

Runesmith 149

[Chapter 149 Think fast.](#)

Determined Scholar

Title

A title given to scholars that in the wake of their studies have pushed through their physical limits to attain enlightenment in their academic field.

Parallel Thinking

Trait

Grants the ability to think about multiple things and notions at the same time, speed, and amount is determined by the intelligence stat.

Just as he was about to go to sleep he was rewarded by a new title and even a trait. The title was obviously given to him because of his unhealthy sleeping schedule.

With the help of his sleeping resistance that then has evolved into an immunity, he was able to maintain himself with only short naps. While the skill had the 'immunity' world to it, it didn't allow him to quite resist the temptations of sleep.

It was possible for him to stay up for about three days with no serious strain to his mind or body, but after that, he would feel quite drowsy. This skill was only at level two for now, thus Roland wondered that maybe if he maxed it out he could actually attain true sleep immunity.

While the title was a nice bonus, what he really was interested in was the second thing he received, mainly the Parallel Thinking trait. After reading through the explanation he got the general gist of it but he was unsure of how it was supposed to work.

'Is this trait supposed to help me be better at multitasking?'

Roland was not sure how to activate this trait but while going through the explanation he tried testing it out. He tried thinking about a hard mathematical problem while also trying to recall some activities that he did the previous day.

It was a bit odd at first but he found that he was actually able to visualize all of it separately. He managed to perform this thinking exercise at the same time without having to strain his brain too much.

'I wonder...'

With some inspiration, he pulled out two pieces of paper. This was part of the research material that he received from the Professor. One had research concerning golems while the other went into more detail about the runic programming.

His test started as he attempted to read both of these pages at once. It was difficult at first as he found it hard to spread out his gaze between the two papers. After a few minutes of straining his eyes, he was finally able to read both of them at the same time.

When he stopped he could clearly recall the information that he just went through without any holes in his memory. This realization made him lean back and chuckle, such a trait was a godsend for this situation.

With so much research material and golem-related research, he was having a hard time keeping it together. He still had to craft runic equipment for the guild while also thinking about his own shop, the house defenses, and then his family problems.

With this handy trait, he could double his research speed, maybe even triple or quadruple them. The description added a part about his intelligence stat which made the trait better. Intelligence was his best stat from them all. It was also possible that his rare class multiplier would be accounted for.

After the golem testing was concluded Roland found himself doing a whole different round of testing. He needed to know the limits that this newly gained trait would give him. First came the reading test, which brought him to about three separate texts at once.

The biggest limit when reading was concerned depended on his line of sight. It was hard to focus if the books were not close to each other. It was also a bit awkward to read at first but Roland discovered that he could also move his arms independently from each other.

While he was reading some texts he was also able to scribe down a runic scroll. The grade dropped a bit at the first try but after he got used to it, he was able to actually scribe and read at the same time.

Roland was sure that if he wanted he could create two separate runic scrolls at the same time. It was as if he had two separate heads working half of his body when he was performing this task. Luckily this trait didn't give him something like an alternate personality, he was still only one person that could just use his brain functions at a higher rate.

It took him the whole night and ever all morning to go through figuring this thing out. He realized that even though this trait was meant for gathering more knowledge it could very well be used for battle.

His mind was able to react to more than one stimulus at the same time. It would clearly be handy during combat. While he focused on the enemy's weapon with one part of his mind, at the same time he could look for that deceptive strike that was coming and instantly react to it when it happened.

This was easier said than done as he did not really have that much battle experience in using this trait. It could help him combat the gap that was slowly increasing between him and people with true battle classes.

While they trained themselves to have lightning-fast reflexes and react to everything within a split second thanks to practice, he could use brainpower for a similar effect. Instead of muscle memory, he would actively react to everything by being able to split his thoughts between actions and multiple opponents.

His eyes weren't the only thing that he could separate from his body. Hearing and touch were also accessible. Taking this into account it would help him hear or feel people coming in from unexpected vantage points that he couldn't see with his eyes.

"Hey boss, you wanted to see me? What's with the runic launcher are we getting robbed?"

Roland called Bernir over as he was somewhat intrigued by how flexible this new trait was. The plans were to work on the third iteration of his golem but that could wait. If he managed to master this skill he could very well triple his output.

“No, I just need to test a few things, it’s loaded with empty shells, here.”

Roland gave the slightly improved runic launcher to his assistant and then told him what he needed to do.

“You want me to aim at you and shoot as fast as I can?”

While the runic launcher still needed a crank it could shoot out large spheres of metal faster than Bernir could throw them. Roland just wanted to see if he could react in time to dodge them.

