To the others, it looked like the man that was calling for the duel had gone quiet and perhaps gotten cold feet after seeing the Knight Commander in person.

"Who am I? Did your men not inform you? Did they also not inform you of their offense against me? Did they not tell you of their attack on my land or how they injured people living under my care?"

Roland finally responded while focusing on the task at hand. The man didn't react at all and didn't even glance at the injured men that made it out alive from his home. In the group of five, he spotted the mage along with the young knight that had made it out with a small injury to his shoulder. With the mage there he was sure that they explained but he would still need to make the

Announcement

here himself.

"Lord Arthur, who is this man?"

"Impudent, you dare to speak to the lord without permission?"

Arthur had appeared along with Emmerson but remained slightly in the back. He was still confused about the whole situation and Roland had no real way of informing the young noble about the issue or his plan. This was also the moment that he had to play it up, Emmerson was still retaining his superiority over this place.

The way that he talked to Arthur was inexcusable. Knights were not free to talk to noble children like commoners. Only if the noble in question allowed it, was it permissible. It was a different thing if there was an existing master-knight relationship already formed but Emmerson was an outsider here. Normally he would need to keep proper decorum and let Arthur take the center stage. By how he was acting it was as if he was putting himself above the city lord which could not be allowed.

Roland wasn't sure how to start this thing but he was now given another excuse. Having their lord disgraced in front of a knight was not something they could let slip by. Thus to show that he was not joking around, he raised his arm at his target. Everyone could spot the massive amount of mana gathering in front of the armored gauntlet the moment it was getting charged. Emmerson could feel it too as the torrent of magical energy was pointing his way.

"What are you..."

His large oval shield was raised to intercept the magical spell. Just as per usual a drilling effect was added to this beam of energy, the same one that turned all those skeletons into minced meat. Now after passing and ascending to the higher tier he did not need the large cannon anymore, he could easily generate the same amount of force just from his runic gauntlet.

Emmerson was not expecting this turn of events as he was not even wearing his helmet. He also only now realized that Roland was not someone that he could just brush off with words. The defensive shield that had easily defended him against the orc chieftain was buckling under this attack and his feet were sliding back against the pressure.

Without much thought put into it, he activated one of his defensive skills. It added a reinforcement around the shield that enhanced the protective enchantment that it came equipped with. Only after stacking these two on top of each other was he able to actually keep himself from sliding back. His hand moved to his large blade as he now knew of his opponent's capabilities.

“Stop this instant! What are you two trying to do!?”

Yet before Emmerson could charge forward to attack his new foe he heard the voice of young lord Arthur. The moment the noble got involved the stream of blue energy halted. Roland stood on the other side and the moment the voice was raised he continued with his act. A head knight needed to listen to their lord and thus he performed a small bow.

“Knight Commander Emmerson, halt your actions right now, don't draw your weapon in front of me.”

“...”

Roland could see that the man was conflicted about the situation. This was somewhat according to his plan. Now that his presence and strength were revealed even this person could not act out. If one tier 3 knight was here then perhaps more of them were waiting somewhere. A good leader would now try to recess the situation not jump into a battle they could possibly avoid or lose.

“Have a word with me... Sir. Wayland... and all of you, put down your weapons I will not allow this to turn into a bloodbath!”

“As you wish My, Lord!”

Arthur had been able to figure out what he was going for without an issue. The soldiers that Emmerson arrived with had their weapons raised and were already waiting for their leader to give them the order to attack. The same could be said for Roland's side, the soldiers that knew him had realized that a tier 3 knight was now on their side and finally saw a way for them to win this. Previously their egos had been hurt by the arrival of these outsiders but they outnumbered the enemy forces and now could see a way to victory.

“I blocked out the sound, they won't be able to hear us talk.”

Roland proclaimed while still acting very knight-like toward the confused Arthur. Even though the other soldiers could see them unless they were able to read their lips while looking at their backs, there would be no way of knowing what the two were talking about.

“What are you trying to do?”

“The circumstances have changed, I want to make a new deal and for that, I need to be your Head Knight.”

“You want to willingly be my head knight? Were you hiding your true strength... so this is how you were able to defeat the Lich by yourself...”

