

Runesmith 341

Chapter 341: The Exchange.

Name: Alphonse L 235

Classes:

T3 Spirit Champion L85

T2 Spirit Sword Knight L50

T2 Sword Knight L50

T1 Squire L 25

T1 Warrior L 25

Roland glanced at the status screen of the person that had arrived. His level was above Emmerson and just like the other Knight Commander he had a spirit variant of a class. It seemed that Theodore Valerian didn't just allow anyone to become a knight commander, having at least a somewhat prestigious class was a requirement.

Usually, classes like High Knight were more prevalent among tier 3 class knights but both of the people he was hiring had prestigious variants of already more prestigious class versions. This made him believe that whoever was the Head Knight might actually match his own Overlord class or at least be somewhat close.

'I'm not sure if Spirit variants have any multiplier advantages but it could be possible.'

His knowledge of tier 3s ended at the names. All the books that he read before didn't really explain the skills or advantages they brought. It was a brand new world on which he could only speculate after going through the names. This Alphonse person, for instance, was clearly focused on swordsmanship while wearing heavy armor.

Just like any other knight, he was wearing full plate armor but it didn't look as heavy as the one Emmerson arrived in. It was clearly made out of Mythril and probably had a higher concentration of it due to the magnified silvery sheen. His helmet came equipped with a blue comb on the top and hid away eyes of the same color behind two slits. The design was quite intricate with a lot of blue outlines that fit together well with the silvery metal.

The weapon of choice was a regular one-handed longsword that didn't possess the bulk as the one he grabbed from the other knight. It radiated magical energy and was clearly enchanted, his mana sense didn't allow him to figure out the exact magic but it had several layers to it. This time around, it was an actual runic enchantment, and even without being able to glance at the runic structures, Roland could feel it through his enhanced mana sense.

On the left side, he was holding onto a kite shield with the Valerian crest on the front side. It was a lot smaller compared to the heavy oval shield his other opponent arrived with. This item had obvious runic traces and even some runes on the front. Even without using his eye skill, he could quickly decipher the defensive spells it was equipped with.

'It's a tier 3 version of the mana shield and has several layers to it.'

To a magical craftsman like Roland who didn't have the leisure of having a proper teacher, this was more interesting than the scene that was playing out now. The runes were of the charged variety and they seemed to have three versions of a similar shielding spell on it. With the help of the debugging skill it was possible to figure out most of the uses and that the defensive item was based on renewable charges.

'I'll probably have to focus on charges when making weapons for the other knights, their limited mana pool won't be able to sustain the higher-tier spells...'

While deliberating on some future tasks he continued with his assessment of the situation. This man was probably more nimble on his feet than Emmerson. His focus was swordsmanship with some added defenses thanks to the shield and armor. This was a bit concerning as his latest skill that allowed him to see the world's Manaflow had its limits.

When against a somewhat slow class like a guardian it worked fine but when the movements became too fast, even Roland's heightened reaction speeds might fall short. He wasn't really sure but this was the conclusion that he came to after the last duel. This didn't mean that it was totally useless, with time he expected to get a better grasp on it. Then even speedy opponents wouldn't be able to hide their intent during combat.

"Bring forth the prisoner for the exchange."

Roland called out while stepping to the side. Behind him were the other two official Valerian knights, Sir Gareth and Sir Morien. They were sticking to Emmerson like two ticks, the man had a greater size than both of them and even without the armor, there was a stark difference in power. Only thanks to the collar around his neck were the two able to drag him forward.

"Hmph."

The shackles that he was also wearing around his wrists rattled slightly as he walked forward. His gaze almost instantly fell on the hovering sword that previously belonged to him. Roland could see his facade of the stoic warrior drop as his eyes widened but somehow the man was able to stop himself from speaking out in anger.

This trade was taking place outside. To a knight that lost a duel presenting himself to the public was a big hit to their pride. Yet there was a need for this little show everyone was allowed to see. There needed to be made an example before all the other Knight Commanders and nobles. They needed to know that if they went against this city and their lord, this could happen to them.

'I thought they would start shouting about now... Are they actually afraid of me?'

This was something new to him, even though he could feel some of the anger coming his way, no one uttered a word. His presence seemed to weigh heavily on the people here. Even the platinum adventurer party that was here to back him up wasn't getting as much attention. The enemy had also come forth with their own group of adventures and his side was outnumbered when it came to tier 3 class holders.

