

Runesmith 115

[Chapter 115 Dungeon camping.](#)

“It’s hot...too hot...”

A young lady moved the collar of her robe to the side to air it out. She felt warm and sweat was slowly building upon her ivory skin.

“Charlene please, the knights might be looking...”

The girl quickly moved her hand away while looking to the side, for a moment she forgot that there were many men around this encampment that they were building.

“What are those useless knights doing, is our tent ready yet?”

After the boss chamber was cleared out the group of knights and nobles descended to the large underground volcanic area. However, they had taken quite some time to get through all the levels, mostly because a certain someone that liked to complain a lot had taken many breaks along the way.

The leader knew that everyone was getting tired. Percival decided to build an encampment not that far away from the boss chamber.

There they discovered a large cave, this area was mapped out well so after clearing out some monsters they knew that they could rest here for the night. The monsters would respawn periodically but they would not do it in areas that were populated by many people.

The noble ladies had entered the cave as it was slightly cooler than the outside. The knights were still assembling the tents along with a few porters that were carrying them around.

“Here, this should help.”

Lucille placed a small metal plate and placed it on the ground. On it, there were various runic symbols and a little circular spot in the middle. Into that spot, she inserted some kind of blue marble. The moment she did the magical device activated.

The runes started shining in a blue hue while giving off a nice cool breeze. It seemed like in a small diameter around this device the climate started changing.

“What would I do without you, Lucille!”

Charlene quickly moved over to where the plate was. Soon she looked to the side of one of the knight’s that was stationed here as protection.

“Bring us some chairs!”

“Yes my lady!”

The knight nodded and quickly went outside to procure the items that the ladies wanted. Soon the two were sitting around the magical device, looking at the marble in the middle starting to dim.

“This pseudo Elakian gem won’t last for long...”

"I know, but it will take a while to connect the fluid apparatus to everything. We'll get worse grades if we don't prioritize our defenses first."

Lucille replied to Charlene who was in a bad mood. Normally these two were given priority but now they were on a mission. Percival was the leader and if he continued to pamper part of his battalion the teacher from the academy might lower their grades.

The knights needed to set up the perimeter, build tents and add any fortifications that could help against a surprise monster attack. With this, the two people that couldn't really do much were left here in the cave to their own devices. They were both mages but they were not needed there to assemble the tents.

These tents that the knights had were of the same type that the group of adventurers had. There were no actual craftsmen with them that could do any repairs. Everything would have to be done by the knights or by the people they hired to help them. The adventurers were also part of their forces and even if they acted more as scouts they could be given certain tasks without failing the test.

"GOAHHHH"

"Huh? What was that?"

"It sounded like a monster?"

The two girls looked at each other for a moment and quickly grabbed their magical staves that were placed against the wall. Following the strange sound outside they could hear that the knights were shouting out something.

"Oh... is it dead?"

When the two ladies arrived outside they found two dead volcanic salamanders. One had many stab wounds while the other a severed head.

"It's dead? Uh, why did no one tell me?"

Charlene complained a bit while pouting. Before the girl ran outside she had fixed her hair and robe so that Lord Percival would see her at her best. With the monsters dead she would not be able to show off anymore.

"Lady Lucille, you should go back inside, it's not safe out here."

"Sir Robert, are you okay?"

The blue-haired girl looked at the young man from the Arden house. His silver armor was covered in some blood and so was his sword.

"Don't worry my lady, this is only the monster's blood, I am uninjured."

Lucille took out a piece of cloth and moved over towards Robert. The young man froze in place as the lady started rubbing the blood out of his armor.

"My Lady... you shouldn't..."

The other knights started looking with narrowed eyes at Robert and the mage, soon enough Lord Percival arrived to scold everyone.

“All of you, get back to your posts, lady Lucille please return to the cave, someone explain to me what occurred here.”

Robert flinched and turned back to the commander, after doing a salute he gave a recount of the events that transpired here.

The two monsters crawled out of the small lava pools and attacked them. Robert managed to chop off the head of one while the other was taken out by two other knights.

“Any damages?”

“Commander... one of the monsters damaged our tents.”

“How serious is it?”

