

## Runesmith 335

### Chapter 335: Family Business.

“Well well, so you finally decided to show yourself, little brother...”

“Greetings, Elder Brother Theodore, This might be the first time we had the pleasure of talking since our last meeting.”

“Last meeting? I’m not sure I recall but we are not here for idle chit-chat, what do you want.”

“Straight to the point, I always liked that about you Elder Brother.”

Arthur was showing one of the fakest smiles that he could while trying to remain calm. This was his older brother that was potentially going to be the next duke. While he was taking part in the succession war there was no way of him ever truly coming out on top. However, to achieve his goal he needed to prove his competency to his father. If he was able to do that, not even his older brothers could seek vengeance.

“I’ll cut it short then, your Knight unlawfully caused damages to my Head Knight’s property. As you already know a sanctioned duel between the two had taken place and my man won. Thus I think you know what this entails...”

“Who was it?”

“Hm? I’m not sure that I follow, elder brother, who was what?”

“Stop playing games Arthur, who put you up to this? Was it Julius or Tybalt? Or did that idiot Ivan start getting desperate?”

“Oh, I assure you, none of the other elder brothers had anything to do with it.”

“You want me to believe that? Nevertheless, if you don’t want to talk, then that’s fine. The truth will come out eventually as it always does but don’t think you’ll get one silver coin from me.”

Arthur continued to smile while trying to contain himself from any potential angry outbursts. This brother of his started going on a strange rant. Apparently, he was being underestimated. Theodore was quite convinced that one of the other brothers was behind him and the true perpetrator.

“When I drag you to the noble court everything will be revealed.”

“You wish for the court of nobles to get involved?”

Even nobles could be sued and taken to court but only by other nobles. Depending on the status of the nobles they could be dragged over to one of two. First was the Royal court which involved the highest degree of nobles that were the dukes and could also force the king to appear.

For someone like Arthur that was a bastard son of a duke, this was not the one Theodore would force him into. Instead, it was the court meant for lesser nobles that were composed of nobles up to the rank of Count. Everyone could present their case in front of this officially assigned noble that acted as a judge. This person would be randomly chosen with neutrality in mind.

If this happened then Arthur would probably need to travel to a different duchy that wasn't related to their Valerian household. Though on the outside this seemed fair it was anything but that. There was nothing like true neutrality as most nobles would take the side of the more prominent son. Bribes were also a possibility which put Arthur at a big disadvantage and was something his brother was aiming for.

"Why wouldn't I? Even someone like you should know what will happen there."

"So is that your aim?"

"I don't know what you mean, justice will prevail."

The two were conversing through magical means and the help of crystal balls. Both knew that it was possible to record exchanges through these devices. Theodore couldn't outright blackmail him or threaten him due to this. Instead, he could just tip-toe around the issue. Arthur assumed that this threat could be dealt with by allowing the captured knights to leave without him receiving much or even anything as compensation. If he received a single gold coin from Theodore, it would be similar to admitting that his knights wronged Arthur.

"I see, but dear elder brother, justice is on my side and I can prove it."

"Prove it? How, do you think anyone will believe your Head Knight instead of mine? I know that this Wayland is no nobleman nor did he attend any Knight academy within the kingdom. His word is worthless here."

"Oh, what if the words came out of your own Knight Commander's mouth?"

"From Emmerson's? Are you insinuating that he would betray me? Are you mad?"

"Am I dear brother? How about you take a look at this?"

It was time to present Theodore with his only real trump card. He had received a magical device from Roland beforehand just for this occasion. His new ally wanted to present it himself during the talk but Arthur preferred to keep the conversation with his brother private.

"What are you doing?"

"Just give me a moment... there we go..."

Theodore's crystal ball was on the larger side so he could even see Arthur from waist up. Now instead he was looking at a flat surface with his brother standing behind it. On this surface, some type of illusory image started appearing.

"Let the duel commence!"

"Is that?"

"Yes, it's a magical recollection of the Duel."

Theodore squinted with his eyes but he could clearly make out Emmerson from this recording. He was battling another person that he assumed to be Arthur's, Head Knight. It didn't take him long to figure out what the point of this magic was.

“I’ll fast forward this a bit to the important part.”

“Fast forward?”

“Yes, I heard some mages call it like that...”

Arthur just parroted Roland’s explanation that attributed strange phrases like pausing and rewinding to this magical device. Soon he came up to the ending part of the duel where Emmerson surrendered. This was then followed by the most important phrase.

