

Runesmith 49

[Chapter 49 Calm before the storm.](#)

Roland was looking at a piece of steel that had a round shape. This was the old pommel that he had removed from the previously created sword.

He was planning to replace this section of the sword. There were a few other places he could push the gem into but they would be troublesome. The blade had already gone through the process of hardening so heating it up again to insert a grove might ruin it.

He could also try filing a fitting hole into the hardened blade in the hilt or slightly above it. But only filing a fitting hole wouldn't really work that well, he actually needed the gem to be held in place. He didn't have any magical techniques or materials on him that would hold it in place while allowing the mana to flow through.

Having something he could just weld the thing on would probably be a good idea. For now, he chose to use one of the techniques jewelers used. The technique he would be using was called a bezel setting. This was a setting method that would hold the stone in place. It would use a raised surrounding for the stone with a lip encircling and overlapping the edges of the stone, thus holding it in place.

He would craft a new pommel with a hole for the stone and some of those raised 'lips'. After the stone was in place he would need to push that thinner part of the metal down against the stone. This would wedge the mana crystal into the socket and keep it in there.

This was one of the easiest ways for him to do this with his current skill set. Thanks to his high dexterity stat he was quite good with his hands. Later he would have to research if there were other ways to keep those magic stones steady. He could even make the hilt wider at the end and punch a fitting hole, then hammer it shut.

This would keep the gem fully on the inside but could damage it as well. There was also the problem with the mana stone being fully encased in metal. This in theory would lower its mana gathering properties by how much he would need to test it.

Roland really wanted to make power tools now that would help him craft things. Due to his increased strength and endurance, he didn't really need a power hammer. He could use something like a drill to make more precise holes. With it, he could just make a screw-on pommel instead of wedging it in then hammering the part that was poking out at the end.

He could really use tools like a belt grinder to help him with things like stock removal, profiling, polishing to a mirror finish. An angle grinder to cut metal would also save him a lot of time. The problem was always that such tools needed him to use up mana. This was valuable energy that he needed for runecrafting though and couldn't be wasted.

Now on the other hand there was light outside the tunnel. With the help of these mana stones, he could probably lower the mana usage significantly, maybe even so much that his mana regeneration and the mana usage on the tools canceled themselves out.

First, he needed to make his first item though. Luckily the pommel was large enough to house this mana stone that he received from that hobgoblin he killed. After removing the old one he would need to make

it a bit smaller than the original. As he wanted some stock to be poking out at the end to hammer it in place.

He got to work right in the morning. He was someone that was consumed by his job, there was almost no day that he spent not crafting something. He wasn't such a productive person back in his old world, this was probably due to many things a person could do to procrastinate back there. Movies, games, books, and the internet, there were just so many activities that were more fun.

This wasn't true in this world. When he stopped working and relaxed he found himself just sitting there with nothing to do. Roland had no friends or family to talk to, there was also no internet to surf around and spend his time. He was just left with himself and his own thoughts, thus he found himself thinking about new runes or new items he could make instead.

It was time to get it done, he picked out a piece of steel that was closest in size. He would create a pommel from it. It would be similar to the previous one and in the middle, it would have a groove and a flange.

This flange was just a somewhat projecting lip that would then be bent inwards to hold the mana stone in place. The mana stone would be placed into the groove and maybe polished down slightly. Though it would be better to not alter the mana stone as with a decrease in size it would lose some of its mana filtering and storing properties.

The workshop soon filled with sounds of metal colliding against one another and the sound of a fast-moving grindstone. This process took some time but in the end, he had something workable.

Roland needed to fit the stone into the groove of this socket. He started placing it inside and filing it further down to get the correct shape. This was probably the most annoying process as he didn't want to make the opening too large.

After finally getting it into the correct shape the time to insert the runic components came. This would be another grueling process to get through. This was a smaller piece of metal than the sword's blade and he couldn't just hammer it with force. If he did that he could break it. He would need to use the harder process of forcefully inserting this by hand.

There was one thing he could do to hasten the process slightly. For this, he took out a simple engraving tool made from steel. It had a wooden handle and more or less looked like a pointy nail or smaller chisel.

He would engrave some of the larger runic structures into the metal on the hardened steel structure. He just had to be careful not to remove too much of the metal. If he did it correctly he would save mana and time as otherwise, his runecrafting skill that used up MP would have to construct all the pathways and components forcefully. With a thin enough engraving the technique would not have that much steel to push against.

