

Runesmith 143

[Chapter 143 Hiring.](#)

“Hey boss, I know you said that you didn’t want to be bothered but...”

“... Is it another one?”

“Yes... but there is more than one this time around, should I tell them to leave?”

“Uh...”

Roland gave out a grunt while closing his notebook. The room he was in had its walls covered with large strange runic schematics that Bernir had no way of figuring out. There were crumpled-up papers thrown to the side.

In the middle of this room, there was a small stand on which an orb was on. This was no simple orb but a core that came from a golem monster. This stand was fashioned from silvery metal that also consisted of many runic inscriptions that were immaculately crafted to somehow work with it.

‘I’ll never finish if this continues, I should have never gone to that marketing event.’

A few weeks ago Roland found himself called to the guild. The guild master was all smiles and he commended him on making the runic weapons so fast.

At first, Roland thought that the man was just trying to make him work more. He might have been a bit overzealous in fashioning the items which proved his output being quite high.

Luckily for him, the contract had a set minimum number of things that he was required to make per month any surplus depended on his mood.

This was true, the conversation started with this but soon it was pushed into a different direction. Even though there were new items in the stores, not many people were buying them. Thus they came up with an advertising campaign to boost the sales.

To Roland who was not that against making some money this didn’t sound like such a bad idea. For a successful business, a good brand was a requirement. Only if his wares were known would people flock to them.

By being the only Runesmith in the city he had a leg up against his competition that could only order wares from outside. The people also trusted more what they saw, some would rather get things from the locals as they could always return the wares if something broke.

If they got their weapon from the auction house there was always a risk of costly repairs. Such repairs would need them to travel to specialists that could very well be on the other side of the island.

Just as most rare class holders they mostly flocked to the more developed cities that they knew would not waste their talents. Albrook on the other hand still needed a few more years to be able to attract more people.

He was talked into taking part in the presentation and the rest was history. It was his first real public appearance and quite the learning experience. Even though he was not good with social interactions

when it came to business it was different. When he knew what to expect from the exchange it wasn't that bad.

After this event where he showed off his runic shield, his name had become widespread. He was unsure what was happening behind the scenes but suddenly a week or so ago there was the first knock on the gate and the flood gates were open.

"What do you want?"

Roland had Bernir install a little peek hole that could be slid open from the inside. He was doing this just now as he was still reserved about letting people inside of his home. Not till he had figured out a better way of handling intruders than landmines.

"Good day, isn't this where the town runesmith works? I heard that I could get my magical items repaired here."

What he saw was a somewhat well-gear'd adventurer couple. With all the tier 2 monsters running around, the city slowly filled up with silver and gold ranked adventurers. The latter ones were quite the big spenders as with a lack of magical equipment it was hard to battle some of the creatures.

"Yes, that's me... what needs repairing?"

The man was wearing some deep steel armor which was not magical in nature but then he took out a nice-looking silver longsword.

"I see, please place it on the tray."

After saying this a long tray popped out from the door that could even fit in a whole armor set. The person that was holding the sword looked to his female companion that just shrugged at him.

"The guild said that we could trust the Runesmith."

The man nodded and placed the sword into the tray which then Roland pulled back inside. After taking the sword into his hand he could tell what the runic enchantment was. The blade's handle looked somewhat worn out but the blade was nice and sharp.

"Frost blade rune..."

"Oh, you can tell from one glance?"

"See, I told you that this will be quicker than going to the main city!"

Roland murmured to himself and it was heard by the man that handed him the weapon. It seemed that he was really the only craftsman in the city that could do quick repairs. The word was slowly spreading and he would probably be getting a lot more customers.

"The handle needs to be remade but that's not what I'm offering, the rune has deteriorated below half of its original. I'm sure you've noticed that it's not working as well as it should."

"That's right, when I got this sword six months ago it worked like a charm but now I can barely use the enchantment. Can you fix it?"

The man replied while agreeing with Roland. Overuse of runic equipment caused the runes to deteriorate. Depending on the runes grade this could happen sooner than later. With a lack of runesmiths around it would be hard to get this in working condition. If a rune dropped below thirty percent it would more than likely stop working.

