

## Master 641

### Chapter 641 - 641. Rare Alchemists

"We travel with the spirit guardian." The fire elemental spirit spoke for the other two spirits making Walker very surprised. He also wondered why the spirits insisted that he was a spirit guardian even though that wasn't his system. He just assumed this was because he had skills that would fit a spirit guardian and that he might be acting like one.

"Then you are welcome to do that. If any of you want a dwelling item like this one then let me know. If you want to join me in my quest goal then please let me know as well. If you don't want either and you just want to come along that's fine too." Walker was doing his best not to pressure the spirits since he knew that they would need to be willing to participate in his quest.

The earth elemental spirit stuck right next to the other earth elemental spirit and went off to whisper to the dormant spirits. The dark elemental spirit went in to Walkers' shadow and hid away. Walker wasn't sure why this was but had a theory that it was just more comfortable for it to travel this way since it was one with darkness elemental mana.

The fire elemental spirit was the only one to remain by Walkers' side. It idly floated in the air looking about the spirit hall and eventually laid eyes on the elder. "Is that the one that made the home?" It had not seen this elder before since the elder had focused on the earth elemental spirit instead of coming to the treasury and looking for another.

"Yes, he helped make the earth dwelling shield. If you want to forgive him for being part of the reason you and the other spirits you can. If you want to ignore him I won't force you to converse with him." Walker was sure that the fire elemental spirit would want to gather more information on the elder. The fire elemental spirit was much more curious than the other spirits and Walker had no idea why this was the case. However, he could sense that there was much more fire elemental mana with the fire elemental spirit than the respective elemental mana with the other spirits.

"Will watch." The fire elemental spirit took up a position to Walkers' side and decided that it would watch the elder and Walker as they went about their business.

"So it looks like you are taking the spirits with you." The elder was not a fool and noticed the three additional spirits. He had even seen through the dark spirit hiding within Walkers' shadows.

"Yes, I gave them the option and I will see if they can help me complete a quest at some point. But first I think they just want to get out and explore." Walker was sure that the spirits would want to change their minds at some point. It was only understandable since they had been trapped for who knew how long.

"I see. That is sad that they don't want me to make them gear like that one. I had some high hopes. But you said the elves could speak to spirits too? Does that mean they may be able to wake these ones up and speak to them for the dwarven people?" The elder was looking at the future of the spirit forging process and how it could progress.

Walker wasn't going to judge him on this since it was his role as an elder to think of these things over other things constantly. "They never told me about causing the spirits to wake up. But If I had to guess, I would say they need to be around higher density elemental mana that coincides with their specific element." Walker had long thought of doing this to wake up the water elemental spirit.

Yet, Walker had decided to wait until he was home. This was because he could give the water elemental spirit the option of living in the garden or even near the pond they had at the mansion. He wanted the spirit to have more choice and also possibly wake up the dormant spirits that were most likely dormant in the area.

"We will need to avoid waking them until the elves arrive. There would be a gap in understanding unless you stay..." The elder was a little hopeful but realized that Walker would not be staying for that long. They had a quest to complete and a whole kingdom to return to.

"I will be around for a little while longer. But we have a lot to do as a party but most of all want to take some time to spend with our families. We have been away from home for some time now." Walker was falling more and more for his homesickness. He was worried that everyone back home might be in need of feeling the same way. He also had the nagging thought of giving Alice the bracelet he had found for her.

"I see. Then I will move on. We have the materials room next. It is attached to the herbs and alchemy room. I am surprised that we haven't seen any of the alchemists arrive here. There may only be a few, but having another alchemist come in to the city is a rarity. They would most likely want to show off." Walker wondered why there wouldn't be many alchemists around.

"Is there a reason alchemists would be rare here? I heard from Remey that the alchemy lab is amazing here." Walker could remember that Remey told him about the advanced tools and how she couldn't even figure out how they all worked. Seeing that the elders' face dropped Walker knew that he had

asked a tough question. It appeared he had uncovered an issue the dwarves were currently having and that they might need more assistance when it came to this.

Chapter 642 - 642. Guess What

"What do you mean there are only fifteen alchemists in the entire dwarf city!" Remey had just been told this by one of the three that came to show her the tool in the alchemy room and learn the basic potion formula.

"Alchemy had become less of a focus. Most of the young have unlocked doctors, surgeons, nurses, and other medical related systems. Dwarves are not ones with much , to begin with. Having alchemists to make healing potions is rare in the first place." The dwarf that was explaining this was not the highest ranked and felt that he had been thrown to the monsters for this job.

"Well, you at least have some master alchemists, right?" Remey was worried that forming the alchemy guild would be harder if there were no dwarven alchemists. Not to mention that having fewer alchemists as a whole would make it harder for the dwarves to heal their people overall.

"Of course we do! He is standing right next to me." The younger alchemist dwarf pointed to the older dwarf who was peaceful standing to the side examining some herbs on a shelf.

Remey sized the dwarf up. He had long brown hair that appeared to not have been cut for some time. Unlike most dwarves, he was thinner and had very little muscle. "He isn't much to speak or talk or even make potions. But don't get him wrong, he is very good and has helped invent many of the tools we use. He just things in strange ways."