“Something like that but that's not important now, let me duel Emmerson.”

“Why would you want to do that? and why did you kill his men?”

It didn't go unnoticed to Arthur that some of the knights that returned were injured. From the conversation they had with Emmerson, it was clear that they had suffered casualties. The party responsible was Roland, and this was obviously an attempt to get out of trouble. If Arthur accepted the offer he would also become responsible for the deaths of those knights which could complicate things.

"They did something that they shouldn't, they attacked my property without provocation and hurt someone dear to me."

"I see... so you need me for your excuse for your vendetta."

"In short... yes."

"At least you are honest about it..."

Arthur looked like he wanted to cry after hearing Roland's explanation of the situation. He was smart enough to figure out the logic behind the plan.

"You probably already figured out my circumstances. Now that it has come to this, I won't refrain from using my true name if I have to but you should make up your mind fast, I don't think Emmerson will wait for much longer."

While Arthur and Roland were having their conversation their main foe continued to move. He had taken his helmet from the soldier that was holding it for him and was ready for battle. The knights on the sides were also ready to follow their leader into battle. It was clear to the two that a battle was imminent.

"Can you win?"

"I can."

"..."

This was not an easy choice to make for the young lord but after everyone else had abandoned him already this was the only thing that remained. When he needed someone to lean on Roland appeared and made him an offer. This offer was quite insane but also had the potential to further his cause. If Emmerson was defeated in a sanctioned duel between knights, not even his brothers would be able to say anything about it.

Theodore's men were the ones that poked the beehive. If Roland was truly Arthur's Head Knight and a Knight Commander there was nothing wrong with the actions that he took. It was even something that was expected of a proper noble knight. His mind was torn but finally he nodded.

"I hope you won't regret this choice."

"I already am."

"Haha."

Arthur almost burst out in laughter at the quick reply with no hesitation behind it.

"Very well, Sir. Wayland, I will allow for this duel to happen but after this is over, we will have to have a little chat."

“Thank you.”

Finally, the sound barrier was removed and everyone's gaze fell on Arthur who moved into the middle of the courtyard. After clearing his throat he turned toward Knight Commander Emmerson.

“My Knight has informed me about the transgressions that your men conducted. The fault doesn't lay in the soldiers but in the hands of the man that gave that order, if I'm not mistaken, this would be you, Knight Commander Emmerson.”

Arthur's words were thrown around to give Roland validity to this confrontation and the soldiers gathered here already knew where this was leading to.

“In light of these events, I Arthur Valerian, will sanction this duel.”

Both armored men weren't even listening to the words of the noble. In their minds, the fight was already happening and they just needed him to move so their clash could commence. Soon all the soldiers were spreading to the sides while creating space. No one wished to be entangled in a battle between tier 3 class holders.

“Let the duel commence!”

Arthur removed himself from the middle and took his place next to Mary. Both of them were then surprised by the gust of air that instantly followed those words. The speed the two showed off was tremendous. Yet the more surprising thing about it was that the person that was being pushed back was Knight Commander Emmerson.

A large hammer had connected with his oval shield and sent the huge armored man flying backward. The weaker Valerian knights could not believe what was happening as their leader had to already regain his footing after the first exchange...

Chapter 330: Tier 3 Duel.

‘He took it?’

Roland's hammer had just connected with Emmerson's large oval shield. The force that was generated caused a little shockwave to spread in all directions. The sound his weapon made during the collision was a bit off. He intended to blow away the man's shield and then follow it up with a blast to his face with one of his shoulder cannons. Instead, he just slid back a bit while lowering his center of gravity.

‘Those defensive skills are troublesome.’

He could feel the force from his attack getting dispersed and lowered the moment it collided with his enemy. Some of the tiles on the ground started crumbling from this transfer. The initial analysis of the skill implied that Emmerson was somehow able to force the magical and kinetical energy down into the ground. Then the rest was absorbed by the armament's enchantment and his vitality producing almost no damage.

“He pushed the Commander back... who is that person, I've never heard of a Knight named Wayland.”

“Yeah, someone this strong should have been discovered sooner...”