'Eleven against six, on the surface, it looks like we are at a disadvantage, they also brought a higher level mage and a few tier 2 mages. To counter a magic user, another magic user is usually needed but, it should be fine...'

Subterfuge was part of this game. Many runic turrets were placed in this compound and they were pointing at the enemy combatants. Roland was in control of them and made sure to make their cannons point right at the enemy Knight Commander's head. With an unknown amount of firepower on his side, he didn't believe that this exchange would fall through.

"As you can see, Sir Emmerson is well, I hope that you have brought the agreed upon gold for the trade, Sir Alphonse?"

"I see that thou have done thy due diligence, Sir Wayland, was it? I'm pleased to make thy acquaintance."

"The pleasure is all mine."

He nodded while exchanging a few words with the other man. While the two Knight Commanders were talking no one dared to raise a word. This knight's voice sounded somewhat gentler and not filled with much animosity. Yet it also carried a sharpness with it, this was a man with a lot of experience.

"Just as the two Lords have agreed on, a thousand gold coins for the Knight Commander and another five hundred for the others."

The man clapped his hands to signal some of his soldiers to move forward. Two men brought forth a heavy-looking chest in front of the man wearing the silver mythrill armor. This was quite the sum of gold, a normal person could retire and live a good life with that amount. Yet someone like Theodore could just wave his hand to produce this amount instantly.

When the chest appeared all the adventurers in the vicinity instantly started stealing glances. Even to tier 3 class holders, this was a large sum of money that would allow them to get some powerful magical weapons. They continued to watch it as it was brought to the middle of the courtyard where the exchange was taking place.

"I'm sure you won't mind if I check the contents of that chest. Sir Alphonse?"

"Are thou implying that we brought an incorrect amount? Sir Wayland?"

"The chest will be accepted by my lord, it must be examined beforehand, I'm sure you understand the procedures."

The man in the silver armor begrudgingly nodded. This wasn't anything unusual to happen during an exchange. A non-combatant like a butler and a few lesser soldiers would go through the contents of the chest. They needed to check for potential traps or curses, even if the gold was there it was possible for it to be rigged. Even Roland would be able to apply a rune to a gold coin that could explode when the time came. Thus for this reason he decided to put on a little show which would put him in a little bit of danger.

"What are you?"

Alphonse was the first one to notice that something was off. Instead of the usual servant appearing to check, the large armored man's aura changed. After him was the tier 3 mage that grabbed his staff quickly.

"His mana, it's shifting!"

A blue haze collided with the chest in the middle of the yard while some of the people on the other side panicked. Soon the chest full of gold was floating up into the air while opening up. It was a simple combination spell that included an altered mage hand magic to allow him to test for possible magical signatures.

"Stay thy hand."

Alphonse was quick to hold his men back. While what Roland did was perhaps not very appropriate he had a proper excuse. A message needed to be sent, the trust between these two factions was non-existent. Believing that some type of monster or magical bomb resided in the chest was not that outlandish.

"It seems that you have brought the correct amount of coin, very well. Release the prisoner."

"..."

The people on the sides started sweating as no one expected to see a light show to appear before them this fast. Roland could see that he even spooked the platinum adventurers that were on his side. Aubron already had an arrow notched in his bow while aiming at the opposing platinum archers.

With no more roadblocks, the trade was taking place. He guided the chest over to their side while Emmerson was left to walk toward his people. To the people here it felt like an eternity to watch this man covered in chains slowly walking over to the enemy side. The possibility of a fight breaking out the moment he was on the other side was a possibility.

Luckily no one was stupid enough to start a bloodbath between members of the Valerian household. On this day a precedent was set, and Arthur Valerian could not be ignored anymore. The fact that the stronger Knight Commander didn't allow his troops to go forward said more than words. It became clear that he was not confident of an overwhelming victory like Emmerson was before him. The extent of Roland's power was unknown and the devastating amount of magical energy that he was radiating was giving the mages goosebumps.

"The Key."

"Yes Sir."

The last thing to be given away was the key to the shackles. One of the side soldiers moved out after being ordered by Wayland. Yet before he could relinquish this item to one of the other soldiers, Sir Alphonse moved his hand up.

"That won't be necessary..."