Hearing the younger alchemist explain this Remey realized that every other dwarf she seemed to meet was some strange genius in some way. The king of the deep cave was hard headed and forceful whereas this alchemist was reserved and intuitive.

"Well, then let's see what you can do. I have a proposition for you if you can prove you are worth bringing on board with it. I need the best alchemists I can get so that my dream can come true and change alchemy in multiple kingdoms." Remey was gazing at the older alchemists with intensity.

The older alchemists finally brought his attention to her. Remey's straight forward approach seemed to be the best way to get a dwarfs' attention no matter the personality. It was a little refreshing since she didn't want to jump through too many hoops to get the answers she was seeking.

"My name is Rob. Just Rob. I don't need master Rob or Alchemist Rob. That is all...extra. I have been in the city for a long time and have done my best as an alchemist. Rarely am I called on to assist in healing since I can not heal golems and the surgeons take care of injuries. I will take your challenge and I expect a fruitful experience."

The response surprised the younger alchemist who was much more used to the older one rarely speaking and rarely taking action. He was standing there staring at Ron and then back at Remey before his curiosity began to take over his awe at Rons' attitude. "What do you need us to do?"

Remey didn't think that the younger alchemist would want to participate but was glad that he did. "I have made three potions over there. Each one had been made with the herbs in this room and without most of the tools since not every single one is required. I just want them identified." Remey knew that this could be a very tough challenge for an alchemist that was not well studied.

Remey cleared off a table and placed three different potions down. The first she pointed to and waited for the two to examine it. "Can we open the top and examine it further?" The younger alchemist wanted to see what effects it might have and what it looked and smelled like clearly.

"As long as you don't drink it then it's fine" Remey was expecting this and made sure that they weren't drunk to see if it had certain effects. She didn't need the exact names just what they may do or what they were made from. This was a challenge she was basing off of her alchemical brawlers' field guide. It was her source of knowledge and any that would be able to stand next to her should be similarly adept.

The younger alchemist opened the top and watched as the red potion sent off a slight red vapor. This was then sniffed and a little was poured on to the table. "This is a high tier healing potion. Is this really a test?" Remey didn't even flinch as her eyes moved to Rob who was standing a little further away.

"That is a modified high tier health potion that has better effects. The vapor that came off is the condensed ingredients starting to evaporate since they are compressed in the bottle to a degree." Rob easily saw through this and was met by a nod from Remey.

"Exactly right. It was a modification to the traditional health potion that a master alchemist in my kingdom made. The old man is pretty smart and will be part of the proposal I will make if you can guess the next two." Remey left this as even more incentive for the two who were guessing the potions.

The younger alchemists just chalked them up to experience and looked at the next one. He wasn't going to guess wrong this time since he was already an alchemist of renown even though there were not many alchemists in the city. Compared to the master he was sure he would win this challenge because the master was not as active in the ways of potion making and chose to focus on making potion tools.

"The next potion please." Remey gestured to the second potion she had placed on the table. She was eager to see what they said it was.

#### Chapter 643 - 643. Tricky Potions

Remey was pointing to the second potion on the table. The glass and liquid inside were completely clear. The younger alchemist didn't even hesitate as a smile formed on his face. He thought that he had just gotten extremely lucky since this potion was guaranteed to be what he said it was.

"I can't believe you would try and trick us with a failed low tier mana potion. The mana drained out during the mixing process and we are left with a clear potion that barely adds a single mana point in recovery."

"Remey again didn't say a word and looked at Rob for his answer. The younger alchemist was sure of the guess he had made. This time he had replicated Rob and just observed so that he would look even more dependable and professional. It was his pride on the line after all.

However, in contrast, Rob grabbed the potion and held it up to the light. There were a few hmms' and huhs' as Rob ruined it multiple angles in the light to get a full depth of what this might be. "This isn't really a potion by traditional means. It is just salt and water mixed together." Rob spoke with confidence while setting the potion down and waiting for Remey to confirm.

"That is exactly right. That is what is left of some slime body and the basic potion that will need to be mass produced to flight off the slimes constantly." Remey was certain that this was going to trip them up. It used to be a potion but was now a side effect of the potion.

"Really? It creates salt water when the two mix? That will be tough on tools since salt water will rust metals faster. Thank you." Rob was thankful to hear how this would influence the tools he used along with the tools the other dwarves would use. It would mean that for a short time the slimes would still be doing unintentional damage to the golems that hunted them.

"So that was a trick? Are you trying to make us fail?" The younger alchemist hit the nail on the head. Remey was exactly trying to make them fail. It was because she wouldn't want anyone that could just mix and harvest. She needed someone with inquisitive and innovative ideas to make potions and teach others.

"Now, we have one more potion left. If you can tell me what it is I might give it to you." Remey slightly tapped a larger purple potion. It was the most difference between the three which made the other two more interested. The best was definitely saved for last.

The younger alchemist looked at Rob but found that Rob was also lost. They were both slowly trying to get a single hint on what the purple potion could be and who it had such a thick glass around it with runes carved in the bottle.