“You’re too naive!”

The Knight Commander had surrendered and soon after charged at his opponent when his defenses were down. It was a clear indication of honorless behavior and something that was frowned upon by any Knight.

“He broke the code?”

“Are you surprised?”

“You want me to believe in this trick, this magic must be fake!”

“Is it fake? You do know that they will be able to test it during the court review.”

“This wouldn’t prove anything...”

“Do you really think so? It will be enough to force a true confession from the other knights and you already know what happened that day...”

“You...”

Arthur could see his brother’s face changing into something ugly. This brother of his was known for his calm mind and demeanor. It was clear that this case would not be an easy one to win. With the added magical evidence it gave him a good foothold. Theodore knew what Emmerson did and Arthur was aware of this. His spy network was extensive and there were ways of forcing confessions out of the lesser Knights that were involved in this event.

“So you finally grew a spine, are you sure that you want to play these games Arthur?”

“Oh? Is that a threat that I feel? Will you send your assassins into my territory? Are you sure they won’t fail as your little Knight Commander? Will they do a clean enough job or will Father notice?”

“Don’t get conceited you damn bastard.”

“Hoho, so are we done pretending? I know very well what you think of me.”

Both Arthur and Theodore started to slowly drop the facade of brotherly respect. None of them really liked each other and this whole conversation was reaching the climax. Arthur was aware that his brother could easily kill him with the help of the power that he amassed. He also knew that he was very pedantic and careful. With the appearance of a hidden variable in the form of Roland, he would not act.

“If you don’t want it to be known to the world that Theodore Valerian employs Knights who break the code of chivalry and can’t even handle one little bastard, then you will agree to my demands.”

“Your damn demands? Do you think that I’ll pay to get that fool back?”

“Oh you will pay, I know how much you care about that name of yours. Do you want to be known as the noble that abandons the people that swear their oath to him?”

“...”

Arthur could see Theodore’s face going red but soon after his brother was able to calm himself. Even though this was a hit to his prestige the amount of money he would pay to get this sorted out wasn’t that astronomical. One thing became clear if Theodore pushed this onto the noble court some things that he wanted to remain hidden could be unearthed.

It would also give the other brothers an opportunity to drag his name through the mud. The involvement of the other brothers was also an unknown factor and with Arthur acting this confident, there had to be a hidden backer. Thus after thinking about the pros and cons a decision was finally made.

“Fine, how much do you want?”

“I knew that we could come to an agreement.”

Arthur’s frown quickly turned upside down as he saw his older brother come to a decision. Now it was just a matter of getting a good enough deal for the both of them. He knew of the usual rates that were asked during incidents like this so he wouldn’t be scammed out of money.

“I was thinking of...”

...

“Uh...”

“Lord Arthur, are you alright?”

“A bucket.”

“Yes?”

“Quickly, find me a bucket or something!”

Mary had walked into Arthur’s office after hearing the magical device being turned off. In front of her, she was pushing a small trolley with tea and some cake. It was known to her that her lord was having a stressful conversation with his older brother. When she got in though he did look quite pale and was holding a hand in front of his mouth.

“I’ll go ask one of the maids to bring one over...”

“Urp... no... t-that will do...”

Her eyes went wide as she saw Arthur charge for the tea set. Instead of grabbing the teacup or the cake, he went for the pot. He was quick to open it up and poured the warm beverage from inside onto the floor. Before she could ask about what he was doing she heard a rather audible sound of him vomiting.

“Blargh”

The pot was able to contain around one liter of liquid inside and was quickly filled up. This unsightly display was not something that she expected to see when walking into this room.

“My Lord, are you unwell? Should I call for the doctor or for the priest?”

“Ugh.. n-no it’s fine, I’m fine now, here.”

She was given the vomit-filled teapot by her lord who took one of the napkins from the trolley tray. Mary wasn’t sure what to do with this thing besides closing the lid to avoid the smell.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes... Just be sure not to mention this little accident to anyone.”

“Of course.”

“Whew, that was something different...also sorry about this...”

“It’s fine My Lord, I’ll clean it up.”

The color started returning to Arthur’s face after this little incident. Mary was quick to call over some other maids to take care of the tea stain while she disposed of the vomit-filled teapot herself. When leaving the room for some reason the young lord looked content, it was as if he managed to push through one of the walls that blocked his way.