As if to return the favor the man moved his hand to his sword. After gripping it tightly the blade made its way out of the sheath rapidly. The aim of the sword slice was Emmerson and before anyone knew what

was happening, the shackles around his body had become undone. The blade moved in a strange way as it created afterimages, within just a matter of seconds the other Knight Commander was free.

This little show of skill didn't move Roland from his position. He just stood there with his hands crossed over one another. It was important to not show any amount of weakness, even though his eyes could not follow the attack at all it was important not to show it.

Although it might have seemed that the enemy had gained another powerful tier 3 combatant, this wasn't true. While the slave collar was down from his neck, this wasn't the only measure that was taken to keep the man at bay. A special alchemical concoction was used to produce several debuffs. Even though Emmerson was free, he would not be able to bring out his tier 3 skills and would not be much stronger than a level hundred knight.

"I see, then I think we are done here?"

"That we are. I bid thou farewell Sir Wayland. I hope that our paths cross again, till then."

'Yes, please just leave already.'

Roland nodded at the man without replying. The whole exchange took around five minutes but it felt like an eternity. Having to focus all his senses on the people here was very strenuous. Luckily the gold was now in their pockets and the other side didn't try to pull a fast one on them. If something actually was wrong with the chest, he would be required to act. While he was playing the role of the Head Knight, losing his life for Arthur was not part of his agenda.

Slowly people left the courtyard where he remained. The other soldiers that were stationed here followed after to keep watch but they were ordered not to engage without him around. Just for this event he had placed various runic devices on the main roads, even without them following he was able to know of what transpired afterward.

"Thou are a disgrace to the Valerian Household, how didst a bastard like thou achieve knighthood?"

"..."

"Thou allowed our adversary to steal thy weapon? A gift granted thee by our Lord?"

"I..."

"After we return, thou shall be punished."

To no surprise, Alphonse was furious and probably holding it in during their encounter. During the walk back through the streets he continued to berate Emmerson about his failures. Roland wasn't sure what this man's punishment would be. He was still a strong tier 3 class holder that wouldn't be easily replaced. The defeat in the duel was a big blemish on his record. The fastest way of clearing his name would be winning a rematch but that was not a realistic solution and could tarnish his name even further.

'He'll probably be worked down to the bone to gain all that gold back, gaining some merits is what he needs.'

That Theodore decided to pay up meant that he intended to use Emmerson to some extent. Maybe his position would be taken away but he could still be used in other fields. Lending out strong knights was a possibility so it was possible for him to disappear from the island for the time being. He would perform various missions in the empire to earn back the respect that he lost.

'I guess that about wraps it up... Now what do I do...'

The knights didn't stay, they instantly left the city without even using the inn or other facilities. They were probably ordered to retreat and wait for more information to arise. A period of cold war was upon them and before another battle commenced he needed to get ready. Around a month had passed since he achieved his new tier 3 class. In this short span of time, he had become a knight, taken part in a duel, and created a heavy suit of armor that caused the other tier 3 class holders to tremble.

All eyes were now on this region as a new force was being created. Arthurs previous position was quite unfavorable as he found himself between two large territories. To the west side was Theodore and to the east Ivan. Even though the latter had suffered a big loss, a large chunk of his forces still remained.

'If not for the cult, Ivan might have decided to show himself in this city too... Luckily Tybalt and Julius are on the other side of the island... This should give us some time.'

While Ivan was an injured tiger, he still posed a threat to his brothers. They couldn't just move through his lands to arrive at this city. Instead, Roland expected a slower push through various other means involving capital.

'While Ivan is busy defending himself against Tybalt, Theodore might feel pressured by Julius... they will probably still not see Arthur as much of a problem. This will be our only chance to make any substantial progress... We must use this opportunity.'

Roland nodded while looking towards the Valerian villa. There in the window, he saw the man that was the supposed mastermind behind it all, Arthur. He was incomparable to his brothers, more similar to a paper tiger than anything else. Yet he had room to grow and for that to happen, some changes needed to take place. His gaze landed on the person next to him, a maid with cat ears.

'I guess now is the time, we need to strike the iron while it's hot...'

Chapter 342: Preparing For The Leveling.

"Now that it's over and I have some time, I need to give this a go before it's too late..."

"What's that boss... Looks complicated."

Bernit commented while stoking his own beard as if he was a researcher himself.