What he was left with were precise inscriptions that almost looked like finished runes. A normal person would even think this was the finished product. Only a Runesmith or someone with specialized skill would notice the missing traces.

Now while concentrating with all his might the runecrafting process started. It was a lot harder to do this on a non-heated up piece of metal but within a day's time, he was finished.

This wasn't quite over yet, now the mana stone needed to be inserted into the pommel's socket. He had done a good job while making this groove so the gem fit in nicely.

He didn't own any bezel setting tools yet, so he had to make do with some of his regular smithing tools. The bending process wasn't hard as he did have enhanced strength by now.

Soon the new Pommel made its way back onto the sword hilt. Thanks to his ethereal pathway skill he was now able to connect separate item parts with each other. This type of pathway was more similar to something like a wireless router.

It was like a point in the rune circuit that would just connect to another similar one in it. One just acted as a receiver while the other was sending out the signal, so you had to plan it out in the right way as they wouldn't work otherwise.

After some final touches, the new sword was complete.

Roland took it into his hand and started examining it with the help of his identification skill, a little smirk appeared on his face.

Steel Arming Sword of Mana [Mana Slash Rune, Mana Thrust Rune] [Slot: Common Mana Stone(+3 Strength)]

He looked at the additional static that the mana stone was giving. Each slotted mana stone had some kind of bonus to it. This one came from a hobgoblin berserker and as it was a physical type of monster it added to strength. It did also add the mana reducing properties to it but apparently, his identification skill wasn't high enough to see just by how much.

He wanted to test it out so he walked outside. This new workshop had a bit of land around it that was walled off. He had a large thick tree log out in his back yard that would probably be good as target practice.

Roland grasped his newly produced sword with one hand and did a few practice swings with it. His skill had improved since a couple of years ago. This took him back as he remembered the times that he sparred with his half gnome assistant in this backyard. She was quite nimble and good at evading. This increased his skills and accuracy of blows.

After looking back to old times he took on a thrusting stance. This sword wasn't as long as a longsword which mostly ranged from 100 cm up to 130 cm. It was about 90 cm long, hilt included and was considered a one-handed sword. It was something between a longsword and a shortsword.

Before activating the skill he was sure to look at his current mana. He knew how much MP the mana thrust required so with some math it would be easy to tell how much energy he saved.

He plunged his sword forward with one hand while injecting the minimal amount of mana. He could feel his energies flowing into the hilt and activating the runic structure inside. It felt slightly different than when he used weapons without a mana stone in them. The infused mana started getting sucked into the embedded gem. It glowed with a bright light before the whole skill activated.

The whole blade glowed in a deep blue light. The energies moved towards the tip and it looked as if a current of water was traveling to the sword point. The sword tip shone brighter before a bolt of energy shot forward.

This attack looked similar to a mage's mana bolt spell but it was a bit more concentrated. It had the same blue hue. The power of it depended not only on the user's intelligence but also on their sword skills.

The moment it connected with the large piece of wood Roland could see it shatter into many smaller pieces. The stump just exploded as the mana thrust technique punched right through it. On the other end it collided with the ground and left a small hole in it while kicking up some dust.

Roland whistled a bit while holding up the sword and looking at the whole runic structure. He had previously created swords with these runes and tested them. This one had clearly more penetrating power than the previous ones. The embedded mana stone was probably the cause of that.

"Hm, about 40% is it? Not bad..."

He said to himself while examining the glowing gem he inserted into this sword. Previously he only saw these monster cores absorbing ambient mana from the surrounding and thought they were just rechargeable batteries. Now he understood them better.

They were more mana regulators than batteries. They purified the sword wielder's mana and siphoned it into the runic structure. He missed this fact previously as didn't have a premade product to test nor any research materials concerning it.

Roland was also a bit of a scrooge. He could have bought the cheapest weapon using this sort of mana stone and would have probably saved himself some time. He would have lost some gold coins while doing that though. He was thinking that maybe in the future it would be better to spend more on research materials. If other people weren't willing to sell skill books or research logs then he would need to reverse engineer things himself.

There was also one other peculiarity about this sword he was using. He could clearly see the skills for 'mana slash' and 'mana thrust' with the 'temporary' prefix in his status when he was holding this sword.

When he placed it somewhere else these two skills would vanish as if they never existed. He even had a skill level attached to it and would even somehow know how to perform this skill. From what he could tell it mostly depended on the runes quality and maybe some other side factors. Like sword related skills that a person using it had.