After returning to the office she found him sitting behind the desk again. He was busy writing up some new documents. After another glance, it became clear that these documents involved the apprehended Knights that had invaded their lands. She wasn’t sure what the deal was yet but it was clear that they would be getting some compensation for the recent attack.

...

“Damn... not another one...”

“Don’t worry boss, we have two more that you can work on.”

“You sure are going through them, so this is how a Master Blacksmith does things.”

Roland nodded at Bernir who along with his wife Dyana was bringing over a large deep steel anvil. The two previous ones had suffered a gruesome fate of crumbling. His upgrade in stats brought along a lot more power, coupled with the new mythril hammer and magical energy, brought the anvils to their knees.

This wasn’t the end for it as his gauntlets were becoming a reality. The one to cover his right hand was already assembled on the side while he was now completing the second one. With the lack of proper tools to handle the new metal, Roland needed to get a bit more creative.

Heating up the ingots was not that hard with the help of his new forge fire skill and his increase in mana capacity. With his current class, there was also a decrease in mana requirements for any runic spell he created. The only problem was that he still lacked the tools that could handle the mana. Even thick anvils made of deep steel were unable to handle the continuous pounding.

The design wasn't much different than the old gauntlets that he made but it needed to account for the added bulk. The thickness couldn't get in the way of moving his hands as he needed to be able to hold onto his weapons. Usually in these suits of armor, a leather glove would be used as a base but he decided to go with one fully made of myrthil with some flexible chainmail replacing the leather inside.

This was done for one reason, the skill used for repairing his runic creations didn't work on organic matter. In some of his previous designs, he used monster leather that was resistant to the magical strains but continued uses of his skills would eventually burn through this type of material. Thus he decided to go with a material that could use his newest skill along with the rest of it.

Building everything wasn't actually the hardest part as it was doing the right design. It reminded him of following instructions when assembling furniture in his past life. He had become the person to make that manual as he needed to find ways of connecting all the parts to each other. Luckily there were people that came before him that already tested a few things, by adding his own flair he just needed to make some alterations.

Thanks to his improvements he was able to even work with the precision of a lathe. The trial area allowed him to brush up on every possible smithing technique and also provided him with various skills for measuring. As long as he had the schematic in his mind, he knew exactly where to cut or hammer. He didn't even need to think about where to hit and how much force to apply. It was as if this world's system was guiding his hand and performing these tasks for him.

'No wonder it's hard for these people to innovate past what the system provides them with.'

While others probably loved how easily they could build things without thinking much, he was looking for a way to make the process even easier. If he had the right equipment it wouldn't be hard for his assistants to create some parts to make things go faster. The next time he had enough time, he would probably start designing golems that could produce these parts by themselves.

As it stood now he would need to bother with everything by himself. Even if he made a few adjustments to the runic spells that allowed him to create a vibrating blade to cut through some thinner parts of metal, he needed to spend massive amounts of time on everything. With unknown amounts of time on his side he needed to speed things up.

Soon the third anvil was a goner but finally, the second armor piece had been created. They were composed of red myrthil which would normally give everything a shiny red tint. Yet with the addition of the regular silver myrthil variant and etherium, it actually became darker due to the latter's presence in the alloy. It was his first time creating this alloy that ended up being a darker crimson. It was not something that he expected but was a welcomed accident. Having a darker tint was much better than one that could be seen from a mile away by everyone.

Roland's hand moved into the newly created gauntlets. It went up to around the middle of his forearm and still required a vambrace and then something like a couter to shield his elbow. The right one fit perfectly and with his current enhanced stats didn't restrain his movements that much.

"Boss, are you sure you've gotten the balance right? Should this be this heavy?"

"Yeah, it's fine."

Bernir handed him the left one which was a struggle to pick up even for his muscular hands. After the two were connected he activated the mana pathways that were previously integrated into the smaller pieces one by one. The greater runes started glowing and becoming visible through the metal but the traces were not as much. With how much thicker this was than the previous design and thanks to the etherium the glow was a lot milder. Only the larger congregations that made up the focal points of the runes could be seen lighting up.

He moved out his palm to the forefront. Down on it, a larger circle could be spotted. When concentrating on the ingrained runic spell this area started glowing brightly. Soon a swirl of green energy started to blow upwards and caused both Bernir and his wife to grab onto the walls.

“Woah Boss, what are you doing!”

“Ah sorry about that, I should have done this in the testing area.”