While Roland was disappointed by his initial hit not connecting right, the Valerian Knights on the sides were stunned. In their eyes, their Commander was a monster that they could never beat. They even saw him dueling some other knights without even once dropping down to his knees. Here on the other hand he was already buckling under the pressure of the first hit which didn't bode well for their side.

"I'll admit it, you have some strength but with strength alone, you will not defeat me."

Emmerson didn't seem like a very talkable person so when hearing him talk in a relaxed tone didn't bode well. It was true that with his current multiplier, the stat differential favored him. Yet Emmerson was able to take a full blow that was even further enhanced by some buffing spells. Roland wanted to end it fast but his plan backfired a bit and just as the man was talking some type of skill was activated.

The other knight's armor started being surrounded by a strange phenomenon. It was as if small blocks made out of rocks assembled themselves around his entire frame. They were somewhat transparent and looked to not be made from mana. Instead, Roland was sure that this was the man's spirit resource by which his class was enhanced. Right before the orange light faded, Emmerson's body started looking like it belonged to a golem made of rocks and cinder blocks in particular.

'It must be some type of defensive skill that protects his whole body from damage...'

Regretfully, unlike with mages that used long chants that allowed people to predict attacks it was not the same with these skills. The only way to figure out what was happening was to have information about the skill used, and what skills the person had prepared or identify them by the visual cues. It was clear that it was a defensive skill but he didn't know how it worked.

Of course, he wouldn't just stand there and allow his opponent to continue using skills. Instead, one of his shoulder cannons aimed and produced a more concentrated blast of energy. To Roland's surprise Emmerson chose not to dodge this attack nor did he put up his shield to defend.

The beam of light that had the diameter of a middle-sized coin drilled into his chest but was unable to pierce through the strange orange energy. Instead, an image of the blocks that formed this strange skill was seen. It was as if he was hitting a holographic image that was imposed over Emmerson's body. Some of the orange blocks were damaged but after the attack was over they started to assemble themselves back into place.

This was quite a hard pill to swallow for Roland who expected to at least be able to get through this defensive skill and graze the metal on Emmerson's armor. Instead, the only thing that was damaged was his shoulder cannon which was ill-equipped to handle his increased mana capacity. His armor was made for a person that possessed tier 2 power but he went well above it. Each time he cast a spell he could hear the sizzling of the runic components.

During this fight, he could see the limitations of his fighting style. Even when he was now stronger his old armor was working against him. He would need to take care of that issue later as concentrating on this confrontation was more important. The knight on the other end charged forward with his large sword in his right hand. His speed wasn't anything special which allowed Roland to fire off a couple more blasts from his shoulder cannons as well as his hammer.

The weapon of choice that he brought along was his runic hammer. It had a retractable handle which allowed him to wield it as a one or two-handed weapon. When elongated it also became a proper

mage's staff and could discharge various runic spells. While holding it in Emmerson's direction he discharged a massive blast of magical energy almost instantly. The whole place became quite bright as the magical energy flew towards the charging knight yet right before it connected another skill was used by his opponent.

His large body blurred and appeared a bit to the right. The beam of mana energy that was focused on the middle was now directly targeting the large oval shield. Even though this blast was strong enough to take out any of the skeletal beings down in the dungeon it wasn't capable of getting through this charging knight. Roland found himself retreating while his shoulder cannons blasted at the right side. Though just as before the man ignored the lesser beams as they could not pierce through that defensive skill of his.

To make things worse he was also capable of his own ranged attacks. That huge sword that would be hard to hold in two hands was utilized. Emmerson performed a strange quick thrusting motion that produced a strange roar. A lion's head was visible as it formed on the tip of the blade. Soon after this lion head charged forward along with a beam of light. It was some sort of energy skill that had an added sound wave added. The growling caused his muscles to contract for a fraction of a second right before the hit.

'Shit'

To his surprise, he was unable to dodge instead a thick slab of mana appeared before his body. The lion's head connected with this defensive shield that he produced almost instantly. Sounds of something cracking filled his ears as his mana shield was having trouble containing this strange attacking skill. Then to make things worse the enemy was actually able to bridge the gap between them.

