

The Runesmith #Chapter 21 Finding a way. - Read The Runesmith Chapter 21 Finding a way. Online -

Roland was sitting down on a bench outside a certain building. This was the fifth he had visited today and the sun was already setting. He had gone through the city while trying to find himself a place to work. The first place wanted to make him sign a six-year contract that felt more like a scam than anything else.

He decided to continue with his search but what he found later was quite shocking. The first contract given was on the better side, the other places wanted to keep him there for longer. The terms were similar and the pay varied. Some wanted him to make a certain number of scrolls each day. Others wanted him to work for a fixed amount of hours for the entire week, he wouldn't even have days off.

'I made a big mistake...'

He thought that a big city like this would have many opportunities. He was sure that he would find something sooner or later, the reality was different. The store owners were all in cahoots, they made it hard for any new talent to get a good start. A new scribe wouldn't be able to earn any money at all. The prices of the materials were set so that only intermediate level spell scrolls would actually bring in profit. He didn't even know if they would buy scrolls from a third party like him or if they gave them a fair price, probably not.

Roland was now thinking that a smaller town might have been a better choice. They would probably offer him a less binding contract, one without a curse. The curse was also one that lowered your mana by 60% until the contract time ran out. For a mage, something like that would be crippling. Losing more than half of your mana pool would halt your progress dramatically.

His plan was to work as a scribe for a year or so. With his experience gaining trick he had reason to believe that he could reach l25 of this class by then. He figured that getting enough money for a class change crystal wouldn't be that hard, he even had enough right now. The reality was different though, no one from the established shops would let him test his skills in their shops for free. He would need to pay up in close to slave labor.

He had assumed too much. He thought that a mage class was a rare commodity. He thought that when the store owners heard that he was a mana scribe they would spread their arms wide and invite him in, no questions asked. He had underestimated how businesses operated here and that they already had a system in place.

Most of the scribes were kids from the magic academies. These academies were able to get better contracts for their students that were only working to level up and gain new skills for their future. If you were a solo act the contracts were much harsher as they

didn't really care about you as a worker. Why would they if they got cheap labor from the magic academies instead?

'What are my other options besides signing one of those contracts?'

The youth looked out into the distance, the horizon was all red as the sun was setting. He could even see some priests from the Sun Church praising the sun and doing some strange pose with their arms outstretched into the air.

He could take the contract and work hard for those five or six years. He would probably gain a lot of experience through scribing and reach max level. He could hold out on using the schematics trick until he got to the blacksmith class if it showed promise. The problem was that he wouldn't really be able to focus on his smithing work. Some of the contracts even forbade part-time work at other places. He also feared that the smithing workshops could have similar agreements.

Another option was leaving this city and finding one without that many scribes. Maybe in a place where his class was rare, the shop owners would be more lenient. Still, he had no idea if they wouldn't just give him similar contracts or where a city like that existed. He also considered moving to a city with a dungeon and just doing scribe work on the side. That option would probably slow his leveling down as crafting classes gained less experience by slaying monsters.

'Is there a place I can sell my items in here?'

Roland had access to his debugging skill, so he could probably upgrade those runic spell scrolls to the highest rating. He thought back to the prices those went for and they overshadowed the regular spell scrolls. The problem was that no one was willing to buy them if they could get something cheaper in bulk that wasn't that much worse.

How much better were the highest versions of those runic spells? Was the biggest question, if he managed to get that fire arrow spell to be a lot more powerful than the competitions, he might be able to somehow do it. The construction materials weren't that costly, maybe if he bundled them ten apiece he could manage to scrape by.

There was another problem besides that, how would he explain that a boy of not even eleven was selling and producing runic spell scrolls at the highest rank? Would the people try to get his secrets, would they get violent? He wasn't sure how the businessmen around here reacted to the unwanted competition. He didn't think he would affect their bottom line with some scrolls so he mostly thought it would be safe in that regard.

Was there a place that he could sell his stuff without attracting attention? While still earning enough to get by and while leveling up. He didn't think there was such a convenient place in the regular stores or shops. Should he try peddling it out in the market while hiding his face behind his robe hood?

He remembered that there was one type of place that he could sell items like that. Such a place was an auction house. He could probably remain somewhat anonymous, the auction houses probably kept the sellers' names secret. This was probably one of the better options out on the table.

'I should head back to the inn, I'll try to scribe some regular spells first, I'll think about it later.'

He had enough for today, he couldn't make up his mind and the sun had already gone down. He could still work for an hour or two on his scroll making, then at least this day wouldn't be a total waste.

Roland hopped down from the bench he was sitting on. It was nicely made from some kind of metal, probably fashioned in place by some kind of smith or artisan. He took out an apple from his storage bag and bit into it. It was nice and sweet and worth the coin that he paid for it.

He wasn't in a hurry as he just walked forward. He looked at the people going back and forth, in the middle of the road there were horse carriages passing by, some of them were even pulled by some large ox looking, creatures. The people chatted with each other and they looked to be going to the taverns for some alcohol.

'People in this world sure like to drink.'

He attributed this feature to them not having any TV or internet here. There weren't that many places for people to spend their free time. There were some theaters but those were mostly occupied by the rich merchants and nobles while the commoners liked louder places like casinos or the aforementioned taverns. There was also the red light district where men liked to spend their coins on the various ladies of the diverse races.

Before his mind could wander to strange places he got brought back into reality. He heard someone ringing a loud bell and this person wasn't part of the Sun Church.

After glancing towards the direction of the noise he noticed quite the curvy elf lady. She wasn't the same one that he saw last time and she was even more beautiful. She was clearly dressed to show off and to pull in the attention of the crowds. She had something akin to those Chinese dresses with a lot of leg space. She was ringing that bell in front of a large gate, above it a picture of a scale.

"Gather up good people of Edelgard, the Libra Auction house will be opening in half an hour, be sure to bring your purses as we will be having a grand auction today!"

She continued talking while Roland spaced out for a moment. He didn't realize that there was this kind of establishment in the area. He inched forward together with the small group of people that was lured in by the bouncy elven girl.

"Step right in, the entrance fee is only two small silver, practically nothing!"

After hearing that they actually had to pay to get in most of the people dispersed while grumbling. Roland and a few others remained, some of them even paid the price and went in. He was hesitant as he didn't want to buy anything from there, he would rather sell his scrolls there but he didn't even have any items to show.

He was just looking for an auction house to sell his wares and one popped out. He was surprised that they were taking entrance fees, he thought that the more buyers the better. Why would you limit your earning potential?

This was just a way to weed out people that were only there to window shop. If someone actually paid a small entrance fee they would be more inclined to spend more inside. It would feel like a waste to partake in the auction, pay an entrance fee, and not get anything in return. It was also a strategy to keep the poor out and attract the rich.

He pulled out the map of the area and made sure to mark it down. From what he knew of such places, they took in stock during the day and sold them later at night just like now. He would return here another time with some items in tow. For now, he decided to return back to the inn he was staying at. He needed to test his scribing skills and in the morning go buy some of those runic spell scrolls that he saw.

Back in his room, he pulled out one of the special scrolls made from monster skin. It had a yellow tint to it and was rough around the edges. He placed the inkwell that he bought from the store on his small table along with a new quill. He was already a couple of large silver coins poorer after buying some of these supplies.

"I hope this pays off."

He grumbled under his nose hoping for the best. First, he needed to practice, he would be focusing on runic spell scrolls but he wanted to at least go through the process of scribing a regular spell scroll. His aim was his mana arrow spell, the strongest attacking spell that he had. His basic mana scribing skill was at 11 so he wasn't expecting any grand results. He also wanted to check how much experience he would get from making one.