The small green tornado that was being created was quickly shut off before his work companions were blown up into the air. The power of a greater wind spell was not something to joke about. With this he needed to continue, two pieces were made but more were required to complete this suit that would allow him to take on harder foes.

### **Chapter 336: Future Plans.**

“I’m glad to see that you’re doing fine, Lord Arthur.”

“Yes, I’m glad as well but I would have been even gladder if the bodyguards that I hired actually kept the side of their deal.”

“W-we are terribly sorry, the repair of our equipment took a lot longer than we anticipated and we also encountered some wandering monsters on the way here...”

“I see... What do you think?”

“It’s... possible, sometimes craftsmen overestimate how much they can handle at once.”

Arthur along with the two people in this room looked toward the new addition to the Valerian household. It was the man that defeated the enemy Knight Commander and who was forced into a special knightly getup to represent his lord. On his upper body, he was wearing a specially made gambeson with the household crest around his heart. A set of belts were keeping it tightly together and black gloves adorned his hands. To the side, he had a ceremonial longsword that the sun elf in the room was glancing at.

Aubron and Myrtle from the Platinum adventurer party had arrived late and as punishment was kept from meeting the city lord. Arthur needed to show them that they were actually replaceable and for this reason, Roland had been asked to come here. After spending half a week in the inn they were finally called to his mansion for another talk.

“Master Wayland... Oh, please excuse me, it’s Sir Wayland now. I’ll have to apologize for the treatment from my group during our small expedition.”

“That’s fine, they didn’t know.”

“You are truly magnanimous Sir Wayland. Aubron, how about you say a few words too?”

“Ah... yes... I must apologize for my previous behavior.”

The woman mage that looked like a witch was all smiles but her companion was not the best at playing it off. Previously when he was with them in the dungeon they treated him as a common blacksmith and a porter. The only one that showed some interest in his work was this older lady.

‘Was she so nice to me because she expected something like this to happen?’

At that time he was not a tier 3 class holder so there was no reason to be nice. She was the party leader and perhaps assumed that he was special in some way. Roland didn’t really have anything to substantiate his claim but those were the qualities that a leader should have. By her acting favorably she was able to get rid of a potentially messy situation. The sun elf on the other hand was straining himself to apologize. Considering that a Knight Commander was beaten that out-leveled all of them, he was probably feeling threatened.

“It’s fine, as I stated before, you couldn’t have known of my position. However, now that you are aware I will expect you to handle yourselves as proper bodyguards. I expect you to execute your duties properly from now on and if something happens to the Lord, you will have to answer to me. Do I make myself clear?”

“Of course, we shall perform our duties as was stated by the contract.”

“Y-yes we will.”

Roland found this a little bit cathartic. Usually, it was he that needed to lower his head before people but now it was the other way around. Unless another higher noble than Arthur arrived in the city he wouldn’t really need to bow his head. Even though he was just a son of a noble, this noble was a duke.

Considering that Arthur was taking part in the succession battle he was an officially acknowledged member of the Valerian noble family. Even though almost no one treated him like that in his own household, people from the outside couldn’t be as dismissive. Even if he didn’t win this race for the main title, he could potentially gain a different one.

The title of the duke could only be given to one of the sons that continued the line. Any others that stood out could become viscounts or counts and form a branch family. Usually, they would just continue to work under the duke household as a regular lord and become something like an official.

Roland on the other hand, who was only a son of a Baron, couldn't even become a proper lord. Instead, his career would usually involve becoming a knight just like he did now. Then perhaps if Arthur managed to become a count he could be granted some land along with a baron title for his services. There was always a limited quota of how many nobles could reside in a kingdom or empire.

It was limited by the regions that these nobles were assigned to. Even his father owned land and managed it after being given it for his services. If every area that the kingdom was divided by was managed by a noble then no more titles could be really given. It was possible to divide some land here and there but this didn’t really happen often. Thus usually only thanks to war, death or bankruptcy did a new noble come to be.



“You’re not bad at this, the blood of the Silver Wolf really does run in your veins.”

“Really? I thought that I might have gone too hard on them.”

Roland shook his head at Arthur after the two platinum-grade adventurers left.

“The contract that you made with them was quite vague, they were actually following it so we can’t really punish them.”

“How troublesome, if I knew this would have happened... I really did overpay for this one...”