“I don’t think this is such a good idea... you have that look in your eyes, have you not been sleeping enough? How about...”

“I’m fine, I don’t need sleep, now shoot me, we are wasting time.”

While it was true that Roland had been buried in research material and he was starting to feel strained by the work, he was somewhat excited to test this new skill out. Bernir on the other hand knew that his boss was being hasty as this wasn’t the first time when something like this happened.

Roland was smart enough to place a helmet on his head and also use some body armor. He did a peculiar thing though as he didn’t face Bernir directly but turned so that he would see him out of the corner of his eye.

“Uh, boss? Shouldn’t you look at where the shots are coming from?”

“If I did that, then there would be no point in testing this skill...”

The intent of this test was if he could react to a fast incoming threat while not directly looking at it. It would be somewhat easy to do it for him as he was a tier 2 class holder with enhanced reflexes.

What he wanted to do, is to see if his parallel thinking trait was as fast enough to help him react as if he was looking at the muzzle of the runic launcher himself. He could still see Bernir to the side but his attention was elsewhere on a particular scratch on his fence.

Bernir could do nothing but shrug and aim the runic weapon. If Roland had made up his mind about something he knew that he could not change it. He knew that the orbs were hollow and would not cause lasting damage even if they hit Roland.

“Are you ready?”

“Sure, fire them as fast as you can and try aiming for the body.”

Roland got ready as a little green glow appeared on his helmet. This runic spell traveled towards his eyes and made them shine in the same hue. This spell somewhat enhanced his vision and would aid him in this test. He was not quite convinced of his own physical capabilities and wanted to test it first with some help.

The first orb traveled towards him and he could clearly see it going for his chest. Even though his attention was on other things, out of the corner of his eye he was following Bernir's every move.

This new trait allowed him to see his assistant lean forward and take aim. He could clearly tell when the trigger was pulled even though he was mostly focusing his gaze elsewhere.

Thus he stepped to the side just in time for it to pass him and for the next one to be fired. While it wasn't hard to concentrate on the first and second shot, the more pellets traveled his way the more concentration it required.

This new skill seemed to be working just as he had thought. Normally he would not have enough time to turn his head and react fast enough to evade this speedy projectile.

"Okay, that's enough."

Roland started rubbing his chin while looking at the pellets that he had dodged. While he was able to do this when the weapon was right in front of him, could he do the same if two people were firing from other vantage points?

His class was Runesmith, he could not reliably detect people that were standing behind him. He relied on the scanning device to detect hidden enemies and even Agni was better at detecting non-magical traps than him.

Even if he could use his hearing to notice that someone was behind him, he had no training nor skills to judge how far away they were. But this didn't mean that he didn't have something in mind.

With an enhanced reaction time and good eyes, he was thinking of implementing a small aid into his next helmet. Did he really need to keep the detection device in orb form and activate it constantly?

What if he placed it in his helmet and had it show him what was happening behind him in real-time? It would be nothing more than an active radar that would show him if something was at his blind spots.

Then it could be improved to a sort of camera that would actually show him what was happening there. With his Parallel Thinking trait, he could still keep his eyes on it while dealing with whatever was in front of him.

At first, Roland thought that he might need to switch to some sort of battle class to protect himself. But now, on the other hand, he was thinking that he should focus more on what he was good at.

He might have been depending on crafted items too much but so were classes like master swordsmen. Without the right weapon in their hands they would not be able to unleash all of their skills.

Roland's weapon in this situation was his brain and all of his crafted creations that he could bring along. His biggest advantage over others was that he could customize his weapons and also prepare more if he needed them.

Though this also put him at a bigger disadvantage. While a swordsman only needed one sword, he needed a whole lot more. A suit of armor to protect his body and for casting spells. Then he also needed specialized weapons for certain situations. Like for the Ruby Golem that required a heavy sledgehammer type weapon.

Even though he might be able to make himself a number of golems to protect him, it would be impossible to take them along on his dungeon runs. Having them walk all the way from his house and down into the dungeon would probably increase the exploration costs.

What he really needed was a certain storage technology. The golems were not living beings so he would be able to place them in spatial items. This would conserve valuable mana fuel that was needed for them to operate.

This was also something that he was willing to put his research into but there was a small problem. Apparently dimensional magic was quite the difficult field and runemiths were not really the scholarly type.

This was also why all of the storage bags that he had come across were made by other means. He needed to somehow get his hands on that knowledge but he was refused by the only person that could make that true.