With his multiple minds, he was able to keep watch over Emmerson's every movement and even produce multiple spell effects at once. While the skill was flying his way he made sure to produce some rock pillars along with spikes to block his approach. This didn't affect the man that much as he just bulldozed through everything. Roland's tactic of outranging his opponent wasn't working as he intended and now he had to contend with those close-range sword strikes.

Normally a person with superior stats should have also been at an advantage in close-range combat. Roland had examined his opponent and realized that he was somewhat of an all-rounder with a bit more of a focus on strength and vitality. In theory, he should have been able to overpower the other knight with pure stats but there was a reason that he couldn't.

The sword moved at a strange angle while he retreated, for a moment he could follow the trajectory but then it was suddenly gone. His armor which came equipped with an automatic barrier was quickly activated as the sharpened blade connected with his body. Instantly he produced multiple magical effects to push the man away. Yet before he could, another blade strike grazed his side and even cut into the metal it was made from.

Roland pushed himself back and quickly made some space. The shoulder cannons automatically started shooting multiple blasts of magical energy at the opponent that continued the chase. Now that Emmerson had managed to shorten the distance he was unwilling to let him escape.

They continued to dance around the large courtyard while their skills and magical spells rained down everywhere. The knights on the sides even had to pull out their shields to defend themselves and the people around them. The area that was chosen for the duel was quite large but with all this running around it was getting riddled with holes.

“The commander is winning!”

“I knew he could do it!”

The people in the peanut gallery cheered while Roland tried to examine his opponent. His eyes and even multiple minds were unable to follow those movements. Even though he had some fighting skills he lacked the experience or training that a warrior class went through. This man was around forty and had gone through more than twenty years of rigorous training and also battles.

For Roland that spent half his life in the workshop developing magical tools, this was not something he could easily counter. His opponent knew how to move and read the flow of battle to use it to his advantage. Even though his stats were lower he had the technique and skill to win a direct confrontation. If he activated his skills they would instantly boost those lower stats and put them over Roland's.

He knew that throughout a warrior's life they continuously faced opponents and became better at their craft. Reading an opponent's movements and predicting what they would do was one of those skills. He had something similar with his multiple minds but he was still lagging behind in reaction speed. Emmerson on the other hand was reacting on instinct and then coupled with the increase in power his battle skills gave him, the advantage was on his side.

The only thing Roland was actually good at was overwhelming his opponents with pure magical power and fast casting speeds. Mages had superior firepower compared to warrior types but suffered from long casting speeds. Whenever an opponent closed the gap that was usually it for the mage yet a wide array of spells wasn't that easily breached.

If Roland's armor had been up to date and outfitted with state-of-the-art greater runes then it would be different. In his current state, he was still using outdated equipment that paled in comparison to his opponents. Analyzing the enchantments on that armor was also being sluggish as he couldn't concentrate. Things weren't looking great as he was put in a defensive position.

The shield that he had momentarily magnetized to his back had been activated already and now he was getting pushed back while Emmerson was unloading various quick-paced skills. Finally after a brutal back and forth he managed to shake his opponent off with a huge windstorm that he created around his whole body. The cyclone covered a large part of the area and even caused Mary to cower behind one of the walls.

“Is this all you are capable of? I have faced battle mages like you before, there is nothing you can do to win but I won't let you surrender...”

Emmerson gloated while moving his shield to the side. When looking at both of the fighters it was clear who was winning. On one side was Roland whose armor was falling off, the runes were just not able to take all the enhanced mana that his body was now able to produce. The metal on his breastplate and

gauntlets was peeling off and even falling to the ground. It seemed that after the next clash, he would be done for.

“Is this all? Not really, you know what they say, don’t reveal your cards from the start.”

The shouting knights were stunned for a moment as they saw the damaged armor that was falling off and mending itself back to shape. All the parts that were scattered around this area were drawn back to Roland’s form. Within a few moments, the armor that he was wearing was fully restored and ready for round two.

‘I can’t keep doing the same thing, if I stick to that tactic it will just be a battle of attrition. Either my mana or his stamina will run out faster.’