Another knight that was there came over and also started making a report. During the struggle with the volcanic salamanders, one of the tents was hit by its attack. The item was mostly intact but its runic structure was damaged so it wouldn't be able to be operated anymore. The cooling effect wasn't activated, sleeping in this tent had become impossible now due to the heat.

“One of our tents is already damaged so soon...”

“Lord Percival, can't we just replace it?”

Charlene moved in from the side. Her shoulder rubbed against the lord while she batted her eyelashes in his direction. The girl wasn't really that interested in this conversation but if the man she was eyeing as a suitor was involved she saw it as a chance.

“Yes we do but...”

Percival knew that the tent could be replaced but this was still a finite item. This was far too soon into their expedition to be losing their resources. He was already contemplating on letting more of the knights sleep in the cave instead and saving the tents for the future.

“If only we had someone able to repair it...”

Percival mumbled.

“Don't we?”

“Lady Lucille?”

Lucille looked at Percival and then pointed out into the distance. There the two small tents of the adventurers were situated. They could also see a man dressed in crimson armor looking from afar. However the moment he was noticed he quickly made a 180-degree turn and slipped into one of the tents.

“The adventurers?”

“Yes, I've read their roster, that man is a Runesmith, he might be able to repair the tent!”

While most of the nobles ignored the adventurers Lucille had gone through their abilities. The guild supplied them with their names, ranks, and general skills. The man dressed in red armor was quite the particular person as his class was listed as 'Unknown Runic Craftsman'.

"Are you sure Lady Lucille?"

"Yes, I heard one of his party members mention it, she was quite boisterous about it. That armor he is wearing is also a runic item, I'm sure that he made it himself!

"Hm..."

Percival looked to the damaged tent and then to the group of adventurers in the distance. Using their runesmith to repair the tent would not be seen as a demerit so there was no reason not to try.

"You, bring the Runesmith over, tell him to repair the tent. Report to me when he is done."

Percival looked over to Robert that was already standing at attention when facing the expedition commander.

"Yes Sir!"

"Oh, C-can I come with?"

Before Robert could leave Lucille poked her head into the conversation. She looked to Percival for approval. The young man looked back, not sure why the young girl wanted this.

"Lady Lucille?"

"Oh, I'm interested in the runes! Aren't they just so interesting? They are similar to the magical language in so many ways, yet also so much different..."

The girl's eyes started shining brightly as she started talking about her love for runic items. Her blond-haired friend from the side gave out a sigh while moving over to Percival.

"Lord Percival, why don't you allow Lady Lucille to leave, the knight will protect her."

Charlene was quick to wrap her arm around her target while yanking him away. The man looked a bit baffled by this but he didn't back away. People that knew the ice mage knew that she was quite the brainy type. She loved spending her time reading old texts on magic languages and spells. Even if she didn't have the class to make them work she would study up in hopes of gathering more knowledge.

"Fine...'

Percival soon gave in to the request and Robert was left with the blue-haired lady there. The two looked at each other for a moment before Robert decided to speak up.

"My Lady, please remain close to me."

"How reassuring but I can protect myself, Sir Robert."

The girl raised her magical staff up and gathered up some frost elements as she showed off. Robert gave an awkward smile and the two departed towards the adventurers small encampment.

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'What's up with them?'

Roland had ducked into one of the tents that he helped set up. There was not much to it as the instructions were quite easy. He had only managed to build this one up while the other one was being fiddled on by Armand and Lobelia.

The two troublemakers started egging each other on and finally, Armand made a vow to set up the other tent himself. He was now in the back, fiddling around with the metal pipes while Lobelia continued to tease him about his slow pace.

"Oh, Mr. Wayland would you like some tea this time?"

"Oh..., no thank you, I'll have some later, Sister Kassia."

He and Kassia were the two people that weren't required to be on guard duty. However, this also meant that they would be staying together in one of the tents while the other party members switched up in the other one. Roland was not really worried about having to sleep next to a rather charming woman.

No, the real problem was that she just wouldn't stay quiet about the Sun Church. She would offer him tea and crackers but then the sermons would start. She would constantly pray and 'praise the sun', there was almost nothing else that she wanted to talk about besides Solaria and tea.

Roland gave out a sigh while relaxing. Their encampment was a bit further away but he could clearly see the nobles. He was there when Robert defeated the Volcanic Salamander and he had to give it to his older brother, there was some talent there.

