

## Runesmith 317

### Chapter 317– Tier 3 Trial Ends.

A large armored man was struggling against a large number of cables. They were all wrapped around his limbs along with the large mace he was holding in his hand. Even though there were many of them he was still able to struggle. Little by little he could unearth the things these cables were attached to. Their bodies were made from metal and their form was similar to a spider's. Even though he was slowly able to yank these spider drones out, he could not do it instantaneously.

This was what the master of these golems was waiting for. He had recreated a similar trap that he used to take down a massive dinosaur-like monster. His creations had laid dormant through the entire skirmish only to act when he called for them. Traps like these had aided him in his adventures and this time again they would help him achieve victory. Even though the cables were already breaking, it didn't matter. The little time he was given for him to bring this home.

Just as the golems were about to get fully yanked out of the ground a beam of condensed energy collided with the armored man in the middle. A thin layer of mana momentarily appeared to shield him from this devastating attack. Yet, the suit of armor had already decayed throughout the duration of the fight. It was close to a tier 3 item but even those had limits. With no magical protection to speak of the spell drilled itself through his chest.

"This took a lot longer than it should have...but now it's time to end it."

Roland was barely able to voice the sentence in what sounded to be a resolute voice. Thanks to his new skill that allowed him to articulate things better it might have seemed that he was still in control but the reality was different. After having to act as the bait for this massive lord commander through the entire battlefield, he was digging deep into his reserves.

Most of his mana had been spent and the golems that were hidden underground were almost out of commission too. Even when they shot support bolts into the ground the enemy general's might was just too much. Their golemic appendages were all mangled and they would be unable to perform any of the tasks they were designed to. This didn't matter anymore though, as the battle had almost been won and they performed their duty.

The ray of condensed energy, similar to the spell he used when farming the tier 3 skeletons, had done its job. It went through the right side of the Lord Commander and created a giant hole that he could see through. This was also the side on which he was holding that giant mace of his, the same weapon that caused Roland to have nightmares.

Roland was not a stranger to death as before arriving in this world of classes and skills he had been living on planet earth. Even though the trial had forced him to forget most of what had transpired on this first attempt, the death continued to be very vivid in his memories. Sometimes he would even wake up at night with the feeling of his face being crushed by something. Back in the past when he was younger a similar period existed which only time allowed him to mend.

Now the source of his recent trauma was before him. A big chunk of his body was missing and the enemy Lord Commander was twitching on the ground. The hole revealed the wooden parts under that thick armor he was wearing. If this puppet man had been a real man from flesh and blood the image

would have been quite gruesome. Yet even without all the blood and charred flesh, his squirming was similar.

“I guess, things are reversed now...”

Roland reached out for the large mace to pick it up. Even with his current enhanced strength, he could feel the weight being tremendous. The fact that this wooden person could fling it around with just one hand was a testament to his levels and stats. His level of two hundred and Lord Commander class probably equipped him with similar power as a lesser tier 3 class holder.

After adding a second hand to the large mace he approached the enemy commander that was still trying to fight back. Yet his whole body was still wrapped around several metal wires, the golems that they were attached to still offered some resistance that in this weakened state the wooden person was unable to fight against.

When looking around he noticed that the fighting had momentarily halted. The forces from the enemy faction weren't rushing to their leader's help, instead, they were inching in the opposite direction. This was the obvious fate of a tyrant that only ruled people by his own power. If that might that brought him up to the top were in any way stripped away, then there was nothing left. It was a fast way to gain power yet just as fast as it was achieved, it faded away even quicker.

\*Crunch\*

The sound of the mace hitting the commander echoed through the now-silenced battlefield. Roland made sure to swing as hard as his body allowed him to do. The force of the hit drove the mace into the ground along with the Woodlander Commander's head.

Finally, the enemy leader was dead and his death brought an almost immediate change. The forces that were ruled by might started to retreat. Some wanted to continue, while others demanded that they became the new Lord Commander. Without the looming threat of the armored monster he slew, there was nothing holding these wooden people together.

“My Liege, you have been victorious!”

“Hm, you're the Aid from the Kindling side...”

While the enemy was in disarray the battle resumed. Even though the enemy leader was gone it didn't mean that everything would just end. Roland had expected something like this to transpire as this was not the only enemy that he had been aware of. This trial would probably only end if his victory was more than assured. With another enemy standing before him, it would probably not be over unless he finished it all here.

