

Runesmith 67

[Chapter 67 Dragnis Island Port.](#)

There it was, the promised land. It had taken him over two weeks to get here but he was finally on Dragnis Island. This was just a small port town through which he needed to travel through but he was almost there.

He could already see his brand spanking new workshop that he would create with his own two hands. It would be bigger than the shabby one that he was given in Edelgard. He would fill it up with precious metals and create magical items left and right. The future was truly bright, it was time to grab it with his own two hands and make it a reality.

He had already disembarked from the ship and left the people in it behind. Isabela the first mate gave him some passionate looks as he left but he tried to ignore it. He was now slowly leaving the pier and trekking towards the town.

He needed to get some information, by his old knowledge from the main content the town of Albrook wasn't that far from here. He had chosen this path on purpose and taken the ship to the closest port on the island. There were many others as the export was booming here, the mana stones and minerals from the super dungeon and its smaller counterparts were a hot commodity everywhere.

Though after a couple of steps forward he decided on something else. He was feeling drowsy, his legs were also shaking quite a bit. The long trip and the constant danger had piled up. Even with the sleep resistance skill, he felt tired. He needed to at least spend one night here and get some normal food before heading out again.

While going towards the closest inn he took some time to look around. The first thing he noticed was the weather. It was quite warm, over 20 degrees which was making it slightly uncomfortable to walk in the pitch-black robe and his armor. It was really sunny so the added sunlight just caused his clothes to heat up again.

'Black colors absorb a lot of heat... maybe I need to get a new robe in a different color...'

He grumbled while moving, the port town looked like any old medieval encampment that he had seen before. There were various races here but he also saw some new types. They were lizard-like but he knew that if he mentioned that he would receive a knuckle sandwich.

This race was called the Dracs and they were rumored to be related to dragons. One of the other nicknames that this race had was Dragon-kin. Some people confused them with lizard-men that were just monsters that lacked intelligence and were much bigger. Dracs were slightly taller than humans and didn't lack eloquence.

There were quite a few races living in this world. The kingdom he was living in allowed them to mingle with one another but humans were still on top. They didn't treat the other races as anything more than commoners. At most, they would be allowed to be knights for powerful lords.

Their title wouldn't be hereditary as they would only be allowed to be a knight after proving their worth in combat. Even with this blatant racism involved some of them took the nobles up on the offer. The money they were offering was good and the job was stable. It was far less volatile to be a knight of a

noble than to hunt for monsters in a dungeon. With it came the downsides of not having any freedom and having to answer to the noble's biddings.

Roland moved on while trying not to stare. He was mostly used to this fantasy-like world but sometimes new things popped up that were a head-turner. After some time he finally found himself an inn to stay in. He decided to give himself a treat by going to one of the more expensive ones. This brought better food and sleeping conditions.

Soon he was taking a bath in a small secluded room. His feet were poking out of the iron tub he was in. He looked over his body that was still growing, he had also gotten used to it after all this time had passed.

'Everyone from the Arden estate is tall...'

He thought back to his three brothers, each one of them was above average in height when it came to their age bracket. He attributed that to his father's genes as he was quite the large specimen himself. He tossed those old memories to the back of his head again as he wanted to leave it all behind.

'I should think over the plan again...'

First came his new base of operations. He had a lot of money that should be enough to get him a place to stay. He didn't want to live in an inn or rent a house no, he wanted something for himself.

With the new dungeon there, the new town would be a perfect spot for him to lay down some roots. He knew how things worked, with that dungeon around, people would come. With more people, the economy would start booming and with it earning money would be easy.

This was the best time to establish himself there but still, he didn't want to give out his real identity. It would look strange to work as a blacksmith and then also be an adventurer. His special class would probably come to light sooner or later if he did that. He also had a plan for this.

"I guess I should get used to wearing one of these..."

He was looking at a metal helmet. He had gotten this one from the bandits, it wasn't anything special but it would do the trick. It was a simple knight helmet, it had small slits for eyes and ones for ventilation. The shape was a flat-topped cylinder of steel that completely covered the head but it didn't offer much protection for the neck.

