

Runesmith 105

[Chapter 105 Getting drunk.](#)

“Hm...”

“So what do you think, Kid? Should be a good deal for ya!”

Roland eyed the parchment in front of him. It had already been an hour since the hearing took place and Armand was probably relieved of his position by now. He on the other hand was led up to the guild master’s office and was now looking through a sort of contract.

It wasn’t an actual contract yet though, just a list of what he would be getting for working with the guild.

He would need to stop selling his wares at the auction house, this was more or less the only thing that the guild wanted. His runic weapons would be placed in the guild run shops that were in the city as well as in this building.

The guild operated in one main location but that didn’t mean that they didn’t own other businesses in this city. They sponsored people that could bring in profits like alchemists or monster butchers that were good at deconstructing monsters for parts.

Roland was not too keen on giving up his freedom. Ever since Edelgard and the cultist debacle he stopped trusting large companies. Even if they made a contract it didn’t mean that they would keep it while he on the other hand would be bound to it.

In return for signing himself over to the guild, he would receive several bonuses. From what he could tell these bonuses were similar to what instructors like Armand were getting. Discounts to potions, more gold for monster parts, and access to some guild facilities if he ever wanted.

“I don’t think I can make a decision right now, I’ll borrow this and I’ll tell you within the week...”

After going through the hearing he was getting tired. Not physically but mentally as he still wasn’t used to being around so many people and talking with them. There was also Bernir that had been waiting for him for the past hour. He was starting to feel bad for his assistant as well as Agni that was left behind in a special room in his secret workshop.

“Not convinced? Anything that would sway your mind?”

The guild master gave out a sigh after hearing Roland’s answer. The two had gone back and forth while going through the contract. He did notice that he started losing Roland’s attention after mentioning giving up rights to selling items at the auction house.

“Sway my mind?”

Roland had gotten up by now and was about to head out of the guild master’s office but then he remembered something. There was a certain manufacturing method that he wanted to get his hands on.

“Well... if you can get me the schematics for the mana stone smelter along with the recipe for the mana alloys...”

This was one of the Rune Smithing secrets that he desired to get. With the correct smelter and the recipe on how to make specific mana alloys, he would be able to ditch the flashy mana stone design.

He would be able to just integrate it into the structure of the weapon or armor. This had multiple advantages one being that there would be more surface for runic inscriptions. The other is that it would be impossible to knock the mana stone out of the weapon which would ruin the whole runic structure.

This advanced Runesmith technique required two things. A special smelter that had a specific runic structure. One that only produced fire wasn't quite enough, he somewhat knew that this special smelter would shape the mana alloy in some way. Then he needed the actual manufacturing method, otherwise, he could have to spend months or even years testing everything himself until something stuck.

"Mana stone smelter... that's quite the little contraption you want... but..."

The guild master leaned back in his chair and started rubbing his chin. It was clear that he was thinking hard about the pros and cons of such a transaction. Roland knew that the price for something like that would be high. It wasn't out of the realm of possibilities, if this man had the connections he might be able to get him what he needed.

"Give me a few weeks, I'll see what I can do... but... you better prepare!"

The man slammed his large hand on the larger desk and made it shake some more before standing up.

"You'll have to make it worth my time kid!"

Roland knew that this meant that he would need to make quite a lot of runic items for the guild. This didn't mean that he would need to craft everything himself. There were enough advanced blacksmiths that could prepare the items and he would just add them his flair. Which was what the guild master was aiming for as he already saw his average-looking weapons with the above-average runes.

"If you can find me those... then perhaps..."

He wouldn't just agree at this very moment but he did want those schematics. An alloy like that would be perfect for something like a magical golem. Having it not be covered in mana stones would help out for something that needed to be durable.

"Perhaps? Listen here kid, I'll have to contact some of my associates but don't think that you'll get anything before signing that contract! Do you even know how much something like this costs?"

Roland nodded at the guild master's reasoning. Why would he go through getting a costly item only for Roland to say that he didn't want it anymore? He would be stuck with something he had no use for other than selling it on the auction house for a lesser price.

"Good point... are you sure you can procure it?"

The guild master rubbed his chin again but instead of a confident response he just shrugged.

"As I said, give me some time."

Apparently, he was also not sure if he could get his part of the deal done. Roland would need to return later or have them send him another letter.