“My Liege, let us drive away the Woodlanders together, I've seen one of their Commanders escaping towards the forest, we must chase after them!”

“They are escaping? Then we should follow right after them, just give me one of your horses.”

“Yes, My Liege.”

The aid looked towards one of the armored knights that were with him. The two exchanged a nod before he moved his wooden horse toward Roland's direction. This was not the only mounted soldier

that appeared at this location as there were five others. All of them shared one thing among themselves, they came from the side of his vassal.

“That’s enough mana to take care of this.”

“My Liege?”

“Did you really think that I wouldn’t have noticed?”

Roland spoke out while delivering a magically enhanced punch toward the soldier that was handing over the horse. His level was slightly above a hundred but with the difference in stats, he was unable to react in any fashion. The steel breastplate that was covering his chest instantly caved in from the impact. His body flew in the opposite direction while the other armored soldiers grabbed their weapons.

“Kill him!”

The Adi that was supposed to be one of his trusted followers shouted in anger while charging forward. The other soldiers knew that it was too late, they had been caught red-handed and their ploy was seen through. Their enemy was not easily defeated though and the magic blasts from the shoulder-mounted cannons just exacerbated this fact.

Before they could even approach their old Lord Commander the magical blasts rained upon them. The discrepancy in levels was just too big for them. Their main plan included fighting a surprised and weakened Roland, not that he would be aware of their subterfuge. Even in his weakened state, he was more than they could handle and with reinforcements coming from the side, they needed to either commit or abandon this endeavor.

“Treachery! Defend the Lord Commander! Kill them!”

A small group of armored units soon appeared to aid Roland in his fight. Even though he managed to blast some of the soldiers away his mana reserves were low. Luckily some of his trusted retainers were aware of this ploy and had been prepared to send aid when the time came.

Roland’s Aid that had been left behind in the Kindling faction had betrayed him. Even though he had replaced their leader he had been left alive and exiled. This opened up a little side event in this trial which culminated in this assassination attempt. He was not sure when these people would try to implement their ploy but he expected them to take it whenever the chance presented itself to them.

While normally he expected his own Aids to stay loyal there was a risk involved in leaving them in enemy territory. Roland decided to send out a few spies to keep tabs on this retainer that was left behind. During his stay at this new vassal, some information was unearthed which led him to take some precautions. It seemed that the trial was trying to teach him about trust and that it could not be given lightly.

‘This should have been enough to trigger the end... or could there be more to this trial than just war...’

Together with all the time skips the war had already raged for over two years. Even though the enemy lord was dead, this didn’t mean that the whole Woodlander faction was defeated. Perhaps the end of the trial would be only triggered if he managed to unite all of the lands. Conquering all the other locations after this battle was over wouldn’t be that easy. Even though he had won and the enemy

combatants were scattering, his side had suffered a huge blow as well. Around half of his units had been destroyed and besieging all of the reinforced strongholds from the Woodlander territory would require some time.

‘Could it have some kind of hidden favorability rating too... what if I can only complete this if everyone is living in one big happy kingdom?’

While thinking about the worst possible outcome and even a need for more time to pass in this hellish trial, something strange happened. The whole place began to flicker wildly, it was as if this virtual reality was having trouble loading assets. Suddenly the scenery switched to another location where he found himself in a large church.

“Huh?”

“I now pronounce you husband and wife, may your children lead our kingdom to prosperity and beyond!”

What was before him was the Lord Commander from the Forester faction. It seemed that he had just finished officiating the marriage between Roland and the wooden wife that he made a promise to. The wooden woman with the drawn-on face was wearing a white gown with various shiny gems on it. Behind them was a crowd of people cheering for them at this lush-looking marriage ceremony.

‘Wait what’s happening?’

He could only glance between his wooden wife and the ring on her hand in confusion. Before he could utter more words the whole scenery blurred even more before him as he was taken to another location. This time he was in some kind of royal corridor, on the other side he could see a woman in what looked to be a maid uniform running towards his location.

“My liege, it’s a healthy boy!”

“Huh, a boy?”

“Yes, the heir to the Kingdom has been born!”

“Now the line is secured! Oh, what a joyous occasion!”

To his side was his father-in-law who was jumping in excitement. Apparently, his wife had gone through labor and blessed him with a son. With horror in his eyes, he was guided to the room that his ‘son’ had been created in. The cries of a child were quite audible and he was forced to take the wooden baby into his hands to cradle it.

