

## Runesmith 347

### Chapter 347: Hidden Meeting.

“This is the last one, let's see... some gems but no other items...”

Roland looked at a small sack filled with various precious gems. After letting his calculation-related skills do the work he was given a gold price of around two hundred gold coins. For a normal person, this was quite the amount of cold hard cash but for someone that could spend more in a week, this was nothing.

‘So that leaves me with a shield, one trapped chest, and these gems, other than that there is nothing left on this level besides the undead monsters.’

“Woof!”

“These aren't mana stones Agni.”

Agni moved his big nose toward the bag filled with sparkly items. After a couple of sniffs, he gave out a resounding sneeze. Even though he liked to snack on mana stones, regular gems with no mana in them didn't really interest him. Luckily nobles in this world were still vain, they would buy out precious gems and even pay an extra if they knew they were unearthed from a high-rank dungeon.

‘Some of these can be used by mages if prepared correctly.’

Even though these gems had no magic in them, they were created by the dungeon. To his knowledge, there were some techniques that could potentially turn these into something that could go onto a mage's staff. Some could also be used in various alchemical concoctions that he was not aware of. He'd need to go to an alchemist to have them analyzed as his specialty was more in line with metallurgy. Transforming crafting materials into something else, was in their field of expertise.

‘I wonder what happened to that old gnome?’

While packing up the stones into his own spatial backplate he started to reminisce about the past. His old boss was a crafty alchemist, if he had someone like that around then perhaps he wouldn't have to spend so much money on side materials for crafting. Having a steady supply of stamina-boosting potions with no side effects would have been great too.

‘He probably lured in another unsuspecting youth with one of those contracts.’

After shaking his head Roland left the third hidden chamber on this level. Now that he had some time to explore this place he realized of its vastness. All the chambers were large and spread apart by long corridors that were patrolled by undead creatures. While the dungeon levels were bigger here than the ones in the lesser dungeon, the monster population was smaller.

‘The concentration of hidden room is greater though, I never found more than one hidden chamber on each level and here there are three... This might be a gold mine for treasure.’

The dungeon level he was in wasn't the lowest or the highest. He could climb up and find weaker monsters and probably lesser rewards if he went up. If he went down, however, he would reach unexplored areas with harder mobs waiting for him. Going up might decrease the experience gain but it would allow him to grab some free treasure.

'I need to figure out the time it takes for the chest to respawn. It shouldn't take more than a week if this place is anything like other B-ranked dungeons and A-rank ones are similar too...'

"Awoo."

"I'm coming, it's been half a day already, we need to return to those three."

His thought process was interrupted by a bump to his side. A paw made its way toward his thigh to make him finally leave the room. The wolf that this paw belonged to looked a bit saddened by the fact that they needed to return. Killing the skeletal beings here was clearly bringing him joy.

### **Mystical Dire Ruby Wolf**

#### **L 146**

"The next time we get here, you'll probably reach the limit of your levels... I wonder what you'll turn into..."

"Worf?"

Agni tilted his head to the side as if he didn't know the answer to the question. The choice would be up to Roland and he had already studied the evolutionary process of a Ruby Wolf. He was worried that Agni would get too large to fit into the house that he already had problems with. If this was the case then perhaps a large doggy house would need to be created.

Both of them made it back to the initially hidden chamber where Armand and the rest were waiting for him. At this moment there were no undead monsters in the area and the group was following his advice to stick to the hidden chamber. Throughout the journey here he had kept watch over their dots. Whenever another adventurer party wandered through they would wait inside and only came out when the coast was clear.

"Wayland!"

Lobelia called out to him after leaving the hidden chamber. His dot on the map device that he left them was colored purple so they could easily spot him approaching. Right as they entered his field of vision he decided to glance at their stats. To no surprise even only after half a day of grinding their levels had gone up. At this pace, within this month it would probably be possible for all of them to reach level hundred fifty.

#### **Armand**

**L 125 [+4]**

#### **Lobelia**

**L 118 [+6]**

#### **Mary**

**L 139 [+4]**

'I wonder if rich nobles power level their kids in this way too... It's probably harder to do without targeting the weakness of a monster.'

He knew that it was possible for the rich to use items like the ones he created to do the same. However, this didn't mean that there weren't other limitations like a good grinding spot for their offspring. Not many parents were fine with sending their young into a dark cavern filled with monsters. There was also always a chance of subterfuge, enemies were everywhere and constant battles for inheritances raged. Even if they had the means, it wasn't that easy to get someone trusted to help them level.