"It's just a part of an illusory rune that I've been working on, I'm missing a few elements but now I can at least piece some parts together..."

"Is that so, well I'll leave you to it but you might want to postpone that."

"Oh?"

"Your guests have arrived."

“Already? I guess it’s true that time flies by when you are working.”

“They do? I always thought it slowed down instead...”

Bernir gave out a chuckle after leaving Roland’s office. This was a smaller room where he usually spent copious amounts of time doing research. It was filled with large scrolls and books covered in runic designs and what he had been researching was quite the peculiar rune.

It was quite difficult to understand even for someone like him that managed to reach a level of a master runesmith. Even after the ascension trial had given him all the basic knowledge to work with greater runes, he was failing on recreating this one which consisted of multiple ones and was probably a grand one.

It was an incomplete schematic that lacked the most integral part, the runic operating system. It was like the chassis of a supercar that lacked the proper engine to make it run. This was the same diagram that he lifted from the monolith belonging to the cult and when looking at it, he could somewhat connect the dots.

It had many obvious elements that a craftsman like him could find in runes primed for illusions. To the uninformed, it might have seemed that magical spells that could produce their own worlds required a lot of mana, but in actuality, it wasn’t so. These spells affected the brain of the target and altered the perception of the world around them. The spell didn’t create holographic images in the real world, it just injected them into a person’s brain. Even when there was nothing there, the person’s mind made it a reality.

There was no way for him to recreate the spell, even if he recreated everything through the schematic it would probably not function to the same capacity. Tier 3 runes worked differently than the other counterparts. There were a lot more ethereal pathways spread out throughout them. Then there was another main problem, this particular spell was similar to the divine runes that he investigated.

The Abyssal Cult worshiped some outer dimensional being or god. It just like any other god came equipped with its own strange magical wavelength. While Roland had been successful in figuring out one of these waves, it was not easy to calibrate to another one. The fastest way would be through catching a glimpse of an Abyssal Priest performing some spells. They were the main worshipers that were attuned to their evil god.

This didn’t mean that the schematic was pointless. Thanks to it he could see all the components involved and also understand the three-dimensional structure of the multiple greater runes it had. He speculated that tier 4 runes were just multiple tier 3 runes put together. There was a similar distinction when it came to lesser and common runes that he was able to comprehend even when he was a runic blacksmith. The only problem would be the complexity but he would be at least able to do some research.

When he started out as a Runic Scribe he began the process of disassembling runes into smaller components. With time this translated from lesser to common runes and now even played a role when working with greater ones. Thanks to this methodical approach he was capable of finding the important parts in this huge and strange schematic. He just needed to spend some time and a way of blocking out the signal would be found.

'Wish I had the time to spend on this, I bet the cult would send out their assassins here instantly if they knew what I could do...'

For the time being he covered up the schematics and all of his research that made their way into a nearby safe. He had no idea how far the cult had reached. It was better to keep everything hidden away as a possibility of his compound getting infiltrated was there. There existed many spells and creatures of the night that would allow people to sneak into these parts.

If they found schematics with the Abyssal Cults' fingerprints all over them, he might not live more than a few days. It wouldn't even go over with the people that should be on his side, the Solarian church. They might accuse him of being part of the cult and with the runic schematic just here they would have a case for it. For such a thing to not happen he decided to have the safe to blow up if anyone unexpectedly arrived. Luckily the Lich that was here didn't trigger this failsafe so he still had the old plans to work with.

"Let me get a move on before my guests get bored... huh?"

As he was finishing the sentence he heard a loud bang coming from upstairs. The whole workshop was rigged with speakers to inform him about any loud noises while he was working. However, this was not a burglar or an uninvited guest, it was one of his closer acquaintances.

"Did that idiot start something? I need to get up there before they destroy my house."

Roland quickly rushed through his workshop to get to his home upstairs. When he arrived there the trouble revealed himself in the form of his favorite muscle head. Armand was down on the ground smiling, his body went through the dining table. The person that was facing him was an unsuspecting woman dressed in light armor. From the way everything looked he could tell that she had thrown the large man onto the wooden furniture piece.

"What are you two doing? What did you do to my table?"

"Hey, it's not my fault, I just wanted to greet her and she did this, I'm the victim here!"

"I'll make you into a victim if you keep talking like that, how dare you try to touch me, you damn brute!"

"Hey big sis, calm down for a moment!"