“Yes, it will cost ... one small gold coin.”

“A whole small gold coin?”

“Yes, if you don’t like the price you can try another runesmith.”

The man thought for a second and nodded. All things considered, this was not that steep of a price as adventuring to another city to find a good runesmith would prove a lot pricier.

“Please come back tomorrow to get your sword back.”

Soon Roland closed the latch while noticing the surprised expression on the man’s face. He knew that look as most magical craftsmen took sometimes a week to get such an item into working condition.

For this runic craftsman, on the other hand, repairing this rune would not take more than thirty minutes. The only reason that he told them to come back the next day was so that people didn’t get the wrong idea. They could start demanding quick repairs on the spot if they knew that he could do it.

It didn’t take much time and he earned a lot of money. Due to this, it was hard for him to refuse this business venture. He could earn quite a penny by just repairing runic items which was much easier than fully runecrafting them.

There was also the added bonus of him getting free access to more runic schematics. With his debugging skill, he also didn’t really need to worry about not being able to repair a never-before-seen rune. Thus he had come to a decision that would save him a lot of time.

“Another one Boss? You sure are getting popular!”

“Heh, popular. Good that you are here, I need to talk with you about something, wait a moment here.”

Roland descended into his workshop while Bernir waited in the living room. In a minute he returned with a rolled-up parchment which he then placed on the table.

“Isn’t that the plan of this property?”

“Yes, I redrew it and added a couple of things, here have a look at it.”

Roland knew that Bernir was the building type as he had worked as a carpenter for a part of his life.

“Did you add a new building here? Hm... are you finally?”

Bernir rubbed his red beard and soon realized what this addon to the land would be. It was quite spacious and would be placed inside of his property.

“Yes, I wanted to wait longer but how things are now...”

“Aye, your renown is growing, if things continue like this we’ll be swamped with work soon.”

Roland nodded as what the new building plans entailed was a new building that would house his own shop. Inside of it he would place all the runic wares that he made as well as the ones that Bernir produced.

There were just too many people getting aware of him. There was a certain advantage that he had over the dwarven craftsmen here which was that he was actually not part of their union.

Any union member gained a lot of benefits from signing up with them but there were certain drawbacks. One of these drawbacks was something akin to taxes. The union would take a part of their earnings.

For new and upcoming crafters it didn't seem like a bad deal. They received help from a giant that was the union and would be able to work with the best masters from the kingdom. On the other hand the further they progressed the more they would see that they skipped the small text in the contract.

The contracts were mostly the same and the fees that might have seemed nice and just at the start of their craftsman journey soon became predatory. The only way to get away from those was to prove themselves as worthy of investments.

Roland didn't suffer from this contract and could take all the earnings for himself. The contract that he had with the guild only forced him to offer some wares to them. While he was not allowed to sign up with the competitors like the guild he was free to open up his own business.

He was sure to be adamant about this part of the contract. If he didn't get the flexibility of running his own operation he would have refused to sign it, to begin with. He would still need to go through the guild providers for resources that he didn't gather himself.

With a treasure trove of magical metals waiting for him in the dungeon, he was hopeful that this would not pose a problem even if the costs increased. The guild master was an asshole but he didn't seem like the type to screw him over, at least not too much.

"But boss, if we open up this shop then we will need someone to run it, can one person even handle it?"

Bernir was right, there was no way that Roland and his assistant could stay in the store while also working on their craft. They at least needed one salesperson to take care of it.

"Yes I know and I'm aware."

"Then do you mean?"

Roland nodded while Bernir for some reason looked quite ecstatic.

"Yes, please boss, can we hire a young lass?"

Roland facepalmed as the reason was quickly revealed to him. After talking with Dyana he was aware of his assistant's lecherous nature. There would certainly be a problem of keeping him away from the other workers if he allowed it.

The other shops that were serious about their business all had lady workers on the forefront. They were just better at smiling and attracting the clientele. Even back in his old world, this was a tactic most stores used as men were willing to pay more whenever a cute girl was looking at them.

“We probably will, not sure if we’ll get many customers if you sit there instead.”

“Hey! What’s that supposed to mean?”