“This is my son?”

“Yes dear, isn’t he just the cutest?”

His wooden wife remained the same as before. Roland was unsure if she was smiling or not, her face was still made out of oil paint. The child that he was holding was the same and was giving him a vacant expression while still crying. Soon enough another flicker to the environment occurred before he was taken to another location.

Multiple such fast-forwarding events continued to play out before him. From the birth of his second-born daughter to his son taking fencing lessons, they flashed before him. It was like an ending to a game playing out with future events being listed down before the player. The trial was truly over and presented him with the history of his kingdom without him being able to change anything anymore.

Finally, it was time for the last scene to play before him. He was sitting on a giant throne made of precious gems and metal. Before him was a room filled with his subjects kneeling before him. Above them, he could see a map of the region he was forced to partake in warfare. Before it was a place separated by borders but now it had become one strong kingdom with one name over the lands.

“Does this mean that I have united the lands?”

He called out to his subjects while raising his kingly scepter that was in his hand. The moment he raised it he realized that his hand had aged quite a bit. Soon enough he also noticed that a long gray beard was hanging down from his face. How many years had passed was unknown to him but it was enough for him to become an old man.

“Long live the King!”

“Long live the Timberling Kingdom!”

“Horray!”

No one answered his question, he could only hear them cheering out loudly while clapping. It was like a cutscene from a game, the only thing that it was missing were the credits rolling down. Thus he just remained there and let it end as within a couple of minutes everything went dark and he appeared somewhere entirely different. Gone was his old appearance and also the clothes he was wearing.

“Is it finally over?”

When he cleared his Runesmith Lord a pathway appeared after he had defeated his enemies. This time wasn't the same, the whole trial area just vanished after he was given the ending recap. Instead of being given a new path to walk through, he appeared before a wooden door.

“I guess this should be where I gain my new knowledge or...”

He didn't want to think about the second option and the possibility of a second part of this trial. From reading some recaps there was a possibility of multiple checks but not when the main one had already taken a whole year. There wasn't even any mention of one taking this long which made him believe that what he went through was quite unique.

When looking behind him he couldn't see anything. This door was just in the middle of nothingness with not much light around them. He could even walk around this door that was seemingly floating in the air without being connected to any wall. No invisible buildings or structures were there and without anything else, the door needed to be open.

Thus he went for the knob that was sticking out from this door to turn it. Without much resistance, it opened before him and to no surprise, he found something inside. The first thing that he noticed was the nice red carpet with runic patterns on it. It depicted some of the main runes that he had learned through the years.

When looking further in he discovered some shelves filled with thick books. On the sides he could see some shiny symbols, some of them he knew while others were familiar. In a similar fashion to his Runesmith Lord class trial, he was invited into a library. This one was a lot larger and contained even books with tier 2 knowledge.

“From spending a year battling to now reading...”

High-level knowledge wasn't easily obtained. Simple skills could be injected directly into the brain after a person met the minimal requirements. Yet a skill like Rune Smithing at the tier 3 level wasn't that simple, Roland didn't meet the requirements and needed to go through the knowledge here before understanding the basics. His theory was that a person's mind could not take the infusion of difficult knowledge, it would be unable to understand it. Thus a need for slow study in the trials was created to keep people from going crazy.

“Well then... “

The door slammed behind him and vanished instantly. He had a whole library filled with books to go through. He wasn't sure why there were so many tier 2 ones around but perhaps gaining this class had some other perks than just gaining the ability to comprehend tier 3 runes.

“Heh, Greater Runes 101, who names these books?”

The first book he approached was out on the table next to the study chair. It would be the introduction to his new ability that he was so desperate to achieve. Now only the research part remained and when he left this place he would finally attain his new class.

### **Chapter 318– Tier 3 Enhancements.**

“Hngh...”

‘What year is it? Am I really back or is this some kind of illusion?’

A disoriented Roland grasped his head which was on fire. He could barely keep one of his eyes open as the experiences that he absorbed in the trial came rushing in. This phenomenon wasn't new to him but this time around it felt exacerbated. The trial space was a big mystery but in theory, a person's soul was leaving their body. Then after it was finished all of the information that was gained in that space needed to be somehow transferred also into the brain and body.

This time around the transference was augmented by the fact that a change from tier 2 to tier 3 was different. While a person going from tier 1 to tier 2 wouldn't experience any growing pains, it wasn't the same in this case. There was a reason that people that managed to get into this rank were called the elites. Their bodies went through a drastic change as they acquired several skills that made them into enhanced superhumans.