"I can polish it a bit and put some enchantments on it to boost my stats..."

He looked over it from top to bottom, there was some room for mana stones on the inside. He could place them directly above his head so that the stones don't get knocked down from the runic structure.

Roland also was contemplating on attaching some on the outside. He knew that there were things like alchemic glue that was also good at letting mana through. With it, he wouldn't need to wedge the stones in mechanically. He could also use both techniques at once for added structural integrity.

"Maybe a rune to see in the dark, how about infrared instead?"

He thought of an old movie that he watched back in his old world. He imagined himself switching through various methods of detection on the fly. Having the ability to see heat signatures, maybe add some ultraviolet vision and X-rays? Though the latter might be too unhealthy in the long run.

After washing the helmet slightly he placed it over his head. The narrow slits were hard to see through. They would make fighting more difficult for him but there were enchantments to widen his field of view. They weren't even that uncommon, there were even special helmets without openings for eyes.

"Uncomfortable..."

He removed the piece of steel from his head while sighing. He preferred wearing lighter armor to move around faster but agility wasn't really his forte. Roland felt like he wasn't that bad at evading but he wasn't good at it either. Adding more armor and some other repelling functions might be the way to go.

He could also try inserting some mana stones that increased his low agility to equal things out. There were a lot of possibilities, he was only limited by his imagination and the resources. With time he felt like he would be able to fully customize everything to fit his fighting style.

It consisted mostly of flinging spells for now but he hoped that he could add more to it. Relying on spells too much might be counterproductive. He could always run out of mana after prolonged combat. Keeping up with regular fighting skills along with his magic was a good plan but it required a lot of time. Luckily he was a young man in his teens, he had a lot of time to train himself up and no one to stop him.

He finally finished up with his skinny dipping after his fingers started getting wrinkly. Everything that belonged to him was right here with him in this room. It was to the side on a nice big pile where also his clothes were. While dressing himself up again he left the heavier armor in his bags of holding.

After some time he was back in his temporary quarters. He had learned the hard way that he needed to be careful. Due to this, he decided to set up some defensive measures in the form of his trap runes. They were placed by the door and the only window in the room. When someone tried coming through it, they would trigger a nice large explosion.

Roland was sure to also have a mana shield around himself. If there was an explosion, he would be a nice pin cushion for all the wooden splinters. Fortunately, this time around there was no one after his life. The night went by smoothly, he managed to get a couple hours of sleep but it was far from a good night's rest. Sleeping in new places was still hard for him and he just couldn't relax.

On the dawn of the next day, he finally had a normal breakfast by himself. The food was tasty, fresh, and plentiful. He made sure to stock up on it till his belly was ready to burst. His next stop was the travel agency that was in this city as this time around there was no adventurer guild here.

Not all cities could attract them into their infrastructure. It was also a good sign which meant that there weren't many dangers around it that required their services. Roland was planning to have his new card made directly at the town he would be living. The paper trail should have been cut off the moment he left the main continent but he wanted to be extra careful.

If that abyssal cult was the vengeful type wasn't known to him. He wasn't sure if they would allocate any funds or people to track him down. Some assassination groups would see it as a loss of prestige if they left any fleeing targets alive.

Yet he wasn't the priority target here, he was just a person that worked for that company. The one they were after was still the gnome manager. Though he did break their cursed toy that made those illusions, they might have been mad about that.

With time he was back on track, a new caravan with more merchants and adventurers which was heading towards his next destination. From the onset, he could see that he was going towards the right place. The number of adventurers heading to Albrook was inflated. There were three times the bodies here than when he was traveling towards the port town.

'I guess everyone wants to check out the new dungeon. The old ones get monopolized by certain factions.'

This wasn't something new, after a strong enough party was established at a city it expanded. They gained new members that formed a larger association. They would have many adventurers working under the same banner while sharing the income.

The problem arose when these organizations got too large. The adventurers that weren't part of such an association would be left with scraps. Sometimes they would get attacked by large factions that were too big to fear any kind of retaliation.

