

Runesmith 331

Chapter 331: Honorless Behaviour.

"I surrender."

"Huh?"

Roland had managed to overpower his enemy with the help of his Mana Overflow skill. With this skill, he was able to constantly restore his damaged armor while also being able to barrage Emmerson with multiple spells. Normal spells didn't seem to work so he got a bit more creative with the shoulder-mounted cannons that he controlled with the help of his mana hand spell.

It didn't take long for him to finally overwhelm the Knight Commander from all sides. There were just too many attacks coming from various angles. Even his defensive skills weren't able to keep up and that orange armor was quickly peeled off. Then along with his new eye skill that allowed him to react to the attacking skills there was no way for his opponent to be victorious.

Finally, the last blow was approaching the knight's head. He expected the haughty Emmerson that seemed to have a lot of pride to never surrender. This hammer to the face would probably knock him out but his life would not be lost. Yet before he could go through with it, the man shouted out that he didn't want to continue, something that Roland did not expect to happen.

"You, yield?"

"I... yield..."

Roland's momentum was broken as he halted his last attack before it connected with the man's head. His strength was immense and produced a gust of wind that made Emmerson's helmet rattle in all directions. While he had no stipulation about harming this person or even killing him, there were a lot of people watching. To make things worse he was also in the process of gathering evidence for the validity of this battle. If he killed this noble knight after he surrendered, this would be a blemish on his honor as well as Arthur's.

In this world Knights were very prideful and worked on their own set of rules. Sanctioned duels like this had certain regulations that needed to be kept and any knight that went to the academy would have it drilled into them. Even though Roland didn't go to one, he spent five years at an estate built up by a proper knight.

"You do realize what this means?"

His hammer which was releasing blue arcs of lightning was halted. Even this item was quickly peeling away and needed to be constantly restored by his skill. The effect that this combination was producing made him look like some kind of magnetized glowstick. As the battle was over, he could finally turn off the effect to end it.

"..."

"Fine then, the man that encroached on my property has already been dealt with. You as his superior hold some of the responsibility for his action. As the law states, you will be held captive."

“ ... ”

Emmerson didn't reply but there were strict rules in the code that Knights followed. Usually, even when they dueled they would not kill themselves. There had to be some deep-rooted personal grudge between the two soldiers for something like that to occur. Instead, the losing party would be placed under house arrest or thrown into a dungeon. Then they would be ransomed off to the noble that they served under. Considering that this was a Knight Commander, Roland and Arthur would be receiving a hefty sum.

There was also a possibility of no gold arriving and the noble abandoning their knight. Then the knight that won the duel or the noble they worked under could decide on their fate. Sometimes they would just be disgraced, stripped of their title, and released back into the world. Other times, they would be sold as slaves and perhaps even killed.

‘Considering that he was this fast to surrender, he thinks that Theodore will pay up quickly. If he doesn't then that armor he is wearing should be enough...’

After a duel was done, the knight that lost in a way belonged to the victor. Even if Theodore Valerian paid the ransom in full, Roland didn't have to give everything back. It was normal for the knights to take something as a trophy for their victory. The oval shield was nice and the sword was as well and could allow him to focus on something else to build. The enchanted armor was not something he was that interested in as his new one had to be custom-made. This didn't mean that he couldn't auction it off or give it to someone that could use it later.

“Your silence is enough, My Lord, I await your order.”

Roland knew well about how a proper knight should behave but this didn't mean that it didn't feel awkward to role-play as one. For the time being he needed to play the part as there were too many eyes on him. His hammer was moved to the side and he looked in Arthur's direction who was still shocked. Even Mary that was standing next to him had her mouth open wide while looking at the mostly destroyed courtyard.

“T-take him away, this duel is over I pronounce Sir. Wayland's vict...? Knight Commander Emmerson, what do you think you are doing!”

After Arthur processed the situation and realized that his side had actually won, his smile was hard to hide. Soon he was ready to pronounce the victor but suddenly he noticed something. Emmerson, who was previously kneeling down on the ground did something that no one expected, he threw a hidden dagger at Roland's face. He then quickly grasped his large sword that had previously been smacked out of his hand and began shouting.

“You're too naive!”

The large sword that was covered in spirit energy collided with Roland's own shield. The blue glow that covered his body had just subsided and it seemed that Emmerson was aiming for this moment. This runic shield that had been enhanced by a protective spell was actually sliced in half by his sword. It seemed that the man was conserving some power and previously also didn't use this sword's enchantments to their full extent. It was some type of powerful cutting spell that just ripped through his defenses that had become exposed.