While the other knights poked the other creature to death with their longswords, Robert managed to behead it with one strong swing. It was clear that his swordsmanship was on another level compared to the other young knights.

'I guess anger does motivate some people...'

Another memory of his brother popped into his head, one of constant training. Even though Robert didn't have any particular gifts he did have a good training ethic. There was no day that he didn't see him swinging his sword or doing some weight training. With the stigma of being a bastard son, he did have to prove himself more than the first and second son.

This wasn't really time to think about the old days. Roland couldn't remove his helmet outside but he also didn't want to stay in the tent for too long. With this, he decided to take a step outside and help the others with the second tent as he was also worried about something going wrong.

'Huh, you really can't trust this guy...'

After arriving at the spot where Armand and Lobelia were he noticed that something wasn't right with their creation. The leather had not yet been placed over it so he could see the tent's 'skeleton'.

"These runic pathways are broken..."

He could see that the tent poles were squeezed in repeatedly into the wrong sections. Some of them were bent out of place or scratched. Runic structures had no protection against physical damage, if the metal was damaged, cut or bent too much they would stop working.

“See, I told you to be more gentle.”

Lobelia delivered a swift boot to Armand’s behind while they continued to fight.

“Can you fix it?”

Silvio asked Roland that was kneeling down and looking over the damage.

“No problem, just give me a moment...”

Roland moved his hand into the spatial bag and went digging. Soon he pulled out his hammer and a thin piece of metal. The others looked with interest, this would be the first time that they would actually see Roland do some rune smithing.

The thinner piece of metal was used to heat up the damaged parts. The sections that were heated up would be then gently struck with the face of his hammer. This hammer was somewhat smaller than his usual crafting hammer and it produced sparks fueled with mana each time it connected with the damaged part.

“Oh, that’s neat...”

With the small hits of his hammer, Roland pushed in his mana into the runic structure. When it was softened up through the use of his wand the runes were easy to mend back up into shape. In this case, he could have even used his rune mending skill, which would make the whole process a lot faster. It would be a waste of mana and resources as the structure would just degrade.

“There... this should do it... Try not to damage it again.”

“Yes Sir!”

Lobelia performed a somewhat half-hearted salute that mimicked the knights. She then turned around and invertedly collided with some chest armor. She fell back onto her posterior only to spot a rather large man looking down at her. This man was the same Knight that visited the guild the previous day and he looked grumpy as ever.

“Hey, what’s the big idea!”

Lobelia wasn’t paying attention as she was focused on Roland’s rune smithing. For someone like her that had a class with high perception, this was quite a blunder.

“Is there a problem?”

Armand appeared almost instantly and placed himself between his friend and the large man. The two had similar builds but Armand was still slightly wider while also wearing less armor.

Roland on the other hand froze in place while holding his crafting hammer. The man that he wanted to avoid was right here and it was still just the first day of the expedition.

“Fascinating! What pristine mana control!”

The silence was broken by the blue-haired ice mage that came from the noble side. She focused on the item that Roland was holding in his hand and quickly moved forward without even looking at the other people here. Robert even tried to stop her but even before he could stretch his hand out the girl was gone. There was also the problem with Armand standing in the way which increased the tensions even more.

“Is this a Runesmith’s hammer? Haven’t seen one like this before, did you make it yourself? I can see that it has some runes that help conserve and control mana, what type of mana stone is this?”

The girl moved over while constantly talking. Roland didn’t know what this was about and the girl kept looking at his hammer. He was quite surprised that she figured out what runes he was using, this wasn’t something a normal person would be able to do.

“Yes, I made it... can I help you with something?”

The moment he casually spoke out to the noble lady, Robert’s face showed a frown. Adventurers were seen as commoners so addressing a noble without the title and proper diligence was considered very rude. Thus he stepped forward but a large tanned hand held him by his shoulder.

“Hey, I’m not done talking to you!”

Armand was also not someone that held nobles in high regard, thus he had no problem stepping forward and get physical. Robert reacted by moving his hand to his hip where he had his sword and giving Armand a quick warning.

“Take your hand away or you will lose it.”

“Hah, try it, greenhorn.”

