

Runesmith 59

[Chapter 59 Slightly Bigger Goblin Slayer to the rescue.](#)

Logon was his name. He was a moon elf hailing from the Kingdom of Bolia that bordered the Caldris Kingdom. He was a young warrior that took on the swordsman route and this was also the class that he had now.

Bolia was a country composed mostly of moon elves and it was the counterpart of the Holy Kingdom of Alexandria that most sun elves lived in. Both of these races didn't see eye to eye. There was a buffer between them in the form of the Caldris Kingdom. This didn't allow combat to happen and made but also caused the middle kingdom to act as a mediator.

The moon elves didn't have a single monarch like most of the kingdoms. The ruling class was composed of houses that elected one head. These heads would then form the moon elf council of elders and perform votes on important matters.

Lady Aredhel was someone from such a house. She would be considered a noble if you applied human standards to her status. She was related to one of the current elders but was just one of the many children.

Aredhel was tasked with going to the Caldris Kingdom, just some work requiring diplomacy. Regretfully they were attacked by unknown forces. The people there were clearly aiming to make a profit. Instead of killing everyone, they were sold off as slaves.

The attack didn't happen that long ago and they were in the midst of being moved around. The slavers had bought them off the assailants and they were being moved towards a slave auction to be sold.

The convoy was attacked by bandits while they remained in one of the carts and behind bars. During the ensuing battle, one of the rocks collided with their carriage and they fell down below. During the chaos of the fall, they were surrounded by various mana bubbles. This and the large river below was why they had survived the fall.

The reinforced cage was smashed in certain places and even though they suffered some minor injuries they were now free to leave. He together with a half-orc and his Lady Aredhel managed to crawl out. This is also where they found another lone survivor that his Lady demanded they helped.

Fast forward to now and they were facing off against a large group of goblins. There were even several hobgoblins sprinkled into the mix. Due to the slave collars around their necks, none of them could use any of their advanced skills. If they tried a massive electric shock would be discharged right into their necks.

Logon was grasping a one-handed sword with his hand. He had taken it away from the unconscious human that his lady ordered him to carry inside of a cave. He already noticed that this wasn't a simple sword as it had various runic symbols on it. This would be helpful in this fight if he could use his mana that is.

In his hands, it was just a regular steel sword, not much better than your average blade. The craftsmanship wasn't anything out of the ordinary.

To the side was a peculiar ally of him and his moon elf lady. A half-orc that Aredhel managed to somehow bring over to their side. He didn't trust this person that much but he was someone that they needed right now. His name was Golgrim and he wasn't the brightest.

Golgrim was swinging a large log that he used as a club around and smacking some goblins away. They kept their distance though poking him with some crude spears. The large half-orc seemed to be having trouble with these fast-moving shrimps.

He moved his gaze forward towards his own enemy. There it stood a more robust looking monster, a Hobgoblin. It wasn't the only one in this group as he could see another one moving towards Golgrim's direction.

"Puny goblins no run away!"

The half-orc shouted out while delivering a devastating strike to a nearby rock. Even though he also was wearing a slave collar his natural strength was enough to make him a priority target. This was also probably why most of the hobgoblins from this group were moving towards him.

'If only I could use my skills...'

Logon thought to himself while looking at the weapon that the hobgoblin had in his hand. He had a large metal mace. Combined with the creature's enhanced strength it was a deadly item. If he got hit with it directly even once, he would probably suffer a critical blow. Without any armor, he was more or less defenseless against it.

He was tier 2 swordsman himself so he knew that the weapon he was holding would probably snap in a direct exchange. He would need to use his speed and footwork to get in a good stab while the beast is off balance.

He had to protect the lady behind him. With the slave collar around her neck, she was more or less useless. She possessed a class that only shone when using mana, without it she wasn't much stronger than a newbie tier 1.

The battle was finally starting, the hobgoblin wasn't the only enemy. One of its minions charged forward in a blind attack, it met a swift demise. Logon shifted his body to the side and evaded its attack. His footwork helped him get into a good position to stab the arming sword through the creature's eye socket, killing it instantly.

The hobgoblin gave out a big scream but didn't charge forward. Instead, more of the regular mountain goblins appeared. They all started running towards him from various directions. They were clearly trying to overwhelm him with their numbers.

If he was alone then it would be fine, but he had a defenseless woman to protect. He couldn't let any of these small monsters through, otherwise, the lady he swore to protect could be in danger.