This reminded him of the goblins his family kept down in their own dungeon. Perhaps instead of sending their kids away to adventure, they brought monsters back to their estate to be farmed for their experience. This method would be safer but also a lot slower than just waiting for a mob to respawn

"Do we have to go back? Can't we just get a few more levels, I'm so close to getting another one!"

"Yeah, how about we stay here for the night!"

Armand along with Lobelia started chattering up his ear. He could understand how they were feeling, being able to gain multiple levels in just a few hours must have felt wonderful. For people like them that had to push themselves out of the dirt, this was a once-in-a-lifetime chance.

"I know how you feel but you shouldn't push your luck, this was supposed to be a test run, you probably don't have that many scrolls left either."

"Sir Wayland is right, if we happen to run out of the magical scrolls we won't be able to leave this place without his help."

"If Mary is on your side then I guess we should go back..."

"Hm?"

Roland noticed that Mary was acting a bit more docile than before. She instantly agreed with his plan, even Armand for some reason was agreeing with her.

'Did they grow a new bond during this time? They were stuck in that cramped room for a while between monster respawns.'

He wasn't sure what happened there but at least they weren't at each other's throats. For a time he expected the two parties to not work well with each other. On one side there was a maid with a lord complex and on the other, there was a perverted muscle-bound idiot with his thief little sister. He could only attribute it to the fast leveling progress, with this kind of carrot dangling on a stick before them, they could do nothing more than work together to progress even faster.

"Good, we will leave now and get back here in a few days, prepare for a longer trip we will try to stay here for a few more days."

"Woo!"

Lobelia jumped up and cheered while Armand did a fist bump. The two looked ecstatic about the thought of them leveling up and even Mary was the same. Soon the small group of four and a wolf

returned to the mine area. There they encountered more scavengers plundering the site and fighting with each other. Just like before he made sure to capture their faces for later use.

'The guardsmen need a holographic device too, I need to talk about this with Arthur and start the recruitment, I can't do this alone.'

While it would be easy for him to take care of this, his position was too high to worry about some mining materials being lost. Arthur needed to put his foot down and hire more people. This entire place needed official protection from the Valerian household. Stationing guards and recording tools would be the first step. If potential thieves became aware of their acts being recorded, they would certainly try to avoid areas with runic cameras.

'A lot has to change around here...'

Soon the group headed up through the dungeon without getting into any kind of trouble. Platinum adventurers appeared here and there but thanks to his map he was able to avoid any conflict by just taking another route. Their concentration within the dungeon was rather low but more were on the way. A new space within a dungeon would entice many treasure hunters and before they arrived he needed to clean the place out.

'Leveling Agni and the others comes first, getting all the treasures is just secondary, I can always make more money later. I should look at the bigger picture.'

He was not a simple adventurer that ran down into the dungeon to grab spawned items from within. Even the shield he received was not that great, it was possible for him to create something better just if he got his hands on the raw materials. His main profession was still that of a craftsman and he needed to continue to push it to the next level. Gaining experience through monsters would not be as fast as in the past nor would they help him advance his current main skills related to runesmithing.

'Installing elevators should not be impossible, it will just take some time...'

With more work on his mind, Roland headed back to his home. There he needed to prepare the paperwork for the next stage of the rune city plan. After he was done leveling Mary she would be able to take care of the other two knights. When the two reached tier 3 and became Knight Commanders his role would lessen. In the end, he still just wanted to continue running his shop and live an easy life. If that would be possible remained to be seen as while he was about to reach his home another scene was playing out elsewhere.

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A pitch-black room, devoid of any life, produced a blue spark of light. This bluish flame illuminated the dark area and the large round table within it. Around it, ten large chairs made of stone could be vaguely seen. The wisp of light that appeared was above one of these seats and soon another one appeared opposite to it.

"Seat of Azure, you are early as always."

"One can never be too early, Seat of Crimson."

A red flame took shape and produced words. The sound was somewhat distorted, switching through tones, pitches, and intonations which made it hard to pinpoint the gender or age of the person speaking. Soon other flames started to appear, the range of colors seemed to be limited to variants of blue and red with one being pitch black.

"I see that not all of us have made it here..."

"Seat of Vermillion has been having trouble with the church lackeys in their region, perhaps he has fallen?"