Armand was not scared, he was facing a novice knight that probably didn’t have that much experience in close-range fighting. He had already made a mistake by stepping into his range, a quick submission move would take care of his opponent swiftly.

‘What’s going on here.’

Roland started to sweat, he couldn’t really hear much as the blue-haired girl was babbling about runes without even looking back to Robert. It seemed that a fight would break out if no one did anything about it...

‘I should have never signed that contract...’

[Chapter 116 Runic Groupie](#)

“What’s going on here?”

“Sir. Robert, please behave yourself, we didn’t come here to cause a ruckus!”

Silvio arrived at the scene to pull Armand away from the confrontation. Lobelia needed to have Roland point out that her bodyguard was close to fighting one of his party members before she reacted.

It was a bit strange to see two people that he disliked almost get into a fight while he had to break it up. If the situation was somewhat different he would just grab a bag of popcorn and let the two have at it. His money would be on Armand though, his level was higher and he also had more experience. He didn't see Robert being able to tank the heavy fisting.

Regretfully they could not offend the nobles. They were outnumbered almost one to four and the noble's side also had a tier 3 High Knight with them. Armand would be in a heap of trouble and they as well by association.

"If Lady Lucille wishes it..."

Robert frowned a bit more than usual but he moved his hand away from the sword hilt the moment the blue-haired girl entered the frame. It was clear to Roland that there was something between these two young adults. The way his older brother looked at the girl was a dead giveaway. After observing Lucille's body language he was also sure that she appreciated Robert's company.

"I'll have to apologize for one of my party members, how can we help?"

Silvio moved in front of Armand who spit down on the ground while moving away. Korgak was observing the whole scene from the side but he looked saddened by the fact that a fight didn't break out. With nothing to do, he was also itching to do battle.

"Ah excuse me, I was a bit rude. Let me introduce myself first, I am Lady Lucille De Vere."

The girl curtsied before Silvio who just looked baffled by the gesture. He lowered his head a bit and nodded while not being sure how to react to a noble lady.

"Ah, I'm Silvio... just Silvio..."

In this kingdom, something like a family name was mostly given to people of noble descent or to merchants that liked to put their businesses under their family name. Commoners on the other hand would only be given a name. If they had enough money or achieved greatness they would be allowed to pick a name for themselves or have someone in a high position gift them one.

"This is Sir Robert Arden."

She pointed to her bodyguard that looked quite grumpy. His eyes met with Silvio's and he found himself twitching slightly. Roland noticed it while observing from the side. It was clear to him that his brother realized that this adventurer was a tier 3 class holder.

"Sir Robert? Good day to you."

"Yes... likewise."

"Then how can we help you? The contract stated that we shouldn't get involved much after we descend to this area of the dungeon."

"Ah yes, let me explain."

Lucille gave a recount of what happened in their encampment and how one of the runic tents was damaged during a monster attack.

“Apparently the gentleman there is a Runesmith, we’d like to borrow his services.”

Soon everyone turned over to Roland who heard the whole conversation. The party here had seen the monster attack from afar but it wasn’t up to them to react to small pests like that.

“Want to borrow Wayland? I don’t see a problem with that, just return him in one piece after you are done.”

Silvio laughed and soon removed him from the conversation. His main purpose here was to warn people about monsters above a certain level. Unless one at the tier 3 level appeared or a swarm of tier 2 monsters attacked, he and the party wouldn’t have much to do.

Roland wanted to give his party leader a smack to the face as he wasn’t even given an option to refuse. Finally, the others started removing themselves from this spot and Roland was left alone with the strange girl and his older brother. He now stood before the two while silence fell upon them, he was the one to break it as he introduced himself.

“It’s Wayland.”

“Ah, a pleasure Sir Wayland.”

“I’m not a knight, just call me Wayland.”

He replied in a somewhat monotone voice. It didn’t seem that his brother had realized that he was his younger brother. From what he could tell he looked somewhat annoyed, probably from the way Roland was talking.

Due to being a person from the modern world he wasn’t that used to showing proper decorum. Then he had spent quite a bit at a noble’s house but no one really cared to give him any ethics classes. Things like that would be brought up at the mage or knight academy that he would have been forced to attend if he didn’t run away.

“Ah yes, so you want me to repair some of the tents?”