Logon would normally not have much trouble dispatching these monsters. But he was in a weakened state, long travels without food or a warm place to sleep. Then they fall down from the mountain top was causing him to run on fumes.

The first goblin was greeted by a slash to the neck, its head fell off cleanly and landed in the bushes. The other goblins didn't falter and continued their assault by swinging their rusty weapons that they had stolen from adventurers.

Two, three, and then four. More goblins fell to his borrowed sword but his streak would be coming to an end soon. The fifth goblin came in swinging, Logon's reaction was slow and he finally suffered a blow to his side.

With lacking armor, the cut was deeper than usual and the moon elf faltered. The goblin seeing its enemy backing away moved in for the kill, but to only receive a sword stab directly to the heart.

"Logon!"

Aredhel called out from behind him in concern. He grasped his bleeding wound while gritting his teeth.

"Stay back, I'm fine... when I give you the signal, run away Lady Aredhel"

Logon knew his body better than anybody else. Even before engaging in this battle, he realized that his chances of winning were slim. He was just tired, the lack of sleep and nourishment had caused his body to wither away. He didn't see himself winning against the hobgoblin without his skills, even with those it would be hard to do in his current state.

"What are you talking about Logon? We are going to make it out together."

The moon elf woman called out while clutching her hands together. She knew that she wouldn't be much of a help in this fight but she had to aid him somehow. She grasped a weapon that one of the killed goblins previously had. It was a rusty shortsword, the blade had already dulled with time.

"What are you doing Lady Aredhel? You must flee, I'll distract them."

Logon looked back to where the hobgoblin was. The monster had made up its decision and was now charging forward. It sacrificed a few of its subordinates to land the wound on the strong enemy and now it was time to reap the rewards. It didn't see the woman as a target worth its attention, it focused on the male moon elf and swung its large mace.

Logon jumped to the side while the mace connected with the spot he was previously in. This wasn't just a regular random swing, the hobgoblin's arm muscles expanded. The moment the mace connected with the hard ground a large dust cloud was kicked up.

Pieces of dirt and rock flew in all directions and even caused Aredhel to fall onto her backside in fright. Even before she could help with the battle she was already down on the ground. She was clearly not someone that was used to this, her body shook in fright at the display of power that the monster possessed.

This wasn't over, the monster didn't give Logon time to relax. It continued with its charge, the injured moon elf was unable to retaliate as dodging the rapid blows of the hobgoblin was the most he could do.

This would have been a good chance for the one he was responsible to escape. The stubborn girl didn't listen though, instead, she stood up with the weapon in hand and angrily threw it at the hobgoblin.

The monster was preoccupied with chasing after Logon so it received the attack to its back. The damage it took was minimal. The shortsword was far too dull and the throw was uncoordinated and weak.

“No, run!”

He called out and tried moving forward. The moment Aredhel performed this action her fate was sealed. The enraged hobgoblin turned around and gave out a strange high pitched shout that immobilized both of them momentarily. It then bolted towards the person that attacked it from the back.

The angry-looking Aredhel quickly changed her expression to one of horror. Before she could run away she heard a voice behind her, it was coming from the cave.

“Hey you, get down! You’re in the way.”

It was a man’s voice but it sounded still slightly youthful. Logon could see the person that Aredhel helped patch up standing at the entrance to the cave. He was holding a metallic object and pointing it forward.

He wasn’t sure what this item was at first but soon enough he realized. The item started glowing in a bright red color. Vague runic symbols appeared around the whole piece of metal and it was as if tiny fireflies were coming together onto the tip.

Aredhel was stunned at first but she somehow kept cool under pressure. After seeing the person that she helped out pointing a magical rod at her she realized what he was doing. She instantly dropped down to reveal the hobgoblin’s form to the man in front. The moment she did a bright flash of red followed by an explosion of heat materialized.

From the ‘weapon’ that this person was holding a large surge of energy traveled forward. This heated energy collided with the monster’s face and caused a small explosion. The creature dropped its large mace while the momentum of its run carried its lower body forward. The top part on the other hand snapped backward due to the strength of the spell.

After the smoke had cleared the people there were greeted with a melted hobgoblin face. The monster wasn’t quite dead yet but it was clearly out of commission.

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Roland had been waiting in the cave for some time. He had been there a moment before the goblin attack, he had waited while watching the moon elf fighting to measure his strength. The man was clearly strong but his movements felt sluggish. Soon he needed to spring into action as he didn’t quite want these people to die yet.