'Source of all magic, heed my call...'

The process of mana scribing was a bit different than the runic counterpart. The scribe had to write down the spell onto the scroll while focusing his mana on the quill and ink. There were no intricate lines or runic components to slow him down, he just needed to spell out the right incantation onto paper in the correct language while focusing.

The mana arrow's incantation wasn't all that long or difficult, but putting ink to paper while focusing your mana was still difficult. After ten minutes he managed to get his first spell scroll and he heard the notification.

You have gained 20 experience points

He rubbed his chin afterward, this amount of experience wasn't all that great. It also wasn't that bad either if you took into consideration that he could do it from the safety of his home. A warrior could probably hunt down monsters faster in a shorter span of time, but a scribe wasn't put into any danger while crafting. He could also do it continuously if he had the materials and mana.

He tried identifying his own spell scroll, but besides getting its name there weren't any further stats. Maybe if he leveled up his scribing skill he would be able to examine the scrolls and get their rank and damage value.

'How much will I get from a simple runic spell?'

He was now curious, he needed to compare the two. The problem was that he only had the knowledge of three runes and two of them weren't really fit to be scribed down as they were made for weapons. He decided on the fire orb rune as it was also a lot easier to scribe down.

He went through the motions while remembering his class change quests. This was already the third time he was drawing this rune so he had some practice. His fingers grasped the quill and his hand moved slowly. The intricate runic symbols started to slowly appear on the yellow scroll as they connected into one complete runic spell.

You have gained 50 experience points

It took him about 45 minutes to finish, this was already faster than before but it still was a lot slower than with the regular scribing skill. He had gained more than double the experience but needed a lot more time to do it. He quickly looked at the scroll before him and ran it through his debugging skill. To no surprise, he saw some red lines.

It was one thing to know where the mistakes were and another to actually bring it to paper. Even if he didn't want it his hands weren't steady, his mana control wasn't perfect, and his concentration wavered from time to time. He just couldn't redraw the perfect diagram at his current skill level. He would need to practice before he could actually sell any of these personally made goods.

He came to a conclusion, making runic scrolls wasn't optimal for gaining experience points. He could probably make five regular spell scrolls and gain 100 XP while making 1 runic version gave him 50 XP. This wasn't a problem for him though as he could just make some schematics to even it out. What he wanted at this time was to earn more gold and he felt like the runic spells were the way to go.

There was also another discovery that he made. His debugging skill wasn't working on the regular spell scrolls, there were no lines he just couldn't see anything. This meant

that runic spells and regular spells were different in some way or operated on different laws. How and why they were different he could only speculate.

Also, these runic spells didn't seem to mind that he didn't have any elemental affinities. The fire orb spell activated just fine even with his affinity for fire being at 0%. Which made sense as the point of these scrolls was that anyone could activate them.

It was a long way off but he theorized that when he achieved the runesmith class. He could very well make himself equipment with various spell effects. The only problem with those was the high mana activating cost that skyrocketed their upkeep.

'Okay, I have decided.'

Roland nodded, he would practice making runic spells and increase his scribing skill for them. He would then scribe them down in a bundle of ten for the auction. He was putting all of his eggs into one basket but he believed that this was the best way if he didn't want to trap himself with that contract for six years.

Thanks to his previous party members that had gifted him some golden coins he would be okay even for half a year with no work. He would use this opportunity that they gave him well. With a new battle plan on his mind he was reinvigorated, he just needed to power through this period and scribe like his life depended on it.

The Runesmith #Chapter 22 Auction - Read The Runesmith Chapter 22 Auction Online -

It was a normal day like any other at the Libra Auction house. It was the latter part of it and the workers were carrying some of the items into the back for appraisal. In this world, with a game like system it was easy to tell an object's true worth. Though that was only if the person's identification skill was high enough or if they had an enchanted item to help them out with it.

Those items were costly though and they required mana as any other runic equipment. That is why a person with a high identification skill was sought after as he could appraise many items throughout the day without the need for mana.

Percival was one of those people. He was the holder of a special non-combat analytic class that even had an appraisal skill included. His job was the identification of goods at this auction house. Not every item on the list made it to the showcase, there were rules put in place to not sell anything below a certain price. There was just not enough time for everything to be put out on stage.

The Libra Auction house was one of the largest ones in the city and it had multiple stages where the items were being put up. They were all separated into ranks, so you wouldn't see a grand magic sword being auctioned before a lesser magic potion.

“Here Mr. Percival, this is the last item from this batch, we still need to decide on the order of the items.”

A person brought in a certain item and placed it to the side at the entrance of Percival’s office before leaving. There were already certain other products all separated by prices and labeled by the man’s assistant, waiting for pickup. The appraiser was a busy person so not like he had enough time to do such things himself. The assistant was a regular human by the name of Cynthia.

“Another one into the trash bin, in it goes!”

The girl shouted out in a cheerful voice while placing a metallic looking statuette into a large tray with other various items. These were all products that were deemed unworthy for this auction house to sell them.

“Cynthia how many times do I have to tell you to not be rough with those, if you break it, it will be deducted from your pay!”

“Now bring me over that item, I want to go on my break!”

The man was a bit grumpy from all the long hours of appraising items and just wanted to be done with it. The girl slowly walked over to the item in question and picked it up. She was a bit confused as to what this was. It was rolled up with a couple of sheets of gray paper and tied together with string.

“I don’t think this person is good at wrapping.”

She brought the item over to the grumpy old appraiser that looked at it with scorn. After he managed to get rid of the crude outer shell he frowned even more. He had seen products like this before and knew that they weren’t worth much. Even from the first glance, he could tell that the quality of the scroll parchment was the absolute lowest.

“Why would they make me appraise spell scrolls, they sell for almost nothing.”

“Did this get through due to the packaging? I told them to look through the items before they bring them over here, what if there was a bundle of sticks in here?”

Percival the appraiser wanted to grasp the bundle of spell scrolls and toss them aside. Before he was able to do that his lovely assistant grabbed one of them and took a look.

“Hm, Mr. Percival, these spell scrolls are strange... they only have a couple of large symbols on them, I thought you had to write a spell on these~”

The girl turned the spell scroll around to show it to the man whose eyes bulged slightly. He looked down to see that these items weren’t simple spell scrolls, no they were all runic spell scrolls which were much harder to make.

“Give that back you fool!”

“Okay~”

The girl stuck her tongue out at the old man and went to the side. She was also waiting for him to finish up so she could take a break, the auction would be starting in a couple of hours and she still had some other work to do.

The appraiser fixed his glasses and placed one of the scrolls on the table so he could see it better.

“These are indeed runic spell scrolls. Which runesmith had enough time to make these?”

He was a bit baffled why anyone would make so many of these, maybe a new runesmith was feeling bored so he or she made them? He didn't want to speculate more so he leaned up and started examining the item. His identification and appraisal skills activated and you could see a faint blue glow in the man's eyes for a fraction of the second.

Runic Fire Arrow Spell Scroll [Common] [High]

One of his eyebrows moved up after reading through the information. He thought this was some beginner runesmiths work, but it was actually of a high grade. Even accomplished smiths mostly made items at the 'intermediate' level while 'high' was a sign of talent and hard work.

A regular intermediate fire arrow spell went for 2 to 4 small silver coins but this was a runic spell scroll. They worked a bit differently than the regular ones. The biggest difference was the possibility of amplifying the spell. The user had the option of adding more mana into the scroll which would increase the output to a certain extent depending on the rank.

“Interesting, I'd say this scroll could even go for up to 9 small silver coins, not bad for a common spell scroll.”