This new dungeon was a great opportunity for new blood. The unmapped dungeons would be harder to traverse and give the new adventurers some time to establish themselves. The large associations would be also sending their people over as well, it would be a rat race for resources.

Roland wanted to use the ensuing confusion to his advantage. He was a lone adventurer that no one would pay attention to. The influx of clients for his runic gear would also be a good source of income after he increased his levels.

'I'll worry about that when I get there.'

Roland hopped into one of the carriages as he did a few weeks ago. It would be another long ride towards his next destination. With the increased number of adventurers, he was skeptical about getting attacked by bandits this time around. Monsters on the other hand were quite possible.

He had spent some time yesterday fixing up his wands and also produced some more runic scrolls for future use. If there were enemies on the horizon he would be ready.

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At the border between the Hatfordian Empire and the Caldris Kingdom.

There was a massive wall that stretched between two mountain peaks. Behind it, a large fortress made of black stone stood tall. It was composed of more steep walls, ramparts, and guard towers. Even now there were soldiers patrolling on those walls while looking into the distance.

Deeper inside the fortress, after many checkpoints and barricades a person could reach the main tower that stood tall. Inside of it was a large meeting room, in it a large table by which many men were sitting together. They were wearing various armors that had noble houses insignias on them.

At the center sat one man, he had short silver hair with a magnificent mustache that covered quite a bit of his face. The man was clearly in charge as everyone in the room was looking at him while he was talking.

“With that, I will conclude this last meeting, does anyone have any questions?”

He asked while moving a piece of paper to the side that he just signed. The people at the table didn’t answer, some of them just shook their heads, some impatience was visible on their faces.

“Very well, with this gentlemen, you are free to return to your fiefs. Take care and may the Emperor be with you.”

“Finally, I have had it with this place, I haven’t seen my kids in years.”

One of the older men said while standing up from his chair. His fists slammed down on the table while the other men smirked.

“My thoughts exactly Viscount Godwin, let us return!”

The room got noisy and everyone stood up from their chairs. The man with the large mustache was the first one to leave while everyone else followed suit. On the outside, there was a large gathering of soldiers waiting for their lords to return.

This was the main fortress at which the armies of the Calrdis Kingdom gathered. After some skirmishes with the Hatfordian Empire the war was on hold. The two countries had agreed to sign a ceasefire as no one was able to gain the upper hand.

The men in the room were leaders from noble houses tasked by the Emperor to protect the border. After years of back and forth, they were finally free to go home, both of them and the soldiers that participated would be rewarded.

While morale was high two people were walking side by side. Both of them were ones of the last to leave the meeting room. One had a large frame, his height was about two meters but his sheer wideness made him seem taller. He also had a characteristic scar running down from his left eyebrow all the way to his lower lip.

The man looked old yet full of life and was wearing a shiny silver armor. Next to him was a young man, not quite as tall but not that much shorter either. He also filled out a larger frame but was dwarfed by the older gentleman.

“It’s an honor to have the esteemed Silver Wolf visit my land, I’ll be sure to accommodate you and your soldiers!”

The younger man said while the two walked side by side.

“Lord Dreux, You have my gratitude, my estate is far and my soldiers need a place to stay.”

The older man replied while looking forward.

“I’m not the lord yet... my father hasn’t announced me as the heir.”

“He would be stupid not to. You did well on the battlefield.”

The younger man smiled at the compliment but his face soon changed into a frown as if he wasn't confident in his accolades.

"I will see you later Baron."

The two said their farewells as both needed to go see their men. The preparations should have been done for departing but things needed checking up. The two men parted ways while agreeing to meet up in a few hours. The man in the silver armor continued out of the main tower, one of his subordinates approached him as he noticed him coming out.

"Get the men ready, we will be leaving in two hours."

"Yes my lord."

The man saluted while replying.

"What about that?"

The underling thought for a moment before replying as he wasn't sure what his lord was asking about at first.

"If the lord is referring to his whereabouts, our information points us towards Edelgard. This is the city that belongs to the house of Dreux."

