

Runesmith 163

[Chapter 163 Skipping ahead.](#)

Click

“It should work now...”

A certain Runesmith that was wearing protective goggles inserted a certain metallic cylinder into another part of machinery. This machine from the outside looked like a six-legged spider complete with a large sparkly eye on where a spider’s cephalothorax would be.

This was a new and improved version of a golem that Roland had been working on for quite some time. It was the size of a drone, not really that big. It was somewhat elongated in the back which made it look as if it had the iconic spider abdomen.

With a little click, the construction was activated and the drone sprung to life by raising itself up. It possessed a functional head with a large red eye through which it could see its creator standing right in front of it.

“Everything seems normal... energy readings are all in the green.”

Roland nodded while looking at his newest creation that had come a long way. Its more slick design to its predecessors made it look a lot more futuristic for the era that he found itself in. The chassis looked as if it was polished to perfection and could reflect light thanks to its chrome outlook.

“Are the testing dummies ready?”

“Aye boss.”

Rolland called out to Bernir that was on the opposite side of this large chamber. The two were in a location devoid of windows and the source of light was a set of magical crystals that gave enough light as modern-day light bulbs.

It looked like a large warehouse and at the end, there were several wooden testing dummies that had the vague shape of a human. The walls looked like they were made from hardened stone that formed in a natural way. The ceiling as well looked to be quite smooth and painted white which made the whole place quite bright.

Thanks to the earth magic that was prevalent in this world, building underground spaces like this was simple. With enough mana and the correct spell, it was able to harden the walls on a molecular level by binding the smaller grains of sand to each other. It made it as sturdy as concrete and there was no danger of the place ever falling down on their heads.

Even if there happened to be a sore spot or if the walls got damaged in the process of testing magic. It would be quite easy to repair the walls as soil was an easy commodity to come by here. The only big limitation was the look as the hardening had to be done along the way of digging up the larger space.

“Good, go behind the protective shielding then, I’ll start the test.”

Bernir ducked behind a special wall that had some cut out spaces to allow a person to see through them. These spaces weren't left blank but had thick glass that was quite resistant. Safety around the workshop was paramount, after suffering through various explosions, one that even left him bedridden for a few days Roland had decided to put safety first.

With that in mind, he was unwilling to let any large shrapnel get embedded in his body ever again. Luckily the healing potions in this world as well as healing magic allowed people to get healthy quite fast. Even scarring tissue didn't form as long as you got the right treatment.

"Drone, activate battle mode."

He gave the command and the red gem that was the spider golem's main sensor started glowing. A little compartment opened up in the middle of its body and something started rising out. It looked like an elongated tube that was placed on a jointed robotic arm of sorts.

It was clearly a cannon that had been hidden in the golem's main body. It was almost as long as the robot's entire body. The whole length of this cannon was covered in runic symbols that were visible to the naked eye.

"Drone, engage."

Roland pointed at the left-most training dummy with his finger while giving the order. The spider drone shifted its body towards the dummy and took aim. The cannon that was on its back adjusted to the target, soon the runes that covered it started glowing as it activated.

A bright blue bolt of condensed mana energy emerged from this cannon and quickly connected with the test dummy. The wooden construction promptly exploded sending splinters everywhere.

The top part of the dummy was blown right off but the golem didn't stop. It continued to fire at the target while bracing its body with those spider-like legs. Each time it fired a bolt of the magic energy it was pushed back slightly and the legs took the recoil nicely.

"Drone, disengage."

Roland shouted to give the golem the order to a ceasefire. When he looked into the distance he could only see the charred remains of what used to be a dummy.

"Damn, does that golem have something against the targets I made?"

Bernir called out from behind cover while standing next to his boss. Both of them clearly saw the golem continue to shoot at the wooden target even though there was nothing left of it. The only thing that now remained was the log that was placed in the ground to hold it in place.

"I guess it needs some adjustments but this is within the predicted calculations, let us move on."

Roland on the other hand was not that concerned about the golem's tendencies for destruction. He could turn down the setting but this was supposed to be a test for a battle golem. Making sure that the target was dead would be one of its functions.

