

## Runesmith 97

### [Chapter 97 Taking out the trash.](#)

The day in Albrook was slowly coming to an end but the sun was still out. Chatters and laughs that were previously prevalent in this establishment went silent the moment an unknown person walked in through the saloon-like door.

He was larger both in height and stature than the average human male. This wasn't what made this person stick out like a sore thumb. The armor that he was wearing was dark crimson, mana stones, and runic symbols adorned it from head to toe.

The people in this place belonged to a more rough element of the city. This place was one of the cheap pubs where they could spend their hard-earned coin. A chunk of it procured through less than stellar means. Thieves, rogues, and con artists were all here and they could tell that this unexpected 'knight' was here to cause trouble.

It was abnormal that someone with that amount of gear would show his face around here. Most people here were already inching away after the armored man looked to the side and started approaching one of the tables in the back.

"Hey, isn't that Devyn and his chums? Did they do wrong to some high ranking adventurer?"

An old-looking dwarf asked while taking a swig from a pitcher filled with alcohol. The person sitting next to him was a human of similar age. The man rubbed his chin but soon he shrugged.

"No idea, though Devyn and his boys aren't pushovers. This might be interesting. I'll put two small silvers on those idiots..."

"Your on!"

Both of the men grinned at each other while continuing to drink their booze. They were far away from the spot those men were sitting in and wanted to see a good show. It was quite normal for bar fights to break out in a place like this and just as normal to put bets on them.

It was something that was welcome amongst the ruffians living here. It was seen as a form of entertainment to spice up the monotonous life. With the lack of modern-day entertainment what was left was fighting, gambling, sex, and drinking.

"Hey Garlen, get a load of this guy."

Devyn, the leader of the group was in the middle of drinking some cheap booze while glancing at the busty bar wench. He looked to where his buddy Garlen was pointing to spot a strange armored man.

The man was wearing a full suit of plate mail armor. On his back was a kite shield and to his side an arming sword. Devyn was a bit drunk already and he was together with four other party members.

Even if the man was armored and armed this didn't pose much of a threat. The people here also had their weapons ready, some strapped to the sides just as the knight while others had them placed on the table directly. In this neighborhood, there was a need for the protection of one's life. Having people fighting with drawn weapons wasn't as rare as some people might think.

“You think you’re scaring anyone with that fancy armor, fuck off.”

The other four men laughed while looking at the crimson armored man. This wasn’t the first time someone tried starting things with them. It was the first one that someone in a fancy armor like this though. Devyn was already thinking about how much he could get for this piece of equipment if this man actually tried something funny. Before the laughing stopped the man in crimson pointed to something behind them and spoke out.

“That doesn’t belong to you, return it.”

Devyn’s face twitched in anger slightly after hearing the person speak. He had quite the condescending tone and Devyn was a person that despised getting ordered around. Before speaking out he glanced to where this person was pointing.

“The backpack? Did that idiot Bernir send you here?”

“Bernir? Maybe we were too lenient with him, next time we should break both his legs.”

Garlen said from the side while the other party members started to laugh again. Even though they were laughing they were all slowly reaching for their weapons. This person was an unknown element that they haven’t seen before. The only reason they attacked Bernir was that they were sure that he didn’t have anyone backing him. Now this man showed up which made their previous assumption null.

“Give it back...”

The man took a step forward while not letting up. The four members from Devyn’s party stood up with weapons in their hands to protect themselves. They knew that the one that struck first had the advantage and they wouldn’t let this person deliver a blow while they were sitting down.

“You’re brave my friend, but also stupid. How about this, I’m a generous man. You can take the backpack for let’s say...”

Devyn had a big smirk on his face while talking slowly. His men were ready to strike and he felt confident that this person wasn’t a tier 3 class holder. The man had a certain skill akin to the analysis skill to sense his opponent’s strength.

The man in red was clearly someone at tier 2 but he didn’t out level his party by that much. If he fought them one on one then he might have stood a chance but with all of them ready to strike there was no way of them losing this battle.

“Ten gold coins does sound reasonable, doesn’t it?”

Everyone that was looking at this play out gulped hard. Ten regular-sized gold coins were quite a big sum. A person could buy a house with that or even a set of enchanted items. The man in red armor didn’t answer this proposal. It seemed like he was examining the situation before making a decision.

“Ten gold too much for you? How about you leave us that armor of yours along with your shield and sword?”