Arthur seemed dejected after the interaction. Even though they had apologized they didn’t seem like proper allies that he could count on. In the contract, they were supposed to act as his bodyguards but they didn’t really need to go against people like Emmerson that were nobles. They couldn’t duel anyone like Roland did and if they were hindered by outside sources then they wouldn’t be punished much besides getting a pay cut. Thus it was possible for them to come up with an excuse and Arthur could not really do much about it.

“That you did but this place should start making money soon.”

“Yes, my brother will buy out those knights so you might want to watch your back.”

“For Emmerson?”

“Mhm, he must have a lot of spare change to pay up but not like I can refuse the coin.”

“Just be sure to spend it well, like on some proper knights.”

“Haha, I will!”

Arthur looked a lot chipper than usual and Roland wasn’t sure why. Even with him around, the situation didn’t change that much. Theodore would probably not send out any knights anymore nor his brothers. That approach that had already failed would only cause more harm than good for the participants in the succession. The battle for resources was important but not like they needed that much more money.

All of them were already established lords with grand cities and small armies in their grasp. In Roland’s mind violence was not always the answer. It was possible for a person like Theodore to use bribes but he couldn’t see Arthur selling the city out. Previously he mentioned some type of bet, so joining one of his siblings was off the table.

‘They won’t send assassins out for me, will they?’

There was a possibility of him becoming the main target of people that wanted to infringe on this city. Currently, he had a small amount of protection as Arthur’s movements were considered mysterious. After Emmerson’s fall, everyone would probably send out their spies to find any other potential players in the city. Then after it became clear that he was the only obstruction in their way, his head might be targeted.

He was working tirelessly on his new armor but this was not the only way of defending himself. Just like in the tier 3 trial, there were times when others needed to be utilized. While he was the strongest piece

on the chessboard this didn't mean that he couldn't get some help. Right on cue one of the pieces that could lessen the burden on his shoulders showed up.

"My Lord."

"Mary? Come in, we are finished."

"Good day, Sir Wayland, would you like some tea with cake?"

"Hm..."

He remained silent for a moment as he wasn't paying attention to Mary but to the status screen in front of his face. Both the maid as well as the lord were wearing an enchanted trinket on their body. These types of enchantments lasted for quite some time but had the downside of only allowing simpler effects. The pendant that he received from his old boss was the same and it could absorb some of the ambient mana to keep the enchantment in effect.

Thanks to this enchantment that he had studied he was now able to see through similar magical devices. Mary's and Arthur's status screens became visible to him after he disabled the magical tools they were using.

Name :

Arthur Valerian L96

**Classes**

**T2 Spirit Fencer L 46**

**T1 Sword Warrior L25**

**T1 Warrior L25**

Name :

Mary L135

**Classes**

**T2 Ninja L35**

**T2 Infiltrator L50**

**T1 Thief L25**

**T1 Scout L25**

"Sir Wayland?"

"Level hundred thirty-five huh... Mary, would you like to reach level hundred fifty within a few days?"

"Excuse me? How did you..."

"I have my ways but Arthur, you're level is quite low, think you should at least go through your second tier 2 class."

“It’s fine Mary.”

Arthur raised his hand up to stop his maid from spazzing out. She realized that Roland had somehow seen through her status screen that should have remained hidden. It was the same for her lord that didn’t seem that perturbed by it. If he compared Arthur to his older brother Robert his level wasn’t that low. Usually, noblemen and knights didn’t gain that many levels in their teenage years and then quickly moved through them in their twenties.

“What did you have in mind? Do you want Mary to leave for the dungeon?”

“Yes, it would involve her going there to kill the tier 3 skeletal monsters.”

“How would I do that?”

Mary seemed confused and also not very trusting in his proposal. This was quite normal and he was expecting this. Even though Arthur was very lax around him, his guard was not. By helping her achieve the tier 3 class change he was hoping to alleviate that problem and having someone stealthy on his side was always a boon.

“I’m sure you know that you won’t get much experience from killing higher-tier monsters if others do it for you.”

“Yes.”

She nodded along with Arthur, who was curious about where this conversation was going.

“What about killing higher-tier monsters with the help of magical equipment like explosive scrolls?”

“That... shouldn’t affect it as long as they are activated by ... You don’t mean?”

“Yes, that’s what I had in mind. I’ll prepare a few things for you.”

