

Runesmith 77

[Chapter 77 Choosing a new class.](#)

Roland slowly left the room in which the monster massacre happened. He didn't want to hang around other adventurers for too long if there was no business relationship between the two parties.

He was slightly ticked off as the group of youngsters had ruined his grinding spot. This was the 7th level of the labyrinth, it was getting close to the boss room that was on the 10th. One day while adventuring he found a little secret room, all thanks to his debugging skill and mana sense.

It was directly above that trap room where the Lesser Troglodytes waited. Those monsters would spawn in a hidden chamber. There was a secret tunnel that connected to it from the 6th floor above, all behind a hidden opening in one of the tunnels.

The monsters would be confined in a small room and wait for someone to come into that large chamber. When the trap was sprung they would be allowed to exit. When they followed a narrow corridor they would appear right above the 7th floor's trap chamber. Thus the trap would be sprung and the people below would have to face off against these monsters.

This wasn't the important part, he used the fact that the monsters were trapped in a small chamber for himself. For someone who could make runic bombs and grenades, this was a great spot to quickly level up. He had used it several times by tossing in such explosives or using spells that had a wide area of effect.

To his surprise when he arrived today the room was already empty. The trap was activated which wasn't something that normally happened here. The labyrinth was already mapped out by the guild and anyone who bought a map would know this trap. It was easily avoidable, only parties that wanted to farm the Lesser Troglodytes would bother entering this room.

The monsters looked similar to lizardmen, had high physical resistance and strength. Most adventurers would rather fight smaller groups of monsters. This trap was far too dangerous so most people avoided it. The monsters weren't very resistant to magic though, which made them perfect for Roland's grinding initiative.

Roland moved through the narrow corridors to see who activated the trap. To his surprise it was a bunch of low level adventurers, they were all around the 35th level. The Lesser Troglodytes were also close to that but they outnumbered the intruders five to one.

He knew that the young adventurers would be killed if he didn't react. The monsters didn't pose a threat to him at this point even in a wide-open area. He decided to use up some of the runic charges of the armor he had inscribed and so now he was here.

There were two good things that came out of this predicament. One was the mana stones that he had still managed to procure for his crafting. Then there was still the experience that he managed to gain. After glancing at the status screen he now knew what it was time for a big change.

Name :

Roland Arden L 75

Classes:

T1 Mage L25 [Secondary]

T1 Runic Mana Scribe L 25 [X]

T1 Runic Blacksmith L 25 [Main]

HP

794/794

MP

2824/2824

SP

1124/1124

Strength

59

Agility

40

Dexterity

87

Vitality

59

Endurance

68

Intelligence

118

Willpower

107

Charisma

17

Luck

10

Debugger L 6, Circuitry L 7, Tinkerer L 8, Identify L 9, Basic Mana Shaping L 9, Basic Mana Regulation L 9, Mana Sense L 9, Basic Rune Mastery L 9, Basic Rune Scribing L 9, Basic Smithing Mastery L 9, Basic Runecraft L 9, Runic Blacksmith's Eyes L 9, Blacksmith's Heat Sense L 9, Basic Rune Compression L 9, Ethereal Pathways L 9, Basic Mana Reinforcement L9, One-handed Swordsmanship L 9, Heavy Armor Proficiency L9, Shield Proficiency L9, Blunt Weapon Proficiency L9, Hand to hand combat L 3, Spearmanship L2....

Roland was finally at the maximum level, it was time for that class change that he was working towards all this time. He had managed to level up some of the combat skills as well but not all.

He stuck to using swords and maces but there just wasn't enough time to take care of the rest. He would need months maybe even years to increase his spearmanship or ax-wielding proficiencies. Roland wasn't really aiming to be a master of all weapons, two were more than enough for him.

He used some fast grinding methods to level up faster. Even though the monsters were low leveled there were a lot of them. There was a boost to experience if you killed more than one monster in a short amount of time. It wasn't much but at this point, his experience gaining had slowed down to a crawl.

Roland had now lived in this city for over a year. Only now did he achieve the 25th level of his runic blacksmith profession. He had thought that this dungeon would be a gold mine of experience but that wasn't entirely true. But he had limited himself by not venturing past the 10th level of this dungeon.