“Yes, do you think you could take a look?”

“Yes, sure.”

Roland nodded as he knew that refusing now would not be something he could do. Even though he didn’t want to involve himself with the nobles nor with his brother, he had to. He was obligated due to the contract that he had signed.

‘Let me get this over with... why is that girl looking at me like that...’

“Ah... should we go?”

After his reply, there was a moment of silence. He noticed that this blue-haired girl stopped and just continued looking at him. Soon he realized that she wasn’t really looking at him but at his runic armor instead. She did say something about runes and was quite focused on his hammer before the two idiots started bickering.

“Yes, of course, excuse me it’s just your armor... it’s so fascinating... did you really make it yourself?”

“Mhm.”

After another awkward moment, they finally moved towards the knight camp. The girl took up space to the right of Roland while Robert was to his left. He could see that his brother wasn't amused and he was even holding his hand on his sword. Trust was certainly something that he didn't have here, one wrong word or move and he might have to defend himself.

“And that hammer of yours... I'm sure that it was one of these runes... wait a moment Sir Wayland.”

Lucille stopped for a moment while putting her hand into a pouch on the side of her robe. After some digging, she pulled out a thick book that had some runic symbols on it. The girl started flipping pages through it and finally opened up on a section that had one of the runes that he placed on his hammer.

“Here it's the common mana proficiency rune.”

Roland stopped in his tracks and looked at the content of this book. In it was indeed the rune that he used or at least a variation of it. He was well informed in many runes and with a glance, he could see some flaws in the runic structure. Something like this didn't even require his debugging skill as he had gone through so many runic structures that picking out flaws had become easy.

This wasn't the interesting part about this diagram, that was the book in question. It looked quite thick and even had a small magical academy crest at the side.

“Yes that's a similar rune... but it has some flaws.”

He replied while focusing on the parchment. Due to having had to mostly teach himself about runes he was astonished to finally see a proper book about runes. It had descriptions of common runes. The most he could hope of buying himself would be a book with lesser runes. The ones at the higher grades were hidden away by dwarven craftsmen that only allowed people from their circle to go through them.

“Flaws? It's an intermediate rune model, you can tell just by looking? How magnificent!”

The girl's eyes went wider while looking between the rune on the book's page and the armored man before her. Roland on the other hand felt goosebumps all over his neck. He could tell that his dear brother was glaring at him.

“Which parts have flaws if I may ask, Sir Wayland?”

It seemed that Lucille was keeping up with the Sir part even though she knew that he was a common adventurer. The mage types did sometimes look at a person that was more knowledgeable than them as someone above them. This girl seemed to be interested in runes and this was something that he knew well.

“Ah sure, may I?”

Roland looked to Robert to measure his reaction but his dear brother continued to glare. It looked like he wanted him to do what this lady asked him. Thus he asked to be handed this book of runes, doing it also out of curiosity.

“Here you go, Sir Wayland.”

He thought that the girl would not relinquish such a costly book that would go for many gold coins on the auction easily. However, she instantly put it into his hand when he asked her about it.

“Here, this runic pathway is out of alignment and this strengthening component needs to be moved a millimeter to the left...”

He mentioned some easy flaws that he had spotted which only made the girl’s eyes sparkle even more.

“Fascinating, wait a moment Sir Wayland!”

The girl quickly put her hand into her spatial bag and pulled out another book. She quickly flipped through the pages.

“Indeed! This would remove the small mana blockage and increase the spell output by about 6%! And you could tell just by a glance!”

The girl started going berserk in front of him while showing him another diagram, this time of the same rune but of a higher grading. The diagram also had some explanations to the side it seemed that it was clarifying the flaws it had.

“Ah sure... I am a Runesmith...”

Roland wasn’t really sure why this young woman was acting this way. These were still only common grade runes, all Runesmiths should be able to work on them.

“Not just any Runesmith could do something like this, Sir Wayland must be a master at his craft!”

“Uhh... thank you?”

It was unclear to him how he compared to the other Runesmith but by this girl’s reaction, it seemed that he did something rare. Maybe it was a lot harder to spot mistakes in the schematics as he did for the common Runesmith?

“Is that the tent...”