The man almost made a mistake by crumbling up these, if the owner got wind of it he might have to even apologize in person. These scrolls even had a little logo drawn in the corner, it looked like a red shooting star or a comet. There were more of those scrolls there so he got to it going through them one by one.

“High... high... high... highest?”

His eyebrow moved even higher as he saw that one of these scrolls was at the highest rating. This was something he didn't get to see often, an item with the 'highest rating'. If

the 'high' rated scroll could go for up to 9 small silver coins then this one could even go for double, maybe even triple.

The appraiser knew that a lot of the runesmiths were unwilling to sell spell scrolls below a certain price range. This was why they were placed in stores at exorbitant figures and never saw practical use. A highest-graded spell scroll could actually go for quite the sum though.

What did the highest rating mean? It meant that the spell was really close to jumping grades and going into a higher one. That would put this common spell scroll at half a step into the greater runic spell realm.

"By Solaria, who is this Runesmith? Is he an advanced one?"

He mumbled to himself while finishing up with the appraisal, there were exactly ten runic spell scrolls in this pile. Eight of them were at the 'high' grade while two of them were at the 'highest'. There wasn't even one that was at an intermediate level which told him that the person that was making them was quite the master.

The man racked his brain, he couldn't imagine this being one of the runesmiths from the city. Most of them were grizzled men with some lesser magical aptitude that barely managed to become a mana scribe. Most of them preferred working with metals and not scrolls the only use for them was practicing their mana control.

"Are you finished Mr. Percival, it's getting late."

The man looked up, he had spent a bit too long inspecting these items. He coughed into his hand and then started writing down the appropriate pricing. The pricing was mostly there as a guide for the auctioneer to start off, they would use it to choose the minimum bidding price of the item.

"Take them and be careful they are delicate, also wrap them up with some high-quality string for the auction."

"Okay! Are we going to sell these as a bundle or separately?"

The assistant asked while taking out some better looking string and rolling up the sheets of monster skin.

"Why are you asking me, I'm just the appraiser!"

"They would probably sell better as a bundle, the 'highest' graded scrolls might make the buyers bid further."

He added his opinion while standing up. The scrolls that he just appraised were slightly unusual but nothing really that extraordinary, there were items in this auction that the

minimum bidding price was a gold coin. The scrolls that could fetch a couple of small or large silver coins a piece didn't really matter.

The assistant girl shrugged while the old man walked out. She opened the door and two more male workers walked in, they removed the tray of useless items from the room first. The other goods that were going to get auctioned out were spread out on larger tables by the prices. Some other people would come in and take a look at them, they needed to decide on the order of them appearing. This was something Cynthia was also partly responsible for.

While this all was happening Roland was standing outside the Libra Auction house. He had handed over his workload that he had slaved on for months. He was wearing a robe and a face mask, his eyes looked bloodshot as if he didn't sleep for a couple of days.

He was reaching a boiling point, he had burned through most of his cash on crafting materials and could fill a couple of books with his low and lesser crafted runic spells now. He was quite pedantic when it came to his work ethic, unwilling to go to the auction house without at least a full clip with 'high' grade runic spells.

He had worked tirelessly till this point, he looked at his status screen that went up a couple of levels since the last time. The skill that went up the most was his basic rune scribing skill, it was at level five. Also, his rune mastery leveled up slightly while his understanding of making the runic scrolls continued, it was at level 2.

He had procured the 'Runic Fire Arrow' spell scroll from that shop. He still remembered the strange look the lady elf gave him after she brought it over. She even tried telling him that it wasn't worth it and that he should just get one of the regular spell scrolls instead.

He brought it back home and created a perfect schematic, it even gave him double the experience compared to the lesser rune schematics he made. He was still filled with anticipation and vigor at that point, this soon turned to despair after he noticed that scribing a common runic spell was a lot harder than the lesser variant.

He failed and failed, losing more money in the progress of going through his resources. He even had to go back and practice on the fire orb rune as it was more manageable. He needed to level his scribing skill up to even be able to create his first fire arrow spell at the 'lowest' sub-grade and this was already a full month after he obtained this item for practice.

The ten small gold coins that his party members had graciously given him started not to seem like such a big sum. He thought that it could even last him for ten months but he barely managed to last half a year while going through his crafting materials. He even had to dive into his adventurer savings just to scrape by.

At this point in time, he was sitting on his last small silver coin. If he didn't manage to make a profit with these scrolls he would have to go find himself a job. He was very stubborn as he got it into his head that he needed good branding with his first auction. This was why he was unwilling to sell the lower-rated scrolls and why he placed a small logo on the scroll so that people would notice his brand.

He also pretended to be a servant of some posh runesmith that made these runic spells. The disguise he was wearing was also part of his paranoia that had manifested itself slowly. It was partly due to the assassination attempt and because he was worried that his father would find him and force him to go back.

He had gotten a special plaque with a number, with this he could return later to get his money. Apparently his goods made it through the appraiser as he saw some other sellers picking up their items that didn't make it through.

'I should go in and check, they told me that the sellers can sit in the back during the auction if they wanted.'

He was quite nervous as a student before a big exam, waiting for his turn to enter. He felt butterflies in his stomach but he steeled his resolve and went in. He needed to see how the auction house operated and how people reacted to his wares.

He showed his plaque to the guard and was allowed to enter without paying an entrance fee. On the inside, there were a couple of corridors leading to different auction stages. There was a separate one for the more valuable items and you had to be someone of higher status to participate in those.

The one his items were being auctioned off looked like a small theater stage. There were your usual seats in the front but there were some in the balconies for the richer people that were willing to pay a bit more. He was slightly surprised that his items were being hosted here as he expected them to be in the other auction stage, for the lesser and common items. This one was the one used for common and grand ones.

He could see people coming in and sitting in the front. The auction block where the auctioneer would be standing was still empty but you could see the large curtain wiggling a bit which indicated that there was something being done behind it.

The bidders were getting paddles handed out to them with numbers. How things worked here was that the auctioneer would call the bids and the bidders would then move those numbered paddles up if they wanted to raise it. The highest bidder then would win, the auctioneer would sometimes extend the bidding if he noticed someone being unsure. If no one continued bidding it would end after a count of three.

The rest of the exchange would happen in the back where the buyer would pay his coin to the auction house. The actual seller wouldn't really interact with the buyer in any way, they could even show up on another day to get their money. The auction house would

bill him for the service, it was at 25% for now as he was a first-timer. If he started selling more he could get a better deal and even go down to 10%.

'It's starting...'

He leaned back against the wall and looked at the stage that finally opened. To his surprise, instead of seeing some old no-nonsense man with a mustache, he saw a beautiful woman in a red dress. She was quite stacked in all the right places and was apparently the auctioneer.

He figured that they were trying to appease the male carnal side with this lady, they were probably willing to spend more on the items with a beauty involved. This was one of the oldest tricks in the book.

"I would like to welcome you ladies and gentlemen to the Libra Auction house, I will be your hostess for tonight~"

She even struck a pose and made some kind of weird duck face that Roland recalled girls doing from his university days. The male audience looked happy, their female counterparts weren't that excited though. Soon the first item appeared on display, it wasn't much just an accessory with a lower graded enchantment.

"We start the bidding at 5 small silver!"

He could see some people raising up those number paddles and the first auction ending in a few minutes. The experience wasn't very interesting and the fact that he wasn't able to sleep well for the past few days was getting to him. After most of the common items were gone from the stage Roland got concerned, why weren't his scrolls showing up?

