

## **Runesmith 339**

### **Chapter 339: Crash Landing.**

#### **Recognized Craftsman**

##### **Title:**

**Title achieved by craftsmen acknowledged by the world.**

“Another vague title...”

Roland glanced at the new title that he received after finishing this new armor set of his. To his surprise, after it was all done the world’s system allowed him to name this item. It was quite the finicky method as the first words that he blurred out were applied to this item.

‘What would have happened if I said some random words? Would it register anything or does the intent count?’

It was a good question but he probably wouldn’t ever find out. If he ended up making another named item it would be better to not give it a stupid name. If he was able to perform this act then probably other people were also able. Considering this existed the analyzing skill should have been able to identify this new runic set of armor he made. Thus Roland picked up one of the gauntlets to give it a look. To his surprise, a few new things showed up besides the usual metal composition.

**Name: Rune Mark I Gauntlet.**

**Classification: Unique.**

**Durability: 90/90**

**Armor Rating: B**

**Set Bonus**

**( 2 ) - [ + 10 Intelligence ]**

**( 4 ) - [ + 10 Endurance ]**

**( 6 ) - [ + All Runic Spells deal 5% more damage ]**

‘Could this be the function of the title?’

What his eyes focused on was the classification of this gauntlet which gave him a unique one. He wasn’t sure what it meant but some of his old game knowledge gave him an idea about what it entailed. Before he confirmed the hypothesis his gaze landed on the set bonus that included six parts. The bonuses weren’t that bad and the increase in flat damage just for wearing a suit of armor was a nice surprise.

‘Six parts... Does it only count the main parts of the armor set?’

From what he could gather the system decided to divide his armor into six main parts. The boots included the sabaton and greaves. The pants probably included the cuisses and what was below his

waistline. Cuirass for the chest piece, gauntlets for the hands, pauldrons along with the rerebrace, and finally the helmet.

‘Does it discount the Silvergrace suit or does it see it as a part of the whole set?’

Some tests were in order before he figured everything out. His theory about the new title was easily confirmed after he used his identifying skill on some other items around the smithy. The sword that he got from his fight with Emmerson had the highest rank for the classification bit and gave him an idea of how they were graded until that point.

**Name: Enchanted Mythril Greatsword**

**Classification: Rare.**

**Durability: 69/75**

**Attack Rating: C+**

**Name: Runic Aether Durasteel Shield**

**Classification: Uncommon.**

**Durability: 45/45**

**Armor Rating: D**

**Name: Runic Aether Durasteel Longsword**

**Classification: Rare.**

**Durability: 40/40**

**Attack Rating: D**

The lowest thing he could find was one of the old iron tools that he had made sometime in the beginning. It was of the ‘crude’ classification and this was probably the lowest grade possible. After that was the common classification and it was followed by the uncommon one which was his durasteel shield. Rare came afterward and he was actually able to discover items like that among his creations.

This showed that the materials that the items were made weren’t the only thing this classification accounted for. It was possible to have a better version of the same item and perhaps the enchantments included on them made the difference. The longsword had a higher tier 2 spell placed on it while the shield just had a simple tier 1 mana shield on it.

Crude, common, uncommon, rare, and then there was unique. For some reason, this naming scheme didn’t fully stick with Roland. Unique was synonymous with one-of-a-kind, it didn’t really go along with the other four names.

‘Could there be an irregular category that the system isn’t able to fully measure? Well, It doesn’t really matter that much, I just need to start identifying more items.’

This new title gave him the ability to see the classification of items and also any set bonuses that they had. It would allow him to pick up better items from a pile without the need of going through their

metallic composition or getting too close. It would provide him with information when facing off against opponents. Someone decked out in rare items or above would pose more of a threat than someone adorning common weapons.

'I don't have much time left, I need to move to the testing phase... but before that.'