The two took turns opening and sniff the potion while also holding it up to the light to examine what else it might be. The color didn't seem to change when exposed to the light but Rob could tell there was something more about it. "What is making me wonder is the fact there are darkness elemental runes all over the bottle. If that's the case then it is a light sensitive potion.":

The younger alchemist took Rob's words and began to run through everything in his mind about potions that needed to be closed in darkness elemental mana. Many different thoughts ran through Rob's mind as he tried to figure out what Remey could be showing them. He looked at all the herbs and continued to realize that there were multiple that would cause a potion to rune possible and need to be store with as little light as possible. The only problem was that the potion that came to mind were not able to be made.

"This was in no way made here." Rob accused Remey and the younger alchemist froze with his jaw dropped. It was clear that Remey had actually done this when she smiled and nodded her head. "And what do you think it does?" She was eager to hear what Rob said about this.

"It doesn't replenish mana or health but boosts the body. From the fact that I can see everything through it but in a purple haze. This means it is used to the darkness elemental mana. I believe it to enhance vision in some way." Robert made this bold claim.

"You are correct. I did not make this here but in the forest elf city. It is a night vision potion and can be considered fairly valuable around here. Especially since it is made with elven herbs." Remey waved for Rob to take and keep the potion.

"I will experiment on this but I would like to see the elven herbs and make a determination on what can be done with them and what ratios make up this potion." Rob had been caught by curiosity., The second he heard elven herbs was the second that he was sold on whatever Remey was planning.

"Then you should join the alchemy guild as a master alchemists working with me. We are building the first building in Genesis city which is where the Genesis alliance will call home." Remey knew she had already sold Rob on this but was waiting for the official answer.

"I would be a fool to say anything other than yes. I would like to join and be a founding member." With that Remey had accomplished another goal.

'But don't you need the kings' permission for something like that?" The younger alchemist was shocked that this could happen.

"The dwarves will eventually join the alliance. This is just preparation." Remey winked at the younger alchemist and began to gather ingredients for the basic potion she was going to teach them. She had adequately caught their attention and would be able to teach the new potion easily.

Chapter 644 - 644. Wind Material Hunting

"Why did I rush off. I don't even know where these wind specific materials would be for my bow." Gil had rushed off to look for the materials and realized that the ones he needed had no location in the quest. "They just say in the dwarf city, that could mean anywhere." Gil had rushed out of the high forge feeling that he needed to look for the materials his quest needed fast. All he could think about was finding a way for the wind spirit to have more freedom.

Luckily there were some familiar faces outside the high forge taking rest after hunting down the slimes in the deep caves. "Archer hero!" The dwarf that was in charge of the other crossbowmen was pretty happy to see him since they had been talking about his sniping skills for a while.

"Hello! Taking a break all the way over here now? I thought you would all still be down in the mines?" Gil was surprised to see them since he assumed they would be hunting slimes for some time.

"Naaa, they had the golems take over since your hero alchemist showed them how to make those potions. We got sent back up here to work on well....nothing right now." The crossbowmen laughed together since this seemed to happen to them fairly often.

"Well, how about helping me out then? I need to find some wind elemental crafting materials for my bow to be modified and I have no idea where to look." Gil thought that asking the only other form of archer in the dwarf city would be the best idea. He was right.

"Boys, want to go on a search mission fr once? Should kill some time before we can head back to work?" The leader of the crossbowmen looked at his team of four behind him and smirked. They always needed something to amuse themselves since the crossbowmen was not a favorite group due to the fact that dwarves preferred to get up close and personal in battles with hammer and axes instead of hold back with crossbows.

The crossbowmen looked interested since they often found themselves bored. They had even volunteered as patrols on the surface until the golems took over fully. Now it was left to golems at all times and the only events that there would be actual dwarves patrolling were the monster breeding seasons when there was more chance of merchants being attacked.

"So what are you looking for specifically. We can split up and hunt some things down. We all have our connections since we have plenty of free time." The leader of the crossbowmen was eager to put some of his connection to use since he had rarely had a chance to call on the favors that he had built up by looking to kill time.

"Well, I'm not really sure. The quest I have just says I need to gather wind affinity materials that can be used to enhance the bow I use. So in theory, I will need some kind of wood and ore or metal to add to the main body of the bow. Then I will need something to reinforce and add strength to the bowstring. I would also like to add some mana gems so that I can let the wind elemental mana build up on the bow but they would need to be small."

The crossbowmen looked like they had just been given all they need. "I have the mana gems. My cousin crafts all sizes."

"We have a few branches of that weird tree from the mountains. I can get the old man to give it over if we help him for a bit."

The crossbowmen headed off separate ways with three heading one way and one another. "So we have to go looking for string and ore. Hm, I wonder if glider spider thread would work? They live in the mountains and use wind attacks to hunt prey instead of venom. They also use their spider thread to



create flaps between their legs to glide from peak to peak." The crossbowmen had been lucky to go on a trip to a mountain village once and fought these glider spiders.

"That sounds like it could be perfect. I never knew there were spider monsters that used their silk like that." Gil was pleasantly surprised and wanted to rub it in Walkers' face a little since it was definitely a fact that Walker didn't know. However, there were more pressing matters on his mind.

"The ore will be a challenge, I haven't heard of an ore that has wind elemental properties. But I'm no miner or smith so we will go and talk to the guy that makes our crossbows. He's a bit of a jerk but he is damn good at what he does." The dwarf made Gill a little apprehensive about going to this dwarf but He had no choice. If they were able to find a wind elemental ore then it was worth any price.