"Drone, battle mode off, engage shield."

While walking out from behind cover Roland gave the next voice command. The smoking cannon slid back into the drone's body while it started to glow. The runes became clear again as a blue energy shield appeared. The shield looked like a small dome that covered the spider golem's whole body and connected to the ground.

Roland walked over and placed himself a few meters away from his creation. On his arm, he was wearing an inconspicuous glove. He raised his hand and opened his palm towards the drone.

Within a second the glove gave out a similar bluish glow before a bolt of magic energy emerged from it. It traveled at a high speed and connected with the mana shield that the golem was producing.

The construction buckled a bit and the golem was pushed back but it managed to survive the first hit. With another bolt of energy, the shield started buckling under the stress, and with the third one it shattered instantly.

"Three good shots huh?"

Roland moved his hand down as even though the third shot caused the barrier to crack, the golem was still there. He did lower the output of his mana bolt to something a regular mage would be able to perform. If he actually used his whole magical energy to perform this test he feared that his creation would blow to kingdom come with one shot.

"Drone, shield on."

After destroying the golem's shield he regave the command for it to reform it. This time around it wasn't as fast but with time the shield spell was reformed and operational again. With another salvo of mana bolts, he confirmed that the shield was just as sturdy as before.

"As long as the power source is intact it will be able to reform this shield."

While Roland was rubbing his chin in contemplation Bernir decided to pop his head out from his spot.

"Hey boss, want me to give it a wack?"

Roland spotted a large sledgehammer over Bernir's shoulder. His assistant had quite a grin on his face after going through several testing golems this was mostly how the tests ended.

"No, that's fine, we'll leave this one alone."

"Is that so?"

Bernir looked a bit saddened by this revelation. Roland could understand his sentiment as it was quite fun to destroy things, even more, if you spend months making them.

"Boss you did it, I didn't think I'd be able to assist in making a new type of golem! Are you going to try selling it? I bet it would fetch quite the price!"

"Sell it? Maybe later... it's not really finished."

"Not finished? It looked capable to me..."

"I still need to test it in the field, the voice commands are bit of a problem too... "

“They are?”

Bernir looked at Roland with a confused expression on his face. To the half-dwarf this was enough, most golemic creations used voiced commands. If this spider golem could carry them out it was already just as good as anything that was out there on the market.

Roland saw it a bit differently, the voice commands were slow and he wanted his creation to be somewhat faster on the uptake. It took him a long time to get to this point but he wanted to make something more intelligent that would be able to swap between battle modes on its own without orders.

He already produced a first alpha version of that golem operating system but it hadn't been field-tested yet. Only when these spider droids were able to attack and shield themselves when danger was approaching would they be complete.

For now, the droid only went equipped with two spells. The cannon fired off mana blasts while the shield was an enhanced mana shield that was made sturdier thanks to his runes. The cannon design allowed for a more concentrated beam instead of a blast but still allowed the golem to pack a punch.

The trickiest part of this whole construction was energy management. Without his newest invention, he would have not been able to get this far. While he would do nothing more than to sell this golem he wasn't sure if that would be such a good idea.

He moved over to it and picked it up with both of his hands. The spider droid wasn't that big, he could easily carry it around with one hand over his shoulder. When it stood on the ground it wasn't taller than a middle-sized dog.

After placing his creation on the nearby workbench he took out the heart and soul of it. In a small compartment on the back revealed the tube that he previously inserted. A gust of cold hit his face as this was opened as this was the drone's battery that required a lot of cooling.

Even with the frost runes working around it to cool it down, the cylinder was still warm to the touch when he pulled it out. Without the need for any instruments, he could feel how much magical energy was leftover.

‘Unless it's involved in heavy combat it should be operational for several days with one of these runic batteries.’

Inside of this cylinder was a certain magical crystal. When slicing the crystal in half a person would see a perfect octagon. The shape was important as well as the length and the ending point that focused the mana from this crystal on a special rune.

This crystal was nothing more than a reworked golem core that he was able to get from the dungeon. After going through all the knowledge that the Professor gave him Roland was able to figure out another way for this storage device.