Roland turned off all the recent prompts and was about to give the armor a test run. The last thing on his mind was his first level-up. His level reached one hundred seventy-seven and he was curious about how many stat points he received from his new class. When it came to tier 1 classes usually all the gains were capped out at one point. Then moving on to tier 2 classes they were doubled to two points a level. Now that he was tier 3 it was probable that he could gain four or three stat points a level up.

### **Name**

**Roland Arden L 177**

### **Classes:**

**T3 Runesmith Overlord L2 [ Primary ]**

**T2 Runesmith Lord L50 [ Tertiary ]**

**T2 Runic Engineer L50 [Secondary]**

**T1 Mage L25 [ X ]**

**T1 Runic Mana Scribe L 25 [ X ]**

**T1 Runic Blacksmith L 25 [ X ]**

**HP 37756/37756**

**MP 76084/76084**

**SP 52062/52062**

**Strength 250 (+3)**

**Agility 205 (+2)**

**Dexterity 293 (+2)**

**Vitality 262 (+3)**

**Endurance 292 (+3)**

**Intelligence 343 (+3)**

**Willpower 332 (+3)**

**Charisma 21**

**Luck 12**

'Hm... it seems that three is the maximal number... but I'm not getting anything under two points so it's a big improvement over tier 2.'

After using this level-up as an indication for future level-ups he was shocked. This meant that he would receive a minimum of two hundred points in each stat until reaching max level of his Runesmith Overlord class. While his class was a bit special this didn't mean that the other tier 3 class holders would be that far behind.

'This does explain the discrepancy between tiers, there is no way someone at a lower tier could compete with such a stat difference.'

It was clear that the gap between tiers continued to grow, the chasm just got more massive. Roland thought back to the time that he fought the Lich and the miracle of his surviving the confrontation. If he was facing off against any other creature that didn't have an obvious weakness then more than likely he would have been dead. Now he had reached this stage but it wasn't over as stronger foes awaited.

The next confrontation was already scheduled as Theodore Valerian decided to send out some people to pick up Emmerson. It was probable that at least one other Knight Commander would appear and perhaps be accompanied by other tier 3 class holders. Just like Arthur hired Platinum Adventurers, the same could be done by his older brother that possessed deeper pockets. The group could potentially outrank the five Arthur hired. It might be up to him to do most of the heavy lifting if anything went wrong.

'I don't think they'll go for another confrontation this early but I need to get ready for any potential fights.'

Roland looked at the large greatsword that Emmerson was using. It would be a slap to his face to have it on him while the man was being released. He didn't really have a choice though, there was no time to make a new weapon for himself. There were only two days left and that would be only enough to perform a few tests on his armor and maybe replacing the enchantments on this sword was possible. It all depended on how many tweaks to his new armor he would have to make.

'Would be better if I did this somewhere else...'

Roland arrived at the testing facility. Previously he destroyed the place and almost collapsed the roof above him when he was first playing around with his Overlord's Might skill. He made sure not to place this large chamber directly under his house but if it was destroyed then a few of his wind generators would collapse along with it. His power had become superhuman and simple rock walls were not enough to contain the magical blasts or even punches that he could produce.

'I need to make this larger, the ceiling is too close too... Maybe making some construction golems won't be a bad idea, I don't really want anyone snooping around this place.'

After giving out a sigh he got to it. The Silvergrace suit that he created was already around his body and quite the tight fit. It didn't leave much to the imagination as he wasn't wearing much under it. Besides the underwear to cover his nether regions the rest of his body was exposed. Transferring mana was much easier through skin contact and he wanted to have as much of an advantage while using this set as possible.

Finally, the various parts of the armor started floating around. The mage hand spell was fully utilized to get them in the correct locations for integration. There was no real need for leather straps anymore as the suit had been designed with latches and clasps in mind. When it was in the correct location a magical signal would push every piece together and slightly magnetize everything to the bendy metal suit.

‘I could probably make this more streamlined...’