“You are a disgrace to the Valerian Knights!”

“Shut up! I refuse to be defeated by a wretch that works for a bastard! Valerian Knights, to me!”

Roland found himself on the defensive and Emmerson was not letting up. If he decided to go this far then his intent was obvious. The knight's honor would be put in question if this event got outside so it was probably that he would silence everyone here, permanently. This was not even a duel anymore as he had shouted at the soldiers that were watching and now even they were going to get involved.

It was clear that the Knight Commander attributed his loss to his Mana Overflow skill that had gone into a cooldown period. Roland had to at least give it to this person as he had identified the type of skill he was using. Whenever a timed skill was ended or canceled by the user it would go into a cooldown period that would usually take at least an hour. It was the same for him and Emmerson saw this as the chance for his victory.

Without Mana Overflow Roland could not sustain all of the spell effects that he previously did. His reserves were deep but now he even had more people to contend with. The Valerian Knights answered the call of their Commander. It seemed they were aiming to kill the only real obstacle in this whole fight and silence anyone stupid enough to announce their leader's loss in the sacred duel.

“Cease this instant if you all don't want to die!”

Roland's voice echoed through the entire area and caused everyone that was not tier 3 and above to stop. Even Emmerson was surprised by the strange red aura that was being projected. He couldn't stop though, Roland's shield was already broken and his whole left side was open for an attack. Only his hand was left to protect it but it was not an obstacle he couldn't go through. The enchantment on his blade was activated and along with his blade skills that were enhanced with spirit energy, he would take out his enemy.

“Huh? How could this be?”

Emmerson was truly surprised by the hand that actually grasped his blade while it was flying forward at supersonic speeds. The sound barrier being broken produced a loud banging sound but even then his sword didn't draw any blood. Instead, it was being suppressed by some type of chaotic magical glow that looked similar to a regular mana shield.

“Your plan wasn't bad but you made one mistake, that wasn't my only trump card...”

Perhaps if he had gone with the High Lord class then this battle would have become a lot more troublesome but as it stood now, he just couldn't see himself losing. The Overlord class came with one very specific skill that was more than he ever expected of getting. Overlord's Might had been activated and his body quickly went through a massive transformation.

The change was mostly visible in the difference to his mana and its pattern. It shifted from a blue color into a pulsating red one. Controlling it was not any harder but it made short work of this armor that he was wearing. Even as he was holding Emmerson's sword back, his whole gauntlet was melting away.

This was the main reason that he didn't really want to use this skill. It changed his mana into something that the runes he created couldn't handle. Yet even when his armor plate was melting away it didn't

matter as much as the boost he was getting was tremendous. He didn't need to use anything flashy, his physical capabilities along with the newly gained Eyes of Mana skill were enough.

His right hand blurred along with the hammer that it was holding. Emmerson raised his shield to defend himself. The enchantment that was on the shield was fully activated but before the imminent collision, it flickered out of existence. The Knight Commander was left stupefied by this strange occurrence but did not have time to figure out the reason behind it. When the runic hammer collided with the oval shield a massive dent was created.

“Argh...”

The large man's body was tossed to the side as he was unable to disperse the kinetic force anymore. His frame flew up into the air like a rag doll and the protective skill that covered his whole body was instantly shattered. However, this was not yet over, while Emmerson was flying to one side his opponent was there to greet him. With the increase in all stats, he was now able to move faster, hit harder, and perceive the world in slow motion.

Emmerson found himself getting pummeled into submission by someone he considered lesser than himself. The soldiers that were on the sides could not believe that their powerful Knight Commander that had just given them the order to attack was getting turned into a punching bag.

It was a one-sided beating that didn't involve that many hits. The difference between stats had become so severe that Roland didn't really need to follow the flow of mana anymore. He could just comfortably dodge any attempts at retaliation as he had already gotten used to all of the skills. There was nothing more that his opponent could surprise him with and soon his mangled body was flying through the air.

A lone fountain stood on the side of the courtyard and it became the Knight Commander's resting place. His whole body crashed right onto it and remained motionless while the water mixed with his blood. The man that everyone considered a monster had been soundly defeated and was now left with a body with broken bones, his life quickly fading away.

The whole courtyard was filled with silence. The sound of parts of the fountain dropping down could be heard as no one dared to raise their voice. They were all busy looking at the man covered in a haze of red light. No one knew what was about to happen, their lives were all at risk but they could not see themselves getting away from that glowing monster.