Roland would need to test things out with these. It would be nice to get free skills from powerful classes. Though these were active skills and not passive ones, if he could get passive ones was a mystery. He put his sword away and looked at the scene of destruction.

The tree stump wouldn't be usable for chopping wood anymore. Even a lesser skill as the mana thrust with his stats and the help of the mana stone had a lot of power behind it. This skill belonged originally to a mana warrior class and it increased power with intelligence and strength.

Roland rubbed his chin and looked at his sword design. He thought that he could probably insert a second mana stone into the hilt if he really wanted to. He could also place one on the other side of the pommel. With another one, he would be able to lower the MP usage by 80%!

That was only in theory though, adding multiple mana stones could have a cap. Maybe adding another one only reduced the mana usage by half of that.

“Monster cores are really something I should heavily invest in...”

He headed back into his workshop while contemplating new products. He would probably be able to make a magic staff with many mana stones that would lower the mana usage drastically, maybe he could even spam spells without stopping. That is till the materials gave out as the steel he was working with wasn't something that could take the increased mana usage. He needed to get his hands on some deep steel or mithril.

Mithril was a magical metal, it was as strong as steel but much lighter. You could also combine it with other various metallic ores without a problem. This wasn't the main reason it was so sought after though. It was mostly so popular thanks to its magic-related properties.

It would exponentially boost the number of uses for enchanted and runic spells. Lesser spells wouldn't even deteriorate the runecraft structures at all if mithril was involved. There were other various alloys and metals that could even handle greater and grand runes. Those were not even close to something that he could afford.

There were so many new items he could craft now. He had some old mana stones that he didn't sell yet. He could test them on his refrigerator first, maybe if he inserted enough of them and lowered the mana usage to 100%, it would just work without him having to inject his own mana into it!

If that worked he could start modernizing his whole smithy. Making a drill and better grinder, maybe an electric saw and something for polishing. If that was possible it would drastically reduce the crafting times and net him more experience in the long run.

So he went back into his workshop, crafting diagrams in his head. He still had some time left on his contract and he would use it well. Maybe after it was up he would be able to set out on his own.

He was thinking of leaving for a city for one with a newer dungeon that wasn't that highly populated. Cities like that sprung up from time to time. The dungeons formed randomly and would be used as a source of income.

A dungeon always brought adventurers with them. These adventurers needed facilities like inns, pubs and weapon shops. He could provide the latter and maybe even establish himself as a runesmith there. In new cities the grasp of wealthy companies like the one he was working for wasn't that strong. He might be able to get a small market share without getting strong-armed by the competition.

‘Hm, going to a city with a dungeon that has some rare ores would be nice...’

Dungeons were magical places, depending on the dungeon core various monsters or materials could spawn. There were even some used as mines and due to being magical dungeons, the ores would also be mystical in nature. The possibility of mithril appearing there was quite high.

Roland finally returned to his workshop, he still had to make some items for the company. He had used up a lot of time by making things for himself lately. He quickly got back to his usual work while thinking about some useful utensils he could make to help him out.

While Roland was hammering away the manager that he was working for was sitting back in his own office. His lovely elven assistant was looking at him while standing at the door.

“So, we aren’t going to the meeting this time?”

The elf asked while the alchemist gnome was looking at a vial with some blue liquid.

“No, this is a very delicate process. If I leave now, a week’s worth of work will go down the drain!”

The elf just shrugged and left, she was actually happy about this so she didn’t really mind. She could just relax and eat some pastry while her boss did his experiments.

While she was stuffing her face with some cookies some other people were moving through the night.

There were two of them and they were jumping between roofs while not making a sound. The place that they were heading to looked to be somewhere in Hightown. They arrived unnoticed and looked from afar at a large mansion. Some carriages had gathered there and some people were slowly walking into the building.

“Hey, hey! Are we there yet?”

A woman’s voice called out.

The other person didn’t look at the woman and just gave out an annoyed groan.

“Heyyyyy... don’t ignore me!”

The woman moved her hood down and started waving her hands in front of the other person’s face while making odd faces.

“Stop fooling around!”

The man replied in a hushed tone while the woman sniggered and looked at the people coming out of the carriages.

“We will wait till all of them are gathered, then we will strike.”

The man said while sinking back into the shadows, in his hand a strange red looking double helix-shaped object. His body and the woman’s started flickering in and out of existence before they faded away, the people in the mansion unaware of what was waiting for them on this cold gloomy night.