He was sure that they should be among these common wares, but they were inching towards the greater ones by the looks of it. He was worried that he had entered the wrong auction stage and that his items were getting sold in the other one.

"Now for the last of the common items of the night we have something special!"

Just as he was about to ask someone about it the lovely lady spoke out.

"We have a couple of runic fire arrow spell scrolls from an unknown master craftsman!"

"What's so special about these runic spell scrolls you might ask?"

"Well, they are all mostly of the 'high' grade! But that's not all dear customers, two of them are even of the 'highest' grade!"

The people started murmuring with each other while Roland started getting nervous. His scrolls were out on display and the auctioneer lady was making quite the spectacle of it.

Two workers brought out two wooden boxes and placed them on the stage area where the light shone.

“We have put them in a set of five, in each box, there are 4 scrolls at the ‘high’ grade and 1 at the ‘highest’ grade, we will be starting the bid for the first box at 3 large silver coins!”

Roland quickly started adding things up in his head, at this price range he would be able to make a profit and this was just the starting bid. The people started moving those paddles up, the moment Roland saw someone bid further he felt his heart beating faster.

He was finally seeing the fruit of his labor getting appreciated. It was like a large weight was lifted off his shoulders and he could finally relax. The first box went for 4 large silver and 5 small silver and the second one went for 4 large and 7 small. On his first attempt, he had managed to earn close to one small gold coin. Even if he deducted the auction houses pay cut he would be able to recuperate his losses.

The Runesmith #Chapter 23 Earning coins. - Read The Runesmith Chapter 23 Earning coins. Online -

Roland waited all the way until the end. He saw some finely crafted magical weapons and accessories be carried onto the stage that were sold for many gold coins. He was slightly envious but he was just glad that he managed to sell his handcrafted wares. When he finally managed to get to his desired class he thought that he would be able to produce even greater weapons.

He was still tired, his sleep resistance skills have even leveled up once in the half-year he was stuck scribing in his tiny inn room. The people even started giving him strange looks as he only showed up for one meal before locking himself back in it.

The auction went deep into the night and ended close to midnight. He stayed and waited, he wasn't willing to leave without getting his money. The auction house only let the sellers pick up their share after the auctions were over and not during them. There were times where the buyers changed their minds and refused to pay. They would be reported to the city guards then, the auction house was a sanctioned business and had ways of getting people to pay up.

Roland made sure to keep his hood and mask on. The mask looked like one of those that ninjas wore, it only covered his mouth while leaving his eyes out in the open. The hood was covering the top of his head so he didn't go for a full face mask and deemed it unnecessary.

He gave out a sigh when he was finally allowed to pick up his loot. There was a special room for this. After entering he saw a clerk working there. It was an older man and there

were two guards standing beside him. There were also another two standing right beside the entrance. They were probably there to catch anyone that would think about grabbing more coins than they were entitled to.

“Seller number 64... you have earned a total of 9 large silver coins and 2 small silver coins.”

“With a commission of 25%, you are left with 6 large silver coins and 9 small ones.”

The man did a fast recounting while Roland nodded. He lost 2 large silvers and 3 small ones due to the auction houses fee. He wasn't mad though as he understood that it was worth it. He quickly took the money that was laid before him and neatly packed in a small satchel. He nodded without answering and then quickly left. Unbeknownst to him, some people in the auction house took note of him as they were curious who the new craftsman in the city was that was able to make the highest common grade spell scrolls.

Roland ran all the way back to the inn with haste. There were still many people out and about in the city, drinking late into the night. He had grown a bit since half a year ago and with the added bonuses of his running and sprinting skills, he was going fast. At the inn there weren't that many people around, everyone was mostly in bed as they needed to get things done in the morning.

Back in his room, he collapsed on his straw mattress filled bed. He couldn't really remember much past that as he woke up at 12 pm the next day, awoken to the church bells that sounded in the distance. He felt revitalized after the rest and ready to earn more cash. His plan was coming to fruition and he had made the first step. Now he had to strike while the iron was hot, he needed more materials and in due time better runic spells to practice on and then sell.

Roland didn't know why but it felt really good to manage on his own. He actually preferred working for himself even though he was putting in more hours than a regular worker would. With the influx of new assets, he bought more resources, more ink, and more monster scrolls for the spells. He had redrawn this fire arrow spell so many times that he was now a master of it. It would probably take him a while to master another comparable one so he decided to focus on the fire arrow spell for now.

He had spent countless hours redrawing it, affixing the magical pathways into the correct forms. He had even used up all of his sketching paper and pencils to practice while being low on mana. This fire arrow was certainly something designed for a runesmith class, it was very draining on his mana reserves. If he wasn't blessed with a large pool of mana he wouldn't be able to scribe more than one or two of these runic spells per day.

When a person was drained of their mana they would start feeling dizzy and sleepy. If your mana ever hit zero you would get a splitting headache and sometimes even pass out. This had happened to him one of the days he was scribing, his devotion to the task

at hand had caused him to suffer a backlash. He even received a debuff to his mana regeneration the next day which halted his progress even further.

Time passed again and things were getting more interesting at the Libra Auction house. Mr. Percival the appraiser had a stack of brand new runic scrolls, all of them with the runic version of the fire arrow spell. This time around there were three at the 'highest' grade, which made the man wonder if this runesmith master was improving by the day.

There were always high and highest graded runic scrolls there. Word around the city spread and the magic shops were slowly beginning to look into this new person that was slowly nudging himself into their territory. But just as Roland had speculated they didn't feel threatened just yet, the number of products going around was just too small to affect these large stores that had other items to sell than spell scrolls. He didn't know if they would act in any way but for now, he was left alone to his devices.

The more of the highest runes were added the better the prices got. Roland was slowly regaining his lost fortune, he deposited ten scrolls each every week while earning close to one small gold coin. Soon he was able to get a better quill, better paper, and was now even thinking of going to a more expensive inn that was further into the city. Things were looking quite good indeed, so good that he could now start thinking about the future once again and get back to his research.

Another three months had passed in a flash, Roland was sitting in his tiny room with a complete stack of scrolls. Six of them were at the highest grade while four of them were at the high one.

"I've gotten good at this one spell... but I think I need to move on from it."

Roland was slightly tired of redrawing the same sequence over and over again. He felt like a person at the assembly line doing the exact same task every day. He needed some variation in his life and he knew just the thing to spice things up. He placed his created scrolls into his spatial bag and decided to get dressed.

He left the inn and headed out of the city, doing it on foot. He was sure to leave early in the morning, giving himself more time till nightfall. This city was built into a large mountain, but that didn't mean that rocks were the only thing in the area. There actually was a large forest nearby where he was headed. Within two hours he was at his destination.

'There should be some around here...there is one...'

Roland came to a stop and placed himself behind a tree. His stealth had leveled up from basic to the regular but if he ever wanted to get it up to advanced he would need a rogue class. He squatted down and reached into his storage bag, from it he pulled out a crude-looking book. The pages of this book were tied together by thin string and pushed through small holes at the edges, it was barely holding together from how bad it looked.

On the other side was quite the familiar creature that Roland was inching closer towards.

‘Gigi...’

It was a goblin, but instead of being green, it was a lot paler. This was a variant that was called a ‘Mountain Goblin’. These creatures roamed the forest around the city but they didn’t venture towards it. They sometimes attacked carriages that went between cities but that was a rare occurrence.

The goblin didn’t have much of a chance to react as a glowing red arrow shot right through its brain, melting it in the process. The person that produced this magical spell was Roland. He had his hand placed on the topmost page of his crude ‘grimoire’, he had made it from the lower and low graded spells scrolls that he didn’t want to sell.