“I see...I’ll just read through this again and you can get back to me once you have everything sorted out.”

Roland waved the parchment with the bonuses that the guild was offering him. The things in this list were tempting but they weren’t really a deal-breaker. If he had to choose between them and the manufacturing method, he would go with the runesmith knowledge.

With it, he could just charge more for his wares and they would also last longer. If it was possible Roland would even pay extra just to get his hands on that knowledge. It seemed that this guild master wanted him badly on his side.

Runecrafting was a rare profession that could elevate an adventurer to new heights. He was probably hoping to sell the weapons and armor which would then cause the adventurers to hunt more monsters. With more dead monsters came more monster parts and even more gold. For someone that looked like a muscle-bound idiot, this guild master was quite cunning and hungry for money.

“I’ll have one of the girls prepare the contract.”

The two exchanged some words before Roland left. Before going through with anything the guild master would see if it was possible to get what he asked him for. If not, then they would be back at square one and a new exchange would need to be proposed.

“Sorry about that, we can go now...?”

Roland arrived at the main guild area where all the adventurers were busy picking up new missions. He found Bernir at the pub section, the half-dwarf was noticeable due to the number of beer mugs on the table. Before he could scold him about his alcohol addiction he noticed someone else sitting at his assistant’s table.

“Armand?”

“B-boss you’re finally here!”

Bernir looked ecstatic that Roland was back from his business talks. It was clear that something was wrong with this picture. Armand that they had failed a complaint about was in the process of drinking some alcohol.

“What’s going on here?”

Roland whispered to Bernir while looking at the muscle brain from the corner of his eye.

“He just sat down next to me and started drinking and complaining...”

Bernir whispered back while trying to explain. After the hearing was over Armand’s instructor rights were revoked and he lost all of his nice bonuses. The two started whispering for a moment and Bernir gave a recount of what transpired after Roland went away...

40 minutes earlier...

“Hey barkeep, hit me up!”

“Sure thing!”

Bernir called out to the person behind the counter and was given two mugs filled with alcohol. He set them down on a table that was free and began relaxing. The only thing that was on his mind was to get back home and how nice it felt to see those thugs being abused by that large half-orc.

“Serves those bastards well, good riddance!”

While holding up his mug in the air he did a little cheer while some people wondered what was wrong with him. Bernir didn't care, finally, things were looking up for him. There were plans of expanding the workshop and he was about to begin his tier 2 journey.

He was aiming to become an armorsmith to help out Roland. The biggest thing he was excited about was a proposition that he was given. His boss mentioned that he was spreading himself thin, he wanted to focus on runecrafting but due to this his blacksmithing skills couldn't keep up.

So then he offered Bernir to take some of that burden off him. The half-dwarf would be tasked to create the armor shell for him while he inscribed it with his runes. Roland would still craft the weapons himself but the armor would be Bernir's task. Being someone that was dreaming of becoming an armor maker since a young age this was something he couldn't refuse.

The need to go back to his own workshop and work was making him all giddy. There were so many types of armor that he wanted to create. Thanks to Roland he would already be able to work with deep steel and the runic tools would speed everything up.

They only needed to expand the underground workshop so that he would have space to work there himself. The dummy log shed would be now mostly used as his living quarters.

While thinking about the future he heard a loud sound, as he turned to it he could see the man that his boss filed a complaint against. Armand was by the reception and talking with the glasses-wearing receptionist lady. Bernir had nothing better to do so he listened in while being slightly afraid that this man could try to take his revenge at a later date.

“Calm down Armand, you brought this on yourself.”

“On myself? I thought you were on my side!”

The two started arguing with each other. Armand mostly threw out empty accusations while acting like a child. Soon a smacking sound resounded and a red handprint appeared on his face. Bernir raised his eyebrow after seeing the receptionist lady deliver this slap.

“Why did I even bother with someone like you, when will you grow up?”

A moment of silence descended upon the adventurer's guild. Armand was shouting quite loudly so other people had noticed the scene. Most of the warriors were laughing from the side while finding it funny that Armand lost his position. Now they were whispering and Bernir could hear them clearly.

“Poor Elodia, heard she was running around the city searching for those witnesses.”

“She did? Is that even part of her job as a receptionist?”

Apparently, the person that found those people to testify was the receptionist lady. Thanks to her Dread End reached a timely demise. Bernir looked to the woman, if the scary muscle man wasn't there he would actually go thank her for helping him and Roland with this case.