Roland shrugged before pointing back to the building plans.

“Let’s get this done first, I can’t be bothered with looking over the runic items every time someone wanders over here. We will have our new hire take care of that.”

With this expansion, he wished to lower the burden on himself and Bernir included. He was not sure how many workers he needed, some stores had many while others were run by just one person.

With more workers, it also meant that he would need to wall up the backyard that was more or less a death trap for anyone that didn’t know what was hidden there. This would also keep people away from snooping on his wind turbines as more of them would soon be placed there.

“We might also need a new storage shed closer to the new store.”

“How about we connect it to the underground workshop directly? This will save us the trouble of having people wandering around and getting blown up...”

Bernir commented and Roland agreed as he remembered a certain noble lady almost doing that.

“I think we will need to hire some guards as well, do you know anyone trustworthy?”

“Can’t say I do, I could ask the lasses at the guild for some recommendations.”

With the added notoriety and the opening of an actual store with lots of costly items inside, there was a need for protection. They could not just leave a defenseless person alone in a store filled with runic weapons. They would be asking to get robbed if they did that.

In Roland’s mind, it would be great if he could just produce golems for protection against thieves. This would alleviate the problem he was running into with the mines. This wasn’t something feasible for the time being as he was only at the stage where he could erase the golem core’s old programming.

“What about the pricing and will you be keeping the books?”

“I...”

This was one of the more difficult questions. Roland was somewhat aware of the prices the items on the market had but he was not an expert. He didn’t really have time to research the market and follow the trends.

It would be best if his new worker would be able to do this but finding someone that could run the store and was also good at calculating the expenses was hard. There was also the question of trust as it was quite easy to withhold information.

It would be easy for someone to hike up the prices even slightly and take the excess for themselves. Some people could even smuggle in their own wares that they could sell at his store which could cause problems down the line if they were of poor quality.

“It will be hard to find someone trustworthy.”

“Someone that is good with numbers, is a solid worker, a looker and that we could trust... Hey! Isn't there one person that fits that description boss?”

Bernir looked at Roland with a grin on his face. It took a moment for him to figure out who Bernir meant with that description. There was one lady in particular that somewhat fit what they needed, she did seem like the trustworthy type.

“Her? But she already has a job.”

“What of it boss?, you just need to offer her a bit more of what she is getting now, I'm sure she is also tired of working with the rabble. I think she will bite.”

Roland thought of this new potential worker. From the people that he knew she did seem the most trustworthy. She did have a good work ethic and her situation did imply that a better paying job could entice her to quit her old one.

“Yes, she is perfect!”

“She does feel like the best option from the people that I know but...”

“But what boss?”

“Oh, nothing...”

The talk was of course of Elodia, the guild receptionist. Roland was well aware of the orphanage situation that was now suffering due to Armand losing some of his privileges.

It would be up to him to make the right pitch to get her over to his side. Would the bad blood that he has with Armand keep her from accepting the deal? He did put a big hole into their family's budget after he fought with him in the city. She could very well be holding a grudge even though she was not showing it.

‘Maybe I should get Bernir to go talk with her instead...’

Roland looked to his assistant but soon started shaking his head.

“He, he. She always wears those baggy and reserved clothes but I'm sure she has a sinful body underneath, I'll go find a nice uniform for her...”

“...”

‘I guess it's up to me...’

Roland groaned a bit while slumping his shoulders forward. This would be a battle that he needed to fight himself.

[Chapter 144 Work.](#)

“You're a lifesaver Elodia!”

An elf with golden hair could be seen hugging a woman wearing glasses that had a stack of papers in her hand.

“I don’t know what I would do without you around.”

Elodia took a step back from the overzealous elf as the stack of files in her hand had almost tipped over. Soon her co-worker left the area as she had a very important ‘appointment’ with a new admirer.

“Yes, whatever would you do...”

Elodia grumbled to herself while looking at the extra work that she would have to do. This wasn’t the first time her friend left her with some extra things to do.

If it happened that some of it wasn’t completed till the next day the guild master would probably give both of them an earful. Being that she was already on shaky ground since that incident with Armand she would rather not risk it.