“Do I have to repeat myself? All of you, lower your weapons and surrender... unless you want to end up as that honorless cur you call your commander.”

Roland raised his voice at the knights gathered here. They were trained to follow the orders of their commander so he couldn't put the whole blame on them. After he was taken out there was no reason for more bloodshed. Luckily power was something that they feared, the whole battle left them shocked and unable to continue. Soon the first sword was thrown to the ground and followed by many after. The duel was finally over and Knight Commander Emmerson's actions would soon become known to everyone.

'Is he actually dead?'

His fist had rained on the man's body and dented the enchanted armor that he finally disabled. Right before his hammer collided with the shield he had finally managed to figure it out. Then it was as easy as activating his rune authority that also worked on lesser magic languages.

The whole set was something that enhanced Emmerson's main stats. It mostly just boosted his skills by using similar effects. It took him a bit longer than he anticipated to analyze it as the items were a third type that he didn't have much time to study. Usually, magical items either came with charges or were activated by a set amount of mana. His were a bit different as they were based on limited charges that could restore themselves with time, something only greater enchantments could do. After he figured out the type it became a lot easier and finally, he was able to make use of his authority over enchantments.

'It's a shame... this armor wasn't bad, only the sword is usable now.'

Roland strutted over to where Emmerson landed. His frame was still giving off a reddish tint that he hoped everyone would interpret as some type of Aura skill. There were similar-looking skills so he expected the intelligence agencies to go with that theory. After yanking his body up he was greeted by a swollen face and broken jaw of the Knight Commander.

'Damn, tier 3's are really something, he is still alive.'

Even though the man was fully passed out and his body had been folded in several places, his HP was still not at zero. Probably thanks to the advanced internal organs he was somewhat able to survive.

"You are a disgrace to the Valerian household, I should kill you right now but you need to pay for your transgression against Lord Arthur Valerian."

Roland gazed at Arthur that looked as if his soul was about to leave his body. It took a side poke from Mary that was on the side for him to finally realize that everything was over. Soon he was giving out orders as it was proper for the leader.

"Throw that man into the dungeon, restrain all of them!"

Even though the quality of the Valerian Knights that arrived with Emmerson was higher, Arthur's men outnumbered them four to one. Now that Roland was the victor they had no way of getting out of this predicament in one piece. They needed to surrender and wait for their lord Theodore Valerian to respond. Just like Emmerson they had worth and could be bought back. The damages that were done to the city and courtyard would need to be reimbursed by the losing side.

"I don't believe it, you actually did it."

"I only did my duty as your loyal knight, my Lord."

Arthur looked a bit taken aback by how Roland was still acting. They had moved a bit to the side but the man still continued his chivalrous roleplay as if he intended to continue with it for longer.

"Could you stop talking like that..."

"What is it, does the lord dislike this sort of treatment? Hm, was it not convincing enough, should I have bowed a few more times?"

“That’s more like it but could you perhaps start explaining yourself.”

“I see, well look at this.”

“This is?”

Roland’s right hand was devoid of his usual knightly gauntlet as it had been trashed in the last part of his battle. Instead on his left side, he presented a small hologram. On it Arthur could see Emmerson’s treachery that had been recorded.

“It’s a recording of the duel, I had to play it up a bit but with this, no one will be able to deny that Emmerson was the one responsible for everything.”

“Wayland... you’re a genius!”

Arthur’s smile could not be hidden as he looked at the magical recording. Roland had set this whole place up with runic turrets and golemic cameras. The former were actually able to store a limited amount of footage which he had been recording ever since his arrival here. It could be easily proven that the recording was not tempered if they went to court. With this, no one could accuse his side of throwing the first stone, everything they did here was justified.

Finally, this event was behind him but while it ended this was only the start. Now that Roland had proclaimed himself as Arthur’s head knight his life would be changing. More duels like this were a possibility but after word reached of Emmerson’s loss he didn’t expect that many willing commander-rank knights coming forward.

Even though he was probably not going to get challenged too soon, it was a possibility. The runic armor that had served him during his tier 2 days had been mostly destroyed. It was an essential component of his safety and needed to be quickly replaced by a higher-tier variant. Considering that Arthur didn’t have multiple Knight Commanders like his brothers, he needed to be ready.

Chapter 332: Talk Between Bastards.

Thud

“Were you there?”

“No... is this person really a Knight Commander?”

“He was, I’m not sure he will be commanding much anymore.”

“That’s true.”