He still was a bit perplexed by her actions though, she helped them with that side of the hearing but also voted against punishing Armand when the time came. The only thing he could come up with is with her being too soft on this brother of hers.

"I bet she wanted to get Armand off the hook."

"Perhaps..."

On the other hand, the two guild workers that were talking thought she just did it to help her brother. If Armand got associated with Dread End he could have been punished even more. The witnesses made it clear that he was just someone that arrived there randomly and was not there during Bernir's attack either. At least that is what he could make out from their conversation.

Then it happened, Armand that had been slapped started walking towards the guild bar. At this point, Bernir moved his gaze back to his alcoholic beverage. He then heard a strange thumping sound followed by wood cracking. To his dismay, the person that had it in for his boss was now sitting at the table behind him. The two had their backs to each other which caused Bernir a lot of stress.

'Hope boss comes back soon... it's already been ten minutes...'

With not being able to control the situation he just continued to chug on his drink while Armand behind him did the same. At first, it seemed that he was being civil but after a couple of quick drinks the angry grunts behind Bernir turned to strange mumbles.

"Huh?"

Roland's assistant then felt something large pushing against his back, when he turned around he noticed that Armand was leaning back while having trouble keeping his balance.

"Is he drunk already?"

It seemed Armand had zero tolerance for alcohol after a couple of filled mugs his face was all red and his speech was broken up.

"Uhg, huzat? Hey... dunt I kno u?"

Bernir was noticed sitting alone while waiting for Roland to come back. Armand had lost all of his reasoning and slumped forward right next to the half-dwarf.

Hic

"Whateva... want to be my friend? No one respects me anymore..."

Hic

Bernir found a large muscular arm draped around his shoulder as Armand started hugging him as if they were some old drinking buddies. This is how he spent the next twenty minutes while the muscle brain

whined about losing his position. A few minutes before Roland arrived he was able to flee as his drinking buddy had gotten too drunk to care.

“So that’s what happened?”

“Yes boss... think we should go...”

Roland was now looking at a drunk blockhead with his face against the table. His drink was spilled and he had a stupid expression on his face.

“Who gets this drunk in the middle of the day?”

This only made Roland look down on this young man even more. Due to this display of drunkenness, he was just making trouble for other people around him. Someone would need to clean up after him and maybe even carry him back home.

‘Hope this guy learns something from this...’

Armand was from what Roland knew, twenty-two years old. Which in his eyes made him a young brat. He himself would be in his late thirties if he added his life from his previous world.

In that world, someone like Armand would probably still be stuck in a university or working a blue-collar job. Roland didn’t like him but could see how this world could shape someone like him. The real challenge for this young man was progressing past this point and learning from his mistakes.

“Let’s go back home.”

The sight of a drunk and defeated Armand brought less joy to Roland than he expected. While trying to get to the bottom of why he felt this way he was approached by the receptionist called Elodia.

“I’d like to apolog...”

Before the woman could speak up he moved his hand up to stop her.

“Don’t. It doesn’t matter if you apologize to me, you didn’t do anything wrong.”

Roland wasn’t actually mad that this woman voted for her family member. He would have probably done the same if he was in her shoes.

“You should probably get this idiot a sobering potion before he makes a mess...”

Roland pointed to Armand that was wobbling around and slowly falling asleep. Elodia’s eyebrows went into an angular shape as she looked at this brother of hers.

“Y-yes, excuse me, Mr. Wayland.”

The woman still bowed before him while going over to Armand. It was finally time to return back to the workshop.

“Hm... that woman, think I’ve seen her around the city before...”

“Is that so?”

“Ah!”

Bernir looked as if he realized something as they were returning. With nothing better to do the conversation shifted to a certain woman wearing glasses.

Chapter 106 First Evolution

‘An orphanage huh?’

Roland awkwardly went into his house while thinking about the conversation that he had with Bernir. With nothing much to talk about, the conversation shifted to Elodia. Bernir had seen her going around the city with some young children not more than five years old.

At first, Bernir thought that maybe the woman was the mother but soon he discovered the truth. Some of the shopkeepers spoke up about how she was a hard worker. How she tends to an orphanage with some other young adults.

‘Did I make a mistake?’