Just as he could use the mage hands it could be done through runic items. It was possible to program in a dressing-up sequence where the armor used the spell by itself while using the Silvergrace suit as a reference. He could already see himself T-posing while the armor parts flew to him from the other side of the room. For now, at least, he needed to get through this in a slow and steady fashion by placing the parts one by one.

Last came the helmet that he just placed over his head with the help of his own two hands. For a moment he deliberated about making a large movable face part which would open up as a hood of a car upwards. Yet after considering the time and how the moving parts would introduce weak points to the design, he decided against it. Perhaps in the future when making a Mark 2 version, he would implement such a solution but for now, this would be it.

The visor was slightly larger than his older design and when being used gave out a lighter glow. Through it, he was able to see everything unperturbed and with the advantage of miniaturized screens on the side. Those screens would allow him to see his blindspots with the help of a few golem eyes that were hidden in the back portion of this helmet. The image would be a bit hazy but enough to warn him about any potential threats.

‘I’ve gained some size with this armor on.’

The first thing he realized was the increase in his height which now reached two meters. This combined with all the armored pieces gave him a more intimidating appearance of a tier 3 Knight Commander. He still needed to add a cape to fit the role but at least in appearance, he did look the part.

‘Okay, let’s run some diagnostics while I give it a little jog.’

With the dawn of tier 3 runic constructs came an improvement to the all-around runic operating system. It was like moving from DOS which required many prompt inputs to Windows which actually had a proper graphical interface to work with. It was possible for him to have it send out a small mana jolt through all the traces to check if any of them were being blocked.

While it was doing that Roland took the first step forward. The boots he was wearing had a bit of a footprint so it took him a moment to get used to his new frame. Yet after a few minutes, he was casually sprinting around the testing facility without hearing any crunching or screeching from metallic parts rubbing against each other.

‘The system really helps with the measurements, it’s just like on the schematic.’

He had to give it up to the skills that he gained. After following the plans that he drew up himself he managed to make the perfect replica. The weight distribution was perfect and it didn’t feel awkward to move in this armor piece at all. It was even possible for him to jump and perform some kicking motions

without too much of a problem. Yet the weight was still there, if he gained too much momentum it became harder to stop.

Obviously, some time needed to be spent on training before he fully mastered this new piece of equipment. Before mastering it fully he would need to be careful and perhaps relying on powerful tier 3 spells was the way out. His hand moved forward and he pointed out with his palm on a set of slabs of metal. The first one was a block of iron after it was steel and behind him durasteel.

At the bottom of his palm was a circle that started glowing pale blue. Soon it switched to a brighter red color before firing a superheated energy bolt at the blocks of metal. A loud bang hit his ears as it connected with the target and quickly melted right through it. Both the iron and steel blocks were not able to resist at all and only until it got to the last one did the attack subside.

‘Those weren’t thin sheets of metal either...’

Roland compared this little hand blaster to the large mana cannon he designed to defeat the tier 3 monster skeletons. This one shot wasn’t that far off from the power of that mana drill and he wasn’t even utilizing it to full capacity. With how spammable this palm blaster was compared to the bulky mana cannon, it was a massive improvement.

The testing continued with him trying out a couple of different spell combinations. This brought the first problem to the forefront and one of the downsides of this armor set compared to the other one. Greater runic spells were a lot more complicated than common ones. This caused somewhat of a control issue in the operating system through which he was activating it.

His suit of armor was clearly lagging behind and even when utilizing his multiple minds it was becoming problematic. Spells that he could utilize in a matter of seconds was his biggest advantage over other people. He was still ahead of mages comparable to his level but creating grand spells would put a strain on the system.

‘Should I try alleviating this or go with another approach? A few golems and the bits could buy me enough time to initiate the spell. It takes time for the mana to go through the larger structure of a greater rune, could there be a way to hasten the process?’

For the time being he decided to leave this problem alone. Besides attacking spells he wanted to test something different. The first tier 3 spell that he analyzed had been the levitation spell. It was capable of moving objects and the caster up in the air and reducing falling speed. However, was it really capable of only that?