[Chapter 50 Things are not what they seem.](#)

A large crystal chandelier was hanging over an even bigger round table. This table had exactly eight chairs placed around it. The chairs looked to be made by some master craftsman and even had cushioning.

There were already five people there and they were waiting for the last person to arrive.

“Mr. Thardur sure is late today~”

An extravagantly dressed moon elf woman said while leaning back in her chair. If this wasn't official business she would have probably placed her long legs on the round table already.

“Lately he has been tardier, ever since our little problem was resolved.”

A man said while looking at an intricate golden pocket watch. This was a very rich merchant that owned most of the food-related stores in the city. He placed the watch back into his pocket and then glanced to an empty chair.

“The Gnome gentleman from Exeor sent word that he won't be arriving beforehand.”

“That's why I don't like alchemists, always stuck in their work. They are no fun.”

The elven woman blew out a little smoke circle through her luscious lips while grumbling a bit.

Finally the large door that led into this room opened and a fellow council member walked in. It was the dwarf called Thardur, his size had increased since the last time. As he walked his large tummy jiggled about which caused some of the merchants to cough while trying not to stare.

“Whit's wi' dem looks, a'm 'ere already.”

The dwarf sat on his chair that was a specially made product to fit his large posterior. This was the same dwarf that the mine was sacked one and a half years ago. He didn't look like he was going through hard times though.

After the gnome manager from Exeor cleared up things with the thieves guild everything went back to normal. He did inform the council about who the true perpetrator was as it was better to have more people on the same page.

Everyone knew the noble responsible but they also knew that he couldn't really do much anymore. His secret was out, they could now retaliate but not out in the open.

They were powerful merchants that the city relied on. If they united together they could force the city under, they just needed to get all of their investments and leave. The hole in the budget of the city would be horrendous if they weren't there to pay taxes.

This was something that the noble knew and also why he was using underhanded methods to get them to sell their businesses to him. They weren't entirely sure why this particular noble did what he did. From what it looked it was related to money but that wasn't something they were willing to give up.

Since that incident everything was quiet, the merchants spent some money on bodyguards and a more robust information network between each other. Still, the noble was quiet and didn't seem to make any more moves. The taxes didn't increase either and he didn't make any unreasonable requests, it was as if he had given up.

Soon most of the council members had forgotten about this incident and moved on with their lives. It had ended quite fast due to Exeor's involvement. This company was something much greater than what this city could hold. They somewhat trusted that they would not allow something like that to happen again. They were like a shield keeping them safe and it felt like they were well protected.

Thardur the dwarf looked at the empty seat where the gnome was supposed to sit. The other members noticed that he wanted to say something and urged him to do so.

“Hey Mr. Thardur something on your mind?”

“Aye, some magical weapons hae bin seen oan th’ market by mah folk...”

He started mentioning that someone else was selling runic weapons. This dwarf was the owner of most of the smithies around the city. He made it clear that Exeor was responsible for it. He wanted to ask the gnome about forking up the runesmith responsible. This was infringing on his territory but if the gnome was unwilling he couldn’t really do anything but complain.

“On another note, The eldest son of the Count will be returning from the border soon, some of my informants told me that the campaign ended in a draw again. It will probably take them at least half a year more but we should expect an infusion of money due to the increase of soldiers stationed here...”

When the soldiers came they expected to receive orders for new and improved weapons. There would be more mouths to feed and probably a coming home feast.

The surviving soldiers and knights would probably spend the money they had fought hard for. The red light district would probably be really busy by then.

“Is that so, how about...”

Another man from the council was trying to speak but he noticed something. He looked to the side for a moment and the other council members followed his gaze.

“Somethin wrong?”

Asked the dwarf while straining his fat neck to where the man was looking. It was a small window up closer to the ceiling meant more for ventilation purposes than for looking outside. This room was mostly sealed off from the outside and there were even soldiers placed on the roofs so that no one could eavesdrop on their conversations.

“No, must have been my imagination...”

There was nothing there, the dwarf turned back to the table and the boring meeting continued. He sneaked some glances at the voluptuous elven woman here and there as it was one of the things that made these meetings bearable. It might have seemed that he wasn’t fond of her but in reality, it was the other way around.

He was a married man though and was afraid of bad rumors spreading. A man in his position couldn’t be seen interacting with an owner of the redlight district. His very conservative wife would also probably chop him up with her ax.

“Hm?”

While the boring meeting continued he noticed something peculiar. The elven woman continued to stare at him throughout the meeting. She liked to tease him here and there but it felt like she was doing it more sensually than ever before. The other members didn’t seem to have noticed and just continued with some back and forth business talks.