It also came out during the conversation that Armand was apparently also from the said orphanage. Bernir had heard this fact during Armand’s drunken stupor. He had complained that it would be hard to feed the kids while also paying off the house mortgage.

Roland was now second-guessing his decision of kicking the man to the curb. Though he wasn’t sure about the costs of that house, he felt that if Armand managed his money right he should be able to pay for something like that. He didn’t know how many mouths they were feeding or if they were duped into paying too much for the large building. It was apparently somewhere in the city in a more costly part.

‘Well... that woman didn’t seem that mad though...’

He recalled Elodia’s reaction, she even apologized for her older brother.

‘If they work through it, they should be fine...’

“Woof!”

“Ah, I’m coming, wait a moment.”

His thought process was interrupted by a muffled bark. He headed downstairs into his workshop where Agni was sitting in. The small wolf puppy was left here as he couldn’t bring him over to the guild. This was the only place he could leave him while being sure that he wouldn’t destroy it.

The inside of the house was not a possibility as he felt that Agni would trash it. Then escape and track him to the adventurer’s guild. The possibility of the little puppy being then slain was high, people could take him for a regular monster. Some others could also try to capture him instead, then sell him on the black market as he was a rare breed.

“I see that I’ll have to air this place out...”

Roland opened the slab of metal that was his door and was hit in the face by a strong smell. It was clear that his puppy had relieved himself here, luckily for him he had placed Agni in a large cage which he could just carry outside and wash.

“Woof!”

Agni ran about three circles around his master before bolting through the opening outside. The small guy was smart to understand Roland's facial expression as he looked at Agni's 'present' that he left behind inside of his cage.

"Ugh..."

While holding his breath he carried the metal cage outside. Thanks to his enhanced strength this wasn't anything difficult.

"Hah, maybe we should have taken him with us boss."

Bernir laughed from the side while Roland doused the cage with one of his water pressure wands.

"Ever since he started eating mana stones the smell has been..."

Roland commented while using some flames on the metal cage to disinfect it.

"Does the mana make it extra fragrant?"

Bernir asked while peeking out of his log workshop. He was busy grinding away at some tools, soon it would be time to get that tier 2 class. Roland had already given him a class change stone which would be coming out of his paycheck later.

"Now that you mention it..."

Roland brought up Agni's status screen while his wolf pup was running around the backyard. He zoomed in on the page with the skills and was pleasantly surprised.

'Mana Stone Eater did reach level 9.'

After seeing the skill finally reach the cap he quickly went for the evolution options. After using the costly mana stones on his pet he hoped that he would get another evolution that was even rarer than the Gemstone Wolf.

Adolescent Volcanic Wolf

[Fire/Earth/Beast]

A common canine type monster found in volcanic regions. Their noticeable feature is their growing mane covered in volcanic rocks.

Adolescent Ruby Wolf

[Fire/Earth/Beast]

An uncommon canine type monster found in volcanic regions. Their noticeable feature is their growing mane covered in rubies.

Adolescent Gemstone Wolf

[Fire/Earth/Beast]

A rare canine type monster found in deep dungeons. Their noticeable feature is their growing mane adorned with various gemstones.

Hellhound Puppy

[Fire/Fiend/Beast]

An uncommon canine fiend type of monster. This type of monster is regularly seen accompanied by demonic beings.

Adolescent Ash Wolf

[Earth/Beast]

A common canine type wolf found in dungeons. They are characterized by having a white ashy fur pattern.

Adolescent Mystical Ruby Wolf

[Fire/Earth/Beast]

A rare variant of the Ruby Wolf monster, it is known for its high affinity for fire magic and high intelligence.

“Oh, A rare variant of an uncommon Ruby Wolf breed...”

There actually was another option that popped up. He now had an option to pick between two rare variants, a Gemstone Wolf or a Mystical Ruby Wolf.

“Hm... what do you think boy?”

Agni had stopped running around and was now sniffing Roland's leg. Due to him being in the city for so long he had all kinds of scents stuck to him that this puppy could smell.

“Arf?”

The small wolf tilted his head to the side and then gave out a cute sneeze before walking away to dig up some holes.

“I figured...”

At this point in time, Roland had enough time to go through some monster tamer books that the city had to offer. He had managed to get a more thorough explanation of this Gemstone Wolf variant.