Past it was the volcanic area of this dungeon where only tier 2 monsters appeared. He wasn't a true tier 2 class, he would rather be safe than sorry. While going solo he was still able to gain some experience towards his weapon skills and armor proficiencies. He had maxed out a few and with his level now hitting 75 he was finally ready to give his next class change a try.

With this, he decided to make a b-line for the exit. After going through this labyrinth repeatedly for a year he knew it like the back of his hand. With the help of his high intelligence stat, remembering these corridors wasn't that hard. At this point in time, he didn't even need to look at the map that much.

There were some secret spots that weren't charted down, just like the secret room with the Lesser Troglodytes there were some shortcuts between levels. Luckily for him thanks to his skills he was able to spot them. From time to time he came across runic traces in the walls, through them finding the secret chambers was easy.

With a quick mana infusion, these secret rooms would open up. Some of them were just stairs going up while others were hidden areas with respawnable treasures. This place was still quite low leveled so he never did find anything costly but some of the treasures could be sold off. Being a blacksmith he could inscribe runes into armor and weapons, then resell them on the market for an inflated price.

After poking a certain spot with his finger a path opened up. It was just a corridor with winding stairs going up. Roland entered and moved up through it after a couple of minutes he was out on the 3rd level. From this point, he would need to travel through the dungeon normally.

Roland looked around this place a couple of times. There were still many adventurers here but not as many as before. The foolhardy ones had been weeded out in the first year of the dungeon's opening. Now not many of them ventured into the lower levels or past the 10th one that was for silver adventurers and up.

In time he was walking up the rocky stairs that led to the exit of this dungeon. On the outside things had changed as well, for one thing, there were guards in front of the entrance. They would check everyone's adventurer's cards before letting them venture forth. This was all due to a certain foolhardy farmer's demise after entering the dungeon.

That person didn't make it far before being devoured by one of the monsters. Some other adventurers found his body getting nibbled on by a salamander. The rumors were that he was unwilling to accept his farmer class and wanted to become an adventurer.

Further away was a large store, the person that had been here selling magic potions at the entrance had expanded. It was true that the ones that came first were the ones that profited the most. Roland didn't see the young girl or the old man combo, they could now hire other people to do that work for them while they sat back at the store.

Some of the people that attempted the same line of work weren't that lucky. He heard rumors of some of the merchants getting robbed and their potion selling business going under.

Roland was now far enough from the dungeon. He went behind a tree and removed most of the red armor that he was wearing and placed it back into one of his spatial bags. This one was much larger than regular ones and was worn by him on his back.

He stuffed it behind his armor plate which made it a bit uncomfortable to carry around but he needed it to be wide enough. This was due to what was hidden inside. He reached inside and started pulling, soon a wheel appeared followed by the rest of a peculiar transportation device.

It had two round wheels that had something similar to rubber on them. To the side of the back, wheel was a chain that connected below the sitting area. This was a bicycle that Roland had made. It didn't look anything like the modern variant that he was used to seeing in his old life.

The seat that he sat on was quite long and connected to the handlebar directly. There were no pedals for him to move his feet around either. This thing was powered by mana directly, he just made a rest for his feet a bit to the front.

He sat down on it and after injecting some mana he was up and running. Roland used the main road that was somewhat paved to the dungeon at this point. The people that he passed gave him some strange looks but he was used to it by now. He was known by them as the strange craftsman that lived out of the city. At least as his disciple as most people didn't want to believe that someone at sixteen could be a runic craftsman.

The trip to the dungeon would take him more than half an hour on foot but with this new bike, he made it back under ten minutes. His house had been changed a couple of times since he arrived but the most eye-catching thing was the large log wall that also had a barbed wire part at the top.

He had been visited by nosy 'people' a couple of times but with some contingencies in place they found themselves incapacitated. Some did slip it past the magical traps but just as he had planned they didn't find his main workshop. The only things that he lost were iron and steel tools that could be easily replaced.

Everything was walled and fenced up, even the log cabin where he kept his regular furnace and tools. That place was mostly what the thieves set their eyes on so it was easily defensible with some shock runes plastered on the ground or walls.

He didn't care much about his 'garage' as where the magic happened was downstairs. That was also where he was heading now. Roland needed to prepare for his next class change, this would be best done behind closed doors where no one would bother him. There was a chance of him passing out as the last time. He would rather do this while being in a safe space that was behind illusionary runes.