After the hobgoblin went down the battle still continued. There were more regular goblins around that were moving forward after their leader succumbed to the spell. The half-orc in the background was also covered in wounds after having to tussle with the small monsters for so long.

The regular goblins didn’t pose much of a threat. They all succumbed to a barrage of regular mana arrows and mana bolts that Roland could produce with one of his earlier magic wand creations.

Both of the moon elves looked on with astonishment at the fast casting that this human mage was capable of.

“That’s most of the ones here, the ones that remain are...”

Roland looked to the distance and could see the third person still battling. The half-orc didn’t look that good. He could see multiple stab wounds in his legs and there were even broken spears sticking out of his flesh.

Golgrim had managed to slay one of the hobgoblin attackers but was now at the mercy of the last one. Luckily for him, help was soon to arrive. It came in the form of a red energy bolt that collided with the hobgoblin’s shoulder. It wasn’t a clean hit and the monster dodged to the side. It suffered some burns and residual damage.

This wasn’t enough to defeat the creature but it was enough for it to back away. Hobgoblins were smarter than regular goblins and this one here could see that the battle was lost. Most of its brethren were dead, the evolved variants that were similar to its strength were also gone.

The monster had decided to flee, it let out a high pitched scream and turned around. The goblins that remained listened to its call and started running, the battle was over.

Roland looked at his wand that he had used in this battle. It was the same one he activated during the fiasco back in Edelgard. He could clearly see that the runic components had deteriorated.

He would need to repair it otherwise after one more spell it would be hard to salvage. It was one thing to repair one of these weapons and another to perform the whole runecrafting process from start to finish.

Roland had a decision to make now. He could see the moon elf male collapsing onto the ground and clutching the side of his stomach. The woman who he was with had run up to him and was looking over his wound.

The large half-orc that was fighting the goblins was also looking quite distraught. His large muscular body was riddled with cuts and scratches, even with bite marks. Somehow he was standing but he would probably not last long if he wasn’t treated.

Roland glanced to his belt where his bags of holding were in. He had some healing potions in there but should he share his limited stock with these people? He had saved their lives but he also owed one of their members his. He might have been goblin food by now if they didn’t drag him into this cave after he passed out.

While he was contemplating his next move the two moon elves were talking. The lady was wincing while pinching her lips as the battle wound that her bodyguard received was deep. He was slowly bleeding out, if the wound would later become infected was also a possibility.

“If only I didn’t have this collar on, I could heal you instantly...”

Roland’s attention was moved to these words. If what she said was true then she might have been someone that possessed a healing class. Maybe he wouldn’t need to give out precious healing items to strangers.

“Don’t worry about my Lady Aredhel. I will only slow you down.”

“Stop talking nonsense Logon, I can’t abandon you !”

Roland listened to the two dramatically exchanging words with each other. He didn't really want to use up his healing potions but he wasn't the type of person that would let people die in front of him. He was also helped by them, so he owed them one.

Before he could aid them, the woman did something unusual. She placed her hands on the man's wound and it looked like she was trying to cast a spell.

"Lady Aredhel, what are you doing?"

The man shouted while the slave collar activated around the woman's neck. It produced a faint spark that caused her body to go stiff. It was as if she was struck by a taser that also had a pain magnifying feature.

He could hear her scream which prompted him to go over. The man tried helping the moon elven woman up but while doing this, he caused his wound to bleed even more. If left to their devices these two would probably not survive for too long.

"What the hell are you two doing."

Roland called out while going over. He looked at the collapsed woman. She was quite the beauty that would make most men's hearts flutter but she looked weak and sickly. The moment he came over the man by the name Logon became weary of him.

"Relax, I'm not going to hurt you. We can call it even, you did help me out a bit."

Roland pointed to the bandages around his head while blankly looking at the collapsed woman and her retainer. The man was still holding onto his sword.

"Also can you return my sword, I kind of need it..."

The two started staring at each other, Roland just waited with an outstretched hand. The ice breaker was the moon elven woman that finally woke up after the neck taser episode.

"Return his sword Logon, it doesn't belong to you."

"But..."

The man looked at the person he was serving. He was quick to give in and returned the weapon to the man he took it from. Roland took it back without answering and quickly activated his debugging skill to see if everything was in place.

Luckily the man using this sword wasn't half bad. He knew how to hit the goblins without damaging the blade.