The kitty professor apparently didn't think that he was ready to delve into that field of magic. He gave him a little speech about trying to run before being able to walk. It seemed that he would need to prove himself to his academically inclined friend before he gave away the spatial runes.

"I think we shouldn't do things like this here boss."

Bernir called out to him while walking towards the large fence that was reinforced with logs. One of the orbs was embedded in the wood and after pulling it out an indentation was left behind.

"You might be right."

Roland looked at his house again before going back inside to go back to work on his golem. Now equipped with the new trait he wondered how much faster he could improve.

While finishing up with his golem research he and Bernir were also moving along with the expansion. He was deliberating on buying up more land around his home while he was at it.

With his home still being far away from the city, there wouldn't really be a big spike in prices just yet. But when he actually made a successful spot for adventurers to visit, someone might see it as an opportunity to expand towards this location.

There were already moves being made to build up taverns outside of the city. While it was more dangerous it was also not taxed as much. Some people didn't really care about danger and had their own little bands of mercenaries ready to protect their assets.

While Roland would do nothing more than build up defensive turrets and place massive golems all over his property, this dream was a bit far-fetched. It would probably take years till he would have enough skill and money for something like that.

Instead, he would need to add more people to his side. One was the shop attendant which he still hoped to give to Elodia. The other would be to some guards that would stand there and look intimidating.

"I guess it's time, luckily the taxing system in this world is a lot easier than in the old one."

Roland commented while walking down into his workshop in which he would spend the remainder of the day in. After a good night's rest, it was time to head into the city where he would check the prices of land once more.

Then only two days from now, the construction workers would be arriving and he could finally move forward with what he was striving to do for many years, start his own little business.

[Chapter 150 Pesky dwarves.](#)

"Say, whit did thay fin' out?"

"Not much, th' informant didn't wanna git too close as thay 'ave some strange mutt guarding th' house."

A couple of dwarves were talking to each other while grumbling slightly.

"How come ur we paying them if thay can't do thair jab?"

One of the dwarves spoke up as he was unhappy about the lack of information that was given to them. They had been spying on their competition and even hired one of the town's known ruffians to keep an eye out on the house that was outside the city.

"Thay did fin' oot something 'n' it doesn't look good, he reported that thay brought up some streenge shaped lump o' metal..."

"Streenge lump o' metal?"

"Aye, 'twas supposedly movin'"

"Movin'? Is th' basterd already making golems?"

While the information was vague from what their informant described, they came to a conclusion that it could have been a basic type of golem. This information was not taken well as they all finally recognized that they weren't dealing with a simple Runesmith.

"That human mist 'ave someone backing him or he is hiding his real identity, ah juist will not believe that someone that young could mak' a golem."

The dwarves here nodded with their heads. In their eyes, the man that was calling himself Wayland was a true mystery. They saw his wares, in some places they were average at best while in other aspects they overshadowed old masters.

The biggest mystery for them was how a human was doing this. Without the proper guidance and knowledge, it was extremely hard to produce a working rune, even less something complex as a golem.

They could only conclude that he was getting some outside help or he was some old craftsman hiding behind a young man's face. It wasn't unheard of people to use illusion spells to alter their appearance. They were up against a crafty runesmith so it was plausible that he could do such a thing.

"Aye, he might be trying tae mak' a name fur himself 'ere."

The dwarves came to the conclusion that the man named Wayland was probably trying to root himself in this town. He probably had some prior knowledge about runesmithing from an outside source and

was trying to undermine the Dwarven Union's monopoly on runecrafting items in a lesser-known location.

"So how do we go about getting rid of 'im? Should we try to employ 'im ourselves? Ahm not sure if that he wid go for that efter a' that we had done."

The dwarves from the union that had gathered in this town were sent here on a mission. First, they needed to see if it was worthwhile to invest in the city. Albrook passed that initial test and they sent over more people to establish their own smithies and shops meant mostly for the adventurers.

Most of the union's manpower was focused on the main city of Isgard. They were just a branch with very few blacksmithing masters that were not even tier 3 craftsmen.

The two most established were Bamur the Enchantsmith and Dunan that was both an Armorsmith and Weaponsmith. While the two were not tier 3 class holders they were the closest ones to achieving them.

It was a planned move to have these two achieve a breakthrough in this city and entrench the union's grasp on it. With how it was looking now, they were faltering as the human Runesmith's runic wares were more popular than the enchanted ones.

"Aye, too late for dat now. How goes the business though, what off the other artisans?"