He had figured out one thing about his Basic Rune Mastery skill. He could level it up by using either runic scrolls that he made or weapons that had runes engraved into them. These goblins didn’t offer much in experience but they were good enough for him to train his skills on them. The idea of using his stash of scrolls like a magic book just dawned on him once.

The page that he used to activate his spell crumbled into dust soon after activation. This was the biggest weakness of this type of weapon, it had limited uses but he could rapid-fire with it without having to do any pesky incantations. Maybe if he faced that tier 2 fencer in battle again, he could actually do something about it by spamming these fire arrows his way. Even a tier 2 class would have a hard time evading so many tier 2 spells like the fire arrow spell.

Roland took a glance at his stats and some of his skills that he was grinding. His most important ones were the ones concerning runes, he wasn’t really using his mage class ones that much anymore. He even found these spell scrolls to be much more powerful than his regular spells.

Name :

Roland Arden L 35

Classes:

T1 Mage L25 [Secondary]

T1 Runic Mana Scribe L 10 [Main]

HP

374/374

MP

1701/1751

SP

448/448

Strength

26

Agility

30

Dexterity

52

Vitality

29

Endurance

28

Intelligence

90

Willpower

67

Charisma

13

Luck

6

Basic Mana Scribing L2

Skill

Allows scribing of basic spells to paper

Basic Rune Scribing L5

Skill

Allows scribing of runes to paper

Basic Rune Mastery L3

Passive Skill

Increases comprehension of runes and lowers MP requirement for using them by a small margin.

He focused on grinding the Rune scribing skill which meant that his regular mana scribing fell behind. He didn't care for that though as the runes were the way to go for him. His Rune Mastery skill was also going up now as he was finally using it as intended, for battle. Besides his int,dex, and willpower the rest of his stats weren't really going up, he even attributed the points he got to him getting older.

He noticed that the common runes started being manageable after he achieved the 4th level of his scribing skill, before he got it he could barely create the lowest graded one. The higher the level of this skill the less mana he burned through while crafting, thankfully he had a lot to spare even before that.

Basic Mana Shaping L6

Skill

Lets the mage shape mana into spells, gives bonuses to intelligence and willpower. The higher the skill the better the user is at forming spells.

Basic Mana Regulation L7

Skill

Helps regulate the mana in the user's body. Increases mana regeneration by helping absorb ambient mana from the environment.

The two skills he received from getting his mage class were also leveling up. He was constantly using his mana to shape the magic ink into the desired runic symbols. Luckily this was enough for his Mana shaping skill to level up along with the regulation skill that hastened his regeneration. He was able to regenerate all of his mana in a couple of

hours, if he stayed really still and rested it was even faster. Taking off his clothes also improved this task as he had more uncovered skin to absorb the mana energy.

He was a level ten scribe after more than half a year of work. He was already at the level cap of his previous class within the same time, leveling up his second tier 1 class was proving to be more challenging. He also didn't manage to scribe down that many rune schematics as he was without coin. This would be changing soon, he wanted to start buying out all the runic spell scrolls that he could find within the city. They were much cheaper than runic weapons so he would focus on them first.

He checked the time, he had a couple of hours for training so he decided to go into the forest while using his old tactics. There were fewer trees for him to hide and they were mostly of the spiky variety. He still could use them for cover while remaining still and using his stealth, he also didn't need to use those pesky incantations anymore. Using these spell scrolls in this makeshift spellbook was a lot faster.

He was already dreaming about making a magical runic staff for himself. If he continued to gain levels with his rune mastery skill while gaining more mana, using runic weapons could be feasible in the foreseeable future.

While daydreaming about runic weapons he went deeper into the forest, it was the middle of the day so he had plenty of time to let loose. The fire arrows rained down on the unsuspecting goblins that didn't have any time to react. He ended each encounter with a headshot and he wouldn't be surprised if he got some title for it if he continued. He noticed that he wasn't getting that much experience points for these monsters and he attributed this to him being a crafting class. He was doing this to level up his runic mastery that would give him some XP anyway, so it was a fine exchange.

His hunt was brought to a halt after he heard a high pitch sound. It was a familiar screech of a goblin. It was near his location but still far enough away for him not to worry. These mountain goblin variants were a lot stronger than the green ones you'd find in the kingdom's warmer areas. They were slightly taller and their hides were tougher and it was over if they managed to surround you.

It was considered a bad idea to fight them unless you were at least in your second tier 1 class and in the latter parts of it. He wondered why the goblins were calling over their buddies, this was clearly a call for help and soon a swarm of these little buggers would rush into the area. The smart thing would be to back away for now but he was close to where the shout originated.

Luck was on his side as there was a small cliff in that direction. If the goblins decided to run towards him they would need to climb up a steep ledge, which would give him enough time to escape or even fire some magical spells at the climbing monsters.

He remained at the ledge for the time being while trying to look to where the noises were coming from. He spotted someone coming his way and it wasn't a goblin. This was

someone he recognized from the inn he was staying at. It was a small girl even shorter than him, this was the gnome girl that he bumped into the first day he came to town.

She looked scared and was running away, behind her five mountain goblins with some crude looking clubs and short swords were chasing after her. She had a dagger in her hand which looked used as it was drenched in goblin blood. What the girl was doing in the woods was a mystery. She clearly wasn't strong enough to fight off these mountain goblins alone which made things even more strange.

She was coming his way, but below him was a ledge of about twenty meters. She would need to climb up all the way here to get to safety and he didn't think the goblins would let her. He could already imagine the girl going up while getting pelted with rocks, sticks, and maybe even the shortswords.

He gave out a sigh while looking at his 'grimoire' of fire arrow spells. He had enough to spare, he also had the high ground advantage. It would probably be easy to take care of these monsters and he did come here to use up these failed products.

'I guess, it's time to save a fair maiden in need? Wonder if I can get some kind of 'White Knight' title for this.'

He thought to himself while taking aim, his hand on the makeshift spellbook.

The Runesmith #Chapter 24 Little Goblin Slayer to the rescue. - Read The Runesmith Chapter 24 Little Goblin Slayer to the rescue. Online -

Helci had come to these woods to level up. She was someone you called a late bloomer. The gnome girl was already past sixteen years in her life but she had just recently achieved her ascension class.

The girl looked similar to a gnome but she wasn't of pure descent. Her height was above what a normal gnome reached at 140 centimeters. Her figure was also quite voluptuous in regard to other gnome girls but she mostly hid it well under baggy clothes or armor like today.

She had fine features compared to others of her kind that mostly had rounder heads with larger eyes. Her hair was long and orange and she had put it in a ponytail so that it wouldn't get in the way of her first hunt.

She was an orphan, the whereabouts of her family were unknown as she was abandoned at a young age. She was left at one of the orphanages run by the Church of Solaria and spent most of her life there. She would do chores there, slowly learning how to cook, clean and various other tasks.

Even though the church was the ones producing the class change crystals they wouldn't just give it to the orphans. The child had to decide if they wanted to live as an acolyte or abandon the church life by the age of fourteen. She had chosen to leave, getting a job at a few places throughout Edelgard and finally ending up at the inn where she was now employed.

She had worked for two years saving up for herself and finally managed to get herself one of those elusive stones. She went through her ascension, the class that she was rewarded was a scout that boasted high agility and detection skills. This might have not been her chosen profession but she was happy nevertheless.

There was a slight problem though, the city she lived in had no nearby dungeon with easy monsters to practice on. She was able to register at the adventurers guild but there was not much work for tier 1 scouts that were still at the first level and had no battle experience. The notice board for bronze adventurers was filled with tasks similar to her current job. This was something she was trying to abandon as she was fed up with that sort of lifestyle.