All of this would take her about an extra hour to finish which was that bad. Ever since the guild master started dipping his toes in the weapon dealing business the workload had increased.

There were a few new hires here and there but it fell on her to show them the ropes. Being the top worker had its ups but also had its lows. Being the most knowledgeable person around just made everyone look to her for advice. This in effect took away from her own workload that only stacked up till the end of the day.

Knowing that something like this could happen Elodia had already spoken with Lobelia, her younger sibling. She would need to take care of the kids till she came back home. Luckily she was not out adventuring this day as they had recently come back from a dungeon run.

She could remember the day before, that morning more shouts between her brother and other adventurers took place. Armand was still quite hot-headed which caused him to but heads with the other adventurers.

He and Lobelia came as a team but they didn’t belong to any larger adventurer group. They either went together or joined smaller groups that were searching for some helping hands.

Armands track record was not that good. Whenever he got involved in any of the better parties they kicked him out after some kind of silly incident. The only reason that he was able to somewhat get work done was his skills.

Compared to the other warrior types in his level range he stood out. This could be attributed to the way that he grew up and his big sister here knew why.

“At least that person can knock him down a peg...”

She thought back to a certain armored man that had tussled with her younger brother. Even though he was younger than Armand he was able to come out on top after each clash. Now it seemed that her brother had somewhat calmed down when being around the one that bested him.

Elodia gave out a chuckle after remembering the last time that she witnessed her new friend at the presentation. As expected he looked like a fish out of water, the way he talked to the audience was remarkably fast. It was clear that he wanted to get it over with haste but this only made him stand out more.

He did feel a bit strange and unique when she compared him to the other people that she met. At first, he looked like someone that was trying to hide and run away from something. This was something that she could relate to as she and her 'family' had also moved here to start anew.

His existence felt like a bundle of contradictions. He seemed to want to avoid people, thus his choice of living in a secluded part outside the city was logical. Then on the other hand he wore quite the set of flashy red armor with various runes on it. Even she found herself looking at the craftsmanship, it was as if he was trying to get people to look at him.

The visits to the adventurer guild were always swift and direct. At first, he seemed to be avoiding her but sometimes he did visit her part of the guild. He always seemed to know what he came to do and how to maximize his earnings. There were no bothersome questions or harassment like from some of the less stellar adventurers.

Then came the fateful day where he had done something surprising. In defense of his assistant, he rushed into one of the pubs and beat up one of the infamous adventurer parties. The rest was history and her attempt of sweeping Armand's involvement under the rug didn't go through well.

"Ah, what was I thinking..."

Elodia gave out a sigh while placing some papers to the side. While remembering the scolding she received and also how much money their household had lost during the whole event she could only shake her head.

Luckily Wayland did not push for further punishment with which Armand could still continue his work as an adventurer. Her hard work to make a good impression on the guild master went down the drain. She was hoping for a raise but now it would be hard to ask as she angered the guild master.

The hour passed swiftly and the stack of papers was neatly organized to the side. They were accounting records of the guild's new venture.

Normally guild masters didn't really dip their toes in this line of business. Most other guilds only possessed shops with the most basic equipment that only the lower tier adventurers used. When they moved up in ranks they all found their own blacksmith to fit their fighting style.

Aurdhan their guild master seemed to be somewhat of an entrepreneur. He used the fact that a runesmith was also an adventurer and somehow was able to reel him in. After the presentation, the runic weapons that were put on the shelves were slowly bought out.

At first, the adventurers were wary about using untested wares but Wayland's name was becoming known. This was mostly spread by the new adventurers that were said to have been helped by him during the dungeon runs.

With his name spreading in good faith some of the adventurers tried the new weapons out. The preliminary reviews were good and the runic versions of the enchanted weapons proved themselves to be better than their lesser counterparts. They required less mana and were able to produce better effects which was all that was needed.

"But will this be enough?"

While the accounts showed the rise in the runic weapons this could not be said for all the other wares. The stores were unable to sell much of the regular gear as the dwarven run shops had dropped the prices. It was clear that it had become a war of attrition which would be tough for the new arrivals.