As Roland was looking back down after examining his sword he noticed something peculiar. He activated his debugging skill again while looking at the neck of one of the elves. He could clearly see that there were runic components there.

"So... did you say that you could heal if that collar was off... can I take a closer look at it?"

Roland said while the two moon elves looked at him funny, not really sure where the young man was going with this.

[Chapter 60 Impromptu Party.](#)

“So, they even branded you?”

The sound of a crackling fireplace could be heard while some people talked. A slight clank of metal against metal was also discernible.

“Regretfully so...”

A woman in a black coat was holding her hands out toward the fire. Her skin was dark caramel and she had quite the long ears. Her name was Aredhel and she was part of the moon elven nobility.

“Those damn bastards, if I ever get my hands on them.”

Another moon elf was here, this one was a bit angrier looking as he started spitting out profanities.

“Hey, stop moving. If I make any mistakes your head could blow up...”

Next to him was a dark-haired youth. Roland was his name and he was holding onto his blacksmith hammer. He was in the process of gently hammering the slave collar with it.

“I can remove these, but can’t really do much about those branding marks. You’ll have to hide them while returning to your own country.”

Roland had examined Aredhel slave collar first. It was something made by a runesmith so he could easily inspect the components in it. With the help of his debugging and runecrafting skills, he was able to find the prime rune. With its destruction, the shackles became nothing more than neck accessories.

Prying them off was another thing entirely. Even though the runecrafting job was done sloppily this item was still made from deep steel. It was much harder to break than regular steel and also resistant to magic to some degree. After deactivating the prime rune the locking mechanism was also rendered ineffective, so he needed to use some tools to fiddle it open.

Roland wasn’t sure at first if he should do this. The people were branded as criminal slaves, though that was a lie. He heard them talking before he saved them and it was clear that they were just captured to be sold.

He wasn’t sure if it was another squabble between noble parties but at this point in his life, he wouldn’t be surprised. The woman might have been an eyesore for someone in her own house.

This wasn’t the main reason that he decided to help them. That was the monster problem outside. The mountain was swarming with goblins, hobgoblins, and other monstrosities. He wasn’t even a tier 2 class holder, the chances of getting out of here in one piece were slim, he needed some backup. Roland didn’t want to rely on these strangers but he didn’t see himself getting out of here without some help. In the event of a betrayal, he did prepare some countermeasures plus he could always run.

The woman was a priest not of Solaria but of Lunaris instead. This was also the biggest reason the moon elves and sun elves were at each other throats. They both had different deities that allowed them to have priest classes. The healing magic of the moon elves was a bit different but it worked in a similar fashion.

When it came down to gaming terms. The moon priests were better at buffing their party while sun priests were ahead in terms of pure healing. There were also variations of the classes and some special ones that were great at both.

“Think... that should... do it?”

‘Clink’

He gently tapped the collar that was around Logon’s neck and it popped right off this time around. Roland grabbed the piece of deep steel and placed it inside his storage bag. He could melt these down later and maybe create a fitting weapon for himself.

“Golgrim turn now!”

There was a third member of these slaves, the large Half-Orc. Roland was a bit on the fence about setting this one free but the moon elf woman assured him that he could be trusted.

“Yes, yes. Just sit down and try not to move...”

He got back to work while the conversation continued.

“I’d advise you to just cover up and head for the nearest settlement. You’re not going through the border with those clothes or that slave status...”

From Roland’s perspective, it would be hard for those three to flee back to their own country. The slave collars were gone but they still had the slave status on them.

There was a certain process through which a person became a criminal slave. It involved some paperwork and a person with a Judge class. This was something akin to a curse but it could only be removed by someone with a similar Judge class. This ‘slave’ status mostly came with a timer but regretfully theirs was close to a hundred years.

“I’m thankful for all you did Carmine but we can take care of ourselves. I will bring the lady back safely!”

“Golgrim strong, no problem!”

Both Logon and the Half-Orc were apparently not worried about getting over the border. He wasn’t sure what they were planning but not like he would be going there with them. He also decided to give them a fake name, Carmine came to be after he thought back to his red comet signature on the scrolls that he used for his wares.

“Yes, Mr. Carmine you already did so much for us. You even gave us some clothes and food.”

Aredhel replied while munching on some beef jerky. The two were clearly malnourished so he decided to aid them a bit. He wasn’t doing it for free though, he would be getting most if not all of the mana stones from the monsters they slew.