Golem cores were massive data storage. They were able to store a complex program that could simulate a living being. They also had some energy retaining capabilities that he was using now.

With this battery and his runic generators, he was now able to store enough mana in this creation to power a golem. The batteries could be reused many times before they deteriorated which would allow him to forgo Elokin's fluid as a power source.

This was all done for his own independence as getting enough of that magical fuel would be quite hard even with his black market contacts in place.

"Well isn't she a beaut..."

Bernir glanced over Roland's shoulder while whistling. The outer shell was created with the help of his assistant and was made from metal they smelted in the runic smelter.

"Bernir, you can go now."

"Really boss?"

"Yeah, you did ask to have a day off early today."

"Thank you boss, you're the best boss in the whole wide world!"

"Yeah yeah, have fun and try not to overdo it... I still can't believe that you two got together..."

Roland wanted to laugh at the strange pairing that emerged after these years of working. He could even recall the days that he had to go make some deliveries instead of his assistant as the person in question was a danger to Bernir's health.

"He, he, what can I say Boss, when someone catches my eye, I just go for it, it's just a matter of time till they fall to my allure! No lady can resist my manly charms!"

Bernir puffed out his chest while standing proudly. Roland could only roll his eyes and look past his assistant's shoulder.

"Oh hey, Dyana is that you?"

"Dyana? Wait pumpkin, I can explain!"

Bernir's head made a sharp turn as he looked behind. Where he expected to see his future wife there was nothing at all, just the exit sign above the door leading outside.

"Pumpkin, huh? Such a lady's man..."

"Boss, please don't scare me like that..."

Roland chuckled to himself while Bernir gave out a sigh of relief. Soon the two parted ways. Bernir headed outside to the ever-growing city of Albrook to visit his soon-to-be wife Dyana. It was a strange pairing but apparently, Bernir was quite infatuated with the large lady and she finally gave in to his courting attempts.

'Hm, maybe he likes being tossed around in the bedroom?'

While walking up the stairs a strange image of his assistant and his large voluptuous wife popped into his head. He could only see a lot of back pain in Bernir's future but if that was his type then he made his choice.

After going through a few safety checkpoints he was back in his own house. A few changes took place here as he had added a nice shower to go with his bathroom. The tub was nice but sometimes a quick shower was all a person needed.

The showerhead was quite silly to look at as it was just a thick bucket with holes in it. The runes that were all over the surface lit up in red as they heated up the water that was inside of it. When it trickled down onto his body it was nice and warm.

With the addition of this shower, his bathroom began getting quite steamy. At the end of his cleaning session, he moved over to the mirror. After wiping the steam from it he looked at the face before him.

“How long has it been since I’ve come to this world... fifteen years? or was it sixteen?”

A lot of time had passed since he arrived in this city of Albrook. Before he arrived it was barely a town, without the dungeon it would have probably stayed a rural village with nothing but farms around it.

Now on the other hand it was slowly coming together. His store had managed to survive the war with the dwarves that still didn’t want to give up with their price war.

With the emergence of the black market, the price gouging that they were previously implementing was not a realistic option. The low-priced goods could be easily smuggled out of the city and sold for a profit which just sent more people his way as there were not enough goods to go around.

These coming three years weren’t that eventful. He spent them mostly on runic research and reading magic books. He didn’t realize how much he had skipped with the help of his debugging skill and it took him quite some time before he was able to produce the current golem.

“I think that now I should be ready...”

“Ready for what?”

While going out of the bathroom he mumbled to himself. This was heard by someone that was just coming into his house. A certain woman with glasses stood there and was looking straight at Roland that only had a towel around his waist.

“Oh...”

Both of them looked at each other for a moment before Roland spoke out.

“Elodia, were you there?”

The woman turned her head to the side while blushing slightly. Soon she ducked to a side room while leaving Roland there. He stood there for a moment while still rubbing his wet hair with a towel.

“Please put on some clothes... I’ll have supper ready in a moment so wait in the dining room.”