For this test to proceed he needed to get outside where there was no ceiling. The moon was shining out brightly as he had worked into the late hours as always. Agni was there to greet him and was not fooled by the new armor set at all.

“Woof!”

“Give me some space Agni, I don’t want to crash into you.”

“Woo?”

The wolf moved his head sideways as if he wasn't sure what his master meant. Roland tried to ignore the lazy wolf that just sat down next to one of the windmills. Their spinning blades continued to generate a little bit of sound as he got ready for a little experiment.

His body blinked a few times as the spell was activated. The feeling of weightlessness took over as the levitation spell commenced. With a little jump upwards he started floating and gained a whole five meters in height before slowly descending down to the ground. After a few hops around the compound, he was getting the hang of it.

'Should I go for it?'

Roland asked himself as he wasn't sure that this was a good idea. The levitation spell was usually meant for reducing fall damage or rising into the air to reach locations that were inaccessible to the caster. What he was about to do was inspired by his modern mind and too many shows with flying robots.

After another jump, the soles on his metallic boots started giving off a red glow. He had decided to utilize a similar propulsion system that existed in rockets. With the levitation spell active there was not much weight for his rocket boots to lift and thus he started gaining altitude.

"Woah... Is it actually working? I can see the whole house from here"

Roland's expression wasn't visible but under the helmet, he was actually smiling. He was rising up into the air and could even see the city of Albrook. It was filled with many small lights that represented torches and moving city guards patrolling the area. In the other direction, he could even see the dungeon that had its opening illuminated as well.

"Wait..."

His mind was brought back to reality as he realized that he had gone too far up. When glancing down his home was quite a distance away. While his mind remained calm and he knew that slowly lowering the output of the thrusts would remedy this situation, he was not very experienced in this field of flight. By bending his body in the wrong way along with his feet, he started rearing off to one side.

"Oh shit... I can't balance it out!"

The two thrusters on the boots filled out the sky as they started propelling him all over the place. Even his attempt at stabilizing himself with the help of his hands which were also capable of discharging flames, failed. His armored body flew to the side and into the trees in the nearby forest where he had his first crash landing. Only thanks to an emergency mana shield and his newly attained body enhancements was he able to come out with only a few bruises.

Yet as he lay there in a crater of his own creation his mind drifted towards a solution to this dilemma. It seemed that retaining balance in the air wasn't that easy and would probably become even harder the more complex magics he utilized. However, there was someone that seemed to do fine when casting the levitation spell and was quite competent in using it while chasing Roland down in the dungeon.

'I wonder... could it be possible?'

#### **Chapter 340: The New Commander.**

"I know that I placed it somewhere in here... There it is!"

After the little crash landing, Roland quickly gathered up his armor and returned home. Considering that none of the parts flew off his body, it at least proved that the silvergrace suit was clinging to the parts well. Even when receiving some physical trauma from the fall the magnetism helping to hold everything together still worked. Even if he was all out of mana he implemented a few runic batteries as a backup generator, unless his new armor received some critical damage it would not peel off easily.

“It’s still cracked but I should be able to copy or transfer the data that’s stored in it...”

He was looking at a small cracked orb that belonged to the Purgatory Lich that invaded his home. After the predicament with that monster was finished this piece was stored by him in a safe along with some other valuables. When flying through the air he was having trouble keeping balance as the Levitation spell was not meant for such a use. Its intent was to float up in the air, only thanks to the power of propulsion was something like flying even possible.

It was a little experiment that he performed in the hopes of gaining some air mobility. The mana cost of such a combination technique was actually not that bad. While the levitation spell worked at minimum capacity to reduce his weight to almost nothing he could use tier 2 fire spells to propel himself forward. There was one big problem though, he was not versed in flight and had no idea how to balance everything out. While making the armor his thoughts weren’t really on gliding through the air which would require constant adaptive movements to not overshoot.