"I just wonder what kind of modifications the bow will have and if the spirit will actually be able to move freely. If this quest helps me with this then I will be able to apologize for dragging this wind spirit and using its power." The dwarf looked at Gil and realized that there was much more to the heroes than he had seen in the first glance. The heroes weren't just powerful system users with unique gear. They were people who had a strong feeling and drive.

"You can count on the people we are going to see. I promise that they will have some answers for you and if they don't have the materials they will know who does." The dwarf felt his resolve strengthen. Today was a good day.

Chapter 645 - 645. Crossbow Crafter

"Hey, so I know you're helping me out to find materials. But this alley is a little...off." Gil was being led through a slightly cramped and dark alley.

"I did say the guy was a bit of a jerk. He thinks it's hysterical to make everyone come down this way even though there is almost no crime in the city. The golems kinda scare off thieves and bandits from slinking in and around here." The crossbowmen leader was trying to brush it off but the more Gil heard about the dwarf they were going to see the more he worried.

"Plus, this alley is the best way to his spot. It is really annoying but he got a really good deal on his workshop. The way the block was built left a huge open space for a testing ground. Give it a look."

The pair came out of the cramped and dark alley to reveal a large open square. There were wood and metal targets along with a forging area. The materials and tools were all set up along the walls and a small entrance to the indoors was the only hint that this was some form of home.

"The pipes and whatnot underneath make the ground warmer than other places so they refused to build homes on it. Good thing because this is now the best place for any crossbowmen to come and practice. Plus we have our own crossbow crafter here." The leader of the crossbowmen was very proud of this space and walked around target to target like he had known the place his entire life.

"Who in the deep caves is making noise! I said I am closed for a week so I can sleep and you brats show up again? I will beat the spunk out of you and teach you to respect you- ah, just you. Who's the human? Aren't we still closed because of those slime things? I never saw the big deal. They didn't touch my string materials."

The dwarf that emerged from the inside area of the crossbow forge was slim but well built. His hair was tied with multiple grey threads making it appear that he was somehow trying to braid a bowstring from them. The only other defining feature was a dark red tattoo of a crossbow on each bicep.

"This is one of the human heroes that came to help with the slimes. He helped us defeat a ton of them from far away. His bow hits harder than our crossbows. He even had skills that go with them!" The leader of the crossbowmen was too excited and did not realize the blunder he had made.

"You brought some human kid here to show off and tell me my crossbows are worse than his bow? Are you serious? The next repair you need will cost triple! And you'll be buying me some fire mead from the brewers guild!" Gil swore he saw steam coming from the crossbow crafters' ears. The red face contrasting with white and grey hair made it seem like he was truly going to explode at any moment.

"Umm, actually, we are here looking for some materials that you might have. They told me all about how the best crossbow crafter in the city would have them. He mentioned glider spider string used to make the bow strings and maybe some ores I could purchase." Gil laid on the flatter thick since he thought it might be the only way things progress.

The crossbow crafter seemed to calm slightly but still starred daggers at the crossbowmen leader. "Eh whatever, at least those fools know to tell you the right things sometimes. Show me this bow you have and I can consider selling you the glider silk and we can look at ores. If I'm impressed that is."

Gil had a feeling that this would happen and that there would be some proof needed after but he just pulled the bow out and watched as the crossbow crafters' face sunk. He had not known that Gil was about to pull out a spirit forged bow. It was something that every single dwarf crafter or forger could easily tell with their skills. If they couldn't they would consider themselves an insult to dwarves everywhere.

"So what Target should I hit?" Gil had already pulled out an earth elemental arrow since he wanted to show off the that the crossbowmen leader had just spoken about.

"The middle target should be able to handle an arrow from a bow. It can deal with the power from the strongest crossbow I have around here. An archers' bow would never equal it even with the bow being spirit forged or whatever." The crossbow crafter was trying to keep up his attitude and hide away his awe. He had not expected there to be a spirit forged bow anywhere let alone right in his testing area.

"I was going to use an earth elemental arrow, but I think I should just use a wind elemental arrow. It will show you what my arrow can really do." Gil swapped the earth elemental wither spike arrow for a wind elemental arrow prototype that the elves had gifted him. He remembered the exact use of this arrow and only had a few, but they were very showy.

"Are you sure that the metal target will hold? Is there anything on the other side of that wall that could get damaged if I fire it in there?" Gil wanted to keep himself accountable and asked the crossbow crafter just in case.

"Ha! If you can fire through that wall and in to my kitchen then I will give you the glider silk for free. Not that you can, but I will enjoy the comedy you prefer by attempting it." The crossbowmen thought that Gil had suddenly become too cocky. As Gil began to take aim and the wind began to stir the look of worry crept on to the crossbow crafters' face.

Chapter 646 - [Bonus ]646. Killer Gil

The wind elemental mana gathered and formed a slight spiral around the arrow. At first, the shift in the air made the crossbow crafter fearful. But when it seemed to calm he was sure that there was still zero chance it would even stick in to the target. "When it only dents the target, don't whine about a broken arrow." Gil didn't even hear these words as his focus had tuned the outside world out.