Even though the dwarves could get the backing of their union, this was not an infinite resource. The big shots would need to actually agree that it was worthwhile to invest in Albrook. If this didn't happen the two sides would need to somewhat coexist with each other.

'I should get back home.'

Elodia stretched out as it was finally over. While leaving the guild she could see some of the other receptionist ladies working. They all had to spend quite some time in the guild, the pay was good but the hours were long.

There were not many free days and all the receptionist girls had to somewhat discuss it amongst themselves. They would be given money for the extra hours which was why Elodia mostly found herself filling that spot.

"Big sis is back!"

"Hey, what did I tell you about running in the house?"

"He he he."

When Elodia finally returned to her home she was greeted by a scene of Lobelia chasing one of the small ones with a ladle in her hand. She could only smile at the scene as more kids came out to greet her.

For a change all of the adults were here at the same time, even Armand didn't seem to have slipped out for his nightly adventures.

All of the family had been gathered here, the oldest of the kids was only ten. With a lack of resources between the three adults, it was hard for them to spend it on an ascension crystal.

She and the others knew that every moment mattered. Only when they received a proper class could the kids progress through life. Even the simplest class would help them get a way to survive. Without it, they would be left to the mercy of others.

Together with herself, Armand and Lobelia, there were twenty-three heads to feed in this orphanage. This number had been smaller when they arrived here as with time more children without a family moved in.

Even though the dungeon seemed like a way to get rich fast it was not such an easy task. Many people wandered into it without realizing their limitations. It was easy to lose your way in the dim-lit corridors and the heat only added to the confusion. Many young men and women went in and never came back.

This only left their loved ones out in the streets with no way of paying for their lodging fees or food. Some of the young ones found themselves here while others remained in the streets in hopes of a faster payout.

The mayors and the nobles only looked up. Expanding and building the better parts of the city was a priority but this left many others behind. Not all were fortunate enough to earn a useful skill that would aid them through the harshness of life.

The building that they were living in was not in a good state. There were holes in the ceiling and sometimes large rats greeted them in the morning. With a lack of time and funds, it was hard to get this place in order.

Armand the man of the house was still immature and would rather spend his time outside hunting monsters. He did bring in most of the money so now one could complain but he left it up to the others to take care of the uncomfortable parts.

Elodia was saddened by the fact that she didn't receive a battle-related class. She felt a lot less useful as she could not earn as much to take care of the kids. The only thing that remained for her to do was to manage the family expenses. It was as if the gods were playing tricks with her as the class that she received was fashioned with this.

She would have probably been a perfect head maid in a lord's house with her skill set of accounting and housework. She was good at cleaning, cooking, and economics. Her skills let her analyze any faults in calculations with but a single glance. Thus she also found herself doing the bulk of the work at the guild as the other workers knew well that she had skills that helped her finish her work faster.

"Hey Elodia, take this."

After all of the kids were fed, Armand approached her while she was cleaning the dishes. In her hand, she saw a crystal, the same one that she once used to get her very own polymath class. This class allowed her to learn a lot of skills like accounting and statistics but was not very specialized.

"Give it to Rayne, she will soon be eleven..."

"So that's why you haven't been coming home for so long"

Elodia smiled at Armand and petted his shoulder, at this the large man moved backward with a certain awkward expression on his face.

"Thank you."

"Hah, it was an easy task for this great me!"

Her smiling face quickly turned sour as after her compliment her younger brother started laughing.

"Maybe if you didn't cause trouble last time we would be able to afford the crystal sooner."

The laughing stopped suddenly as Elodia met Armand's gaze. This gaze he evaded as he quickly left the room in a hurry.

"I think he learned his lesson already, even I'm starting to feel bad for him..."

"Then don't, unless he does something about that attitude, I'm going to remind him of it!"

Elodia fixed her glasses and went back to washing dishes and soon the next day approached. With her being gone it fell to the oldest Rayne to take care of the younger kids. She wished that she could remain here longer but the work at the guild would not finish itself.

The day started off the same as always with large sweaty adventurers visiting her side of the guild. While she took care of the work with haste her friend Solana lost precious time with useless banter. Even then the customers that were at that side seemed somewhat happier.