Thus the damaged monster core of his latest monster enemy came into play. After the Lich’s defeat, Roland did a small investigation into the Purgatory variant. They were quite powerful monsters that if not killed fast could evolve into something truly disastrous. Then there was their specialty that in later stages involved actual flight. Considering that this monster core was a database of the monster’s memories there was a possibility of gaining that knowledge for himself.

After working with golems Roland was convinced that there existed other variants that were similar, this monster Lich being one of them. Instead of having a brain made of flesh similar to humans, it possessed a core that worked like it instead. If he was capable of taking monster cores and implementing them into his spider golems, then it was probably the same for this thing.

‘I haven’t really ever tried working with the previous operating system though, maybe I should perform a few tests on regular golem cores before fiddling around with this thing.’

While the idea was interesting there were a lot of drawbacks. This core still belonged to a monster that was hungry for his mana. What if he inserted it into a golem which would instantly go berserk and try to kill him? Without spending some time adjusting this thing there was no way of him knowing about what could happen.

‘Perhaps it might be better to just use a golemic core of a floating golem? But there aren’t really that many variants besides that eye thing...’

He tried to recall any monsters that could do the same thing instead and were not bent on feeding on his flesh. There weren’t that many resources available as most monster golems encountered in dungeons were lumbering giants. Other craftsmen also preferred to produce similar variants as it decreased the work they needed to perform on the monster cores. Making one from scratch was a possibility but would probably require years of research and then extended tests.



'This thing is also perfectly aligned to my mana pattern, integrating it into the system wouldn't be that difficult and it also is a core of a rare tier 3 monster variant, they aren't that easy to get.'

Roland was a magic caster and implementing something like an Ai program that previously belonged to a magic caster would go well with his design. The Lich was primed for using many minions so it could help him control the increasingly more complex golems that he was going to start building. Even if he had the multiple mind trait there was no way for him to control all of them at once. They needed to work on some type of operating system and a helper could be something he could use in the future.

While due to being a human from the modern world his mind went towards artificial intelligence, such things weren't really that foreign in this world. Other mages could gain some help with their spell-casting work from summoned creatures, there were even specialized ones integrated into mage towers. Roland wasn't sure how they really worked and what they did there but it wouldn't be much different than his attempt at integrating this core to help him with some calculations.

'Well... I'll decide later, I need to rework the mythril greatsword before Theodore's knights arrive. It would be great if I could examine a mage tower, could help me with the research...'

It was late so for the time being he decided to put the core away and keep this idea for later. First, he needed to get through the ordeal of the next day. Now that he had become the Head Knight there were certain responsibilities that weighed down on his shoulders. After finishing up with the blade there were things he needed to attend to at the Valerian barracks.

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"Get your asses into gear, the Commander will be here any minute."

"Who would have thought that the Runesmith was a hidden Knight?"

"I was rude to him once... do you think he remembers?"

"Probably, those tier 3s have a good memory, you're probably done for."

"H-hey stop joking."

"Shut your mouths already!"

A group of soldiers were standing around a field while wearing standard soldier armor. It wasn't full-plate armor as it lacked some metallic protection around the thigh and upper arm parts. This was defended by a lengthy chain shirt and a piece of plate armor designed to protect the upper thigh called the tasses. Their helmets had no visors and while they offered less protection they didn't limit their sight as much as the bulkier counterparts.

Around a hundred of these soldiers had gathered at their training ground. On their left side each came equipped with a shield of the runic variety. Their main weapons consisted either of shorter one-handed spears or a longsword. All of the weapons had runic enchantments on them and were made from duresteel. The man that fashioned these in the past was on his way here which felt a bit strange to this squadron of men.

"Sir Gareth and Morien will arrive with the new Knight Commander, I want you all to be on your best behavior."

“You want us to sing him a song captain?”

“Haha, that’s a good idea, Davin here knows his way around the lute, we could share some drinks!”

“That’s a good idea!”