Mary realized what Roland wanted to do. The ways how some nobles leveled up fast after going through their training period were known to her. Normally the world did a good job of disallowing any power-leveling from happening. A person couldn’t be aided by higher-level people with more experience as the kill would not count. There was some leeway for it and this was something that Roland had been exploiting for many years. If someone else used something like his large mana cannon to kill the tier 3 skeletons, they would gain a large amount of experience.

“Are you capable of making such powerful weapons? But what if it fails? Can you guarantee that Mary won’t be harmed?”

“If she follows my instructions then nothing should happen to her but it would be easier if the mine area remains unclaimed...”

This time around Arthur was the one worried. It was normal for him to assume that his maid would have trouble with the skeletal monsters. She was an assassin type and wouldn’t really stand a chance in a direct confrontation with a monster like that. Roland couldn’t see her skills but when looking at the Infiltrator and Ninja class it was clear that she was probably proficient at sneak attacks.

There were two ways that he could see her getting through the dungeon without his help. The easiest way would have been similar to his grinding approach. She could use the mapping function just like he used before to lure monsters up to the entrance. Then after they turned around she could use a magical weapon that he fashioned.

Thanks to his rune compacting skills he was now able to fit a lot of runic batteries into weapons. It would still be somewhat bulky but nowhere near the size of the mana cannon that he used when he was a tier 2 person. The second option would be to go into the dungeon and plant runic mines by tracking the monster routes. With enough explosive force and divine power, it was a possibility.

After the incident involving Agni Roland had become capable of using this type of energy. He would not directly pronounce it out there but filling up runic scrolls with holy energy wouldn't get him in trouble. Just like he saw with the lich, the skeletal monsters were really weak to even tier 2 divine magic. If he fashioned a few one-use scrolls even at that tier, defeating those monsters wouldn't even require a bulky cannon.

"The mine area?"

"Yes, I'm sure the Union had already sent you their demands, you didn't sign any contracts yet, right?"

"No, I left it out on the table but they are offering quite the sum..."

"I would advise you to not accept those terms, the red mythril veins and mana crystals along with the etherium could be used elsewhere."

Roland knew how the dwarven union operated. They wanted to get their hands on everything related to ores and minerals. The sum they offered looked enticing but by his calculations, after about five years they should be able to make it back, perhaps even sooner. It was a nice immediate injection of money but there were other ways of using the resources that could be mined there.

"Elsewhere? I assume you already have an idea of what to use it for instead?"

"Of course, how would you like to be the owner of the next, Runic City of Albrook?"

"Runic City?"

Arthur was intrigued by the name and probably had an inkling where Roland was going with it.

"Yes, I'm talking about magic lanterns on every street. Runic cold boxes and heaters for every home."

"Runic cold boxes and heaters?"

"Yes, could you imagine how much more tax revenue it would bring in? I'm sure your father would appreciate the coin."

"That he would..."

Roland had created a runic refrigerator before and even one of those models was inside of this mansion. The true worth of that mine was actually the abundance of mana resources. There was no need for even using his generators as the crystalized mana that could be taken from there would be enough. Then in the future, if the city grows he could slowly introduce generators as a solution.

“This is slightly hard to follow, I think you’ll have to explain everything to me in simpler terms.”

“Of course, as you might know, runic enchantments require mana to function. The material is also important and for something like a magical lamp, it won’t use up much. Still, the mana will quickly drain without something providing replacement mana and for this, we first need to create a power plant, a mana power plant to be exact”

“A mana power plant?”

“Yes, we will need to place the structure in a safe location and store all of the Elokin’s Fluid and Crystals there. They will power all the runic devices in the city through a cable that we can construct in two ways...”

There was nothing like an overhead power line in this world. If he got Arthur on board then they could distribute the mana energy just like people in his old world did. It was possible and safer to place the cables underground but it would require more work than just constructing power lines. On that topic, he wasn’t quite sure as with the help of earth magic it would become easier.

“Mana power lines?”

“Yes, we’ll have to consult with someone from the builder guild to draw up some plans but I don’t see a reason for it not being feasible. I’d start with the runic lamps as they will catch the eyes of the residents, after that we can push for heating and home appliances.”

Roland could see Arthur’s brain working overtime. It was becoming clear that when thinking about the future it was better to refuse the dwarves from taking the mine. He was sure that his new partner would see the bigger picture. People in the modern world were unable to live without electricity and the boons that came with them. This was his plan, to make them addicted to the day-to-day enhancements these runic devices brought with them. It was time for an affordable magical revolution and it would start here.