The inside of his home looked decent enough. Everything was cleaned up during the renovations and all the wooden panels were painted over. He even got himself a couple of cheap rugs to make it a bit cozier, though without a vacuum cleaner he had to do it the old fashioned way during the weekly cleaning drive.

He was still living alone, with the trust issues he had built up throughout the years it was hard to create new relationships. The people in the adventurer's guild knew him as that guy that wears crimson heavy armor. It was a premade armor set that wasn't that rare around the city. The only thing that he customized was the color along with the helmet.

There were runes in each part, it took some time to get the hang of it but it worked similar to a magic book. He just needed to focus on the body part to cast a spell, some pieces had more than one runic structure to add to his repertoire. This armor still suffered from the same drawbacks as all his old gear. It wore down quite fast, he needed to repair it constantly but it was good enough to last him through a prolonged dungeon run.

His new gear didn't help during discussions with others though. Roland was never the one to start the conversation and there was no purpose in teaming up with anyone in this dungeon as long as he was careful. He had managed for this long without many problems and now was the time to take a step forward.

'Okay, what do I need?'

He locked the door behind him and was also sure to activate a defensive runic structure close to the door handle. There was a sign outside to knock and wait. If anyone grabbed the handle first they would be tasered. It wasn't quite that late but the sun was already setting, he didn't expect any visitors so it would be on them if something happened.

It was time to go downstairs or over to a small closet that only had some rags in it. At least that's what it looked like to others. With a couple of strategic presses of this illusion magic lock, a path down was revealed. There was also a lock on the door for an added safety measure. Behind it were the stairs down along with another door, this one very sturdy looking and made from thick slabs of metal.

He needed to really give these a push to get them open. He was planning on making them even heavier after getting that status boost from getting a tier 2 class. On the inside was his workshop, he had used some earth magic to make it wider and deeper. This he had to do by himself but with some basic building knowledge, he knew where to place all the supportive columns. If the place collapsed on him during his work he would be having a bad time.

On the inside were all the usual things like a workbench with all his old tools. There was a forge sticking out from the wall, it connected to the chimney of his house. But there were special runes that filtered the smoke out as well. This way even if he was working down below it wouldn't be smoking excessively.

In a side room behind closed doors was his crowning invention. A runic engine, after bumbling about for half a year he had finally managed to get a working model. This one was a steam model that worked by heating up water and converting it to mechanical force by steam. This was all done to produce electricity that then was stored in a special magic generator.

His assumption of gaining mana out of electricity had born fruit. He was now able to produce renewable energy on a smaller scale. This engine worked similar to the ones used in trains. The heating was done by small heating runes instead of fuel though. The boiled water would produce steam and pressure. It would push a cylinder back and forth to generate mechanical force. This mechanical force was then used in an electric generator that he fashioned from a magnet and copper coils.

The produced energy from this was then transferred by some wires into the special battery unit that he had made. He based it on the rune design and materials that he saw in that music box. The produced energy was higher than what it took to keep the heated runes running.

Thus he had made something close to a perpetual motion machine. It wasn't quite that as the strain on the materials existed plus the runes and components had to be replaced periodically. He had it in a smaller room behind closed doors due to the loud noise that it made. It wasn't perfect but thanks to it he was able to create his power tools and also power some other magical devices around his house. With time he hoped to improve on the design but for now, it just worked.

Improving it wasn't on the agenda for today. He had a tier 2 class quest to finish, he was already dreading the thought of what it could entail this time. The first one was easy enough, just scribing one small runic spell. The other one was harder as he had to make a ladle without any proper blacksmith knowledge to speak of. This time he expected a crafting-related test as well but there also could be something more.

He brought out the class change crystal to start it. A Solaria church had been built here recently so now he could just go buy those there. He hoped that he would be able to pass the test on the first try but if not he could just get more crystals. He was making some money with his adventuring and there wasn't a shortage of those crystals yet.

"Here goes nothing."

Roland looked over his stats before sitting down in a chair. He had the crystal in his hand and a bucket was to the side. He hoped that he wouldn't need to use it but it was better to have it on standby. The test wouldn't let him take anything from the outside, the only thing he needed to worry about was not getting any visitors while being here.

Soon he activated the crystal and was back at his old apartment building. He didn't look around at all this time around and just went to the recreation of his old apartment room. The PC was quickly activated, the list of classes he could choose from had increased as well. This was mostly due to now having some tier 2 classes to pick from.