The soldiers nodded while their leader, Guard Captain Edmon slumped his shoulders. He was well aware that the soldiers here weren’t quite trained. They mostly consisted of previous adventurers or farmers' sons that acquired the warriors class. Some chose to become city guards instead of roaming the dungeons and getting killed by scary monsters. Now they had become part of the city and needed a lot more training.

“Shut your mouths or I’ll do it for you, whatever you do, don’t speak out without getting asked by the Knights or your head will roll!”

Edmond was forced into scare tactics as he didn’t want a slaughter to commence. The new Commander was apparently Wayland the Runesmith. The man was stoic and very rarely talked. It seemed like the type that wouldn’t appreciate a unit of sloppy soldiers. If he saw this scene Edmond feared that someone could lose their life or a limb. He heard some horror stories of knights making examples of sloppy guards to strike fear into their underlings. This was not something that he wanted to happen to his men who he was responsible for.

“The Knight Commander is coming!”

“Everyone, get to your spots, and don’t dare to move!”

One of the soldiers that was instructed to inform him about Sir Wayland’s arrival finally showed up. He quickly placed himself next to the other armored men and remained silent. Even though everyone was loud and cheery just a moment ago, now even a pin-dropping would be heard.

Their heads remained facing forward but their eyes continuously glanced at the entrance through which their new leader was supposed to enter through. Many of them had already been there during the confrontation of the two Knight Commanders. The impression that was left was quite overpowering. To them that had never seen a proper battle between tier 3 class holders, it was eye-opening.

Gareth stepped through the threshold and next to him was Morien. Both of them were suited up and wearing heavier plate-mail suits of armor. When the two first arrived in the city they were quite eye-catching but now they didn’t look like much, even less when compared to the person that was slowly walking behind them.

The guards and soldiers were stunned by the appearance of their new Knight Commander. His armor was a lot more intricate than the one that he wore before and he had also gained an increase in size. Emmerson the Knight that appeared before was wearing something flashy but this exceeded their expectations. The weight of this suit was not something they would have been able to handle and all of them knew it.

Yet the crimson suit with darker silvery outlines wasn’t the thing they were focusing on. Their gazes caught something else that was following next to their new commander. Around forty centimeters off the ground, a sword was floating. There was a visible blue hue around it with runes giving off similar light. The sword was long and bulky and not something that should be easily able to hover in the air.

All of them wanted to start asking questions about the magical flying sword but they couldn't. The moment this man arrived before them a strange oppressive aura surrounded the entire training field. It was as if they were looking at some kind of ferocious dragon staring them down. They all felt as if they would lose their heads if they tried to speak up or move a muscle. Even Captain Edmond was shocked as the previous time he had seen Commander Wayland, he was wearing something more casual. Now he looked like someone ready for war.

"I won't take up much of your time. As you might have heard, I'm your new Knight Commander."

His voice was quite strong but not oppressive. There was some roughness to it but also a strange softness in the tone. The moment most of the soldiers heard it they were knocked out of their stupor. Even though he wasn't saying much, the Knight before them was able to keep their full attention.

"Sir Gareth and Sir Morien will explain your mission. You have been handpicked to act as the vanguard for our Lord, Arthur Valerian. I will make sure that you don't dirty the noble family's name."

Some of them were stunned by the announcement. There were more soldiers within the Valerian compound but a hundred were chosen to gather here. It seemed that they were planning on giving them some special training which was a big opportunity. They were not knights and lacked some of the proper training given to them. This was turning out to be an opportunity of a lifetime that could potentially earn them a pay raise.

"Sir Gareth, if you would."

"Of course, Commander."

Soon their new leader took a step back and remained in place while the two other knights filled the soldiers in on the new mission. Just as they expected they would be receiving some new training along with new weapons and positions if they made it through. It seemed like the noble wanted to create a smaller unit of elite soldiers and they had the chance to get into it.

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"What do you think?"

"I'm not sure, they need a lot more training. The highest level was around seventy. You might want to ask for some proper knights from the academy."

"The graduation just ended, I won't be able to gather any worthwhile recruits at this time."