'Whit's that man-eater thinking...'

He thought to himself while the council meeting continued. Within the next fifteen minutes, it was all over and the people started going back home. It was about 8 pm now and the city was already dark. The curfew would be starting in an hour or so. This was enough time to get to their mansions. They were rich merchants so something like that didn't really concern them. No one would actually try to stop them.

The dwarf returned to his large home in Hightown. It was one of the most extravagant mansions in the city. A large metal gate opened up and he was greeted by his servants after riding through his grand garden. There were many maids bowing with their heads waiting to welcome their master home.

He walked in slowly and his coat was carried away by one of the servants. His old wife wasn't here to greet him, the two had more or less a marriage of convenience. Just two rich families getting together to become richer.

He had his bath prepared and ate his meal alone. His kids were out working in some of the businesses that he owned as training and weren't here. Soon he was in his sleeping robes walking towards his huge sleeping quarters.

Some of the maids knew these bed chambers as he sometimes asked them to keep him company. His wife was living in a totally different wing of this mansion. She didn't care about such things if they didn't get public and allowed her husband to have his fun.

This night would be slightly different, as he walked into his room he felt a draft. The balcony was open and the drapes were fluttering around. His eyes weren't drawn to this though, there was a certain womanly figure on his bed.

At first, he thought it was one of his maids but then he noticed the long silver hair. They were almost as white as snow and the woman's body was quite sinful. She was plump in all the right places while slender in the others.

"Lilatah?"

He asked with eyes bulging out, why was the owner of the red light district here and why was she naked on his bed.

The woman didn't answer and just beckoned with her hand, her plump chest shook tenderly with every hand motion that she made. The dwarf swallowed his saliva and was instantly captivated by the woman's charm.

A voice in his head was telling him that there was something wrong but something between his legs was telling him to just go forward. His target of adoration was there and there was no one here to interrupt them.

The old dwarf was consumed by lust, he quickly jumped into the woman's soft embrace, his head landing between those velvety pillows. The woman hugged the old dwarf back accepting his approach.

The embrace turned into cuddling and kissing. Thardur just frantically assaulted the moon elves' curvaceous body with his tongue. It was as if he felt that if he didn't act fast that the woman would disappear into the mist and he wouldn't have another chance.

He started climbing on top of her to finally seal the deal but then something unexpected happened. The alluring woman's eyes flickered with an eerie light and her fingers started contorting in unnatural ways. The dwarf hadn't noticed this yet, she was hugging him closely and his attention was elsewhere.

Those digits started getting longer and longer, soon losing their shape. They looked like elongated whips and they continued expanding. Those finger-like whips quickly wrapped themselves around the dwarf's naked body, catching him off guard.

"What?"

Thardur's neck was now wrapped around by a strange-looking tendril and yanked back. The beautiful woman that he was making love to started grinning. The grin was unnatural and her lips started parting showing quite the set of sharp teeth.

Soon her whole head parted open, revealing a mass of tentacles. The woman had turned into a monstrosity set on devouring this man alive. He had nowhere to run, his neck was getting choked and he couldn't utter a word.

The sound of flesh being ripped apart filled the windy room. The dwarf's head vanished from his neck-deep into the horror's massive toothy mouth.

"You'll get fat from that~"

A playful voice resounded while this horrifying scene was taking place. The monster was continuously devouring the fat dwarf and was already half done with the torso.

"Bring me the others, we should hurry not all of them are here."

Another voice that sounded like a man was heard, this one was coming from the creature that was devouring the dead dwarf. The whole world started to fade away and the truth was finally revealed.

The dwarf was indeed getting eaten. A man in a dark robe was standing above Thardur's corpse. He had his hand pointed at him but it didn't look like a hand. It was a mass of tentacles that was coming out from within his robe's sleeve. The tentacles were devouring the man's body along with his clothes till nothing was left.

This was still the meeting room where the six council members were previously in. The dwarf wasn't the first person to have been devoured by this man. Only two other people remained. On the ground you could see a strange-looking item, it looked like a double helix. It was generating a strange sound while the runes on its surface shone in a red light.

"Ah, that's why I don't like working with you Abyssal Warlocks. What's the fun in rushing things, not time to play~"

The woman pouted slightly. Her hood was down and you could see her face. She had similar features to an elf but her skin was much darker and almost obsidian. Her eyes were pitch black and there were thick veins bulging out close to her eye sockets.