He started with the two hobgoblins and now he had two more common grade stones to add to his new creations. He also gave the swordsman elf a spare sword while taking the enchanted one he had for himself.

The costs would probably equal themselves after he attained more mana stones. Moving safely in a group with two-tier 2 warriors would also be worthwhile. The elven maiden was just a tier 1 class, not even a full priest. Her class was called acolyte and it was similar to the Sun churches cleric class.

That's why he decided to invest in his new party. He lent one of his old robes to the woman, though he wasn't willing to give up his good leather armor. He was still a bit stingy in that regard. Helping them warm up and eat would be enough, they now had weapons and with the acolyte in their party, they wouldn't need to waste potions.

'Clang'

The largest slave collar was finally gone and it was thrown into his spatial bag. He was really glad that he spent the money on them during his time in Edelgard.

The Half-Orc that was now free of the slave collar performed a strange jiggle, it looks like a sort of dance. He evaded the large hug that the mountain of muscles tried giving him and went over to the fireplace.

"What are you going to do if you run into those slavers?"

Roland asked while sitting down. This was also a possibility, if they survived the slavers could still be there. The bandits suffered some casualties and might have abandoned the chase as well. Maybe the people that were left from the caravan were looking for them now.

"Kill them all"

The silver-haired moon elf male replied while looking at the new sword in his hand. It was clear that he wouldn't hesitate.

"We wouldn't want to cause trouble for you Mr. Carmine but I don't think they would just let us be. Don't worry, we don't expect you to involve yourself with us for much longer."

Aredhel knew what Roland was getting at. He already could be branded as a criminal by setting them free. They were considered criminal slaves and even though that was a lie it would have to be proven first. If he went and aided them in a battle against the slave traders he would be labeled as another bandit.

That was something that he wanted to avoid at all costs. Having a wanted poster going around the kingdom would throw a wrench into his future plans. First, he needed to get out of this predicament alive.

"Well, I can always say that you forced me to remove those collars. There is a village If we follow the river, We should go there."

Roland did bring a map of the area and had some prior knowledge of where he was traveling. He knew that it was always important to know your location and the geography of it.

He decided to go towards the closest settlement. He could try returning to where the caravan was attacked. The possibility of running into the bandits was high, they could have a hidden camp somewhere in the mountains as well.

His three new companions would stand out quite a bit. Two moon elves and a large half-orc don't usually move around together. If the slave traders survived they would probably start searching for their runaways.

"Yes, that would be a good place to move. We can find provisions for our journey back home there."

The elven woman replied while sipping on some tea. Roland was an avid tea drinker and he did have some fresh water and tea leaves with himself. Though the fresh water came in the form of a magic item. It was a steel tea kettle that had a small lesser rune on it, when mana was inserted water would be produced.

"Lady Aredhel you should go to sleep, it has been a long day, I will watch over you."

The quartet had moved to a different cave but it wasn't far away from the old one. They feared that the fresh goblin blood would attract monsters during the night. Logon was already rested as he had passed out after getting stabbed. Soon after he was healed by Aredhel which now gave him enough vitality to stay up through the night.

Roland was a bit apprehensive about having three unknown people around him. He did have a few magical items to help him sleep better. After activating them an alarm would go off as well as a shield would be placed around his body.

This was only a precaution as he didn't really think that they would dispose of him now. They still needed him to get things for them in the village. He already helped them as well, there wasn't any reason for them to think that he would double-cross them. He had the chance to kill them already and instead he helped them by removing the slave collars.

Roland finally leaned back against one of the walls. He had a pillow for himself but that was it. He placed it against the hard rock before resting. He already knew that he wouldn't be sleeping that much but he could at least rest his eyes.

It took him quite a while to fall asleep as always. The only saving grace was that he could feel out his new companions and as he reasoned they didn't cause any trouble.

He got a couple of hours of sleep and was up just as the sun was rising. At the entrance, he could see a snoozing green skin. The big lug was supposed to take over Logon's shift but had apparently dozed off in the middle. His large frame might have been enough to scare off some of the monsters though.

"Good morning."

Roland nodded at Aredhel while standing up. He placed his hand on his own neck and gave out a grunt.

"Yeah, good morning."

He replied while trying to ignore his stiff neck. The moon elven lady looked quite beautiful and she also greeted him with a nice smile. The girl was surprisingly positive about her situation. He wasn't sure if it was just an act or just a character trait.

"Think we should move, we don't know what might happen."