‘It feels like I'm getting bitten by thousands of ants...’

Even with his pain resistance and resilience skills working overtime, he felt like he would pass out at any moment. Normally he would have just accepted his fate but after getting through so much time in the trial zone he was fed up with it. His stubbornness had reached a new zenith as he decided to power

through the massive migraine along with the pain his whole body was going through. During the whole debacle, he could only grit his teeth and look at the screens appearing to keep himself distracted.

**You have gained the Runesmith Overlord Class**

**You have gained the Overlord's Organs trait.**

**You have gained the Overlord's Muscles trait.**

**You have gained the Overlord's Skeleton trait.**

They just kept coming and he kept reading through these strange passive skills. Roland knew that something like this would have happened but he didn't expect to see those names. Usually what a tier 3 class holder would be given were skills like 'Advanced Skeleton' not what he received. The probability of this just being a higher form of the same passive skill was true but he had no research or guides to confirm this claim.

**You have gained the Overlords Tendons trait.**

**You have gained the Overlords Nervous System trait.**

His whole body was changing, the moment his nervous system got enhanced he could feel the pain subsiding in a more substantial manner. It was as if it gave him some control over the pain threshold even more. His whole body was enhanced and he started to actually feel it. After the worst part was over the feeling of euphoria washed over his pain-stricken body that had gone through a change.

"Why do I feel so light..."

For the time being he ignored the other pop-up messages that this world's game-like system was giving him. Below him, a puddle of sweat was formed along with some strange puss-like substance. Roland had heard of something like this happening but had thought it were just rumors. It seemed that some of the toxins that were stuck in his body were forcefully pushed out and after the process was over, it was as if all the build-up stress that he accumulated was gone.

"I don't remember the last time I felt so relaxed, it's as if I've finally gotten a good night's sleep in forever."

After tirelessly working and not sleeping for more than a couple of hours a day his body was slowly deteriorating. Roland had kept ignoring it but sooner or later it would finally catch up to him. Even when there were potions to alleviate everything he was never really at a hundred percent. Now after going through the tier 3 class change, it was as if his whole body was reborn and he was given a second chance.

"...But what is that smell..."

While he felt refreshed his whole body along with the chair and ground he was sitting previously in, had been soaked by the strange body liquid. He really wanted to look over his new skills but doing it in this smelly room wasn't optimal. There was also one other aspect of himself that he was interested in seeing as his body had gone through some changes as well. The best way to get around this would be to take a bath and take a look in the mirror.

Thus he headed out of the workshop where he activated the class crystal previously. For the time being he didn't bother with cleaning up as he was feeling a bit frantic. His mind had not processed everything that had actually happened. The time spent in the trial area was just tremendous and he hadn't actually realized that he didn't really have an interaction with a real being for close to two years.

Even the walk from this workshop had him feel that it was all a dream. So much time had passed during the trial with the wooden people and then a period of learning was close to six months. There was just so much theory he needed to absorb and learn how to apply his mana to learn the new tier 3 rune crafting skills. His steps were silent and slow as in the back of his mind he dreaded that he would just wake up back in that library with more texts to go through.

"Woof!"

"Agni?"

Finally, after opening up the door, going out of the workshop, and opening it up, he heard something familiar. Before him stood a large dire wolf with a mane composed of red rubies. He looked at it and the wolf looked back without approaching for some reason. Usually, a tackle would come from the wolf side but instead, Agni was left smelling the air around his master.

"Agni!"

"Worf!?"

Roland was the first to initiate the tackle this time around. This was something that the ruby wolf was not prepared for as he recoiled in fright. The power of his grip had increased by several times so it was quite the tight squeeze. Agni started squirming around while howling and whimpering slightly. This caused Roland to quickly ease up without pulling back.

"Hah, it's nice to see you... but I guess for you I was probably gone for a few minutes..."

The time dilation in the trial was very real. Before going in he left a little runic stopwatch running out of curiosity. While he didn't deactivate it instantly, it seemed that the trial took less than a minute perhaps even just a few seconds considering he was shaking in pain for a bit.

"AWoooo!"

"Hey, weren't you always the clingy one?"