While his mana reserves were large they were not unlimited. Sticking to the same tactic would probably not work. Warrior types tended to run out of stamina a lot slower than mage types did with mana. This tactic could work as he felt himself to be superior in that regard but there was something else that he wanted to try. There was a certain way of close-range fighting that he had wanted to develop and this Emmerson here was the perfect sparring partner.

There was one problem that never really allowed him to use his mana senses that much. There was just too much mana being used at the same time for him to be able to control it and not suffer a giant migraine. Now that his stats had been increased and he received one helpful skill he was ready to test it out. It was a timed skill so he needed to end this fight within five minutes but by his calculations that would be all that he needed.

Given that he was able to blow his enemy away by the cyclone he decided to prepare. First off the two cannons that were attached to his shoulders were torn away. This of course confused everyone that was watching this fight along with Emmerson. Following this act, he also grasped a set of small throwing knives that were attached by magical means to his armor.

‘Well then, let’s go Mana Overflow’

He called out the skills name in his mind. As it was activated his whole body started giving off a radiant blue hue and were accompanied by tiny blue bolts of electricity that arced around the metallic armor. To further the strange spectacle the torn-off shoulder turrets started floating upwards while accompanied by a blue haze. Almost instantly he tossed all the throwing knives up into the air in random directions. They were not aimed at Emmerson, who was holding steady and assessing the situation.

Some of the arcs of blue magical electricity for a moment traveled to those thrown blades along with the seemingly floating shoulder cannons. The moment they did they created a spell, an enhanced guiding arrow spell of immense potency. Multiple of these arrows started shooting out at Emmerson from random directions while Roland charged forward.

The Knight Commander was surprised by the massive number of magical attacks going off from various directions. He could take a lot of them but his defenses weren’t unlimited, and sooner or later his skill would disperse. Instead, he needed to focus on Roland who was seemingly blindly charging at him with a simple battle stance. Before the energy projectiles could get through his protective skill he would finish it.

Yet to his surprise, something was different. He could not deliver a decisive blow, it was as if his movements were being read and reacted to just at the right time. The person that he considered on the level of a trainee knight when it came to combat was starting to outpace him. Coupled with the rain of magical projectiles coming from random directions he was forced to retreat.

‘It’s working... I can see it.’

You have gained the Eyes of Mana Active Skill.

Roland was too focused on what he was seeing to pay attention to the system informing him that he had gained a new skill. What he was seeing was a world composed of blue light. It was as if he was staring at a new reality that was just composed of magical energy. This skill was obtained by combining his mana sense skill with his eyes as he was trying to read the flow of Emmerson’s movements.

This was made possible only thanks to his Mana Overflow skill. It allowed him to regain copious amounts of his magical energy while lowering the cost of using all of his spells and skills. It turned him into a bright burning furnace filled with almost unlimited energy. Even though the skill was very taxing on his mana reserves and even though he was using various spells to attack Emmerson, it was still sustainable.

Every living being in this world had mana inside of them, even the rocks and trees possessed this strange energy. Each time a person moved the mana would move first and thanks to this new skill he was now able to see it. The moment Emmerson activated a skill he could see a phantom of it going off. Coupled with his multiple minds that helped him analyze the magical energies he was now capable of reacting.

This was his counter against warrior classes that got too close. The advantage that his opponent gained through years of experience and training started to thin out. Each movement could be read through the mana flow and reacted to. If Roland knew where the strike was coming from and which spot it targeted, it wasn’t hard to focus his shield there while simultaneously sending a barrage of ranged attacks from outside.

His mana hand spell was used with the shoulder-mounted cannons to hold them up in the air. Coupled with the throwing knives that he could affect with his runic skills he was able to produce many attacks that came from the man’s blindspots. Soon enough he had him on the ropes and suddenly a large sword was twirling through the air.

“How could this be...”

A rather bewildered crowd of armored soldiers looked at the man down on the ground. To everyone’s surprise, it was Knight Commander Emmerson that found himself kneeling on one knee instead of the man that challenged him. This quick turnaround was not feasible for many of those people but they could not turn their eyes away. The hammer that had managed to send that large sword flying was now coming right for their commander’s head. If it connected, it looked like they would be in a heap of trouble...