A guard smirked while looking at the man that they shoved into a cold cell. They were standing near the iron door while listening to him grunting around. His body was covered in bruises but he didn’t seem to be in danger of losing his life.

“Can we just leave him in there? What if he gets out, this door doesn't look that sturdy, and the bars are made from normal metal. Isn't he supposed to be a tier 3 class holder?”

“That’s true, but see that thing around his neck.”

“Oh, is that?”

“Yeah, it is. He won’t be able to exert much strength with that thing around his neck. I heard that the ones that they make for people like him are special and won’t work unless the person is knocked out.”

“Are you sure that it works? What if he escapes, how are we supposed to stop a knight commander?”

“He’ll escape and do what? Get his ass beat again by the Head Knight again? He won’t do a thing”

The guard that was talking smirked while going into the cell. His boot then quickly landed on the stomach of the prisoner which sent him tumbling to the side with a groan.

“Hey what are you doing?”

“Just showing you that this bastard isn’t a problem, just do your job and don’t let them get to you.”

The other guard looked at the beat-up man for a moment before stepping to the side to let his co-worker out of the cell. He knew that the other guard had some bad blood with these Valerian knights about something relating to his family member. This man was not the only one trapped here as almost all the cells were filled up to the brim.

“What do you think you are doing? That’s the Knight Commander!”

“Shut your trap, he is no knight anymore, not after what he tried to pull in that duel! ”

While leaving this cell the two guards heard the complaints of the other knights that were apprehended. All of them awaited the nobles to make a deal about their future. Theodore Valerian was still in a higher position so they all expected to be let go.

“Shut up, the Knight Commander just...”

“Just what? He tried to backstab Sir. Wayland and got what’s coming to him. You should watch it too, our Knight Commander might not be so lenient when he hears you taking his side!”

“...”

The imprisoned knights went silent the moment the scary Knight Commander they witnessed battling Emerson was mentioned. They still didn’t know what to make of the duel they witnessed outside. At first, it seemed that their Commander would come out with an easy victory but then he was quickly turned to minced meat. It was as if this Sir. Wayland had been just playing with him before actually taking it seriously at the end.

“That’s what I thought.”

The loud guard just laughed while leaving the dungeon level with his companion. The other guard remained silent as he didn’t really know what to say.

“Hey, are you sure that you should be talking about Sir Wayland like that? I don’t remember much being known about him. What if he overhears it and we’ll get punished?”

“Don’t worry about it, the more they fear him the easier the job will be for us! Now that we have our own Knight Commander things will change around here!”

“I guess so...”

The two guards straightened out while walking outside the dungeon. At least in their minds, there was a lot of meaning behind getting a proper tier 3 Head Knight into their city. It increased their prestige and set a precedent for the future. It wouldn't be strange if they acquired more tier 3 personnel and knight regiments to bolster their forces. With them around they would not have to fear for their lives anymore, they finally had a large shield to protect them from any rogue tier 3 class holders.

...

‘Am I responsible for those guards now?’

Roland looked at one particular loud guard antagonizing the new prisoners and throwing his name around as a shield. This he achieved through some golemic eyes that were placed around the dungeon. Previously he outfitted a lot of areas with these runic devices at Arthur's request. The young noble was fascinated by them as they allowed him to listen in on many interesting conversations just like this one. Thanks to his various runic skills he could of course tap into the network and listen in as well.

'I hope those idiots won't start throwing their weight around and get into fights with soldiers from other cities...'

“Wayland, is something wrong?”

“Oh no, it's nothing, where were we again?”

“Oh, we were just talking about my elder brother and the knight that he sent but more importantly, could you explain another thing to me.”

“What thing?”

“Well... Wayland... who are you really? I didn't want to ask but now that it has come to this, I think I'm owed an explanation...”

Roland was in Arthur's office along with Mary and the two other Knights stationed outside. After he defeated Emmerson the news started spreading like a forest fire. Almost everyone now knew that he was a tier 3 class holder and a Head Knight of this estate. While this was a good thing for Arthur as he had gained a powerful ally, for Roland this was not such a good exchange.

First of all, he would be responsible for Arthur's safety from this point on. This could force him to act as a bodyguard if for whatever reason his new lord decided to leave the city or have a conversation with someone powerful. It kind of tied him to this man and the city even more as he was expected to be his right-hand man.

Luckily they didn't really sign any contracts about this issue nor was he under some type of chivalrous oath. If things went sour it was still possible for him to get out. The title of a head knight was special so he wasn't expected to fully follow the chivalric code of conduct. Then if something happened to Arthur under his care, he would just be considered a disgraced knight that allowed his liege to perish. His title would be stripped from him and his good name would be tarnished but this was fine as he did not care about such things.