The Baron nodded at the information, soon he made a hand motion that indicated that his subordinate could leave. The man gave out another salute before walking away to take care of the order. His superior on the other hand waited a moment before pulling out some kind of locket.

It was white silver the same color as the armor he was wearing. He opened it up, inside there was a miniaturized painting. It depicted a dark-haired woman holding a baby in her hands. The child's face was slightly scratched out and was hard to make out.

The man stared at the two people depicted in this picture for a moment, his brows slightly furrowing at the sight.

He placed this locket back under his armor soon enough and continued forward. His face moving back to looking cold and devoid of emotion as it always was...

[Chapter 68 Albrook](#)

The sound of hooves clapping on the hard ground filled the area. It was followed by the sound of wooden wheels spinning on multiple carriages. There were many people talking while trotting forward along with the horses. Their destination was the town of Albrook which was just around the corner.

Roland was just one of the many people with big dreams that had come here. Adventurers, merchants, and even entertainers, all of them were trying to hit it off big here. Everyone knew that with the opening of a new unexplored dungeon fame, glory and riches were awaiting everyone.

The main earners would be the people going into that dungeon but they would also be the biggest spenders. With the influx of mana stones, precious metals, and other magical resources it was certain

for this developing city to evolve. Who would be left on top and who would falter in the end was up to the future.

‘Here I am...’

He hopped out of the carriage that was still outside the city to get a closer look at it from the outside. His feet landed on the dirt road that wasn’t very fit for these carts to go through. His posterior had taken some damage from the constant traveling, Roland hoped that he wouldn’t need to do something like this for a very long time.

While walking forward he stumbled a bit as his legs had gotten slightly numb. But he was still in good spirits, he was finally here, the promised land. The first thing that he noticed was the green grass that was everywhere.

Before coming here he expected the Dragnis Island to be mostly covered by dark rocks and even smoke. When someone like him thought about volcanic lands an image of molten lava and dragons popped into their head.

That was actually true if you continued to travel further into the land and towards the supervolcano in the middle. Most of the cities or towns on this island were located closer to the shore or by larger bodies of water like lakes and rivers.

On the way here they passed one of those, there was a large freshwater lake close by. Some rivers connected to it and people could even reach other towns when traveling through them on smaller boats. They weren’t quite wide and deep enough for actual ships to traverse long distances through them. There were some shallow patches that made such things impossible to go through. This left carriages and horses as the main ways of travel.

The people that he came with were also looking at the new city. Their faces showing mixed reactions at the sight in front of them. The town of Albrook was located in a valley in the distance there were some mountains with one looking larger than the rest.

This one was the dungeon, it was quite easy to spot as a small amount of smoke was coming out from it. It looked like a regular volcano, it had apparently just burst through one of the mountains surrounding the valley not so long ago. There was an earthquake that even signaled its creation along with a burst of smoke and flames in the distance.

Why were the adventurers looking so down on their luck? The town that they had come to make it big looked somewhat rundown and outdated. They were going towards the entry gate, it was guarded by two soldiers that looked a bit out of their element.

This caravan was quite long, people were already waiting to enter the city but things had been halted. The smell was also something to quickly forget about. The dirt road that they were on was lined with horse excrement. At least that was how it looked to Roland, if it belonged to some of the other creatures that people tamed here was unknown to him.

‘Think I’ve arrived really early here, the infrastructure is still developing...’

He could tell that the new dungeon town was a bit understaffed. There were people constructing a wall around it even as they spoke. Some soldiers and people that looked like officials were also standing everywhere.

With time this place should advance further, with the dungeon here and many adventurers bringing monster corpses to sell the circulation of coins would increase. With money progress was almost guaranteed, the people that created the first shops would probably make the most money in the end.

After some time passed they were finally able to enter from the south gate. There was a small fee to pay but with his current heavy wallet, this wasn't much of a problem. The road continued inside through what looked like to be a poor quarter. There wasn't much to see there besides shabby wooden buildings and more horse dung on the ground.

It then continued into the trader's area; this street was a more busy one, but fairly straight. There were various food stands on each side and peddlers were trying to sell their wares to the new people that were arriving. The usual slogans that promised cheap food for a few large copper coins echoed through this street.