Devyn grinned some more, he didn’t think that the man would go for the trade but he didn’t care. If he attacked them, then they would have the right to strip him of all of his belongings. The city guards didn’t

come here and no one in this pub would snitch. It was an unspoken rule among the people living here. Everything would be taken care of between them without involving the nobles.

“What, don’t have it?”

The man in red remained silent without answering. Devyn’s grin started fading as getting ignored was also something that he disliked. The man showed up out of nowhere and wanted to take Bernir’s backpack back. Inside of it, they found some change and blacksmithing materials. There wasn’t much but they could pawn the large storage bag at the auction house later.

He would certainly not give something like that away for free, even less likely after the armored man showed up. If they gave in to his demands it would make him and his crew seem weak. A person of crime had an image to uphold, if they didn’t every two-bit crook would try to screw with them.

“So, you won’t return it?”

“Are you an idiot?”

Devyn replied with a glare, the man seemed to ignore his previous proposal. It was as if bartering for the item was out of the question. Then the man did something strange, he moved his hand into a smaller spatial bag. This prompted Devyn’s men to get ready but instead of any weapons, he pulled out a round orb.

This peculiar orb lit up in blue color and projected an image of some dots. It was clearly a magical device but the use was unclear.

“Good... empty alleyway, no one there...”

“What are you mumbling about? Devyn, this guy is pissing me off, let me...”

Before Garlen could reply the man in the crimson armor moved both his hands forward. He wasn’t holding any weapons, just pointing with the flat side of his palms at them. It looked like he was trying to push an invisible wall. They realized too late what he was up to as his whole armor lit up like a Christmas tree with the focus being his hands.

“What the!”

A massive ball of green energy formed in front of him before being shot out. It was a massive burst of wind elements that pushed all five of the men back against the wall with a staggering amount of force.

The shabby wooden walls of this pub weren’t able to support this attack and crumbled. All of Devyn’s party members, including him, were sent through this wooden wall and fell out on the other side.

Everyone that was watching this from the side was astonished by this development. The armored man looked like he had some enchanted armor on but no one had ever seen someone use it like this.

Mostly the enchantments would be buffing spells or defensive ones. Active magic spells burned through the caster’s mana by too much. Unless someone was a mage they wouldn’t be able to handle prolonged use of such gear. Even then mages would use special magic wands or staffs for such things and not bulky armor that slowed them down.

The fight continued while people scattered to the sides even more. Now they realized that the fight had some kind of crazy magic involved. There was now the possibility of being involved in some wide-area magical blasts. No one was willing to stick too close to a caster that was using runic weapons.

“You fuck!”

Devyn spat out some blood as he was hurled all the way on the opposite side of this alley and into a stone wall. His party members were all close to him while one of his men was still hanging out of the wooden wall.

“Wait, look out!”

With a sudden blurry movement, the man in red armor was now upon the man that was covered in splintered planks. He was grabbed by the neck from behind and promptly lifted up, then the armor started glowing in a blue light before another spell was discharged.

“YARGhhhh...”

It was a lightning spell. The man was being electrocuted before their very eyes. It was clearly a higher-tier common spell that packed quite a punch and was fast. After the crimson man injected their party member with high voltage he was promptly tossed to the side, his body limp.

The fight was taken outside of the premises of this pub. Some of the people that were on the inside decided that this was enough and it was time to run. There were a few that remained in place, interested in this man’s capabilities.

It seemed that he was able to repeatedly cast spells which was the forte of runic spells. This came at a large cost that a lot of people knew, the high loss of MP was seen as problematic. Thus it was surprising that this person was continuously producing magical effects. The armor’s mana stones were even shining making people believe that he was constantly burning through his mana.

“Get him, he can’t keep this up for long...”

Devyn knew the downside of using runic weapons. They only needed to prolong this fight and their enemy would run out of steam sooner or later.

“GUhhh...”

A flat pillar of rock collided with Garlen’s belly. He was the group’s tank and also larger than this enemy that they were facing. He had managed to grab his shield and ax before being sent out through the wall.

The problem was that the attack came from below and not from in front as he had expected. The man’s right boot looked to be the magical device that activated this earth base spell that connected with his liver and sent him to his knees.

More screams filled the alleyway as the magical spells continued to be discharged. It didn’t seem like the person casting them was having a tough time with his MP. With an ice blast, another man fell, and now the only person that remained was the ringleader.

“Don’t think that you’ll get away with this you shit! You think you can just waltz in here and...”

Before Devyn could finish the sentence a blast of magic energy connected with the ground right next to him. He moved to the side to evade it but it seemed that this was just a faint that the man in crimson was waiting for.