Roland put his towel down and the moment food was mentioned he heard his belly rumbling. Thus he quickly ducked into his bedroom to get some proper clothes as Elodia’s cooking was something that he looked forward to...

[Chapter 164 Fresh relationship.](#)

“Here you go.”

“Thank you.”

Roland took the salt shaker that Elodia passed him and put some of it into his food. After placing it to the side the two people in the room dug into the homemade meal.

After spending most of his stay in this world eating at taverns and pubs this was certainly a nice change of pace. The food in this world lacked seasoning and the only way to go around it was to have a person with a cooking skill to prepare the meal.

The basic cooking skill was something everyone could learn but it didn't really help out with anything. Only when it went past the basic one would it allow the user to affect the meal's taste. With a high enough skill, even food that was close to being rotten could be turned into a gourmet meal.

Elodia here was in possession of a higher-tier cooking skill. While her talents were in mathematics she actually was in possession of the Housekeeper class. This was quite the rudimentary class which allowed people to get a plethora of skills to help around the house.

It was one of the bonuses of not being given a proper combat class. Non combat-related classes like these that weren't proper crafting classes either could be leveled up fast. They were more like side classes that gave people some quality of life skills.

They still counted as proper classes though, even when they required less experience to level, unless a person didn't intend to go towards the crafter or combatant route, they would not change into such a class.

Elodia on the other hand was actually at a higher level than him. She had leveled many of what would be considered side classes as she was unable to get any of the harder ones. This was nothing out of the ordinary, this was actually what the majority of the commoners were.

When asked about the choice of class, Elodia explained that she mostly took it for the children. He didn't want to dig in too deep about her past but the orphanage that she ran required someone that could turn meager food into something healthier.

Now he was profiting from her chosen skills as he could receive home-cooked meals almost every day.

The silent meal continued as both of them just ate. Roland thought back to how they ended up in this situation. It was the little things that somewhat pushed the two into each other's arms. Working together at the same spot and constantly bumping into each other while handling runic equipment was a daily occurrence.

It also helped that Bernir along with Elodia's two siblings constantly egged the two on. After a silly misunderstanding about a marriage proposal they just went along with it. One thing led to another and the two started to slowly grow fond of each others company.

At first, Roland was against the relationship ever-blooming as he was clearly Elodia's boss. The power imbalance was obvious here but apparently, in this world, this was a given. Unless the man wasn't in a higher position than the woman she would not take them seriously.

Dating was also something foreign as most couples formed for the sole purpose of starting a family. This was a bit of a shock to him as he never really thought about starting one before. If he counted the years from his old world he would actually be an old man in his forties.

Now he was stuck in a young twenty-year-old's body that was in his prime. His looks along with his current status as a Runesmith would probably allow him to experiment but he just wasn't interested in such things.

Someone more grounded like Elodia here was much of a better catch as she could help him out in ways that only a woman could. She was already taking care of a lot of orphans so there was no real push of getting any kids. It looked like a good match even though their conversations were quite basic.

"How were things at the store today?"

"It has slowed down lately but we are still making some profits but you did spend a lot on those new wind turbines... and those wall improvements... and those what do you call them... defensive turrets?"

Roland started coughing after hearing Elodia listing all of his expenses. Being that she was an accountant by class he gave her access to his expenses. He had a bad habit of almost instantly spending whatever he had earned on new materials that he still had to use the black market for.

Even though the Dwarve union was unable to price gouge him out of business they still kept him from getting access to the merchants in a normal way. This meant that he had to spend a bit more on those materials and the deliveries were also slower.

His little farmhouse was now surrounded by a large brick wall. The cactus turrets that he previously designed were spread out through this wall and pointing mostly on the inside. They were designed not to harm people that were just there to watch otherwise he would have a lot of dead customers.

"Okay we might be a little bit in the red this month but I'm sure that we'll manage to get through it eventually..."

Elodia just raised her eyebrow at him while standing up. She grabbed his plate that was licked clean and he could have sworn that he saw her smile for a moment before turning back into mom mode.

"Wayland..."

She wanted to say something but at the last moment stopped herself.

"Never mind, I need to go to the orphanage. I'll see you tomorrow... and try to get some sleep."