To his surprise, the ruby wolf that usually liked to jump on him and lick his face was trying to pull away. It took him a moment to realize that the reason was the smell he was giving off. The clothes he was wearing were soaked in that puss-like substance that came out of his pores. It was no wonder that his wolf companion that had a more sensitive nose would be affected by it.

"Hah... fine..."

"Woof!"

It took him a lot longer than he expected to let go but Agni was finally freed. The wolf started snorting and sneezing in a silly fashion while jumping away from his master. After an audible howl, he even stormed outside as if the whole house was now some kind of breathing hazard.



“There he goes... I should really take a bath...”

Roland’s clingy behavior was attributed to not being in contact with an actual living creature in a while. His head was already filled with his other companion that he wanted to give him a big hug. Regretfully she was out while he was taking the trial and it would probably not be proper for him to run through the night to go meet up.

For a moment he actually thought about doing it but just being able to look at his home was enough for now. He was finally home and the big ordeal was over, waiting for a few more hours to meet his friends wouldn’t matter as much, and before that could happen he needed to do something about this smell. Then there was also the option of giving her a call through the crystal ball which he was planning to do after he informed himself about his new class and some more skills.

“Hm... I think I lost some body fat, my abs didn’t stick out this much before...”

After taking the bath and filling the tub with the toxic bile he was back to smelling nice. Now he was examining himself in the mirror while looking at his status screen from the corner of his eye. His body looked leaner and his muscles had increased in size slightly. Then he also noticed a slight change in his facial structure. It made him look somewhat more handsome and along with his skin clearing up, he could comfortably say that he had been upgraded in almost every aspect.

“Even my charisma has increased, could this be because the Overlord Runesmith class has high leadership requirements?”

**Name**

**Roland Arden L 176**

**Classes:**

**T3 Runesmith Overlord L1 [ Primary ]**

**T2 Runesmith Lord L50 [ Tertiary ]**

**T2 Runic Engineer L15 [Secondary]**

**T1 Mage L25 [ X ]**

**T1 Runic Mana Scribe L 25 [ X ]**

**T1 Runic Blacksmith L 25 [ X ]**

**HP**

**37335/37335**

**MP**

**75312/75312**

**SP**

**51516/51516**

**Strength****247****Agility****203****Dexterity****291****Vitality****259****Endurance****289****Intelligence****340****Willpower****329****Charisma****21****Luck****12**

It wasn't such a big boost as it only went up by three stat points. Yet from what Roland knew, anything above twenty charisma put a person in the upper echelon in looks. A person with this stat wasn't necessarily always good looking, they could also instead just have a type of presence around them. This was the case with his own father and other military personnel that could force a reaction just by their leadership skills. Considering that he had to become a lord of a whole kingdom, this made some sense.

"I think there are some charisma-related skills that become open after gaining twenty..."

There were some coercion skills that only had a charisma requirement that he could learn. Even some bartering skills could be affected by this stat and help him get better deals in the future. Yet they could also be countered by some protective charms that usually merchants could buy. Before thinking about those his gaze landed on the two main things he was going for when attempting this trial.

**Runesmith Overlord****Class**

**This class gives a 100% bonus to HP, MP, SP. Mana cost of using runes and rune-related skills is lowered by 60%.**

**Tier 3 (Overlord)**

## Trait

**Adds a multiplier of 4.5 to all of the basic stats with the exception of luck and charisma.**

The first thing he looked at was his new tier 3 multiplier. Basic tier 3 classes had a multiplier of three but his overlord class increased it by fifty percent. His old Runesmith Lord class increased it by a third so this was a nice surprise. Perhaps if he had gone with the High-Lord variant the multiplier would be at four or a bit higher. This meant that for every ten points of raw stats, he would be gaining forty-five while others only gained thirty.

‘Quite the boost, considering that my previous multiplier was only at two, I’ve gained more than twice my old levels. How much would I need to equalize the stats? More than double and that’s without taking the stat growth into account.’

Besides the stat multiplier tier 3 classes gained more of them in general with each level up. Now after making some calculations in his brain he could see how people that attained them were considered the elite. With just one trial even the lesser tier 3 classes doubled their seats to their tier 2 counterparts. The discrepancy between tier 3 class holders only snowballed from the point they attained it. Even more, if they gained a prestige variant just like he did.

Almost all knowledge about these classes was hidden away for a reason, keeping the multiplier and the passives was an edge everyone wanted to have over their competition. In a world as cutthroat as this, there was no reason to make it public and the ones in power would probably not allow anything that could knock them down a peg to get out.