Roland nodded at Logon's call out. Staying in this place for too long would be a bad idea. They would need at least three days to get to the settlement maybe even longer.

"I agree, we should probably hunt something along the way, the rations that I brought with me will run out soon..."

Roland didn't expect to have party members that he would need to feed. He also didn't have that much space in his storage bags. They were mostly filled with various tools and materials.

"You should probably wake him up..."

Roland pointed at Golgrim that was snoring loudly and scratching his behind. It was surprising how relaxed he was and how well he could sleep on the rocky ground.

They all finally gathered up. Roland lent Logon some spare shoes and some sandals to Aredhel as he felt sorry for their shabby looks. Walking barefoot for three days would probably be very taxing. He didn't have anything for the half-orc though, but that one looked comfortable walking without any boots on.

They started going, Logon and Golgrim were in the front with Aredhel in the middle and Roland in the back. This wasn't the greatest set up as they didn't have anyone with a scout or tracking like class. He would need to use his detection device to somehow fill that role.

The acolyte was the weakest of the group so they decided to put her in the middle. She could heal moderate wounds and perform certain buffing spells.

It didn't take the party long to meet their first opponent. It weren't goblins or hobgoblins this time around. These creatures that they came across were something new that even Roland had never seen before.

Adolescent Bocanach [L 46]

He identified the creature's name and level. The creature had a humanoid shape with long lanky arms and a goat head. Their legs had hooves and it looked like a Satyr below the waist. This was a type of goat monster with giant horns and crooked teeth. It wasn't alone as there was a similar-looking one next to it, at a similar level as well.

This was when he noticed the weakness of this party. The moment Golgrim noticed the creatures he bolted forward.

"Golgrim bash ugly goat!"

He gave out a roar that caused the two monsters to focus on him. This would be a fine start but the loud scream also alerted more of these monsters to their whereabouts. Roland could see them popping out from the bushes, the moment they did Logon decided to move back.

"Get behind me Lady Aredhel!"

The moon elf was sticking to his duties as a bodyguard a bit too much, while the half-orc just charged into the distance leaving the rest of the party behind. What was left was a fight at two fronts with also losing the element of surprise.

‘These guys don’t really know how to work together...’

Aredhel complained while her companion stuck to her like a tick. Two other Bocanachs came out from the sides and locked on the two elves.

It was lucky that they ignored him for now. This gave Roland ample time to use his wand that he had repaired the day before. A bolt of heated energy collided with one of the goat heads. The scream that the monster gave out was truly frightening.

This would have been a good moment for Logon to move forward and deliver a finishing blow. To Roland’s surprise, the man didn’t want to abandon his lady, he was probably afraid that something might happen to her if he moved too far away.

“Tch...”

Roland clicked his tongue while firing off another spell towards the other monster. This one dodged slightly to the side and got his horn blown off in the process. It then charged forward the mage that was causing the most trouble.

It would have been an easy battle if the two warriors kept the monsters busy. He could then fire off spells from a safe distance. Not protecting your mage was one of the worst things a frontline warrior could do.

The creature was now close and charging with its head lowered. It wanted to impale the attacker on its good horn.

Roland wasn’t such an easy target though. He was someone close to level 70, thanks to the blacksmith class he now had stats comparable to warriors.

He grasped his arming sword from the side and waited for the right moment. He used the creature’s momentum against it as he dodged to the side. The monster ran past him and came to a stop but as it was turning around to have another go at it, it saw a flash of blue light.

This was the tip of Roland’s enchanted sword and the runic version of the mana thrust activating. The condensed magical skill connected with the goat creature’s upper body.

With Roland’s massive mana pool and high intelligence, he could really cause some damage. This was demonstrated by the giant gaping hole that appeared in the monster’s humanoid chest.

The Bocanach collapsed to the ground right after while giving out a strange wail. Roland then turned around to see the other monster swinging its long lanky arms around. After receiving a hit to the face it was disoriented but not dead. It possessed a thick skull which made its head not much of a weak point.

Finally, Logon decided to move in and delivered a killing blow to the confused creature. He did it only after it got too close to where the woman he was protecting was. The two creatures were dead and after a bit, the half-orc returned as well. He was covered in scratches and even some holes.

Aredhel got to healing his wounds quickly while Roland scratched his head. Besides the two warriors, the acolyte that was supposed to buff the party didn’t do anything. The woman lacked combat experience and probably was too nervous to act.

'This... maybe I should have left them in that cave...'