Luckily for him, Elodia was not the type to complain too much. If he asked her if there was something wrong she would tell him but she would not talk his ear off throughout the day.

"I always get enough sleep..."

He replied while also standing up, Elodia just rolled her eyes at him again while he turned his head to the side. After some team dishwashing, she made her way outside the house.

"Hold on, I'll walk you back to the city, it's getting late."

It was after closing time for the shop and his new girlfriend was an easy target for any stray monster or mugger that came around these parts. Before the two started spending more time with each other Elodia tended to go home along with Korgak or anyone that replaced him.

Now she stayed longer to either cook or hand him some leftovers that she made at the orphanage. That place was still her main home and he wasn't comfortable enough to have all of those orphans move here.

Though depending on how much leftover money from his ventures he would get, he could place another building on the empty plot of land that he bought. Before the city population exploded he did buy out the unused farmland around his house.

This land was barren and the soil wasn't really something that could be used for cultivation. Instead, he could place a dorm-like building to move the orphans too, that is if he ever got enough gold coins to funnel into his ever-rising runic experiments. As it stood now, he was barely making it through the weeks.

"Agni can escort me, you should get some rest, I know that you didn't get any sleep yesterday, just look at your eyes."

Elodia shook her head while putting on her coat.

"I'm fine, I have sleep resistance, something like this doesn't phase me at all."

Roland smiled while flexing a bit to show off. He wasn't lying even though he didn't look the greatest. His body was young and healthy. Sleep wasn't something that he needed that much and he would be fine with three hours per day.

"Stop that, you need to take better care of yourself one of these days you will collapse in that workshop of yours"

Elodia grumbled slightly and delivered a smack to Roland's upper arm as he was showboating.

"I'll be fine, I'm not a child."

"I wouldn't be so sure about that..."

"Woof!"

Almost on cue, Agni decided to finally show up. The adult Mystical Ruby Wolf was quite large and seemed even taller when walking next to someone like Elodia that was a head shorter than Roland.

"Okay, I'll get some rest, I promise."

Elodia petted Agni's head while narrowing her eyes at Roland as she didn't know if she could trust those words.

"Take care, call me when you get home."

"I will."

Before leaving Elodia moved a bit closer and looked up at Roland. After a moment of silence, he realized what it was about and leaned his head down. A little wet smooch was placed on his cheek but he also noticed her recoil slightly.

“Prickly...”

“I guess I should shave.”

He did tend to lose track of time so he didn't have enough time to take care of his stubble. While some people liked long or short beards his new girlfriend clearly preferred when he was clean-shaven.

Roland remained in the doorway while Elodia and Agni disappeared into the forest. His tamed beast was quite intelligent and known around the city. While they wouldn't allow him to wander into it alone, they would not attack him out in the open.

Roland crafted him a special collar with a name tag. This was so that people could identify him as a tamed beast but also acted as a shielding device and a tracker. Agni had leveled up a bit in these years so there wouldn't be many people that could beat him easily. He was still a monster and he received a slight boost to his stats over human counterparts.

‘Do I really look that tired?’

After Elodia left he examined his face in the mirror. Maybe because he didn't really spend that much time looking through his features he never really noticed the changes. Elodia on the other hand apparently did, this fact was somewhat embarrassing but yet endearing. Having someone that actually paid attention to him and cared was not something that he was used to that much.

‘I look fine...’

Even then he just shrugged as this was not the time for resting. He was already planning his next move that would fix all of his money problems.

Through the years he kept a close look at a certain spot in the dungeon. Luckily for him, no other person with a similar magic aptitude was able to find the runic markings that led to his next destination. This was of course the cavern where he found the precious metals when his brother visited this city.

That small pocket of treasures would be just the thing that he needed to get ahead. His wares were selling but he was certainly not the only magical smith in the city. The dwarves, the auction house, and even the adventurers guild competed with him for customers.

While he was making enough to sustain his crippling crafting addiction this was slowly reaching a boiling point. His level, knowledge, and skills were reaching a high enough level for him to take the next step and use more exotic resources.