“...Perhaps you are. If we are going to continue with this you might deserve to know...”

Now that it came to this he needed to have a long conversation with his new lord. He did not intend to be a mindless knight that just performed everything a noble asked of him. The only reason he dueled Emmerson was to have a reason to kill those knights that hurt Elodia and almost killed Agni. He needed to create a boundary for this alliance that perhaps in the future he would abandon.

“Before that, first I have to ask you, do you actually intend to become the heir to the duke’s title? Because I’m not sure if that’s a feasible dream...”

“I do not desire that title but... due to some circumstances, I need to participate in the succession process.”

Roland nodded his head while staring into Arthur’s eyes. It didn’t seem that the young man was lying and this was probably the case. If he actually thought that he had a chance of coming up on top then Roland would consider him crazy. The only real way for a bastard of becoming the main heir was by having the others perish. Even if the other candidates were highly incompetent their blood just carried this much weight.

“It’s not anything nefarious, is it? Let me make this clear, I will not kill for you...”

“No, it’s nothing like that, It’s quite simple, I just need to win a bet.”

“A bet?”

“Yes, for this I need to amass enough power until a certain date. I’ll probably need to explain a few things to you, my Head Knight. You’ll have to perform a few new duties from now on.”

Arthur nodded while smiling, Roland wanted to press more but he wasn’t really interested in the reasoning behind the noble’s movements. It was enough for him to know that he wasn’t really aiming for the title. This squabble of the sons would probably also continue for a while. The oldest wasn’t even thirty and their father would probably not be giving up his position in the foreseeable future.

There was enough wiggle room to get out of this situation as even though he had been named the Head Knight, his position wasn’t set in stone. It was possible to transfer the title later on to another person through various means and he would cross that bridge when the time came.

“New duties... right about that, I still have a lot of work to do in my workshop, so I’ll have to ask you to transfer most of those duties to those two other knights that are standing outside...”

“I understand, that’s fine but I’ll have to ask for your attendance if something like today happens again.”

“Of course, that’s fine.”

“Now then, Sir Wayland, who are you?”

Roland thought about this issue before coming here. Having his real name mentioned wasn’t something that he was that keen on doing but he was also tired of hiding. Considering that his father had some type of backing, his name did carry some weight and could act as a shield later. Arthur didn’t seem like someone that would babble out his secret nor did he really have a reason to.

“Have you heard about Baron Arden, Wentworth Arden.”

“Baron Arden? ... That name sounds familiar...”

Arthur started scratching his chin while looking out through the window. After a few seconds, his eyes opened wide as he recalled hearing this noble name before.

“Ah! Do you mean the Silver Wolf, one of the heroes of the previous war?”

“I see that you know him, was he that famous?”

“Who wouldn’t know the tale of the Silver Wolf, the man that through his courage ascended into nobility! I remember reading some old records that mentioned some of his tales, like the one where he fell one of the Empires Knight Commanders in single combat!”

“Ah, yes something like that happened...”

Roland nodded while Arthur started smiling and listing down some of his father’s exploits. It was a bit surprising to see that the Baron household was this well-known here. However, it didn’t seem that he knew anything else about him besides some old war stories.

“So how are you related to Baron Arden? Are you his?”

“Yes, I’m one of his bastards.”

“Oh...”

The moment Roland mentioned his relationship with his father Arthur’s smile turned upside down. The young man here was in a similar situation but their motives were reversed. Roland wanted to stay as far away from his father to the point of hiding out in a remote city like Albrook. On the other hand, Arthur desired to show off his skills and prove something to his dismissive father.

“Haha...This is great!”

“It’s great?”

“Yes, don’t you see? Two bastards working together! This must have been fate!”

“Fate huh...”

To Roland’s surprise Arthur’s solemn expression quickly vanished and he started laughing. The whole predicament was quite peculiar as both of them were bastard sons of famous nobles. One was an influential duke that every noble knew in the kingdom. The other was an old war hero whose acts turned him into a living legend.

“Solaria must have a sense of humor if she let both of us meet like this... but I don’t dislike this! Let me reintroduce myself to you then, my friend, Arthur Valerian, pleased to make your acquaintance.”

Both Arthur and Roland were sitting opposite each other in this exchange. The noble stood up from his seat to lean forward with an outstretched hand. Roland looked at this hand for a moment before deciding to grasp it.