She was in the middle of prancing around. She was holding on to the body of the passed out red-light district owner. The woman's head and legs dangled around as the woman did the waltz. With one strong

twirl, she sent the woman's body towards the man. Her body was flung away with force as if she was a sack of potatoes.

The man without replying turned to this person and a mass of tentacles shot out of his arm sleeve. The tentacles wrapped the elven woman's limbs up and lifted her up into the air. The thickest tentacle parted turning into a giant set of sharp teeth that looked shark-like. Soon the body was lowered into them and devoured without even leaving the clothes behind.

After the Warlock was done with feasting on the flesh of all the present council members his tentacles retracted themselves back under his robe. The woman that was with him just waited for him to pick up the magical device that made this all possible.

The double helix looking item created illusions and made the targets fall into a deep slumber. Even when their bodies were injured they wouldn't wake up. This item was a greater magical device and would even work on tier 3 classes. Only people with an immense amount of willpower could hope to resist it. Even then it would probably take them some time and not like they would have any with these two around.

"There were eight members, two still remain."

The hoarse voice of the abyssal warlock was heard in the silent room. Making it soundproof worked against the owners in this situation.

"Are we going to them?"

The girl clapped her hands together while smiling, she really wanted to go towards their next target.

"Yes, did you leave the mark?"

The girl nodded at the question, a large occult looking mark was left on the wall. It looked like a magic circle with strange symbols. Inside the circle beside the symbols was a strange creature. It looked like a mass of eyes surrounded by many tentacles.

The two looked up to the small window that they came through. They had previously tossed the small magical double helix through it. The moment it landed in the room it was activated. The people were instantly trapped in an illusion. Disposing of the affected targets afterward was quite easy. A child could even do it.

The woman's body flickered as she jumped upwards, her form just phasing through the walls. The man on the other hand jumped towards the small window. His body contorted and expanded in length so that he could fit through it. He wiggled outside like a worm, the guards that were stationed on the roof were previously taken out.

The two soon left the premises of this mansion heading towards their next target. They had two more council members to kill and the first one wasn't that far away. They had information that he was busy in his lab and would probably be there the entire night.

Unbeknownst to this, another scene was playing out elsewhere. A youth that could be confused for an adult man was knocking on a door. Next to him was a lovely looking elven girl just smiling while holding a tray with tea.

This was of course Roland, he had taken his newly produced sword that he had made. He wanted to show it off and have the manager give him a good price. They could then discuss some future manufacturing plans. He wanted the company to supply him with some common grade mana stones just as the one he used.

“What is he doing in there?”

It was already past 8 PM and it was getting late. He thought that he could talk it out before the day had ended but now he was realizing that he had been hasty.

“Oh you know the manager, it’s just that time of the month. Want some tea while you wait?”

Roland grumbled under his nose, he knew this gnome well by now. When he was close to some kind of breakthrough he would not let anyone into his office. This could continue for days or even weeks. He really wanted to talk things over, otherwise, he wouldn’t know how to budget his items.

“No, it’s fine.”

He decided to wait half an hour or so, if the gnome didn’t finish up till then he would come back in the morning.

Zilyana just shrugged at the response and turned back to leave. There was a small waiting area on this floor so he wanted to stay there for the time being.

“Suit yourself the...”

The elven woman stopped in her tracks and did a quick 180-degree turn. She kicked down the door that almost flew open out of its hinges. Roland was surprised at the display of might and even more that she just stopped the moment the door was kicked open.

“Is something wrong?”

He asked while moving forward and peeking inside of the office. Inside was nothing out of the ordinary, just a pissed off gnome working on some alchemy potions.

“What the hell do you think you are doing!

Zilyana rubbed her head while holding the tea tray with one hand and apologized. Roland not knowing what this was about just asked if he could talk with the grumpy boss.

“No, don’t you see that I’m in the middle of something, just come back tomorrow and close that blasted door behind you!”

Roland just nodded and closed the door. The elven girl just gave him a smile as if nothing was wrong and walked down to the first floor. He didn’t know what this was all about but he never really got those two so he just attributed it to them being weird.

He decided to go home, there was no use waiting here if the manager told him that he was busy. At least he gave him a reasonable answer to coming back in the morning.

Roland pulled out his sword that he wanted to show off. He activated his skill to check if everything was in place while walking towards the stairs. The moment he did he stopped in his tracks as what he saw was quite out of the ordinary.

“The hell?”