"Weaponsmith... Armorsmith... the runic variations are there too..."

He started going through them one by one. The classes that were above tier 1 were in a separate section and easy to spot. There weren't that many compared to the lower tier ones which had probably increased due to him gaining more combat-related skills.

"No mage related tier 2 classes as expected... there is a tier 2 scribe class... also an advanced runic mana scribe..."

Scrolls had been a good way of earning money for him and added to his combat repertoire. The biggest drawback of that class was the meager stat gains.

"Runesmith huh... it is there..."

The fabled class was there, it felt less special after he had attained the Runic Blacksmith one already. He knew that it wouldn't add much besides letting his skills reach higher than the basic tier.

"Huh, what is this class?..."

There was a peculiar class showing up on the screen. It was placed further away from the other ones and looked like it was above them in that way. The sprite looked similar to a runesmith but it was a heavily armored version. It held a runic hammer in one hand while in the other one was a sword which made him think it was some kind of combination class.

"Runesmith Lord? So these types of classes weren't just rumors..."

[Chapter 78.1 Tier 2 trial part 1](#)

'Runesmith Lord'

Roland stopped while looking at the moving pixel art that only had three frames of movement. It looked like a more armored variation of the Runesmith Class, it was clearly some kind of evolved version and it was available to him.

'Didn't I read something about this...'

When he was back in the Arden estate he went through the library several times. With no internet or games, there wasn't really much to do in this world. As an adult, he was past his childhood days so he didn't waste time on kid games like tag. The only thing left for him was training and reading books.

He recalled that one of these books had a passage about some 'hidden' special classes. One of them was the mana related classes like 'Mana Warrior'. They were quite easy to get with a corresponding aptitude for mana. Past those were the prestige classes like Runic Scribe or Runic Blacksmith that he had gotten along the way.

Then there were ones that were even rarer. The way that this class appeared on this screen here showed him that it was one of those. He had no way of knowing how good this class was though, it could be worse than a Runic Armorsmith or Weaponsmith for crafting purposes. It could not bring much to the table for him who already had one cheat skill in the form of debugging.

But there it was, what looked to be another rare class option that he didn't think would be there. He was hoping to get a class that mixed combat and crafting in some way, could this one be it?

Roland looked over the other class choices, there was another one that he originally hoped to get. It was the Runic Battlesmith class, it was there with the basic variant as well. After leveling up his basic weapon proficiencies and gaining a lot of experience by fighting monsters this was also unlocked. Now it didn't seem like the obvious choice anymore, there was a new contender.

This left him with five choices: Advances Runic Mana Scribe, Runic Armorsmith, Runic Weaponsmith, Runic Battlesmith, and finally Runesmith Lord. He didn't even take the original Runesmith class into consideration as it wouldn't really give him anything new. There were no mage type classes available to him and depending on his tier 2 class he might be able to level up some of the basic skills past the threshold with a different class.

'Will this Runesmith Lord let me advance my scribing skills past the basic ones? I feel like the 'Lord' part implies something...'

He hovered with the mouse cursor over this class but also looked at the Runic Battlesmith one. After some deliberation, he decided to go with the 'Lord' variant. This world had a thing about putting noble titles above all other things, so it might have been the same with these classes.

'I can always fail the class change trial on purpose if it seems lackluster...'

With the infusion of money, he could just go buy another class change crystal. It was normal for some people to look into the trials and judge if the class was a fit for them. The trials more or less showed what the class would be about. The crafting classes required a person to fashion items of various kinds while the battle classes required you to combat. What would this one force him to do?

Maybe he would need to craft a full set of runic armor along with a weapon? That would actually not be a bad thing as he would get some free experience and knowledge with the trial.

'Here goes nothing...'

He nodded and clicked on the icon, the PC did its thing and the VR headset popped out. It looked slightly different though, like a more advanced model. Roland looked over it before placing it on top of his head. He wasn't sure if it was because of the tier 2 trial but that might have been the case.

Roland hadn't been here for some years, the last time was his Blacksmithing class change. He had to get used to the flash of white light as he got transported into the trial next trial room. The first one was a smaller library where he just needed to scribe down a simple glowing rune. Then there was a smith's workshop where he had to produce a magical ladle. Both those classes made him produce something and that is why he was confused about the trial area that was produced this time around.