“The Overlord passive is just a better version of the Lord one but It’s probably not cumulative.”

Even though his old Lord class lowered the mana usage by thirty percent and this one by sixty it didn’t mean that he would get a flat ninety percent decrease. If a spell cost him a hundred mana, usually what would happen is first the active class passive of sixty percent would be counted which was forty MP. Then the secondary passive would be implemented by lowering it by another thirty percent from the forty MP. In the end, he would be left with a spell that cost twenty-eight points and not ten. Ten would be the number if it went the pure cumulative way while stat multipliers almost always affected only the base stats without taking into account any of the other skills.

“Even if it’s not a full ninety percent... this is huge and then I even got all these other skills, I can’t see myself running out of mana during combat...”

There were a few level-one skills that he received after attaining the Runesmith Overlord class. After reading some they seemed kind of broken to the point of him not knowing if there would be some side effects. Some of his old skills had also gone through changes as they attained the tier 3 realm. His runic eye of truth was upgraded into the ‘True Runic sight’ and his Runecrafting skill was changed into Expert Runecrafting which was the tier 3 version that every Advanced Runesmith had access to. Yet instead of looking at all the old skills that went through a little name change, he focused on the new ones.

## Overlords Might

### Active Skill

**You gain the power of an Overlord, all your stats are enhanced for a period of five minutes.**

## **Forgefire Control**

### **Active Skill**

**Allows the runesmith to alter the flames in the forge to their liking, increasing or decreasing their potency to suit their craft.**

### **Expert Forging**

#### **Passive Skill**

**Unlocks the expert forging techniques of the blacksmith class. Aids in managing the forge, crafting, and spotting imperfections in created items.**

## **Rune Authority**

### **Active Skill**

**Objects containing the runic language and of lesser magical languages can be controlled. An understanding of the runes being used is required to allow this skill to activate correctly.**

## **Mana Overflow**

### **Active Skill**

**Reduces the mana cost for all skills and spells by 50% and increases mana regeneration by 100% for five minutes.**

## **Manaflow Authority**

### **Active Skill**

**Alleviates the side effects of using mana for extended periods of time. The user will not suffer any backlash unless their mana pool goes below 10%.**

These were all the new skills that he could spot with a lot of the old ones just switching names to their higher tier 3 variants. The last two that looked like they would fit a rune mage more were somewhat surprising but after considering that his old Runesmith Lord class was a mix of two classes it made sense.

The Manaflow Authority one looked promising as he would not be plagued with headaches even if his man was reduced to a minimum. Then the Mana Overflow one seemed like it would allow him to become a casting fiend capable of blasting everything without the need for any restraint.

Yet this was only the beginning of his new class. Considering that he had a hundred levels to get through, it would be one that he probably was stuck with for multiple years. Some people never even managed to get past the first tier 3 class they gained so he didn't feel like he needed to rush. With the stat multiplier and the current skills he already felt like he could probably win over anyone from that platinum adventurer party he encountered.

The deed was done, and what he had set out to do was finally achieved. Over ten years ago he set out on a journey that brought him here. The only thing that he wanted to achieve was self-sufficiency and control over his own fate. This was a giant step in this direction as no one would be able to take him

lightly anymore. The prestigious variant would put him on the level of other tier 3 class holders in their two hundreds or maybe even higher. He had to consider his power skyrocketing if he was able to create the right armor from the right materials. If he also included some well-made golems, he could become a one-man army.

“I should probably not be thinking about work at a moment like this...”

After going through his status screen he instantly forgot about all the new skills he gained while focusing on the knowledge that was now in his brain. A lot more possibilities were laid before him as he could now actually create greater runes. He already had one in particular rune in mind that he wanted to make first.

However, before making the trip down to the workshop he decided to visit another room. There he got dressed only to quickly go for the inconspicuous crystal ball on the stand. Even though he wanted to just wait until the next day, just talking to someone after all the time spent was what he desired. Quickly he turned it on and waited patiently for a person to appear on it.

“Did something happen? You don’t usually call at this hour?”

“No, I just wanted to hear your voice and see your face, it has been a while...”

“A while? We saw each other yesterday, you look a bit different, or is this crystal ball faulty...”

He could see Elodia fix her glasses while squinting at the crystal ball before her. The only thing he could do was smile. Even though he gained so much power and took a giant leap forward, he was happier to just see her and be back at the place he called home.