She was someone that was stubborn, she didn't want to ask for help from other adventurers. She also couldn't trust them, mostly the male adventurers that could try to take advantage of her.

She finally decided to go into the nearby forest, the walk there took her two hours. She had spent the rest of her savings on a dagger and on cheap leather armor. This armor consisted of a chest piece and some wristguards. The rest of her attire was simple cloth.

She had never hunted a monster before in her life but from what she heard the goblins were quite easy to slay. To her knowledge, they weren't stronger than ten-year-old human children which was giving her quite the confidence boost.

Helci wandered into the forest with the dagger in hand, going deeper and deeper without looking back. She was dead set on leveling up and starting her new life as an adventurer. The wind howled and the trees started rustling about which caused her to be vigilant.

Her class was a scout that gave her better vision than others. This class was also adept at hiding their presence while feeling out the area. Soon enough she spotted her first target. It was a pale looking goblin with a large wooden club in its hand.

She was a gnome hybrid so her size was slightly larger than this small monster. This placed her at an advantage as she had the height advantage. After observing the monster for a moment she noticed that it was quite lean and muscular. This didn't halt her advance, she was dead set on hunting this goblin.

She gripped her dagger and started sneaking forward, she knew that the element of surprise was paramount. If she managed to land a backstab she could probably deliver a killing blow. She moved forward while the monster was looking down at something, there were some large insects there that the goblin started stomping on. This gave her a chance to move forward while sneaking.

The goblin was unaware of the small person sneaking up behind it. It switched to hitting the ground with its club while grinning. Suddenly it heard something snap behind it which put it on alert. The goblin turned around with haste to see a pointy-eared girl with a dagger rushing its way.

It didn't have that much time to react and it wasn't very skilled either. The goblin just swung its wooden weapon randomly in hopes of protecting itself. This was partially successful as it managed to deliver a blow to Helci's side. This caused her dagger to go off target and plunge itself into the monster's shoulder instead of its neck.

The monster screamed out loud, the pain unbearable as it jumped back to get away. The small gnome girl panted hard, she needed some time to catch her breath as the wooden club had slammed into her side causing some damage. The small goblin was a lot stronger than anticipated, even though her armor held she almost had her ribs broken.

She didn't realize that the monster had called for its friends so she continued, the enemy was wounded and she just needed to finish it off. The goblin with rage in its eyes charged forward, it went into a berserk state and started swinging wide.

The girl was slippery as an eel, the blows weren't reaching her but she couldn't move forward either. The first blow had taken the wind out of her and she was now hesitating. She had almost no combat experience, having only occasionally fought with the other orphans or drunkards in the city.

Soon enough more goblins started appearing which finally forced her to turn around and run. She could barely handle one of these monsters, what could she do when four more appeared. So started her getaway, she was panting while running towards the city.

The forest was unknown to her and she was still just a level 1 scout. Her tracking skills weren't quite there so she found herself running in a random direction. This was a mountainous area and luck wasn't on her side as she found herself blocked by a high rocky wall.

She looked to the sides as the road forward was blocked. She could hear the angry goblins running behind her which caused her to panic unable to decide. Should she try climbing this or try her luck by going sideways, there could be a better climbing spot further down.

Before she could decide one of the goblins jumped out at her. It didn't get far though as something bright and red came whizzing from somewhere. It pierced the monster's head and stopped it in its tracks. One monster was dead and four more remained.

"Hey, you alive down there?"

She heard a voice from above and she found it slightly familiar. She looked up and saw a person standing there, this person was wearing a black robe and it was hard to make out his clothes. By the sound of the voice, she knew that it was someone younger but still a man.

"I-I'm fine but there are more coming!"

She shouted out while slightly relieved that there was another person here that was even willing to help.

"I know, wait a moment I'll clear them out."

This was what the person said before the massacre began. She could see more of those red flaming arrows being shot out. They made beautiful red arches and burrowed themselves into the goblins the moment they jumped out from the bushes. Five spells and five goblins were dead.

She looked at the charred corpses that were missing their heads. The smell was something that she wouldn't forget for quite some time. She spaced out for a moment before that person's voice brought her back to reality.

"Why are you standing there, you need to leave, more goblins will be coming soon!"

"Oh, you should probably get the mana stone from that goblin there, the second one on the left before that, it's to the right of its heart."

The person shouted while dropping down some rope. Helci looked at the goblin in question and decided to follow the advice. To her surprise a small mana stone was there, if she could sell it she could probably earn a few small silvers.

She didn't remain there for much longer. The girl was already scared as it was, she started climbing to get to safety. The ledge wasn't that steep so she managed to do it in a couple of minutes. On top she collapsed onto her knees while panting, strength left her body due to having to run in a panic this far.

"You okay there? Helci, right?"

She turned her head to the person that rescued her. This was apparently someone that knew her but she was unsure from where. What she saw was a young human male about 160 cm in height pulling the rope up and placing it into a bag of holding.

The wind moved his hood around and she could finally make out his face. This was indeed someone that she knew, someone that lived at the inn that she worked at. Most people thought he was a weirdo, he always stayed locked in his room and would only leave to eat and rarely went outside.

The innkeeper told her to not bother him as he could be some kind of a cult member. He was always seen in a black robe covering his face and never talked to anyone or made any friends. He fired off some spells so he might have a magic class. A ritualist or a warlock was a person that made a pact with a demon or monster of some sort, so she was slightly concerned.

“A-ah yes... I’m fine...”

She stood up, her dagger was strapped to her side. She backed off a little bit as she was unsure about this person’s motives. You didn’t see many people helping others for no reason, this person was also someone she didn’t know that well. This made her reserved, keeping a distance was probably the correct thing to do now.

“See, there are already some new ones coming.”

The human in the robe pointed into the distance from where she came. More goblins started to appear, probably there to avenge their slain friends that were butchered.

“We should leave if an evolved variant appears it won’t be this easy.”

The youth said while turning his back to her. She was still a bit on the fence about following this unknown person. He was still someone from the city though and the rumors were probably exaggerated. Behind her she could hear the maddened shouts of the monsters that had found their murdered friends, it was time to get out of there.

“Ah, wait for me, I’m coming!”

She ran after the human boy that was quite fast on his feet. She was someone that was adept at running but even then she couldn’t catch up to him. It didn’t take long for them to reach the paved road that led into the city. The goblins would probably not chase them any further than this, so she felt relieved.

She leaned over while panting, her hands to her knees. She made it out alive in one piece. She didn’t expect these monsters to be this crafty, even when she managed to stab the creature in the shoulder it didn’t do much damage. This was a total failure on her part and she knew it.

After resting a bit she looked up, the human boy was staring at her. She felt weird, this person had helped her but she had a hard time expressing her gratitude. Before she could open her mouth he spoke out first.

“What were you thinking? Have you never fought a goblin before? What level are you?”

“If I wasn’t close by you would have been getting eaten at this moment.”

“And another thing...”

The human youth had removed his hood and started berating her. He crossed his arms over one another and started listing the things that she had done wrong. He even started questioning her choice of equipment. She felt like she was being scolded by one of the older nuns from back in the church days. This boy looked younger than her, which made the whole thing even more degrading.

“If you weren’t close by? I had everything under control!”

She puffed up her cheeks along with her chest, her long eyebrows angling inwards. She was mad, her plan of being an adventurer didn’t work out as intended and now she was getting lectured by some snotty kid. He might have been some kind of magician but he was still a child in her eyes.

“That’s right, I was just luring them into a trap, you idiot!”