He looked around and noticed that he was in some kind of large arena. It was similar to a roman coliseum that he saw in some movies. There were differences though, for one thing, there was no place of an audience anywhere, just walls.

This arena was circular in shape, the ground was covered in plain sand. There were a couple of eye-catching things here. For one there were four large gates on each side, two were made from wood while the other two from metal. The walls were quite high and stretched up to the ceiling for a good hundred meters. The area inside was about the size of a football field. There were many torches on the arched walls that lit up the place quite nicely.

There was another thing that was out of place. A lone column stood close to the center of this arena. After looking around Roland couldn't spot anything that was similar to the other two trials. There were no instructions, no books that he could read, nothing that indicated what this trial would be.

The only tip was this place, being an arena it indicated that this would be a combat-related task. If that was true then there was another problem. He didn't have any weapons, what he was wearing was just a random tunic. He had leather boots along with pants but he couldn't spot any weapons anywhere, was he supposed to fight here with his bare hands? Was this Runesmith Lord class some kind of grappling profession?

'That doesn't make sense... there is something on that column.'

He spotted something red sticking out from that misplaced column. After walking over he recognized it as a large red button. This thing looked quite out of place, it was bright red and placed on a rocky pillar.

It had a certain magnetic feeling to it. The more he looked at it the more he felt like pressing it.

'If I press this the trial will probably begin...'

He walked back for now, before pressing that red button he took some time in examining this whole arena from top to bottom. He looked over every gate, even pressed his ear to it to see if he could hear something. But they all had a similar feeling to the apartment building, he couldn't really touch it and the texture that looked like wood felt off.

The rest of the arena was similar, he started running into invisible walls, and climbing the ones that were going up was also impossible. Soon he returned to the big red button, feeling like he just wasted ten minutes on nothing.

With a slight sigh, he moved his finger on the button. It was pushed in easily and it took a moment to see a reaction. The entire space he was standing in started to rumble. The pillar with the button began to sink into the ground while another platform directly in the middle of the arena appeared.

Roland stepped back and watched. The ground started shifting, it looked like the earth in the middle of this arena parted to the sides. There appeared a large hole, before he could go over to see if there was something down there a platform started to rise up. On it were several items that he was very familiar with.

"Huh? Is that blacksmithing equipment?"

He called out in surprise as he saw a large working forge along with blacksmithing tools show up before him. On this moving platform, he could see a forge, smelter, workbench, anvil, and all the other things that he always used for crafting.

The rumbling continued, apparently this wasn't quite over. The noise this time around was coming from the ceiling above. He looked up to see another hole opening there, then a familiar object appeared. It was a giant version of the hourglass that he had seen in the two previous trials he took. This one was quite large, the sand was dropping slowly which indicated that he would have some time before the timer ran out. The big question was, what was it for?

"It's different this time around..."

There was one thing that was bothering him. There were no books in this workshop that appeared here. What was he supposed to do? The other trials had instructions for building items but this time around there was nothing. There were all the resources and tools to craft weapons and armor but no clear indication of what kind.

Started picking up the tools and looking over them. There was no indication or clues, it was as if this trial wanted him to craft something but the choice was up to him. He stopped for a second to rethink this, if he took too long the timer would run out before he made a single item. Luckily for him, the answer to his question came in the form of a sound coming from the distance.

“Huh?”

He looked to one of the wooden gates, there was a strange sound coming from it. He listened closely while wondering if he was hearing things but there it was again. Some sort of scratching or clawing sound was coming from one of those large doors.

“What is that... are there?”

It dawned on him then, what this test was all about. The sounds coming from there were probably monsters, this was an arena meant for fighting. He put one and one together and got his answer. He was supposed to craft his own weapons and armor, then face the monsters lurking behind that gate.

“This is going to be one of those unconventional trials...”

He tried recalling the books that he had read. They all stated that the tests were class specific but they mostly were segregated into some categories like crafting tasks, combat tasks, and fetch tasks. The latter consisted of having to go through a course to procure an item.

This one seemed to be an unconventional one that combined two separate professions. Even the Battlesmith class wouldn't require crafting to get through the trial. At most the smith would be able to repair the weapons that he or she was given.

There was also another peculiarity about this trial compared to the other ones. Roland didn't receive any temporary skills that would belong to this Runesmith Lord class. He had no idea what this class was about without those. The trial was pointing at it being a hybrid crafting and combat class at least.