He looked at the dead center of the round metal target that could take the fastest and hardest metal crossbow bolts and felt that it would never even scratch the arrow he and the elves tested over and over. His arm drew back and his breathing stopped.

In the next heart beat, Gil released the arrow. The air shifted again and the spiraling wind became a torrent swirling around the arrow head. The speed was just as fast as any crossbow bolt the crossbow crafter had ever seen or made. The arrow head touched the metal target and a tearing sound pierced their ears.

The three witnessed the wind carve itself through the target and then through the stone with a grinding sound. The pieces of metal and stone that were blown around in the wind made them all close their eyes until it had subsided.

When Gil opened his eyes he was in time to see the crossbow crafter rushing towards the target. Gil looked and saw the perfectly carved hole in the metal and then to the perfectly carved hole in the stone wall. "My soup!" The crossbow crafter sprinted inside after looking through the hole and seeing the spilled in two pots of soup in the kitchen. It had been completely destroyed by the arrow which now sat on the ground by the stove without a scratch.

"I killed his soup...maybe, I'm the jerk." Gil had not meant to kill the soup but knowing that it was hard made food he felt that he had committed a crime.

"He might kill you. I know you're a hero with a spirit forged bow and helped the dwarves. But our craftsmen really likes that soup. It's his great great grandmothers' recipe. Yeah, he might kill you." Gil flinched hearing these facts. He was sure that he had just wrecked any chance at getting the slider spider silk and any possible wind elemental ores.

After some time there was a noise at the door and the crossbow crafter emerged with a bowl in his hand. "You're lucky you didn't take out both pots of soup. If you had, I would need to make you in to the next batch." The crossbow crafter slowly sipped his bowl of soup with a warm smile. "Also, what in the deep caves is this arrow? It isn't even dented."

Unsure of how the crossbow crafter had just casually gotten a bowl of soup and completely ignored the fact that there was a hole in his home Gil just stood there frozen still waiting for the anger to drop. "Hey, kid hero? Bow boy? Windy? You there?" After a few random taunts from the crossbow crafter, Gil finally snapped back to reality.

"The forest elves use a lot of arrows since they have some arcane archer system users. So they make a lot of their own. These elemental arrows use specific materials so they can take on the elemental manas

that coincide with the materials. This is a wind elemental prototype arrow. I'm sure they have already refined it more. This one doesn't even have runes." Gil knew that the next time he visited the forest elf city that there were sure to be many better arrows to try out.

"So they are similar to how I inscribe wind runes and earth runes on to the crossbow bolts to make them move faster and retain their strength when hitting a target. Interesting. But how does the wind elemental react so violently?" The crossbow crafter was falling in to deeper and deeper thought as he explored this problem.

"Well, we use a wind elemental mana crystal to fill the arrow with wind elemental mana. Some of them don't need it due to the materials they are made of or the runes. But most of the time they need the mana from a crystal to be transferred to the arrow head. That makes the elemental mana crystals break when I use my skill but elves will use multiple."

"So the answer is mana manipulation. I can't do that to that degree. Runes are the depth. Most dwarves can't. If I worked with an elf though..." The crossbow crafter didn't care who he needed to work with. He wanted to find a way to make all crossbow bolts and nothing would stop him. "Anyways, about that glider silk. Come in and check my store room. I have enough to make a few hundred crossbows from the last expedition in to the mountains for rare materials."

Gil finally entered the inside of the crossbow crafter's home and found that the kitchen around the corner was a royal mess. There were kitchen utensils and food everywhere. Not to mention the second hole where the arrow had begun to burrow in to the next wall before losing the energy and falling to the ground. "Sorry...about all that.." Gil felt very bad for the damage.

"About what? I challenged you. Come on over here. The store room might have some ores you want too. But I want you to show me how to make those arrows. I doubt I can copy it but I will know the process." The three went in to the storage room and Gil saw the spools of glider spider silk.

"Take one of those. It will be useful for other things other than just bows. My clothes are even made of it." The crossbow crafter showed off his shirt while finishing his bowl of soup. Gil still wasn't sure how he was so calm after losing an entire pot of soup.

Chapter 647 - 647. Breeze Gold

"I think I know just the seamstress that will need this to work on some special fabrics my party leader found in the first elf city." Gil had thought of Lisa immediately and knew that she would be fond of it.

"What do you recommend for bow string though? Do you braid it for the crossbows?"

"I do, I usually use seven strands braided together to make one crossbow string. I would recommend less than that unless you are going to make the body of your bow stronger. I learned the string to body material lesson the hard way when I was younger."

The crossbow crafter was thinking back on the time he had made a wooden crossbow that had a weaker wooden body due to the money he lacked. When he had added the stronger bow string it caused the body to snap back and splinter in his face. This was very common for younger crafters when making equipment without proper guidance.

Gil nodded knowing that any time he restrung his bow he had run the risk of tightening the string too much and breaking the body of the bow. However, he had not worried about it since he received the bow within his hands. It had already long withstood the test of time and appeared ready to last until the end of time itself.

"I will try a few different braided strengths after I have the body of the bow strengthened first. Thank you." Gil knew little about the overall strength of this material and having a base to go off of was very useful. "Now, I am looking for an ore that would have a wind and only a wind elemental affinity. My friend here has his fellow crossbowmen looking for some small mana crystals and some three branches from a special tree. The ore would be for the main body of the bow."