This was one of the big mysteries of the craft which she still didn't fully understand. She was the best but this didn't reflect in customer satisfaction. Whenever she asked Solana about it she only received laughs and the only advice was to smile more but whenever she tried it seemed to turn the customers off even more.

After few hours of dealing with the usual rabble and less than stellar stares a curious visitor arrived. Not that long ago it would be hard not to spot him as he usually went around wearing flashy red armor.

Now on the other hand his clothes were less reserved but he still had that strange atmosphere around him. Elodia couldn't put a finger on it but she felt somewhat lordly, as if he was of noble birth. Though that aura started to diminish whenever they spoke as he was not much for talking.

It was not time for him to pick up his cut from the store earnings nor was it time for him to deliver them. So she was a bit curious as it seemed that he was walking towards her.

"Mr. Wayland, how can I help you today?"

She stood up straight and made sure that her uniform was without a blemish. For one reason or another, the young man's eyes started darting all around as if he didn't know what to say. Thus with a little push, she repeated.

"Mr. Wayland, is everything alright?"

"Ah yes, everything is fine Ms. Elodia... I have a question."

"A question? What is your question?"

Before answering he looked to each side and finally started with a somewhat resolute voice.

"It's better if we don't do this here, when do you finish?"

"When do I finish?"

"Yes, when do you get off work."

"Um... it's still morning, I'll be here for another seven hours or so."

"Great, I'll come to pick you up then, I have something to discuss."

After having said that, the young man nodded and excused himself from the guild counter that she was working at. Elodia was unsure of what the meaning of those words was but soon her co-worker Solana's face appeared right next to her.

"What is this? You and Wayland? You never told me you like younger guys! How could you."

“Huh? What are you talking about?”

Elodia had to take a moment to figure out what her elven co-worker meant. Having focused on working and family safety made her a bit blind to romance which caused her to space out for a while. This was followed by a certain reaction to the notion of having any kind of suitor.

“You look like a ripe tomato, it must be the truth!”

“What are you talking about! Me and Mr. Wayland are in no such relationship!”

“But he just set up a date!”

“No, he didn’t!”

The adventurers in line stood watch at the back and forth between the two women. It took a few minutes for them to settle but this did not alleviate the questions that Elodia now had.

Did Armand do something again and Wayland wanted to complain to her about it? Was it about work-related things? But why would he need to wait for her to finish work before talking to her? Could what Solana was talking about be true? Could he really be wanting to pursue her?

These questions continued to fill her mind throughout the whole day. It was hard to focus as she did not know what to do. She was of the mind that relations between people working together was taboo. The young runesmith was somewhat employed by the guild but he was more like a contractor than a regular employee.

“Good luck, you will need it!”

“It’s not like that...”

Solana gave Elodia a wink while she just rolled her eyes. Her mind was telling her that it was job-related but for some reason, there was a certain strange feeling inside her chest. A part of her hoped that he wouldn’t show up but another one did the reverse.

“Ms. Elodia.”

The moment she pushed the guild door open she heard his voice. There he was in his new clothes and with his face revealed. He slowly walked up to her which caused Elodia to take a step back.

“Ah... good evening Mr. Wayland.”

“Yes, I apologize for keeping you from going home if you want we can talk along the way. It really won’t take long.”

For one reason or another, she found herself walking with the town Runesmith back home. While he said that it wouldn’t take long he remained silent for a prolonged period before she finally broke it herself.

“Mr. W-wayland?”

“Ah, yes I’m sorry, I don’t really have much experience with these things...”

“With these things?”

“Yes, you’ll be my first if you agree.”

‘Wait what, I’ll be his first? He is younger than me... was that idiot elf actually right?’

“Ms. Elodia, I think we danced around it long enough so I’ll just ask you.”

“W-wait Mr. Wayland, I’m not ready!”

“Would you be willing to work for me? I’m willing to of course pay you more than what the guild is offering you but we can agree on the terms later...”

“Huh? You want me to work for you?”

Elodia almost tumbled forward at the revelation of Wayland’s true intent. She felt equally relieved while also somewhat angry for an unknown reason that she was not sure about...