To get the girl’s attention somewhere else he pointed to a damaged tent that had a hole in the salamander leather. It looked like the monster somehow charged into it before being killed by the knights. There was still some fresh blood on it to prove his point.

The other knights were also looking at him now. The cooling inside of his armor had to go into overdrive to keep him from sweating. He had hoped to never go into this camp filled with nobles. Saying the least while lowering his intonation was the most he could do.

“Ah, the tent? Can you look at this rune before that...”

“Lady Lucille, I think we should let the adventurer do his job...”

Robert finally spoke up after remaining silent for the past few minutes. It didn’t seem that Roland’s cover had been broken.

“Ah... yes you are right Sir Robert...”

“Please proceed.”

Robert moved to the side and Roland moved over to the damaged tents. These models were exactly the same premade ones that he saw the schematics for. The two ones that were at his party's camp had been slightly improved upon. He had risen the rune quality to the highest

'Let me fix this fast and get out of here... Do I get paid extra for this?'

Roland thought to himself while moving over to the damaged tent. After investigating he noticed that some of the scaffolding was bent and out of shape. The leather wasn't that ripped which was good as it needed to keep the heat at bay.

It didn't seem like the other people would be helping him much so he needed to pull the leather to the side. It was bloodied a bit but nothing that wouldn't come out if it was washed thoroughly.

The side of this tent was hit by the monster, there was a clear dent in it along with some scratches in a few other places. This tent was made from a lesser alloy that included deep steel-like properties.

It was similar to aluminum and made it much lighter but also less resistant than deep steel. It was a softer alloy that was good at holding runic spells, which it was made for. Roland couldn't see any embedded mana stones anywhere which meant that it was made with the manufacturing technique that he was working towards.

'Good, at least I won't need to play with mana stones.'

First came the bending of everything into shape, even though this was a softer alloy Roland did activate his runes to give him more strength. With a better grip and added stats, he started bending the pipes back into shape.

His evolved Runesmith Lord's eyes allowed him to spot all the broken runic structures without having to go through them one by one. This was one of the features of this skill besides looking into the deeper sections of the runes to reveal their code.

The rest of it was similar to the previous tent that he worked on. With the help of the runic wands, he heated up the broken parts till they were nice and red. He then started tapping them with his hammer while getting the runic structures into the correct shape.

Luckily for him, there weren't that many broken parts and none of the rods snapped. If that was the case he would need to weld them into place. The problem with welding was that he didn't have the same alloy to melt onto the damaged parts. Thus he would need to put ethereal pathways into the components instead.

After about thirty minutes of working, he gave the tent a go with his own mana. The scaffolding started glowing blue and the small podest on the ground started releasing cold air.

It was a success, the only thing that remained was to connect this to a mana fluid container that also had the proper runes on it. This container was placed in the middle of the tent on a small plate in the middle. This plate was connected to the rest of the tent and used the container with the mana fluid as fuel.

"There, it's fixed. You just need to place the leather over the tent..."

When he turned around he saw a rather excited blue-haired woman. Robert was next to her, sweating a bit. He thought that the two would just go away and resume whatever they were doing but instead, they stayed to watch him work.

“Sir. Wayland, you must teach me about the runes! That red glow... is that some sort of strengthening spell? Does that armor have a cooling effect? You seem to be fine in this heat even when wearing thick armor!”

For some reason the girl was relentless. He wasn't sure what this was about, she was clearly a frost mage and not a Runesmith. Without the proper skills, she wouldn't be able to craft any runes or affect them in any way.

‘Is there some kind of Rune Mage class? Does she want to get it? Never heard of it though..’

“Excuse me...Lady Lucille but this wasn't what I was hired for...”

He was interested in the books that the woman had but he also didn't want to remain in this encampment. Now that he was done with the repairs he just wanted to return to his party. Without him around he also feared that they might screw up the second tent again, leaving it Armand's sausage hands was not something he wanted to do.

“Hired? Do you require some payment? I can pay! Is this enough!”

“Huh?”

The lady quickly moved her hand into her bag once more and pulled out a satchel with coins. Roland opened up this satchel and if his helmet was exposed they would see his eyes bulging. It was filled with large and small gold coins, he would need to work at least for a few months to get this kind of cash himself.

“Uh...So what exactly did you want to know about runes...”