"That is a very strange request ya know. I have been asked some out there things. Like making bolts out of bacon. Yeah, some people have strange lives. Anyways. I have something but it is one of the rarest ores I have so it isn't cheap." The crossbow craftsman looked away and Gil had a feeling that the dwarf had definitely tried to make the bolts out of bacon when asked.

Gil opened his eyes wide. He knew that things would be tough since the quest didn't specify where he would find the materials within the dwarf city. However, the system must have assumed he would be alone searching for these materials. No one could have guessed that he would run in to the crossbowmen and that they would be bored enough to go off and do a little material hunting.

"Gold is not something I have needed to worry about lately. My party has a joint account and we all work hard to fill it." Gil knew that Walker was usually the one to spend money for the party. But in this case, Gil was going to use the account. He wasn't afraid he would get in trouble but just felt bad he was spending the party's gold.

Then this is what you want. Out of all the wind based elemental materials. This is the only pure wind elemental material I have. It is created when the mountain erodes away and wind constantly bleeds out the earth elemental mana to replace it with wind elemental mana. After a very long time of this, you have breeze gold."

The golden chunk of ore in the crossbow crafters' hands was like any other gold. It was shiny and attractive to the eye. The only difference was that there was a slight movement of air around it the entire time. The gold itself was jam packed with wind elemental mana. It was like a strange elemental mana crystal.

"I didn't know that could happen to something...it's beautiful." Gil felt that this gold was pulling him towards it. The bow was also slightly trembling but Gil couldn't notice it since it was too slight.

"It is, I could never use it for decoration on my crossbows. You see the kind of messy brats that use them. I might be giving them some thing too valuable for them." The crossbow crafter knew that this was also because there was just so little of it that as soon as he used it he would be slammed with those who wanted it but couldn't have it.

Gil began to barter for the breeze gold and eventually reached a consensus on how much gold was acceptable. "I recommend you use this for any rune or just for filling in any carvings there is that will be added to that bow. It is perfect to enhance the wind elemental mana drawn to it while adding support." This was not the best metal to make entire weapons from due to the overall strength. But in small amounts it greatly added to anything made with it.

When Gil's hand touched the breeze gold he felt the wind elemental mana rush through and around him. It was as if the wind itself was welcoming him and the gold back together. "I can't say that has ever happened before." The crossbow crafter was at a loss since such a phenomenon had not happened.

Gil knew that it must be the spirit reacting to the wind elemental mana within the breeze gold. This pushed Gil to want to rush off and get the other materials. However, he knew that the other crossbowmen were hard at work getting them. He needed to trust in the dwarves to assist him and meet up again.

"I can't believe you just got glider spider silk for free and made a deal for one of the rare materials he has. You have already done more than me or my men have in years." The crossbowmen leader was in awe of Gil yet again. It was all a mystery to him Gil pulled it all off.

## Chapter 648 - 648. Wandering Surprises

Midnight had snacked on the crystals to her heart's content but still found that she couldn't nap at all. For Midnight this was equal to a world ending event. Therefore, she decided to go and explore on her own in search of a way to burn off the extra energy from the crystals and hopefully nap a little. Potentially even find another snack that wasn't elemental mana crystals.

She left behind the treasury and attempted to follow the path they had taken back outside the high forge so that she could search the merchant district which she was sure would have food. Unfortunately, the steam from the odd pipe or two ruined the scent trail for her to follow, and the next thing Midnight knew she was lost in the maze of tight passageways between the floors.

Yet, this didn't deter Midnight in the least. She could hear the sounds of metal clashing and shouts from a distance. It was hot blooded and violent but for some reason that drew her in even more. So, she followed the noises.

Ducking through some steam pipes she began to see a brightly lit area that had wide open space. The sounds of fighting had grown exponentially and it wasn't just one or two dwarves. There were forty or fifty.

She was still small enough to squeeze between the pipes and get in to the place she was listening to. As soon as she escaped in to the open she was greeted by the sight of training dwarves. Hammers collided with heavy shields. Axes swung and caused sparks on armor and other axes. These were the training caves of the dwarven army. There were even dwarves fighting against brutal golems with sharp swords and heavy morning stars.

Midnight felt that she had just found a great secret. She wanted to rush in and battle with them to burn off some extra energy and be able to nap sooner. It was the perfect solution for her. "Hey, where'd this baby dragon come from!?" One of the dwarves training nearby noticed Midnight appear. It was hard to miss since she was very different from the surrounding dwarves and golems.

Midnight looked at him and growled a little. She didn't like being called a baby since she had grown much larger than her baby size and even had her wings growing in now. The dwarf grew slightly pale hearing her growl but didn't manage to dig himself deeper before a familiar royal guard came over.

"Miss hero, what brings you to the dwarven guard training grounds? Looking for a little sparring?" Midnight huffed in response which made the royal guard smile. "Then please allow me to take



advantage of this. I have not been able to properly whip some of these weak dwarves in to shape." The royal guard had not shown this side to Walker but he was much tougher than he let on.