The armor glowed in green light and he appeared right to the side. Without having time to react and in a panicked state, Devyn received a clean shot from the man's fist to the chin. His teeth and blood flew up against the stone wall as he crumbled like a deflated balloon.

"You could have just returned the backpack but you had to make it difficult..."

Before Devyn could reply he saw a blood-covered armored fist flying towards his face again. With another hit, he tumbled onto his back and into some garbage on the side. The man that assaulted them walked towards him with slow steps and placed his foot on his chest to hold him down.

"I don't particularly enjoy stuff like this... but I'll have to make an exception for you."

"Whait, whet ar' you doin?"

Devyn's vision was blurry and he had blood in his mouth and no strength to fight back. He saw Roland leaning down and grasping one of his legs below the knee, the mana stones on his armor glowed in red as the man felt pressure being applied to his shin bone.

"S-stop you b-bastard, noooo..."

A faint crunching sound could be heard by Roland as the shin bone snapped in half. He felt that the eye for an eye approach was the right choice here. The potions could heal the broken bones as well, so this wasn't even that harsh of punishment in his mind.

Before passing out the last thing that Devyn remembered seeing was a discharge of electricity coming from the very gauntlets that broke his leg. It had actually been quite the merciful gesture from Roland as the man was knocked out cold almost instantly and didn't need to suffer through the pain of a freshly broken shin.

Roland removed his foot from the man's chest and glanced at the broken leg for a second before turning around. The battle was won quite easily but he had used a large amount of mana to hasten this process. He took a mana potion out from his storage bag and drank it before turning around and heading back into the pub. The entrance that he made with his wind blast was still there.

On the inside, he could see half of the people missing while some others looking at him with interest or fear in their eyes. While walking the chipped wood started cracking under his feet. He looked to the side to where the backpack was sitting and moved over to it. This item was mostly undamaged with some chunks of wood here and there.

'Well, that was easier than I expected...'

Roland wanted to pat himself on the back as he decimated a party of lower leveled tier 2 warriors. They were all below his level with the leader being at the 68th one. They were close to each other in that regard. He was wearing his necklace that blocked part of his status but the leader from this group looked confident in their fighting capabilities.

There could have been other ways unknown to Roland to measure the strength of the opponent. Though this might have been just a sense of the level difference without an in-depth look into the stats.

He grasped the backpack and carried it with one hand while still having the shield on his back. Everyone that he fought was left alive with mostly minor injuries that could be recovered with the help of potions. Before leaving he moved over to who looked to be the bartender in this pub. The man was an old muscular man past his forties.

“What do yer want?”

Even though the man witnessed him take out five people with spells he didn't look that scared.

“Here, this should cover the cost for the destroyed walls.”

Roland reached out and dropped a couple of small gold coins on the bar counter. The old man raised an eyebrow at the large sum of money and then to the large hole in the flimsy wall.

“Hey brother, if you want there ye another wall on the other side...”

The man grinned while quickly swiping the coins from the bar counter. Roland just turned around without replying and went for the exit. He had gotten what he came for and it was time to leave.

There was a small crowd at the regular entrance now thus he decided to use the one that he made with the windblast. While stepping through it he could see most of the assailants still on the ground and out cold. One of them was crawling out through the alleyway to safety. He only broke the party leader's leg while the others were left with bruises and broken teeth. Thus it was normal for one of them to attempt to flee.

The person that was crawling away was Garlen, being the tank he did have the most resistance and hit points from the group. He could see Roland walking out of the hole in the wall again which prompted him to quickly try to escape. He had already seen Devyn's broken leg and was not willing to follow receive the same treatment.

“H-help, he is crazy!”

Roland could hear Garlen call out to someone from afar. It looked like he was grasping for straws and trying to ask the passersby for help. He didn't think that anyone would actually help some thug like this guy but to be sure he drank another potion to recover more of his mana and stamina.

“Hah, someone done you idiots in? You probably deserved it!”

While walking forward Roland heard a familiar voice that made him stop in his tracks. He tried looking at the source of that voice. Doing so made this person spot him as he was walking out of the alley.

“It's you...”

‘What is this guy doing here?’

What Roland saw was a familiar face of a man he once fought. It was the guild instructor that was unhappy with the results by the name of Armand. He was standing there with two women, each one

was clinging to one of his muscular arms and looking in his direction. For some reason Roland didn't like the look in Armand's eyes, it seemed as if the fight wasn't quite over yet...