"No, his soul still remains bound to this world."

"If the Seat of Obsidian says so, then it must be the truth but why have we gathered here today?"

One of the stone chairs in this dark chamber was somewhat larger than the rest. On top of it, a pitch-dark flame was dancing around. All the other flames seemed to be pointed toward this seat of obsidian. Even though their voices were masked by magic, their tones remained subservient to this one individual.

"We must discuss the issue of Dragis Island again."

"Seat of Violet's area?"

The flames even without having any bodies seemed to turn in the direction of a purplish flame. The moment it was called out by their leader it seemed to lessen in size before speaking and expanding back.

"Is it finally time?"

"Yes, the presence of Solaria's minions has lessened, we must reclaim those lands but more importantly, find how the mistake happened. Are you up for it?"

"Of course, just allow me to send in some high priests from the main temple..."

"Our numbers have been depleted since the last battle, I fear that we can't send more than two with some executioners, this will have to suffice."

"Two?"

"You want more, Seat of Violet? Have you not managed your temple well? Do you require more help?"

"Maybe Seat of Violet isn't feeling confident enough? How about you leave it up to me? My troops are ready and willing, I have enough High Priests to complete this mission."

"Be silent Seat of Indigo, My temple will take care of this issue, I don't need your help."

The violet flame started to intensify when Indigo spoke out. Their intonations were hard to make out but the rage was quite strong.

"Very well, we shall leave this issue to the Seat of Violet. You must identify the reason for the breach, how could one of the monoliths be broken, discover the issue, and dispose of it..."

Now let us move on to the other issue concerning the Royal Family..."

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“Indigo... that damn bastard!”

“My Lady, is everything alright?”

A loud bang that was followed by wood and crystals shattering alerted the people waiting outside of the room. Three women clad in maid uniforms in to discover a smashed tea table along with a crystal ball that was on top of it. Before it, they could see a beautiful woman, the leader of their temple and also the mistress of this place.

“What are you staring at, clean this up.”

“Certainly My Lady.”

The woman looked with disdain at the maids as they cleaned. The only thoughts that were going through her head were about her new mission. She had to complete this task and regain her prestige within the cult. After the strange occurrence that involved one of the grand obelisks, she lost a lot of power within this region. The island was given to her to be her territory and she worked tirelessly to gain a foothold here.

“Call Kovak to me.”

One of the maids instantly stopped cleaning and bowed before this woman. She was quick to open the large metallic door that was covered by strange occult-looking symbols. Instead of red paint, they seemed to have been drawn in by blood to retain a strange mystical power. Within a few minutes, the maid was back with the person her mistress requested.

“I am here to obey, what does the Cult Arch Priestess wish of her servant.”

The man had an odd pale complexion that was similar to that of a corpse. Purple veins adorned his motionless face. He looked quite frail and his stature was average at best. Nevertheless, the few maidservants that were here seemed terrified, their gazes avoided his as much as possible without being rude.

“I have a mission for you. Use the whispers of the dead to find the truth of what transpired at the Village. The main temple will send us some aid but take as many of our devotees as we can spare, this mission is of the utmost importance and can not fail! Gather them now, I will inform you about the details later.”

“As you wish, Arch Priestess!”

The man was quick to bow and leave the area, his steps were slow but for some reason, he was still moving at a rapid pace. Soon the woman was left alone in the chamber surrounded by nothing by stone walls with occult symbols.

“I need to go back or that idiot will start asking questions again...”

She gave out a sigh while waving her hand. One of the marks on the wall started glowing to reveal a circular staircase going up. Her form disappeared within and she quickly traversed the long path up. It

was quite the steep climb that would take a normal person over fifteen minutes but she made it up in five.

After passing through another magical entrance she arrived in a room filled with costly items. To one side was a closet with rows upon rows of costly gowns that would shatter the coffers of most merchants. To the other furniture lined with costly gems and limited edition tea sets worth more than what a peasant could earn in a year.

None of these items brought joy to her face as she just wanted to toss it all to the side and set it ablaze. Yet now was not the time to rebel, the time that the god she worshiped would descend was close and she needed to make sure that it happened. Her recent blunder could not be repeated, without spending any resources she needed to find the one responsible and offer him to the abyss.

### **Chapter 348: Street Lights.**

“Oh, are they doing something with the old clock tower? Are they going to finally fix it?”