After stepping to the middle of the training area the royal guard clapped his hand and all golems ceased movement. "Get your weak bodies together and prepare yourselves. You are lucky that a hero has come to train with you. Remember this day forever, the last time a mighty dragon came to us they came to work in the forge. This time one of them is here to kick you across the ash from the furnaces."

Midnight felt that she was being looked at from every angle. Naturally, her first reaction was to flex her wings and claws while raising her head high. The royal guard clapped and the golems became slightly more active in their attacks forcing the dwarves to fight harder. Midnight felt her blood boiling as she stepped toward a group of dwarves ganging up on a golem with two large hammers as hands.

Midnight thought that it looked fun to fight one that was moving similar to the other large monsters the party had faced. She also wanted to test her strength against the golems that were so highly respected in the dwarf city. Nowhere had the party gone had they not seen or heard about golems thus far.

She wasn't going to just slink around. She put the shadow wrapping skill on the back burner and rushed in. Her goal was to truly test the toughness of this golem to make her own opinion of them. The dwarves fighting it and working together were surprised when Midnight lept over their heads and was bringing her claws down on to the golems' chest.

Her claws tore through the golem's chest but were not able to do any real damage to the mechanisms inside. Midnight could see the gears ticking away unimpeded as the golem targeted her. She had no trouble at all ducking under one of the hammers coming toward her while a dwarf took the chance to approach the golem as well.

Midnight turned to see the dwarf holding the hammer arm down while the other dwarves rushed in to attack the weakened side Midnight had tore through. In just a few slashes they had disabled the gears inside and the golem fell to the ground unable to move. Midnight released a light growl since the golem was too weak.

"Don't worry, I have the real training on the way. It was just being repaired so we were using some of the new recruits' golems to warm up. The real one is a golem designed by an up and coming prodigy. They used it in the golem battles last year and took first place. Now it's made for training. We call it Throat Ripper since the golem builder that made it designed it to go for the most sensitive weak points

in a target." Midnight turned her head at this wondering what kind of golem would defeat others in a golem battle. Even more, what kind of golem could earn the name Throat Ripper?

#### Chapter 649 - 649. Midnight's' Quest

Midnight scratched at the stone and dust ground in anticipation. The name sounded like it was the best opponent for her. She had not met anyone with an intimidation name. The only other person that she could think of that even compared was Barryu the vice adventurers guild master.

The dwarves around began to get more serious and prepare themselves. The other golems had received an order to back to the alleys and reach a resting position. "Remember you weak cave rats, This is one of the best golems made for the army in the last century. The golem builder that made it is only forty years old! That's a record for our people. Make sure you give it a proper test that's worth the dwarven army pride!"

After the royal guard shouted this order every single dwarf thumped their chest in response. Midnight felt her heart beating and the feeling of fire in her chest.

#### 'Unique hero quest: Golden Flames

What are the point of spirit forged weapons to an almighty dragon champion? As the top of the dragon species, it is expected that the user would show this in their battle prowess. Spirit forged weapons are of no concern. What dragon needs a weapon when they can use their body as a weapon?

#### Requirement:

Use the inner flames of the dragon champion to defeat the dwarven prodigys' golem; Throat Ripper.

#### Reward:

Skill- Golden flame heart'

Midnight felt that the heat within her was building more and more and that her battles senses were sharper than usual. The feeling she would normally have before breathing her decaying flame was

consumed by an even stronger and hotter feeling. She had read the quest and knew that she was getting something much better than a spirit forged weapon that the others were working toward.

Before she could keep focusing on the feeling of the new heat in her chest Midnight felt the shaking of the ground. There was something coming and she knew it was the golem the royal guard had spoken about. She also knew this from the way the dwarf soldiers were reacting.

Watching the soldiers form teams and rush themselves to get organized she knew that this was not just some easy to beat golem like before. It was one that would require all of the soldiers here to survive against in their training.

On one end of the large training cave, there was a door holding the carved vows of the dwarf army. They would all pledge to it before their training on their pride as dwarves. It was a uniting factor for them as soldiers. However, at this moment the hard looks of nervous soldiers watched the door open.

The golem that stepped through the open doorway was not small to say the least. It was easily double the size of an orc and just as tough. The armor plating on the body was greater than the thickets shields Midnight had ever seen. The hands looked as if they were made to latch on and tear things apart. It was safe for Midnight to think that this golem was specially made to take hits and deal them out. It was a physical powerhouse.

As if to demonstrate the incredible strength it had the golem showed off its nickname Throat Ripper. The large golem grabbed the shut down and disabled golem that Midnight and the dwarves had used as their warm up. It grabbed the connecting part to the head where a mana core rested and tore it out dropping the parts on the ground.

Midnight growled slightly while falling in to a crouch. She may not have noticed it, but the dwarves saw a small amount of smoke and sparks coming from the sides of her mouth. Her growl grew as Throat Ripper moved toward the first group of golems. The most intimidating part of it was that it did not wield any weapons. This spoke of the power it had compared to the other golems that relied on it.

Midnight knew that her previous strategy wouldn't work but refused to rely on her shadow wrapping skill. If she used it she felt that she would be acting like a coward. Instead, she decided to let the dwarves distract Throat Ripper and circled to the side. She thought the golems' defense was too strong but she had to see how strong.