“Roland Arden...”

“Roland? I like it.”

“Thank you but...”

“I know, Sir Wayland.”

The two smiled at each other while Mary finally decided to butt in on the conversation. In her hand, she was holding a bottle of some expensive wine.

“Now that the two lords have become best friends, would you like to drink some wine? The vintage on this one is quite nice...”

“Sorry, I don’t really drink anymore...”

Roland was quick to reply as he had grown a disdain for drinking beverages filled with alcohol after a few incidents in his past. With how paranoid he was about everything he wanted to retain a clear mind and also not get himself poisoned when eating food that he didn’t examine previously.

“Well, now that we introduced ourselves again, I think we need to discuss the future of our new partnership.”

“Partnership?”

“Yes, to be honest, I don’t think I can offer you that much in return, I’m not even sure I’m in the position to make any demands.”

Roland was a bit surprised by how Arthur was acting now. After he revealed his true name and standing the noble had become even more casual with him. It was true that Arthur would probably not have that much to offer him but this was not the time to be joking about it. Normally, he expected another deal between the two to commence and perhaps even a new contract to be formed. Yet it was as if Arthur was considering him a friend or something close to that.

“I thought you were better at bartering. First, I think we should have at least a week before Theodore reacts, that is if he actually does anything in the first place.”

“We are of the same mind, he might abandon Emmerson to not be held responsible for this incident.”

“Yes, I fear that he might go with that option...”

The two nodded at each other as it wasn’t set in stone that Theodore would pay up for Emmerson’s misgivings. He could announce that his Knight Commander was acting on his own accord and that he didn’t have anything to do with it.

“That would be troublesome, he could deny paying the compensation owed and even demand we release the knights that were just following orders but I think your little how did you call it, recording? Could help us out.”

“Yes, even if he could denounce Emmerson for his misconduct people will see it as his fault for hiring a man like that.”

“Mhm.”

Theodore was still the person that hired Emmerson and gave him a spot inside the Valerian Knights. If the recording of this Knight became known where he attempted to backstab his opponent after

surrendering, then Theodore's name would be dragged down along with it. Nobles were kind of a reflection of the staff they hired and trained. He would become a laughing stock for allowing a man like that to work in such a high position.

"Will you contact your brother and explain it to him?"

"Ah... I don't even want to think about it but it has to be done."

"I can help you play the recording, we can do it now before I leave."

"What now? I think this can wait... I need to make some preparations. How about we talk about something else, like expanding the knight order? Now that there is a Head Knight..."

Roland didn't continue pushing the issue as he saw that Arthur seemed uncomfortable. It wasn't strange considering that Theodore was the second-born son and a prominent figure in the Valerian household. It was possible that Arthur received his fair share of bullying when he was younger. Feeling uncomfortable when confronting such a foe was understandable.

"I guess we can do that later, I'll leave the recruitment to you, I haven't really been formerly trained as a knight, it would be better to let someone else perform this task."

"I see, I'll prepare a speech for you then, I'm sure the current soldiers will love to hear from their new Knight Commander."

"A speech? Yeah, that could boost morale."

"Oh? You're fine with it?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

Arthur was a bit confused by Roland agreeing to perform a speech in front of the other soldiers and knight candidates. Normally he seemed like someone that didn't like performing such tasks. However, after Roland's stay in the tier 3 trial, he had somewhat become aware of the ways of running a kingdom. As the Knight Commander, he needed to perform a few tasks that he normally would try to avoid like the plague.

"You are full of surprises or was the previous persona just an act?"

"Something like that."

The two nodded at each other and continued to discuss some issues concerning Albrook. The platinum adventurers that Arthur was attempting to recruit were also mentioned and perhaps now could be drawn into joining their side. There was a lot of work to do and a lot of eyes would now be pointed in their direction.

A lot of work awaited Roland in the future but first, he needed to get back to his workshop. Now that the issue with the Knights was resolved he needed to get back home. There Agni along with Elodia were still waiting for him. With potentially more enemies on the horizon, he needed to get stronger again. His power was above the average Knight Commander but this didn't mean that he could relax.

With Arthur's backing and the new dungeon filled with large amounts of materials, he would become stronger, strong enough to take his fate into his own two hands. There was no going back now a new era had arrived for him. It would probably bring a lot of trials and tribulations and he could only face them head-on. Hiding was not an option anymore, a time when he would need to take the offensive again could be right around the corner and he needed to be ready.

'I might be missing a few things but I can't wait anymore, I need to make a new set before it's too late...'