These rare materials were required for better golems and higher grade weapons. While his runes gave him an advantage over the competition, they had better smithing resources. Bernir and Roland improved in smithing but they were nowhere near the experts that some of the dwarves were.

This gap could be closed with a rarer metal that gave a magical sword more uses. These materials would help him put the items he was making in the premium category. For now, he was a bit short of it as he was still sticking to the smelted metals in his runic smelter that to this day was seeing good use.

Name :

Roland Arden L 116

Classes:

T2 Runesmith Lord L41 [Primary]

T1 Mage L25 [Secondary]

T1 Runic Mana Scribe L 25 [X]

T1 Runic Blacksmith L 25 [Tertiary]

HP

5297/5297

MP

11023/13053

SP

6099/7099

Strength

142

Agility

108

Dexterity

171

Vitality

143

Endurance

154

Intelligence

209

Willpower

189

Charisma

18

Luck

10

Roland glanced at his stats that had increased through the years. The slowdown effect was real as even though he didn't sleep much and visited the dungeon on a semi-regular basis, he wasn't able to progress past his Runesmith Lord class yet.

The monsters in the dungeon weren't high level enough for him to make any significant gains. The only reason he was able to come this far was through his old experience point trick.

The tier three schematics that he was given to improve upon were a major source of points. Together with his daily routine of crafting runes, working on his golem designs, and battle training, he was able to reach this point.

His skills also didn't level up as fast as they used to. The most interesting event was when he reached over two hundred intelligence points. This gave him the 'Brilliant I' Trait which increased his mana pool even further by a flat one thousand points. It also seemed to further increase his memory and aided his parallel thinking skill. There were some new runesmith-specific skills that he unlocked but for now, he needed to focus on other things.

Even though he was dissatisfied with his progress he knew that not many people in his age bracket had the stats that he did. Probably if he wasn't incentivized to get stronger he would not have gotten past the hundredth level yet.

The boss that he met there was well past the 100th level and was not the only obstacle. He would need to battle through corridors of strange beings to first get to him. Then after defeating him he would still need to venture towards that cavern with the metals and mine them.

Depending on how long that would take him, the boss monster could respawn and pose a threat once more. He needed to account for this and plan for a prolonged dungeon dive that could even take up a week or two.

Without the nobles holding him back and a few shortcuts, he knew the journey towards the lake of lava wouldn't take him that long. He also needed to make sure that he wasn't spotted entering the lake. If rumors spread about a strange individual entering a secret chamber in the lake, others would come snooping around.

There was also the option of entering the cavern from the other side. This could be achieved with a degree of climbing skills that he lacked for now. In the future, he hoped to design some drones that could scale the wall and mine the resources themselves but for now, he needed to be the one to put himself in danger.

'This is the best time to make a little venture there...'

Robert was out in the field trying to earn his stripes as a Knight. Lucille on the other hand took his advice to heart and decided to become a teacher at the magical academy. He stayed in contact with her and knew that she mostly did it to evade the ever-coming marriage proposals from young lords.

While Roland knew that Robert and Lucille had some feelings for each other, their future looked bleak. He knew that her family would probably start increasing the pressure on their daughter the longer she remained without a husband.

They would certainly not allow her to get with a third son of a baron that was only a regular knight. Unless he proved himself in some way, Robert had a hard path ahead of him. There was a certain event that was coming along that could help him with that but for someone, without much backing, it was an uphill battle.

‘I should probably worry about myself first.’

With the drone testing being done he could move along to the next phase of his plan. With long strides, he walked back into his workshop. There after a few button clicks, he was back in his old workplace.

After years of renovation, this didn’t look anything like a blacksmith workshop. Many large machines with runes on them were scattered around that made the process of crafting streamlined.

For now, he ignored all of those runic tools while going towards a different section of this underground lair. In another room that was also closed off to anyone without a key. It reacted to his mana signature and opened inside the lights slowly went on.

There right at the end stood a large metallic creation. It didn’t look like something made for combat, it was bulky and looked like someone attached legs to a boiler.

“I guess you’ll be seeing some use soon...”