Dunan asked while scoffing at one of the other dwarves that was wearing glasses and seemed a bit more refined than the other craftsmen.

"Tis proceeding as planned, we hae been successfully undercutting thair profits. Even th' guild can't complain as we aren't doin' anythin' illegal."

While the runic weapons and trinkets were selling rather well this wasn't for all the other wares. The dwarf-run stores could lower their prices to an extreme and just price the competition out.

This was quite the basic approach which they implemented in all of the cities that they tried to get a footing in. They just lowered the prices to a point until their competition could not sustain themselves. Then they either ran them out of town or had them sign contracts with their union to profit even more.

It didn't seem like this approach would work with the person called Wayland though. His wares were actually selling and they couldn't cut off his resources either as he was getting them through the adventurer guild.

The union and the adventurer guild were somewhat in a turbulent relationship. Both of them somewhat relied on each other to make a profit while also having other avenues to earn coins from.

The dwarves could also outfit armies while the guild could get some items from the dungeons and other artisans. The two behemoths walked a fine line and tried to coexist without damaging their own business model.

While no one wanted to get under the skin of the current guild master. The guild stores weren't really a big part of the adventurer brand. Thus the dwarves here didn't really feel like they would be getting that much backlash if they ran them out of business.

After everything settled they were convinced that the people above them would strike a deal that benefited both sides. What they were responsible for now was how well this deal would be in their favor. If they took over most of the city's market share the guild would be forced to do business with them as their store reputation wouldn't allow them to go forward with their business model.

"Good, let us wait now, if everything goes as planned we won't need to do a thing..."

This chapter upload first at novelusb.com

The dwarves nodded at each other as the decision was made. This concluded their little get-together. The meaning of the last words could soon be seen a few days later at the adventurer's guild quarters.

"What is it now Elodia?"

"It's the shop owners, they wish to talk to you..."

"Talk to me? Tell them to go away, I'm busy."

The guild master was looking over some papers in his office while Elodia tried to inform him about an unruly mob of people.

"I don't think they will listen to reason this time around, the months were not good on them."

"Not good? Is it the blasted dwarves?"

Elodia nodded but as she tried to go into some more detail she heard a loud knock on the door.

"Aurdhan, I know that you are in there, get your ass out here, you have a lot of explaining to do!"

A maddened voice of a woman was heard by both the people inside this office. It was followed up by some more voices and more banging on the door.

"Shit, this is more serious than I expected..."

Aurdhan gave out a sigh but then nodded to Elodia who then unlocked the door. The moment she did about ten people entered the room. It was clear that these people were craftsmen and artisans that had all signed a contract with the guild. All of them pushed themselves inside and at the front was a peculiar beast woman with cow-like horns.

"There you are, explain yourself!"

"Dyana? What's gotten into you..."

Aurdhan looked at the maddened blacksmiths. They all started shouting at the same time so it was hard to understand at first but he quickly figured out what was going on. Due to the dwarven union's stranglehold on the city, these people were being shunned.

"Please, everyone calm down, the guild master will hear you out."

Elodia interrupted from the side and was able to somewhat calm the angry mob down and they finally started talking.

"Nothing is selling, the adventurers just take one peek at the prices before leaving!"

“Yeah! How are we to contend with halved prices, I’ve even seen them dropping prices further than that!”

It was clear that these artisans were not able to make a living now. Their products weren’t bad but they just could not compete with discounted wares of the dwarves.

“I have a family, my children will starve if I can’t bring in any coin! The only thing that the adventurers are willing to take are those blasted runic weapons but that’s not enough!”

“Yeah, it’s that Runesmith, it’s all his fault, everything was fine until he showed up!”

“Now wait a moment there...”

The guild master tried to interrupt the conversation as it started going in a weird direction. It was clear that these people were mad and were looking for someone or something to blame. They started blaming the Runesmith that was providing them with some magical items.

Before they started selling those they were doing fine, thus he was an easy target to blame because of the timeframe was produced. To them it didn’t matter that the dwarven union was to blame, it was an entity that they didn’t see themselves fighting against. Instead of fighting, they would rather try to appease.

“Yeah, I bet if we kick him out, the dwarves will return the prices to normal!”

The angry mob continued to shout and most of them agreed with each other. It was all the fault of the Runesmith that they were losing money and their livelihood was at stake.

“Shut up! All of you!”

A loud booming sound that sounded like a bomb going off was heard by everyone. It was the guild master’s giant fist that connected with his reinforced desk. Being a tier 3 class holder was enough to force people’s respect. It was enough to intimidate the artisans to quiet down, with just a single one of them continuing to glare.