Through this market street, they finally reached the market square. This would be the end of the line for this caravan of people and everyone would be going their own way. Roland stopped to look around, he spotted a Tavern to the left and a stable to the right. It did indeed have other creatures in there, like large deer looking animals with four sets of eyes.

'Should I go to the adventurer guild first, or find an administrative building and ask about purchasable land?'

The time to jumpstart his adventuring carrier had arrived again. He decided to get that done first as sometimes having an adventurer card allowed a person to get better deals. The other adventurers were already heading there so he decided to just follow them there.

While continuing he took some time to examine the architecture. Most of the buildings were made from red brick, the windows that actually had glass in them were far and in between. If he ventured further into the city closer to the mayor's house he would notice more of them appearing. The disparity in wealth and classes existed here as well.

The person governing this developing town wasn't a noble. From what Roland knew the noble that this land belonged to lived in a larger city and rarely visited it. It was governed by one of his subordinates that wasn't even part of the noble cast.

This was also one of the reasons that he chose this place as his next base of operations. He was tired of having to work things out with nobles. A commoner as the main manager would probably see the bigger picture and not get things like noble pride involved. They could also turn out to be a greedy ones though, so he couldn't let his guard down.

Like he expected the adventurer's guild was still in the process of getting renovated. It looked like they had taken over one of the larger houses and were improving it. There were many workers shuffling around on scaffolds, they were actually putting up the guild sign at this very moment.

Roland looked at this for a moment before walking into the new adventurer's guild. On the inside, the layout was different from what he was used to. It was an indication of the hasty construction of this building. Normally the guilds were kept uniform in their design to not confuse new and old adventurers.

There were a lot of people on the inside but the building was large. There was enough space for them all but there weren't enough tables and chairs to fit them all. The bar in the back was getting built at this moment, normally there would be large drunk men having fun back there.

'At least the notice board is there...'

The reception area was filled up and there was already a long line. There were only two ladies working there, they both looked swamped with work. Roland was surprised that these girls looked similar to all the other receptionist ladies that he had seen in the other cities.

One was a woman with pure black hair and an updo hairstyle. She was wearing the usual square-framed glasses. She looked like your no nonsense secretary that took her job very seriously. This he could see in the way she was handling her workload, her line was moving quite fast.

The other lady was a sun elf. She had a cheerful appearance, long blond hair, and a smile that would make your day go by faster. Her line was moving slower but that was probably due to the male adventurers taking their time in flirting with this beauty.

Seeing this Roland did the only right choice and placed himself in the elven girl's line. Not because he wanted to flirt with her but because she looked like the type that would bend the rules a bit if asked nicely. If that was the truth he would soon find out, well after waiting in line for close to an hour before it was his turn.

"Good afternoon, we welcome you at our Albrook Adventurer's Guild, how can I help you?"

Roland was a bit tired of waiting in line, he was also wearing his armor along with the helmet to hide his face. This wasn't anything out of the ordinary as some warriors tended to keep them on. There were even others who just came wearing all sorts of strange masks or exotic items.

"I'd like to have an adventurer's card made, my old one got lost along the way..."

It was time for him to go through with his plan of getting his new card. It could go a couple of ways but he hoped that he was lucky enough to have it go his way.

"Oh my, you lost your adventurer's card?"

The receptionist lady shook her head while placing one of her hands on her own cheek. Her long golden locks waved side to side as she overreacted by fidgeting around.

"Would you like us to reach out to the guild you had it made?"

If he went with that option he would have to disclose his old credentials, this was something he wanted to avoid so he shook his head side to side in refusal.

"No, I would like to have a new one made. I fear that your proposal will take too long."

He brought the guild receptionist's attention to the long waiting line and to the fact that the guild was still getting rebuilt. If they actually went through with what the woman was proposing it could take weeks. If they wanted it to be faster they would need to activate an expensive communication device that used up a lot of mana. Roland knew this and knew that they would probably want to avoid that.