"Hm... Mary, did you spot anyone suspicious?"

"No, there didn't seem to be any spies within this group at least."

Roland nodded at the reply while peeking out of the window. He could see part of the barracks from here and the sounds of their new training regiment were quite audible.

"Mhm, we still need to be careful, after the unit is created they could be retroactively recruited by Theodore or one of the others."

"I agree, it's better to be careful."

His visit to Arthur's villa was to present himself to the new soldiers. To make a grander impression he used his runic suppression skill along with some visual cues. The floating sword was one gimmick and gave him an air of mysticism. He wanted to give the impression of a no-nonsense leader similar to the way Emmerson operated. From these hundred or so men he wanted to get rid of around half. The rest would be put to work in the dungeon to gain some quick levels.

"But first we must get through the exchange, I'll be counting on you for tomorrow my head knight."

"Hah, yes leave it all on my shoulders... After this is over, I'll have you both work..."

"Yes sir!"

Arthur chuckled while looking at the grumpy Roland. Soon the time for letting out Emmerson would arrive and they needed to get ready. The stage was prepared but they had no idea of knowing what would happen. Would Theodore go with the nuclear option and send out multiple knight commanders and troops to get Emmerson back? Not paying for his release was an option if he could force his way through but that was what he was here for, to act as a deterrent.

Soon the time arrived and Roland was left with a swarm of butterflies floating around in his belly. Thanks to the armor shielding him from the outside gazes no one would know that their pillar of support was having second thoughts. This was not something he wished to do but there was no way out of it. To protect himself along with the people he cherished he couldn't retreat anymore.

Around three weeks had passed since the confrontation with Emmerson. The signs of battle in the courtyard had been mended and the defenses were being enhanced. Runic turrets capable of killing tier 3 class holders would become the norm the moment he had some time. As it stood now he needed to rely on this armor that he created, his opponents might decide to test him again in this land where might made right.

'I guess I'll first go with plan A.'

"Well my Knight, I think you are needed elsewhere."

"Yes, My Lord. I will take care of it swiftly."

Arthur smiled as Roland switched to his Knight Commander persona. At least when they were out together he needed to fit the role. With time he hoped to get replaced by one of the two knights that were loyal to the young lord. Together with Mary, they needed to get through a quick leveling course and become his real pillars of support. As it stood now he still only saw himself as a temporary ally. Whenever the chance arose he hoped to free himself of this burden of nobility that for some reason didn't want him to find peace.

Outside a row of soldiers stood at attention as they formed a pathway to the Valerian Villa. Emmerson as the most important part of this exchange had been transported here. The rest of the knights would be released shortly after the money was transferred in full. Arthur didn't need to make an appearance during this exchange. With Roland around there was no need for him to bow his head before other Knight Commander's like before. It was fine for him to remain in his office and keep a lookout.

"Commander."

Both the guard Knights that usually guarded Arthur were now assigned to him. Their levels had gone up since the last time but weren't much over a hundred. Roland was not sure if he was trusted by these two but that didn't really matter. They would not betray Arthur and at least he could count on them not interfering in things as long as he acted in their lord's favor.

Soon they were walking through the villa's corridor to go outside. The maids, butlers and even the cooking staff were all hanging around the windows. To them, seeing so many armored men gathering together was quite the spectacle.

"Bring him along, but remain behind me. We will not hand him over until they give us the correct sum."

"Yes, Knight Commander."

On their way to the exit, they were greeted by four soldiers. They were holding on to Knight Commander Emmerson tightly who was unable to muster much strength due to the collar around his neck. He didn't say anything while glancing at Roland's new armor but the moment the floating sword was seen, his eyes began to twitch.

'As I expected, he sent out another Knight Commander and a party of platinum adventurers... I hope this goes well.'

At the side, there was his own party of platinum adventures. They were on standby for the time being if a fight broke out they would be the main backup for his side. The time for the trade was upon them and he hoped that this time around, no blood would need to be shed.