His dining area was occupied by exactly three people. Armand was down on the ground with a big shit-eating grin covering his face. It was clear from a glance that he was in some way messing with the other person. This person was Mary, the cat girl maid who at this time was pointing one of her daggers at the muscle-brained idiot. Then to the side was the third participant, Lobelia the half-elf.

"Knock it off."

An aura of oppression filled the whole house as Roland shouted. Some of the windows started shaking as the skill was activated. Thanks to him now being a lot stronger than this bunch there was no need for him to plead. Just by activating the runic suppression, he was able to make their skin crawl. They were quickly forced to look his way as their knees buckled under the pressure.

"Woah, hey stop that, I didn't even do anything!"

"I'm sure Armand is to blame, you could have at least stopped him but that doesn't matter, clean this mess up first."

"You can't jus..."

"I can't?"

Mary raised her head in protest but when she saw Roland's angry face her ears moved back in fright. Soon all three were working together while gathering the splinters from the floor. Luckily the cat maid had been properly trained so the cleanup was done in an orderly fashion.

'Will these three be able to work together? Maybe I shouldn't have invited Armand over...'

What Roland needed was some help, there were no tier 3 class holders in the city that he could really trust. The platinum adventurers that Arthur hired could easily be bought up by Theodore that had deep pockets. It wouldn't be strange if he was already attempting this after they were identified during Emmerson's exchange.

During the ascension trial, he experienced backstabbing from one of his wooden people. This was always a possibility and the vaguer the relationship between the two parties the more shaky it became. To remedy this fact there was a need to gather more resources in the form of helpers. Armand along with Lobelia were the only two adventurers with enough competency to be of any help. From the other side was Mary, whom he didn't really trust but she would certainly not go against Arthur and any of his interests. He could at least trust her to never betray the city lord that he had formed an alliance with.

"That's enough, follow me and try not to break anything..."

"Damn, you sure have gotten bossy since becoming a head knight Wayland."

"Have I? You must be imagining things."

Roland turned his face away from Armand after the reply. All of them soon made their way down into his workshop where none of them had previously been. What stood between them and the entrance was the automatic door. It could be opened by Roland's mana or by a metallic card that could be fashioned by him. Bernir and his wife along with Elodia all had their own clearances and now he would be adding these three to the mix.

"A card?"

"You are very perceptive."

Mary frowned a bit after receiving the card covered in runic traces and small symbols. After examining it she was not able to discover the meaning behind the item. The other two received their own card and were quickly informed about their use.

"Try not to lose that or I'll be forced to replace all of those cards for everyone. To enter my workshop, just insert half of the card into this reader here. If you do it correctly then the armored door inside should open."

"Oh... It's opening!"

Armand's eyes increased in size as he watched Roland demonstrate how the runic card worked. After the Lich trashed the whole place this vault-like door was placed in as a replacement. It was really thick and would give even a tier 3 monster some time to break through it. Each card had its own unique runic password. While this meant that he wouldn't actually need to make new cards, it was better to make up the lie to enforce the rule.

"Haha, I'm in Wayland's workshop, if only the guys knew."

"If you tell anyone from there..."

"Calm down, I'm not going to tell anyone, my lips are sealed shut!"

Lobelia smiled widely while Roland gave her a bit of a side glance. He was aware that the thieves guild believed that there was a treasure trove inside this place. The possibility of her actually breaking in here was low but he couldn't discount the possibility. To combat this issue he was now installing dividing thick doors for each chamber. Everything would be divided by a grade and Lobelia would require a lot more clearance to get into the more interesting parts of his underground lair.

"What's that... her is that an enchanted great-axe? Hey... what is that thing for... woah it started glowing, can I pick it up."

"... Can you please not touch anything... do I have to call Elodia over to keep an eye on you?"

"Hey, are you implying that I need a babysitter? I'm older than you, you know!"

"I don't think anyone would believe that."

Roland rolled his eyes while Mary remained silent. She was quickly using her eyes to look over the room they entered. Not much besides regular wares that made their way into his runic shop were gathered here. Then as they continued a few golems could be spotted crawling around and finally, they arrived at the main testing chamber. Here was their first destination where he intended to inform these three about the plan.

"Yay, we made it without Armand blowing something up!"

"Shut up."

"This must be a new world record."