It was a solid pick from what he could ascertain. This wolf was quite tanky, its fur slowly changed into hardened gemstones which could take some punishment. On the other hand, the Ruby variants were mostly known for their high speed and fire type skills. Both types would grow into large wolves that could rival horses after a while but the Gemstone Wolf would be bulkier.

Now with the new variant out there, Roland felt like he knew what to get. What he needed was someone that was fast and not to tank hits for him. He was already a tank and a caster in one, there was no reason for him to have Agni fill that role.

What he needed him for was to discover monsters as a tracker and scout type. Then with the added magic affinity, the Mystical Ruby Wolf could even give him some backline support. He was also trying to create golems, so he had not that much use for more tanky party members.

“Well, Agni... I’m not sure how this will feel... so brace yourself...”

At this moment the red puppy was wiggling his ruby-tipped tail while his head was underground. There was not much around to damage with the wind turbines being a bit to the side.

“I guess here goes nothing...”

Roland focused on the evolution option, it was akin to imagining a button press. The moment he did the status window went blank for a moment before a prompt sprung up.

- Evolution in progress -

He had thought that he had already gotten used to this game-like interface but sometimes he was taken back by its functions. Roland glanced from the status window to where Agni’s butt was sticking out. A noticeable change was taking place as the puppy’s body began to glow.

The small posterior of the puppy began to expand and some of its fur began to shed. It started falling to the ground while another coat of fluff shifted in its place. The hind legs extended and small ruby crystals started to emerge above the paw area.

“Oh? Is Agni evolving? Why didn’t you call me over boss!”

Bernir noticed the shine from the backyard, he had been busy crafting so his attention was elsewhere.

“You looked busy.”

Roland didn’t wish to interrupt a blacksmith during their work as he was also one. All sorts of things could go wrong if a person was interrupted so he just went through with the evolution.

“It’s going faster than I expected...”

Within a minute the red glow subsided and Roland was looking at an enlarged backside of Agni. The rest of the body was still stuck underground as he had chosen to go through with this while the puppy was digging a tunnel.

“He did get bigger... should I go pull him out?”

Bernir asked while looking at Agni struggling to free himself from the small hole. After a few moments though the pooch managed to free himself. Agni started sneezing a bit then quickly shaking as if he was trying to dry himself after taking a dip in the river.

Roland could now take a good look at his teenage puppy. The first thing that was characteristic was the assortment of gems on his legs. They went all the way up to his knees. His fur looked more robust and was also longer.

His mane looked a lot bushier and he had a ruby sticking out of his forehead. His ruby-tipped tail got longer and the tip was quite a bit more pointy. The size of this adolescent wolf was close to a large dog, his head almost reached up to Roland’s waist.

“Awoooo...”

Agni gave out a howl after cleaning himself and trotted over to where Roland was. He then circled around his master a couple of times before looking up to him.

“Showing off your new form?”

Roland smiled a bit and placed his hand on top of Agni’s head, after ruffling up his fur he gave the forehead gem a little poke. It was quite smooth and in a circular shape. It was quite small at about two centimeters in diameter which was less than an inch. While petting his puppy he brought up his status screen to see what had changed.

Name :

Adolescent Mystical Ruby Wolf

[L 26] [Ex 0%]

Type :

Fire/Earth/Beast

HP

313/313

MP

341/341

SP

499/499

Strength

24

Agility

39

Dexterity

19

Vitality

22

Endurance

31

Intelligence

23

Willpower

20

Charisma

17

Luck

14

Agni got boosts to his stats akin to when he reached his tier 2 Runesmith Lord class. There was a difference in people and monsters as he could see now. After the evolution was done there was no mention of the previous lesser evolved form.

Only the Adolescent Mystical Ruby Wolf part was visible as if he had it from the first level. Roland also noticed a trait that wasn't there before.

Mystical Tier 1

Trait

Increases MP by 10%

'This is similar to that one mana trait that I have...'

Roland had the 'Blessed by Mana' trait that increased his mana by a set percentage just like this. It was one of the skills that allowed him to use his magical armor at a high proficiency and without the worry of passing out.

He went through Agni's skills and noticed something strange. Skills like Ruby Tail Whip had a + sign after it.

Bite + L 1 [Passive Skill]

Increases the strength of biting attacks

Fiery Bite + L1 [Skill]

Discharge of flames during a bite attack.