## [Chapter 98 Round 2](#)

There they were, looking at each other without saying much. Armand looked to have been having quite a blast. Two women were clinging to his arms while pushing their squishy assets into him.

They had heavy makeup on and looked to be working ladies that he had picked up somewhere. Each one of them sported a set of animal ears and a bushy tail was wiggling around from above their plush rear ends. The two women also noticed Roland in his flashy red armor and started smiling at him.

"Please help me, this guy is crazy, he started attacking us for now reason!"

Garlen was down on the ground not far away from where Roland was standing. He was still weakened and somewhat paralyzed. Without being able to fully crawl away he fell to Roland's swift kick. This kick had enough power to send Garlen tumbling to the side. The hit connected with his stomach which then caused an abrupt release of the man's previous calorie intake.

"Armand I'm scared, we should leave."

One of the girls said while moving behind the large man. The other lady also flinched as she saw Roland kick one of Bernir's assailants to the side without any mercy.

"What do you think you are doing?"

Armand on the other hand didn't seem like he wanted to leave just yet. He puffed out his chest while strutting forward.

'Do I really need to fight this idiot? Is there a way to defuse this situation?'

Roland looked at the large man moving forward. In contrast to his fight during the guild test, this time around Armand was wearing some higher level gear. He had large black gauntlets made from deep steel.

They were of a different design than what a knight would wear in the sense that there were blades sticking out from the sides. They were at a slight angle and probably used to receive hits from bladed weapons. The sharpness also made Roland believe that they could cut into flesh rather easily.

His legs also had fitted boots and the rest was light armor with chest protection. It looked like the man was back from a dungeon run and was just hanging out here right after. He wasn't sure but the two ladies by his side made this theory probable. While Armand moved forward the two girls decided to move to the side, it looked like they would be cheering him on.

"This doesn't concern you."

After going through with the fight Roland wasn't in the mood to explain himself. He already didn't see Armand in a favorable light after he complained in the test about his armor.

"It doesn't concern me? You think you can attack guild members whenever you like?"

"They stole something from me, my reasons were justified."

Armand looked at the large backpack that Roland was holding with one hand. Before asking he looked to Garlen for some confirmation. After the kick and release, the man was now able to talk.

“He lies, he just attacked us out of the blue.”

“So you are a thief and a liar.”

Armand smacked his fist into his palm while approaching Roland in a menacing way. It didn't look like he would take his word over the man called Garlen. From Roland's perspective, he was probably only trying to look for an excuse for this fight.

“Shouldn't you investigate before you make an assumption? We can all go to the guild.”

Roland was still mad but his common sense prevailed. The whole situation could be resolved without bloodshed if they went to the guild. He had some proof that this backpack belonged to him and not to these men. Bernir would probably recover for an official hearing and some things like this could be confirmed with spells.

“Investigate? There is no need! Now stop spouting nonsense, you're just trying to stall.”

“Stall for what? How did an idiot like you become an instructor at the guild?”

Roland replied with scorn as he had enough of this guy. It didn't look like there was a way to reason with him in any way shape or form.

“Who are you calling an idiot, you idiot!”

Roland wanted to scratch his head at this response. The man before him was clearly not very intelligent as he continued moving towards him. There was not real beef that Roland had with Armand but he wouldn't back down if a fight was that he wanted.

Surrendering was also not an option, he had no way of knowing what this man would do. Would he actually take him to the guild and go through the proper procedures. It didn't seem like this person was very fond of paperwork so that option was not probable.

“Back off, I won't warn you again.”

Roland moved his hand towards his enemy, his palms were outstretched similar to the way when he produced the wind blast. He didn't want to hurt this idiot as he was related to the guild. If the other guild members would see him in a bad light or if he would be excluded from it for attacking an active instructor was unknown to him.

He didn't have any proper backing in this city and the guild master was probably someone that he wouldn't be able to take down with strength alone.

*This chapter upload first at [novelusb.com](http://novelusb.com)*

“Shaking in your boots already? I'm going to pry you out of that armor.”

“Honey, hurry up, we don't have all day~”

The two ladies that Armand was with started cheering from the side while he got in a fighting stance. He placed his left foot forward while his right foot was back and pointed at a ninety-degree angle. He had one fist to the right side of his hip while the left one was stretching out.

Roland wasn't an expert but this stance made him think about karate. It looked like the diplomatic talks had broken down and now the battle remained. He looked around for a moment and from the corner of his eye, he spotted Agni peeking out from another alleyway. His wolf was waiting for an order as for the time being he was still on standby.