“I don’t know, they started bringing in those large slabs... what are they trying to do?”

“Are they removing the old clock? Maybe some rich merchant finally decided to buy it?”

“Why would they, there isn’t really anything here, and it’s not close to the marketplace or any of the districts...”

“Those look like city guards, this must have been ordered by the City Lord... and isn’t that the new Knight Commander? What is he doing here?”

A group of confused people were looking at a large group of craftsmen. They were working on an old clock tower that was inside the city. It was in a somewhat bad location away from any trade or entertainment districts. Not far from it was the city hall which most people hoped to avoid due to the large concentration of soldiers and bureaucracy. Officials for cities were known to have a stick up their rear, so everyone wished to limit the interaction if it was possible.

There wasn’t really much here but for some reason before their eyes, the large structure was being turned into something new. After a while, everyone went on their way but from time to time some of them returned to take a peek at the progress. It didn’t take long as the changes weren’t that extensive, instead, they were kind of strange to the onlookers.

The clock tower remained mostly the same but something was placed on top of it instead. It consisted of a large shaft with three blades attached to it. Only after they started moving did people realize that it was somewhat similar to a windmill. Yet it didn’t seem like the insides of the tower were changed to accommodate the true use of this construction, it was spinning but no grain was being transported inside to be turned into flour.

“What is this supposed to be for? Decoration?”

“Was our city lord this strange? He seemed like a regular noble...”

“Aren’t all nobles strange? But didn’t this all start ever since that Knight Commander showed up? Wasn’t he supposed to be a rune smith?”

“Didn’t that turn out to be a lie?”

Residents of the city didn’t know what to make of this thing. It wasn’t the only strange change that was implemented. Right as this blade tower was being assembled many ditches appeared in the city. They were placed on each side of the road and even caused some trouble with carts and merchants. Some strange black rods that were able to bend were placed inside and then covered up. They could even see them being connected to this clock tower for some reason.

This process was quite interesting as some magic was involved. At first, it was the Knight Commander who displayed earth magic to help create and cover those ditches. After a week some mages appeared to take over and continued filling up the holes with those strange things that were apparently called wires. The purpose of this alluded the populace until they brought in another strange device.

“What are they doing now... why are they placing those poles into the ground?”

“They aren’t made from wood? Are they hollow on the inside?”

The workers brought out a strange hollowed rod through which they started shoving those black wires. One side of this thin iron pole was then connected to a thicker base. Some of the onlookers noticed that this thing was getting assembled near the previously dug-out ditches. Others also saw the workers connecting the two wires with each other by some type of strange clasp.

On top of this thing, there was a glass rectangle that started to get wider when arriving at the top. The four sides were covered by regular cheap glass that wasn’t anything hard to produce even in this world. Then when trying to peek into the inside they saw some strange plate with an even stranger symbol on it.

“Is that some kind of rune?”

The day was almost over so the area they were placing this thing in was becoming darker. Usually, the only thing that lit up the night streets were the torches the guardsmen carried with them. Sometimes when an important guest arrived at night some temporary lanterns could be set up but they could not burn forever.

“It looks like a lantern but not like any that I’ve seen before, it’s more similar to magical lanterns.”

“A magical lantern? But why would they just put them here out in the open?”

“I have no idea.”

Lanterns existed in this world but they were usually costly to produce and even costlier to care for. They required constant refills of mana fluids or mages. They usually found their way into the homes of rich merchants or nobles that had ample amounts of money to spend. Even the ones in richer cities were only placed in rich districts or points of interest. This one on the other hand was near a common road that led to the marketplace.

“Okay, that should be enough, we are going to activate the construct.”

“Oh, they are doing something?”



While the onlookers were contemplating this strange lamp the people that were assembling it, started to back away. To the side, there was another strange box with some switches. It was constructed before this lamp was placed here and the main technician was now about to activate it. After a resounding click, the rune on the plate started responding and quickly a bright yellowish light appeared.

“It is a magic lamp... are they going to place them along the street?”

A commotion broke out again, the light was bright and illuminated the usually darkened street quite well. To everyone's surprise, they could see more of these hollow rods and glass lamps at the side of the city workers. It quickly became clear that they were going to place more of them throughout the city.

Within the span of a few days, the main road had a row of these lanterns. The first time they were all activated the people were baffled by the improvement. Everything was so bright and they could easily traverse back home even late at night. With this amount of illumination another boon was noticed, the street had become a lot safer than before. Thieves and pickpockets could not use the shadows to their advantage anymore, the improvement to safety during the night had been expanded.