Rushing in towards its' leg she managed to get close and slash at it. The metallic scraping left only faint scratches in the shape of her claws. Throat Ripper already noticed her due to the multiple mana cores that were keeping track of its surroundings. One trait that made this golem above any other was the fact that it had four mana cores. It couldn't be taken down by a single attack and could view all around its' body.

Throat ripper kicked backwards sending Midnight sprawling while also swinging an arm in to three of the dwarves who wielded shields. They were equally thrown away. The power Throat Ripper had was nothing to laugh at. Midnight refused to just lay back and get pushed down.

As she stood up Midnight couldn't resist her instincts. She saw a tough opponent that her claws couldn't scratch. She knew that she couldn't use her decaying flames because the dwarves trying to attack Throat Ripper would get harmed. But she wasn't able to hold herself back.

Smoke was coming from her mouth more and more and the sparks that came with each breath showed like flecks of gold dancing in the air. Her entire body seemed to be releasing heat that even the nearby dwarf soldiers which had live around the forge fires for their entire lives couldn't stand. Many backed away from her out of general instinct and fear. Being the only target nearby, Throat Ripper moved to attack her. Little did the golem know, but it was about to face a grave danger.

Chapter 650 - 650. Golden Flames

Midnight had puffed up her chest with a large breath and felt the incredible heat. However, she was not aware that there was more to this than she knew.

She released her breath and with it, a brilliant golden flame of fire shot out at the Throat Ripper golem. The heat of the flame was enough to cause many of the hit parts to glow orange instantly. The outside armor even began to melt.

This did not stop Throat Ripper since the internal gears were still working properly. It reached Midnight and tried its best to attack. Its arm coming down from above its head at Midnight.

She easily dodged while she ended her flame breathing. She was in awe of her own attack but her instincts cried out to dash forward again while the golem was readying another strike. Miraculously the golden flames were still burning and Midnight had no choice but to slash through them to hit the golem.

When she did slash out at Throat Rippers' arm which was glowing orange with heat, she felt the puzzle pieces fall in to place. She could feel the golden flame still which was burning using her mana. It wrapped around her claws making them appear to be made of fire as well.

When her claws made contact the heated armors fell apart like butter. Between the flames that were already affecting it and her claws wrapped in flames, Midnight was able to easily slice the armor it wore and even get to the gears on the inside of the arm.

The feeling of being one with the flames didn't leave her. They were still feeding on her mana to burn and she had no choice but to continue her attacks. Throat ripper was now more damaged than it had ever been. Its one arm was barely able to lift but had no face. This led the golem to make the decision to stomp on the ground.

The heavy stomp caused a crack to form in the stone and direct floor shaking every dwarf and Midnight. This was one of the skills it had which separated it from the other golems. The genius golem builder had managed to add enough condensed earth runes on to the armor that made up the outside of Throat Ripper that it was defensively strengthened by earth elemental mana and it could cause a skill called quake stomp to happen.

The stunning effect of the quake stomp affected the entire area. Midnight felt the force of another stomp coming, this time, right above her. Her reaction was to jump back with all her might and use her bone armor skill. The skeletal armor formed much more quickly than it had in the past.

She rarely used the skill because she thought using it was against her pride. But at this moment she could feel that it was easier to create the bone armor and that there was more to it. The flames that were wrapped around her claws also traveled around the bone armor that formed.

There were golden flames that slowly rose off of her armor making the heat she radiated even more potent. Something told her that the next incoming attack from Throat Ripper would not be able to do too much.

Midnight jumped to the side and felt the other arm barely graze her. However, when she looked up she saw that part of the hand on the arm had become so hot it started to melt in to liquid metal. The arm had grazed part of the bone armor with flames on it causing this damage. Something that Midnight could capitalize on.

After puffing up her chest with air she sent a small burst of more golden flames at the golem. Midnight followed up with an immediate slash with her golden flaming claws to the chest of the golem which caused even more damage.

With a heavy thud, the chest piece of the Throat Rippers' armor fell off and exposed the many clicking gears inside. The entire dwarf soldier training cave became silent as everyone took in a breath. The roars of battle cries and cheers came next from the dwarves who had never beaten this golem in training since it had been created.

Midnight felt the mana in her burning out and used her will to snuff the golden flames while backing away to allow the dwarves their attacks. She knew she was not alone in the battle and was not going to steal the battle experience these soldiers and her were here to gain.

While she stepped back she came to be next to the royal guard again, "I have seen two dragons in my life. Bith did not have flames as powerful as yours. I can tell that when you reach their age you may have the strongest dragon flames yet." This wasn't some baseless complement. The royal guard knew all too well the strength of dragon flames and how they could forge very powerful items due to their strengths.

Midnight let the bone armor fall off and back to nothingness while she watched the Throat Ripper golem fall to the damage from the dwarves. They had expertly stopped the gear from moving on the inside instead of breaking it in to pieces. None of them, of course, could live with themselves if they completely destroyed a fine golem that was going to join the army with them. As of now all it needed was repairs to the melted armor that made up the outside of its body and replaces hand and arm.

While calming herself, Midnight found that her heart was beating at a slightly higher and more powerful rate. It was as if she had gained the strength he had from the flames and it lightened her body. While she felt this she noticed the quest she had been given was complete and she eagerly tried to understand what it meant.