“Then you appeared and ruined my plan, who needed your help, I was fine on my own!”

She moved her head to the side while harrumphing loudly. The youth that was reprimanding her stopped talking while astonishment covered his face. He watched as Helci stubbornly turned her head to the side while biting her lower lip. While trying to act tough and not facing the person that rescued her she started walking. She could slightly see the youth’s face contorting into odd shapes, he was probably baffled by her reaction which made her feel bad.

She was never good at apologizing for her wrongdoings and even worse at thanking people that had helped her. The two didn’t talk much after her outburst, they kept a distance of a few meters from each other. The gnome girl wanted to apologize but each time she saw the youth’s face she felt indignation as if he was looking down on her for failing. They finally separated at the city entrance and both went their own way.

There was a tiny problem though, Helci had forgotten that the youth that she didn’t know the name of was staying at the inn she was working at. She was also a worker that lived there so they almost immediately bumped back into each other.

She kept her distance as he was eating his supper. Both had spent most of their day walking back and forth and adventuring in the forest so it was already close to seven. The world here also had a 24 hour day cycle but there were thirteen months on the calendar instead of twelve.

Helci felt a bit bad about not having thanked him yet. She made a fist with her hand and brought it to her chest while clutching it, she had made a decision. She grabbed one of the better-looking sausages from the pantry. Her plan unfolded as she used the busy hours to sneak over to the robed stranger. She placed the nicely prepared meat sausage along with a plate on his table, her mouth moving fast as she talked.

“H-here, I found this just lying there, thought you might want one.”

The youth looked at the item presented to him with a raised eyebrow, then back to the smaller half-gnome girl that was presenting it to him. Another bout of uncomfortable silence unfolded which caused the girl to have another outburst.

“Just take it already, what are you taking so long, not like I brought it over to thank you for helping me or anything!... idiot.”

She slammed the table with both her hands which made the whole thing shake. She then stormed off back into the kitchen, some of the patrons noticed the exchange and even gave the half-gnome a whistle.

Roland, who was still looking at the sausage that was given to him, seemingly free of charge was quite surprised. He didn't think these types of people existed in real life. He grabbed the sausage and gave it a taste, he couldn't just waste good food. In the back of his mind, he was slightly amused by the way the girl acted. It was quite similar to how some popular characters in various works of fiction conducted themselves. He could even see her trying to sneak a peek from the corner, probably wanting to see if he was eating the gift that she prepared.

He also needed to talk to the girl later, she was obviously unfit to wander into those dangerous woods. As an adult, it was hard to not worry about someone that acted this much as a little brat. He would later try talking to her again but after she had cooled off as it seemed that she was still slightly irritated. But this would have to wait for now as he had a really big sausage to devour now.

The Runesmith #Chapter 25 Making a deal - Read The Runesmith Chapter 25 Making a deal Online -

Roland was back in his room, the day had been a strange one. He went out to test his spell scroll slinging abilities on some goblins. But what he found there was a young girl almost getting herself killed. He didn't want to pry too much into her business and she didn't react kindly when he started reprimanding her.

The other peculiar thing was how she acted. The whole encounter made him think that he was stuck in some kind of game world as he didn't think people like that existed. She had multiple emotional outbursts towards him, while on the other hand acted all grateful and even shy while bringing over some food.

‘Well... she might just be bipolar...Should I stay clear of her?’

He thought, but maybe he was reading too much into her character traits there. There were all sorts of people in this world. He had managed to get a free sausage as a reward so it was worth it. He was now stuffed and back in his room. He would scribe one more fire arrow spell before going to bed.

Tomorrow would be the day when he would finally go on a spending spree. He needed to buy out as many runic spell scrolls as possible. He could then start creating schematics for them to quickly gain levels.

The more levels and the better stats he achieved, the faster he would become at creating his wares. He was also hopeful that in the future the Libra Auction House would drop their percentages. Losing 25% after they got their cut was a bit much, he wasn't sure if the regular stores charged others as much for their wares.

He used his usual disguise that made him look like a little Warlock in training. The place he was visiting first was the same one he got the runic fire arrow spell from. It was the store that was called Exeor's Magic Emporium.

He stepped forward the doors opened by themselves with the help of some kind of enchantment. He wanted to examine this door, maybe it also operated on some runes and he would be able to add another one to his collection.

There weren't that many people in here and he didn't really come here often. The general store that was closer to his inn had all the necessary items. He was also concerned that if he came here too often his disguise as the person selling the runic scrolls would fall through.

The elven girl by the name Zilyana was still here acting as the main salesperson. He just moved over to the display case with the runic spells. They were all still there, even though there weren't many he could use them for research. They looked dusty as before and even though he was able to make some profit on them, the other crafters didn't seem to be able to.

He had a bit of an advantage over other people. He could just take their work and improve upon it. Even if the person made the lowest of low runic spells he could turn it into the highest one in a matter of hours.

The common grade runic spells were a bit harder to correct. They used a lot more runes and even their schematics were double their size. This was also why he needed more time to scribe them down and why it took him half a year to get the crafting process down to near perfection. This was also just for one rune, if he tried completing a totally new one it could take him just as long.

He looked to the elf lady, motioning her over as he wanted to buy a couple of these scrolls. She smiled at him and went over. He wasn't sure if she was doing it on purpose but her hips were swinging side to side in an alluring way. The high heels she was wearing were making clicking sounds against the wooden floor panels when she moved forward.

"What will it be dear customer?, I see that you have decided~"

"I'd like to buy this Runic Orb of Light spell scroll and this Runic Aqua Ball spell scroll... also this Frost Bolt one..."

He started listing them off, he wasn't sure if he had enough money for all of them. They would be great for his future research as he was itching to start fiddling with the runic components. He had already listed down all the parts into his notes and now he just needed some time to experiment.

"You want to buy the runic spell scrolls?"

"Hm... wait a moment I'll be right back."

The elf replied and walked away. This was an unexpected reaction. He started wondering if there was something wrong. Normally they would just hand over the goods, take the coins and it would be over. Maybe she had more scrolls in the back and she didn't want to move these dusty ones?

He remained in the store and waited. He even saw the elf go up the stairs, the same ones that he had used before.

'Are the scrolls stored up there?'

He wasn't sure what this was about but he just waited. He needed these spells scrolls as without them he wouldn't be able to progress. He needed more samples to work with, the number of rune schematics he possessed wasn't that high and only one was good for earning money.

After about five minutes the elf finally descended from the stairs and started walking back towards him. She wasn't carrying any scrolls with her so Roland's first assumption was wrong.

"Excuse me, I've made you wait."

"It's fine, can I get these scrolls then?"

He asked as he didn't want to waste any more time here, he still wanted to see if he could get some better materials for his work.

“I have to apologize, but that won’t be possible.”

“Excuse me?”

He was baffled by the answer. Was there something wrong with him buying these? Did someone figure out his scheme and that he could make schematics of already completed runic symbols? His mind spun into conspiracy theory territory as he started sweating.

“Ah don’t worry, It’s not like that. The manager would just like to speak with you.”

“The manager?”

The image of a gnome working with some large pitchers popped into his head.

“Yes, he wishes to discuss some business opportunities, I’m sure he will allow the purchase of these scrolls after that~”

“Business opportunities?”

The elf girl just smiled without explaining herself. Roland tried deducting the answer in his mind and the only thing coming to mind was that he was found out. They didn’t want to sell him the runic spells and they wanted to talk business, if this wasn’t about him going to the auction house then he would eat a shoe.