Luckily, this wasn't all. Soon an

Announcement

coming from the Town Hall informed them about the future plans of the new lord. These runic lanterns were set to be placed throughout the whole city. They would also reveal a series of new quality-of-life improvements later on and they would be even allowed to test them out for a period of time. No one was sure what to make of it but as long as their life was improved through these magical devices, they were willing to give it a shot.

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“The people seem to like the new lanterns but...”

“Is there a problem?”

“Yes, I'm not sure how they will take the increase in taxes later, what did you call it again, magical power bill?”

“Don't worry, after they get used to the magical devices they won't be able to go back again. The tax won't be that high which shouldn't be a problem.”

“Hm... I hope you're right my friend.”

Roland Along with Arthur were looking over some paperwork in the villa office. There were mostly records of the material costs for the current project. With the help of Arthur it became possible to create the first wind generator inside of the city. As it was generating magical power he created some street lights that used cheap metal plates.

These could be made even from iron which was easy to come by. With his current level and tier, he was able to copy lesser runes without losing much mana. The runic light spell was very power efficient and would allow these plates to shine for many months without burning through the metals.

They were similar to modern light bulbs and were also easily replaced even by a person with no manufacturing profession. There was a simple clasp within the lantern that could be spread and then clamped back down on the reusable piece of metal. While the work just started he expected the city to be lit up within a few weeks. However, this was only the start of his plan as what happened next was more important.

Lighting up the city would first make it a lot safer and easier for the guards to spot criminals roaming at night. Then after all wires were spread through the city as a net, he would go to phase two. The people in this world lacked a lot of modern-day necessities. After gaining a cheap light source it was time for heating and water.

Plumbing existed but as with everything else, it required a lot of busy work and also magic. He was no plumber but creating a sewage system and runic spells that created water was possible. His own home had a bath that could be heated up by simple runes and soon everyone in the city would be able to do the same.

Even though they were in a region close to a Vulcan during the nights the temperature would decrease. With power being supplied they could create heaters for the night and simple fans for the day if things got too hot. With his runic generators in place and some help from the mana crystals from the mine, they had enough juice to jumpstart this revolution.

“We will offset some of the cost by selling the precious metals for now, while we are on the topic of metals, there were some people that could be useful but you’ll have to judge them by yourself?”

“Oh? Are they from outside of the city or from within?”

“From outside, I think some of them can be useful but how about we ask the Union for some help? I’m sure everything would go smoothly if we get their craftsmen involved.”

“The union huh...”

“I know that you don’t favor them but this is just business.”

Roland frowned a bit but he also needed to look at the bigger picture. He was the only runesmith in the city that would go through another population increase soon. Now that tier 3 monsters appeared in the region, craftsmen on his level would appear here. Even the Union of Dwarves would have someone like that appear. This new person would probably become the new chief there and replace the dwarves that tried to kick him out of the city.

‘He might be worse than them but I can’t keep making lamps and home appliances...’

The biggest problem when allowing others to look at his creations was getting them copied. There were no patent laws in this world, anyone could just take an existing design and copy it if they were able. At most, he could keep others from investigating his wind turbines which were the heart of it all. The only thing he could do was make everyone sign a contract of no disclosure to slow down the process or introduce some sort of self-destruction process into the runic structure.

‘Sooner or later someone will figure it out... but by that point, I should be self-sufficient again.’

“I’ll take a look at their new Chief Craftsman, I think he should be arriving in a couple of days.”

“I see that you are well informed.”

Both of them continued to discuss the city before finally parting ways. Roland had gained a lot of duties. He was the Head Knight and also the Chief of Arthur’s craftsmen. A group of them had been assembled and given residence in one of the watchtowers. It seemed that working under a tier 3 Runesmith as a lure had worked out. Some Enchantsmiths had taken the bait that didn’t belong to the dwarven union.

While that faction was large there were other smaller ones scattered over the whole kingdom. With some help from them, he would be able to progress somewhat faster and focus more on his own work. Now he just needed to nab himself a proper runesmith apprentice and all would fall into place.

‘Those three should be somewhere in the dungeon, their levels are close to being maxed, I wonder what they will choose as their classes but I also need to make a choice...’