The enemy this time around was quite dangerous. Agni would have to sit this one out as his master didn't intend to utilize his help during this fight. His hand was also outstretched and he would use this to his advantage.

Armand had only witnessed him fighting during the guild test and he wasn't aware of this armor's full capabilities. Roland had no reason to hide this anymore as he had already used a plethora of runic spells against the band of thug-like adventurers.

The space they were occupying was spread out. They were standing on a plot of land that was surrounded by buildings from each side. The people from those buildings were looking at the two men that were going to fight. Some of them were whistling while others were cheering, everyone here wanted to see a good show.

Fights between drunks weren't anything new but this looked to be one between two higher level adventurers. There were even people betting already, mostly in Armand's favor as he had gotten popular in this city. They couldn't ignore Roland's fashion choice either, the armor made them think that he was an established adventurer or knight.

"Not gonna use that fancy sword of yours?"

Armand asked while Roland didn't reply, he just stood there with his hand outstretched towards his opponent. He snorted at Roland that didn't reply and just charged toward him with increased speed.

Roland was a bit surprised at the charge as it was much faster than what he remembered the man being able to output during the guild test. He was now also wearing enchanted clothes so that could have been the issue here.

Armand continued his charge as he tried to close the distance in an instant. He knew that there was something off with that hand so he was wary of it. This was something that Roland was counting on, the hand was used as a feint to mask his true purpose which was the earth pillar spell that he used before.

Without even stepping forward his metallic boot started glowing. The moment Armand got close a large spire of hard rock erupted from the ground towards him. This clearly took the tanned man by surprise but it was only good to stop his charge while not causing much damage.

Roland expected a clean hit on the stomach or at least to make his opponent stagger a bit so that he could release another spell. Instead the rock pillar got smashed into rubble by Armand's large fist. He recovered quite quickly and continued, this time around Roland had to step back while activating the cone of cold spell.

A wide burst of frost energy erupted from his opened palm. The crowd gasped as they saw the quick casting proficiency that Roland was displaying. Normally a person needed a lot more time between spells and even longer for magic armor. Roland could do this thanks to programming the spell language himself. It was tailored to him and he also possessed a specialized class that was good at using runes.

“I knew you had more tricks up your sleeve!”

Armand shouted while dodging to the side. Even though Roland was fast on the uptake with his spell casting he was fighting a close range expert. His opponent’s reaction time was about the time he needed to activate his runic spell structure.

He moved his hand to follow his opponent while spraying the cold air in a wide area. The ground below became covered in ice and the people in the crowd even felt the shift in temperature. Some of them realized that it was probably a bad idea to stand so close to a magic caster like Roland. One stray spell could kill or maim anyone involved.

Roland wasn’t a madman, he could see people getting affected by his cone of cold while he was trying to hit his target. This place wasn’t suited for someone like him for fighting. He couldn’t use some of his more powerful spells like a flame blast. If he missed he would probably hit someone from the crowd that continued to gather.

“This calls for...”

After stopping his spell he jumped back, Armand wasn’t far behind as he continued his approach. Roland on the other hand moved his hand to his waist to take out a little ball of paper. He threw it towards Armand that was quick to move out of the way and protect his head. Yet instead of an explosion that he expected a burst of thick smoke was released by this ball of paper.

“A tactical retreat....”

His armor’s green mana stones lit up as he started running. He was sure to go for the alleyway where his little puppy was in. Agni was quick to jump into his arms and both of them took off. The backpack was also grabbed from the side as he escaped.

“W-what is this... get back here you coward!”

Armand was momentarily stunned by the smokescreen but after activating one of his skills he spotted some green light. The muscular man took off running after Roland while also leaving his two escorts. He had long forgotten why he had come to this place, not yet taking revenge on Roland was the only thing on his mind.

A little chase commenced as Roland’s more speedy form was hard to catch. Armand wasn’t slow either and was able to somehow keep up with his pace. The people were left with an empty field with no fighters present as they had run off to god knows where. The two working girls started stomping their feet in rage after their date had run off without even tipping them once.

“Stop coward, you can’t run from me!”

“Who’s running?”

The two fighters came out at a deserted spot in the city. The only thing here were old buildings and rats. Roland's main goal was to get away from the populated area. If he didn't manage to find such a spot he would just continue with his escape but now that wasn't needed. He threw the backpack to the side while getting ready.

"Go hide behind those rocks Agni."

"Woof!"

The puppy replied while running behind some rubble. His master on the other hand turned around to look at a very pissed-off Armand. He was in his enlarged form that made him look like a very muscular tomato. This was the same skill that he had used before, with it Roland knew that his opponent was more formidable.