Lobelia cheered while jumping around the room. Mary on the other hand seemed a bit too reserved. This he attributed to her line of work and all-around mistrust for anyone other than Arthur Valerian. In her head, the possibility of getting lured into a trap and getting killed was always on the table.

The other day when he explained the issue to Mary and Arthur, the young lord was actually eager to join them in this event. Mary didn't want to hear anything of that, it was surprising how much say this woman had and understandable that she reacted this way. Their next destination was the dungeon and with the help of some of the items he prepared, they would start leveling up.

Roland knew that disposing of a body in the dungeon was an easy task. It would be absorbed by the strange place and everything could be blamed on the monsters. If he was in Mary's shoes he would probably act the same. While for some reason Arthur trusted Roland to not attack him there, the

woman's job was to keep him alive. Even if there was an inkling of a possibility, she needed to watch for it.

This was actually fine with him as getting Armand and Lobelia up to the limit was more important for his own safety. They would protect Elodia as she was their sister and after some adventures together he learned to trust in these two. Mary would just be given the tools to progress and then she could hand them over to her lord when the time came. He also considered his other 'friends' from his gold rank test period. Yet some of them were a bit too money hungry for their own good.

"Calm down, we don't have all day, come over here and take a look at these items."

"Yeah, that's what I'm talking about, did you make new weapons?"

"New weapons, will I be getting an enchanted bow?"

"An enchanted bow? Do I get some magical gauntlets made out of red mithril like that new armor of yours? Sweet!"

"Not exactly..."

"What is this stuff... are those supposed to be weapons?"

Roland nodded while the three people here looked at something that looked like large pages filled out with runes. Right next to them, they could spot a whole notebook with similar pages that was greater in size than a regular book. Then to the side, there was a strange metallic backpack with wires connecting to a rod-shaped object with handles.

"These throwing knives look fine at least, are they made from mithril?"

"You have a keen eye for these things."

Roland nodded while taking one of the large pages from the table. It was time for the presentation of this one-off weaponry. While he was able to shrink down the magical scrolls when it came to common runes, it wasn't that easy with greater ones. What he ended up with were these bulky pages of costly magical parchment. They also required special ink that had a steep price. Luckily thanks to Emmerson's contribution he was able to get enough to last him a while.

"Step back for a moment and watch."

"Is this far enough?"

He glanced back while holding out the page towards one of the dummies. Both Lobelia along with Mary took the hint and quickly hid behind a plate of metal. There was a small slit with special glass that they could see everything through. Armand on the other hand, didn't move from his spot at all. He was just half a step behind Roland who was holding out the scroll towards the target.

"..."

"..."

"..."

“...Are you going to use it or not?”

“...”

Armand broke the silence and it didn't seem that he was reacting to the glare he was getting. Roland could only give out a sigh while looking forward and activating the runic item. The moment he did the symbols along with the traces lit up in the color of the morning sun. Right from the middle of this one page, a bolt of strange radiant flames shot forward and collided with the wooden logs in the shape of a human.

“Ack, my eyes!”

His 'helper' covered his eyes as he was surprised by the bright flash. The girls that were hiding in the back quickly came out from their cover to look at the flaming dummy.

“Those flames... they are different.”

“I see that you noticed.”

“Ugh... noticed what, it didn't even do that much damage are you sure that's the right scroll?”

Mary along with Lobelia looked at Armand with disdain as they realized that the spell was more than met the eye. The radiance and strange flame color was something only a divine spell should be capable of.

“Is that a holy flame bolt spell? How did you get your hands on that ink? The church usually reserves it for their own paladins when fighting against undead monsters.”

“Well... don't worry about it...”

Roland replied while trying to act naturally. In reality for a divine spell on a scroll to work specialized ink needed to be made. The way to make it involved priests but was hidden away from the public. The ink that he was using wasn't that special, the important part was the customized rune that hit the correct wavelength.

‘Luckily it's not that easy to ascertain that ink from this, as long as I shut my mouth no one will know.’

While the power wasn't that much above a tier 2 flame bolt spell, it would be enough to devastate the tier 3 undead monsters in the dungeon. With the help of these scrolls, this team of three would be allowed to quickly rise through the levels. Their road there would be a lot less bumpy than his but also required him to continue to replenish these items. After showing off some of the others, the time for a dive back into the dungeon would be upon him. Though this time around, he wasn't planning to just remain at the entrance...