He had two options. Leaving and trying another shop, this wasn’t the only one with these unused runic spells. The other one was to head up and see what this person wanted from him. If he just left then he would be left uninformed about this manager’s motives.

Roland had decided to go and see him. He didn’t think that he was in any danger as this man wasn’t a warrior but an alchemist. He was also a store owner so he probably did just want to throw a business proposition his way. He could always decline and move on with his life. Leaving the city if things got complicated was also an option.

“Okay, lead the way.”

He nodded while the golden-haired elf smiled. He was soon before the same door as half a year ago. Not much had changed there, the person inside still looked the same. The alchemist equipment might have increased with a few pitchers and beakers here and there though.

The door closed behind him after the elf woman had left. He was now left alone with the store’s manager, if he was also the owner of it was unknown to him. He remained standing and looked around, besides the alchemist utensils there was also a furnace to the side.

He wondered why something like that was here, right next to a bunch of chemicals and flammable books that were standing on a nearby bookshelf. Then he remembered that this world probably didn't have anyone to check the safety measures of stores.

"Runic fire arrows, eh?"

"Huh?"

He could hear the gnome finally speak up. He had a higher-pitched voice than a human and was a lot shorter. Roland compared the man's height to the other gnomes he had seen around the city and he was a bit on the taller side, close to 120 cm.

"What about runic fire arrows?"

He replied, playing dumb as he didn't know if he had been really found out or just being tested. The older man stopped doing what he was and finally stepped out from behind the alchemist setup he was working on.

He had a grumpy expression on his face. Roland could finally get a good look at him. The man had a full beard that was gray and was wearing some kind of turban on top of his head. His ears were pointy and long, not as long as an elf's though. He had quite a large nose with a large wart on the left nostril. His clothes consisted of a baggy robe that was tied to him with a brown leather belt.

"Kid, don't insult my intelligence. Did you really think no one would notice your antics?"

"I've got to give it to ya, you have a lot of talent if you can produce spells of that quality and all at such a young age.

He moved forward while talking, heading over to another desk that was in the corner. It had a large chair behind it, probably so that he could see over it as it looked to be human-sized. He sat himself down and then took out a wooden pipe, smoke soon flowed out from his nostrils.

Roland was a bit worried that he was exposed, he had disguised himself and even said that he was working for someone else when he was selling his wares. Maybe if he played dumb he could still evade suspicion.

"I was just hired to deliver the scrolls there..."

The gnome just raised his eyebrow as if he was looking at an idiot. He scuffed some while blowing out some smoke Roland's way.

"You sure are persistent with your little story. If you wanted to hide you shouldn't have stuck out like a vampire in the sun."

“Listen here, your secret is out. I could give a molerat’s ass about the reason you were using that stupid disguise. I am here to talk about money!”

Roland just remained in place and continued to listen. At this point, he already figured that there was no way of talking himself out of this. This gnome person probably had informants at the auction house that tipped him of. He could have even been followed by someone that was good at hiding. He as a mage class was not really good at detecting trouble so people could easily sneak upon him.

“You’ve got talent kid, but even more important than that is that class and work ethic.”

“That class?”

The gnome smiled at him while removing the pipe from his mouth as he explained further.

“You are still green kid, do you think you can hide your special class from anyone without an enchantment to block out the identification skill?”

The gnome’s eyes shone blue for a split second as he looked at Roland.

“Level 10 already? Not bad, you have a bright future ahead of you if you continue working hard.”

Roland took a step back while digesting this information. This person had a high identification skill and he could read him as an open book. His Runic Mana Scribe class had been revealed to him and he couldn’t even do anything about it.

“You saw my class back then?”

“That’s right, I have a very good memory, you know us intelligence types.”

“Then someone started selling runic spell scrolls, now why would any respectable Runesmith sell crummy spell scrolls? Maybe it was a Runic Mana Scribe instead, hmm?”

The way this man had figured him out was revealed. It was all mostly thanks to one skill. All of the work that went into his disguise had been for nothing as he was exposed right from the beginning. What the old man wanted from him was still up to debate.

“That’s just...”

He slumped a bit forward in defeat. His thought he had it all figured out but apparently he was just deluding himself.

"Now now, I'm not here to blackmail you or anything, so just relax and take a seat, we have a lot to talk about."

Roland just sat down in defeat, there was no reason to deny it anymore.

"What do you want?"

"Not much, I want you to work with me."

"I'm not signing one of those ludicrous contracts."

Roland was quick to reply, he still wasn't willing to get himself stuck working for six years in one spot. He would rather leave the city and try elsewhere, he had made enough to relocate.

"Those contracts are for talentless hacks, you kid have a future."

"This is how I see it..."

"I'll supply you with the location where you can develop your craft, I'll even lower the price for the materials..."

The man started talking business. He wanted to sponsor Roland, he would give him his own place where he could do his runecrafting. The contract he was offering was a lot less strenuous than the one he saw half a year ago.

He wouldn't need to share any of his secrets. He would only be required to continue crafting like he already did. This store would take care of the selling part, their commission was also lower than of the auction house at 15%.

"This contract looks a bit one-sided... why are you willing to give me so much freedom?"

It looked a bit fishy. The only binding thing here was that he could only sell his wares to this store. He could freely craft for himself and give them away for free if he wanted. There was even a clause that he was allowed to sell it at a cheaper price for a couple of people of his choosing and he could also negotiate for it. The period of this contract was also shorter, just three years. After which he was up for renegotiating or just leaving outright.

"That's an easy answer, you show a lot of promise. There aren't many people at your age that have such a high level."

"You probably don't realize how rare unique classes like yours are."

"I am willing to invest in your talent, I don't think that it's a bad deal."

The man smiled while already having the contract ready. Roland only needed to sign on the dotted line and it would be finalized. The punishment for breaking the contract was a slightly lesser curse that would only remove his mana by 30%. It also didn't take into effect instantly if he broke one rule and he could work it out with the boss to evade it.

It was actually a good contract for someone with no backing and no influence like him. He could work and sell his items while not having to worry about the price margin. The auction house buyers were sometimes stingy with their purchases.

He would also get his own place to tinker about. Probably one of the rooms in this large building. This contract could even extend to when he advanced to a blacksmith. It was easy to scribe spell scrolls, but he would need a fully equipped smithy to get anything done as a blacksmith. The contract stated that the company he was signing with was required to present him with facilities for his craft. It wasn't limited to his runic mana scribe profession either.

"I see that you have made your research, it would probably be unwise for me to refuse."

He replied while looking at the old man that was wiggling the contract before him. The gnome also warned him about the other stores. Apparently not everyone was as lenient as he was. Others might want to crush him instead of recruiting. It would be easy to pull some strings and have him banned from the auction houses in Edelgard.

In this city, there existed something like a council. Their members were the most influential businessmen in the city, merchants, store owners, owners of large smithing shops, and other various businesses. They gathered every three months for discussions. If an upstart appeared they would first try to get them over to their side. If they resisted they would be crushed. Roland was flying under the radar for now but as soon as he tried creating his own company the council would come on knocking.

The Gnome here was part of it so he could put him under his protective umbrella and shield him from any future woes.

Roland moved his head down and thought, the deal wasn't that bad and he was still young. The contract was only three years so he would have a lot of leeway when he improved later on. He also didn't know how long he would have to keep this up until he would actually have enough money to buy his own workshop.

"Let me think about it, could I get a copy of this contract and read it over?"

The old gnome didn't have a reason to refuse and Roland left. He would read through the contract again and come up with a few modifications. Like being allowed to keep his own brand symbol of the small red comet along with having his identity hidden. In the end, he would agree to it, his life of crafting had only begun with this step.