A red glow covered his vambraces from both sides but it was focused on metallic parts that were sticking out. This was the weapon he had worked on before and now would be the time to test it.

The red glow expanded from Roland's wrist and fire elemental energy slowly shot out. This energy slithered forward like a molten snake and singed the ground. It looked like two whips made from molten lava were attached to Roland's hands. He was even able to grasp them while flailing them around.

Armand charged forward but he was stopped in his tracks by one of those fire whips colliding with the ground right in front of his foot. The snake-like torrent of fire energy expanded in length and started to dance. The guild instructor found himself on the defense, evading what he could while blocking the magic with his deep steel gauntlets when it wasn't possible.

This was a little spell that Roland came up with recently. He was actually working on something that could retain the fire elements in place. It would look more like a sword made from plasma but he was unable to condense it in place without suffering a large loss of mana. This runic flame whip spell was a byproduct of that research, the added random movement was quite hard to dodge which made this weapon quite deadly.

'It's powerful by the mana usage leaves much to be desired...'

He thought to himself while the whips tried to coil themselves around his opponent. Armand wasn't able to close the distance but he also wasn't able to deliver a decisive blow besides some minor burns. Armand had successfully managed to defend himself with his own enchanted gear that was looking slightly melted but it was still keeping its defensive properties.

The whips of fiery energy extended in length while wiggling about like two long tentacles. There was an inclusion of a self-guiding spell structure that he added from another spell that he knew. With its help, he only needed to point these 'whips' in the general direction of his enemy and they would try to dismantle it.

The approach he was taking was a bit excessive but his opponent wasn't that easily defeated. Even with this weapon going after him he was able to bat away most of the attacks while getting some residual damage in the process. Soon both fighters backed away from each other. Roland had used quite a bit of his mana while Armand's skill was also running its toll on him. If this battle continued the person with more reserves would probably be victorious.

“Damn coward, using underhanded tricks, fight me like a man!”

“You tell that to every magic user that you start a fight with?”

Roland scoffed back after hearing Armand speak. He was more of a magic caster than a close-range combatant even though he did a lot of training. There was no reason for him to duke it out at close range with someone that specialized in it. Keeping him at a distance was exactly what his aim was and it looked like it would be paying off soon.

“Running out of steam?”

“Shut up!”

Armand replied while the red coloring from his body started to fade. His body shrunk down back to normal and he looked to be in pain. It was clear that this was some kind of doping ability that ate away at the user’s stamina. The man wasn’t that smart in using it as he activated it during the chase till this point onwards.

“Isn’t this enough?”

Roland would probably be able to finish off his opponent but this wasn’t really what he was aiming for. He didn’t know what sort of backing this person had so trashing him without mercy could backfire. Thus he moved over to the spot that he dropped the backpack while talking.

“What are you...”

“Look, I’ll make a report to the guild, if you have any grievances with me we can officially settle it there. Though I fear that if questioned you would just lose your job as an instructor.” Agni ran out from the side while barking, the sight of the puppy made Armand take a step back.

“What do you mean?”

“Aiding thieves and thugs is probably frowned upon, don’t you think?”

“Thieves and thugs?”

“The man you helped, they stole from me and hurt my friend, I was just returning the favor.”

The two chatted for a while, Armand looked to be more receptive to dialogue after gassing himself out. Before this event could end though some trouble appeared from behind.

“There you are, I’ve been looking all over for you.”

An elven woman appeared out of the alley that they both came from. She was wearing some stylish green armor and had a longbow draped over her back. The moment Armand saw this woman he started grinning.

“Great timing Lobelia! Back me up.”

During their conversation, he had seemed to recover some of his stamina. Now with a possible party member of a similar level, it didn’t look good for Roland. Agni started barking menacingly as he was

placed back on the ground. It looked like the fight would continue past this point and now it was two against one.

The woman walked forward and stood next to the grinning Armand. It looked that with her addition he was confident in winning. Before he could charge forward again the elven woman named Lobelia did something unexpected. She grasped Armand's ear and yanked on it very hard.

"Stop causing trouble for everyone you big idiot!"

Along with the ear pull, Armand received a quick kick to the shin.

"I apologize for my party member's attitude towards you."

She looked to Roland and performed a small bow before yanking an unwilling Armand back towards the alleyway that she came from. Roland was left scratching his head but it seemed that it was finally over.

"... Let's go home Agni ..."

"Woof!"