After a day of hard work, Roland was returning back home. He found himself in a bit of a predicament after his canine companion had reached his next evolutionary point. The choices he received were quite good but one of them looked somewhat problematic. To confirm his worries he decided to head to one of his acquaintances.

“Sir Wayland, I’m glad that you have come. Let us pray before the Goddess together while she goes into slumber.”

“Ah yes... the sun is going down... right.”

When he arrived at the church a sermon was taking place. Sister Kassia was there along with the old priest that he encountered during the Abyssal Cult larvae debacle. Apparently, just like with the Union when tier 3 monsters appeared next to the city a new leader would appear. With strong undead-type monsters in the dungeon, it was important to have someone around that could dispel greater curses.

“I see that you are busy, I’ll just wait here for a moment I wanted to ask you something...”

Roland needed to wait to the side while Kassia along with the Priest performed their task. Even though this religion was different it had similarities to modern-day Christianity. The only difference here was that miracles could actually be produced by the priests. Godhood was a lot more palpable which increased the number of people of faith. He wasn’t even sure if any atheists existed here as magic was a daily occurrence.

“Praise the Sun, Sir Wayland, you wished to ask me something.”

“Ah yes, praise the sun... I was wondering... are there any divine beasts related to the Sun Goddess? Like um... perhaps a Phoenix or something like that?”

“Divine beasts? The Goddess Loves all creatures that live under the sky, the Phoenix is a creature born of secret flames and has a close relation to our Goddess that is true. Would you like to hear its tale?”

“No that’s fine... are there any wolver creatures that you know of?”

“A wolf birth of secret flames? I don’t recall any legends related to them, hmm...”

“Is that so...”

“There are many divine beings blessed by the goddess. Have you come across one of them? Oh my, could it have appeared in the dungeon?”

“Oh... no nothing of the sort, I was just wondering what the church would do if a monster that was ‘blessed’ appeared in the wild.”

“The church tries to not involve itself with such beasts, we believe that the Goddess has a plan for everything. Of course, it is forbidden to hunt such blessed beings.”

“It is forbidden?”

“Yes, one must not harm a being blessed by the Goddess. If you find yourself discovering such a being, please report it to us immediately.”

“I need to report it?”

“Indeed, heathens target these magnificent beings born of the sun! If it is possible, we must protect them from harm.”

“I see, I think that will be enough. I have to leave.”

“Ah already? How about we pray together for a while Sir Wayland, I’m sure everyone from the flock would love the Head Knight to join us.”

“Ah, you’ll have to excuse me, I’m very busy and need to resume my work...”

He was quick to distance himself from the sun fanatic and the cult-like stares that he was getting. While these people looked harmless on the surface, they could be quite scary. The inquisitors that could judge people on the spot were one problem and when one was judged to be a heretic, then their life would be practically over.

‘Hm... they don’t capture monsters born of the sun but instead, protect them...’

While going back home Roland glanced at the status screen that belonged to his tamed beast. There he could see the possible choices for his next evolution. He had been conflicted on what to get but after having a talk with Kassia, his mind was shifting towards the surprise last one.

### **Lesser Mystical Ruby Fenrir**

**[ Fire/Earth/Beast ]**

**A rare lesser ruby variant of the apex Fenrir wolf. It combines a large frame of a Fenrir with the magical aptitude of a Mystical Ruby Wolf.**

### **Mystical Orthrus**

**[ Hellfire/Beast ]**

**A rare ruby variant of the two-headed hellhound. The heads of this species can function independently of themselves and destroying one of them will not kill this creature. Their flames gain a special property and can’t be doused by normal means.**

### **Alpha Volcanic Dire Wolf**

[ Fire/Earth/Beast ]

**A fully adult variant of a volcanic dire wolf. Its whole body is now transformed into a shell of volcanic matter. Its flesh is extremely resistant to physical attacks.**

**Alpha Mystical Dire Ruby Wolf**

[ Fire/Earth/Beast ]

**A rare fully adult specimen of the Mystical Dire Ruby Wolf. The horn on their foreheads becomes even more pronounced and their size is greater than their unevolved counterparts.**

**Sunlight Wolf [ Ruby Form ]**

[ Fire/Divine/Beast ]

**A legendary creature rumored to have been birthed by the sun. This ruby variant uses the large horn on its forehead to channel divine fire spells. Its mane can take on the form of radiant flames and it is rumored to have been a companion animal of the Sun Goddess.**