Ruby Tail Whip + L1 [Skill]

Skill can elongate the ruby tail of the monster which then can be used as a means of attack.

It was apparent that these were the advanced versions of those skills. They were probably similar to the ones humans got when basic skills transformed into regular ones.

"Hm, he has this one?"

Mana Sense L1

Passive Skill

Allows the user to sense mana.

He was surprised after finding one of his old passives in his tamed beasts' repertoire. It was the skill that caused the original Roland to die and get the mana sickness disease.

There were some skills missing though, there was no Basic Mana Shaping and Basic Mana Regulation was also missing. He took a note of this as this probably meant that Agni would not be able to cast spells quite yet. But this also meant that he might be able to do it after the next evolution.

'Maybe even this one if the skills get unlocked along the way...'

Roland rubbed his chin while thinking, there could be a couple of ways to unlock those magic caster skills. One of them would be just by leveling the wolf up, they would appear on their own and he wouldn't need to lift a finger.

Then there was the more realistic one where Agni would need to level up the basic mana shaping skill to the maximum. After that, he might receive access to those two skills, either during this evolution or during the next one.

He thought back to his 'youth' when he was training his mana sense skill before the change to the mage class. He had to concentrate quite a bit to get it up, now his tamed monster would need to do the same.

Roland glanced down at the now larger Agni who was getting rubbed behind the ear by Bernir. The long canine tongue was out and flopping about while he had a silly expression on his face.

'Can this idiot even learn a skill like that?'

"Arwo?"

Agni looked up to Roland with an accusing look. It was as if he read his thoughts the moment he thought them. He then escaped from Bernir's clutches and stood proudly.

"What are you...?"

Roland wondered if his wolf companion was mad but before he could apologize Agni started doing something interesting. The gem on his forehead began to glow in a faint light.

"Is he actually?"

After focusing on the mana in the surrounding, Roland could tell that it was being absorbed into Agni's forehead gem. The moment the mana was absorbed the gem started to glow brighter and brighter as to signalize that it was working.

"Heh, good boy."

It seemed that Agni had mastered the mana sense skill and was even able to absorb the mana from the surroundings into his own body. This made Roland wonder if he could somehow teach Agni his Mana reinforcement skill. Though to get it the wolf would need the other basic mana skills that a mage received. It didn't look like the gem on the forehead had any uses, for now, it could only glow which could only be useful in a dark cavern with no light.

"He beat me to it!"

Bernir shook his head in indignation as Agni had achieved his new evolution before the half-dwarf could progress to his tier 2 class.

“How long till your level cap?”

“Well actually... I reached it this morning...”

Bernir smiled weakly while lowering his voice.

“That’s great!”

Roland smiled back while looking at his assistant. He knew that Bernir had met all the requirements to get a new class so he should be able to use the class change stone instantly.

“Is everything alright?”

He noticed that Bernir wasn’t looking too happy about it and he probably knew why.

“Afraid that you might fail?”

“Hah, you know me well boss...”

It was clear to Roland that this smithing job meant more to Bernir than it actually ever meant to him. He chose the path of the Runesmith as it was the only one he thought could utilize the skills that he had and not due to him being passionate about it. On the other hand, his assistant was someone that wanted it badly.

“It’s okay, even if you don’t pass on the first try you can try again later.”

He tried to cheer him up as he knew that Bernir did actually have a knack for creating items.

“Thanks, boss... got any tips?”

Roland did previously do some research concerning tier 2 crafting classes but he had already told Bernir what he should expect. If he was going for an armorsmith then the test would be to create a piece of armor. It could be anything, a gauntlet, breastplate, or even a full suit of armor if he was unlucky.

“Think I told you whatever I could, now it’s up to you, why do you think I told you to make all those armor pieces for the past month?”

Bernir nodded while glancing back to his workshop. In it, on the table, he could see the crystal that would begin the job change quest.

“I’ll do it tonight...”

Both of them nodded at each other before going back to their own chores. Bernir continued practicing his craft while Roland went over to Agni. Not today but soon he would need to take his teenage pup down into the dungeon to train again.

“Things aren’t looking that bad...”

He looked over his home that was coming along nicely. The trouble in the city was cleared up and it looked that the peaceful days would follow. Then the memories of certain cultists and thieves came flooding back into his mind and a frown appeared on his face.

'I should go figure out that golem system...'