“Well, what will you do about it? If we are to continue like this we will need a better plan, those dwarven bastards will keep outpricing us and we all know that their coffers are deep and our pockets are almost empty, if you don’t help us out, we will all go under.” Dyana commented while looking Aurdhan straight in the eye.

“I heard you, I will make a decision but I’m not going to make it now, now leave!”

The craftsmen looked dejected but not like they do anything to the guild master. If he wanted he could easily use his superior strength to toss all of them out of his office. Soon all of them left and only the guild master and Elodia were left inside.

“You can’t seriously be thinking about what they proposed, right guild master?”

Elodia broke the silence as Aurdhan started spacing out while thinking. The bald man leaned back in his chair and gave out a sigh.

“That could be a possibility.”

“But guild master we could...”

“We could do what? Pay our artisans the bottom line and continue this battle with the union?”

“But couldn’t we make a report to the higher-ups?”

Aurdhan shook his head as if that was not an option.

“Those idiots would be glad to laugh in my face if they heard about this...”

Elodia wasn’t sure what this reply was about but she had heard that the guild master didn’t get along with some of the other masters at his level. There was a rumor that he was forced to come here for one reason or another but the information was unclear.

“What will you do guild master?”

“That’s a good question.”

Aurdhan leaned back in his chair and started to think. While the small number of craftsmen that he employed would really affect the guild’s coffers in the long run, it would give the guild and him a bad name.

There were only a couple of options that he could realistically go with. One of them would be to stand his ground and not let up. He would need to cover the store owner’s expenses if he went with this way.

The adventurer’s guild had a finite amount of resources that were given to him from outside. This little venture of his was created to increase their budget that was barely enough for the guild’s expenses.

Everything cost money, the bulk of what he was given went into establishing the guild building and bringing over veteran adventurers to start things off. Bribing the town officials to get the current building and then establishing relations with all the best merchants was a must.

Asking for more funds from the main guild was out of the question. The adventurer guild did things slightly differently than the dwarven union that was more united. Unless he went bankrupt they would not act, then if they did act he would be removed from his position due to failing at establishing a strong foothold.

Aurdhan clearly underestimated the lengths to which the dwarves would go. They weren’t doing anything against the law so he could not use his connections to the mayor. He could also not ban adventurers from using the dwarven wares as they would come for his head.

Thus if he wanted to go with this option he would probably need to use his own savings and compete with the dwarves with lowered weapon prices. While he had some coins, this was not a big enough number to compete with a giant company like the union.

Then there was the second option to give in to the demands of the dwarves and the shop owners. This would probably force him to cut ties with the Runesmith that he had a contract with. He was the main reason that the dwarves reacted this way and he had a suspicion as to why.

They were scared, scared of someone else gaining the top crafter spot in this city. Smithing runes was somewhat of a special profession to these bearded drunkards. It didn’t seem that they even tried to

strike a deal with Wayland even though they would be in a better position to use his skills than he or the guild could.

Due to their pigheadedness, they were unable to accept him as a fellow runesmith. They probably deemed him as an imposter that had gained runic knowledge through villainous means. Arduhan knew the young man long enough to know that this was untrue and that he probably stepped into his class by accident.

If cutting the contract short with the young runesmith would appease the dwarves also remained to be seen. Even if he did that, it would not remove the dwarves' problem from the city but would shift their attention towards Wayland and him only.

Aurdhan was apprehensive about doing this as he spent a lot of work to gain the young man's trust. He also knew that if Wayland continued to improve then he would be a better investment than all of the artisans that he was employing.

'Hm... I could also go with option three...'

The guild master grinned slightly as he came to a conclusion. While the second option would probably be the most practical one, he wanted to try something different. He was not really scared of some dwarves thus he made a plan while moving forward.

"Elodia, I need you to do something for me."

"Yes, Guild Master?"

"Arrange an appointment with the dwarves from the union, I need to talk with them."

"The dwarves? Are you going to..."

Before the woman could ask the question Aurdhan moved his hand up to stop her from continuing.

"This isn't something you need to know, just perform the task and don't ask questions."

While Aurdhan knew that Elodia meant well, the fewer people knew about his plan the better. She didn't need to involve herself in his schemes and just needed to do her job as told.

"I apologize, guild master, I will contact the dwarven union."

Elodia bowed and then removed herself from the guild master's office. The bald man stood up from his chair and walked over to the window. There he could see a busy road where various people were shuffling around.

"This will certainly be interesting, I hope the little Runesmithg will be up to the task..."