Roland didn't have any time to stand around anymore. Now he knew that there was something lurking behind that door that he would need to kill. He had no weapons or armor, this problem he would solve by fashioning himself a weapon.

“What should I make... a sword or a mace?”

These were the two weapons that he was the most proficient in. A sword would be better on softer targets and also more nimble. The mace was good for larger slower enemies and ones that were armored.

“I would prefer a sword... but will there be enough time?”

He asked himself while going through the materials. He felt that a sword could be better for the fact that he could utilize the sword runes he knew. The mace had one advantage though, it would be easier to

make and required no sharpening or pinpoint precision crafting. It was more or less just a blunt metallic club.

To make a proper sword he would require a lot more time. With the mace, he wouldn't even need to make a separate handle or pommel. He could probably just get a wooden handle and just produce a mace head. This all depended on what materials he had, besides the mace he needed some protection.

"A mace... and a shield for now."

The plan was made, he needed these two items as a bare minimum. If he had more time he could look into making some armor with added runes for spell casting. He was also hoping to have enough time for a few magic paddle wands.

He grasped a hammer from the side and noticed that it was made from deep steel. It was better than the hammer that he was currently using back at his home. The metals he was working with here were bronze, iron, and steel. There were some steel rods here and there but they were a bit too thin to be used as a handle. It looked like this trial wanted him to work with the thicker ingots.

There were several hardy tools that he could punch holes with preset here but first, he would need to fashion the handle. This could be done by directly molding an ingot through precision hammer blows. The next part would be the crown part, it could also be done like that but there were other options.

There were several molds here to the side. He could save some time by using one of them for the head part. Why would he do that if the end product could come out more brittle than through a regular forging method? The answer was reusability.

There were many of those gates around him. He felt like this trial would have several stages where the doors opened one by one, maybe even many times. If he made a mold for the mace crown he might be able to use it again. At least the wooden part that was made for the spikey ball imprint.

He chose to go with steel as it was a superior material compared to bronze and iron. With the molds here he could also try casting a sword directly from them. The problem would still be with the sharpening of it, a blunt mace with some spikes would be far easier to fashion. The hourglass was very slow which meant that he had a lot of time, at least for now.

First came the hammering of one of the heated up steel ingots. Thanks to his smithing skills being maxed out the hammering process went rather smoothly. Roland found how the skills in this world work to be astonishing. They kept a person at a certain level of ability, whenever he picked up a hammer or a sword it all came back to him. He knew where to hit and how hard to do it depending on the item that he was working on.

With time the shaft started taking shape. Next came the griff along with the handlebars that were on the top and bottom side of the mace, between the griff part. This was all done with skillful hammer hits all while the metal was nice and heated up. He had already worked on something like this before so the motion was practiced and natural. With time he was done and could move onto the molding phase. He needed the spiked ball of the mace to fit into the shaft and that's why he made it first.

For some reason, there were various wooden objects here as well. One of them was already similar in shape to a spiked mace head. Maybe the trial was making things slightly easier for him. There were also various carving knives that were enough for him to get a proper spike shape for his next weapon.

The time continued to pass, there was a lack of scribing materials here though. Roland would have to forgo his spell scrolls for this test. Instead, he could make some magical wands that worked in a similar way the problem was his mana reserves. There was a certain lack of mana stones here so he would have to forget about lessening the strain on his MP.

With time the wooden version of the spiked mace head was ready. He fitted it on the thicker weapon handle from the bottom to see if everything was in order before putting it into the mold. The smelter was heated up by him beforehand, he did it to save some time.

The red hot metal dribbled down into the prepared mold that was shut tightly. It was a similar mold case to the one he used to make his first bronze sword. While it was cooling down he went around to pick up a thick enough plate of steel. He would make a quick shield with the leftover time.

This shield wouldn't need that much forming as he could just stick to a tower shield design and would just need to rivet the handle part from the back. At the end, he would be preparing the runic structures, without them these 'weapons' that he made wouldn't really be cut out for much.

Time was of the essence, the large hourglass above his head was a constant reminder of that. Soon he would have to face against whatever was behind those gates and the weapons that he had time to produce wouldn't really be anything special. He could only hope that the added runic enchantments would let him squeeze out more from them...