"Is that so? Good choice sir, fill out these papers then please and I will bring over the measuring device. What rank were you before losing your card?"

Roland could hear people grunting behind him as they knew that making a new card could take long. Most of them were here to complete a mission or sell some items which wouldn't take that long. It was his turn though, they would need to wait.

"Steel rank."

Depending on the rank other types of identification devices could be used. He would also need to pay more money to make a steel rank card from the get-go.

'I hope this thing works...'

He was wearing a magical pendant that he received from his previous boss, the gnome manager. It had a couple of functions in hiding a person's status, in theory, it should be enough to affect this identification device that the adventurers were using.

The woman returned with some papers that he started to fill out. He had to sign some agreements with the guild like before. They wanted to make sure that everyone signed a contract to make it clear that they weren't responsible for anything if an adventurer died in the dungeon. It was also an agreement on the fees that are deducted from the jobs an adventurer takes.

Some people might think that the taxation of these increased with the difficulty. It was the other way around, the weaker adventurers needed to give more of their hard-earned cash. The higher rank you were the more prestige you got, such workers were cherished and the guild started to invest in them. The easiest way of doing that was dropping some of those guild fees.

This made very much sense to Roland, why would the guild invest their time into people that were untested? There were already far too many adventurers out there at lower ranks, the harder it was for them to make it to a higher rank the better. The pay for higher graded missions was a lot higher as well, so the guild didn't lose out that much.

The blond elf brought out one of the measuring orbs like previously. There was no way of going around this, without having your status measured for strange traits and titles there would be no card. Though there were a couple of things that these people would let through and ignore.

Name :

%@\$###\$ #\$ L 70

Classes:

T1 #\$\$%\$ L25 [Secondary]

T1 #\$% s3^a # L 25 [X]

T1 #%@ B*(#4mUth L 21 [Main]

HP

726/726

MP

2626/2626

SP

1034/1034

Strength

55

Agility

38

Dexterity

82

Vitality

54

Endurance

61

Intelligence

115

Willpower

102

Charisma

16

Luck

8

He placed his hand on it and then watched the woman look over the statistics. He could also see them this time around and they were bugged. The things that were mostly unreadable were his name and the classes that he possessed. You could figure out his level, also that he had three tier 1 classes.

“Sir... do you have some magical items on you, or perhaps any skills that affect identification?”

The lady knew that the device the guild had could be countered by other ones or by some rare skills. If the client had an item that blocked it out then it was easy to just remove it. If he had a skill or some kind of racial trait then it would be harder. She would need to get a more robust version of this identification orb but that one could fail as well.

“Does it matter? You can clearly see my status, do you need to see my classes? I wrote my name on this form so it should be fine. Do you want to spend the rest of the day checking for it while everyone here waits?”

He moved a bit to the side while pointing to the angry-looking adventurers behind him. Everyone here wanted to get things over with just like him. The longer it would take to get his new adventurer’s card commissioned the longer the people in the line would need to wait.

There also weren’t any rules in place that forbade certain class holders to become adventurers. Even when they were a thief they could join up, only when there was some kind of warrant or wanted poster hanging around would they be turned away. With nothing like that existing about him, Roland hoped to get this process done.

“Well, Mr. Wayland is it?”

The elven woman looked over the papers that he filled out. He didn’t lie about them too much but he wrote in the regular versions of his classes. Runic Mana Scribe turned into the regular version and so did his Runic Blacksmith. His mage class was also written in as he didn’t think he could hide that.

He was going to be selling his wares here one way or another. Hiding that he was a runesmith would probably be out there sooner or later. He trusted the guild to hide his stats more or less, his father never did show up on his doorstep after all these years. Which meant that getting information from them wasn’t that easy even for a noble.

The abyssal cult might pose a bigger problem but they probably didn’t know what his true class was either. They wouldn’t think that some tier 2 runesmith would be able to break through that illusion device. The more they overthought the encounter the better it was for him.

“I’d at least need to see your face.”

The woman needed to confirm if he looked like any criminal, Roland moved his helmet up to reveal his young face. The elven lady even gave him a strange smile before getting a closer look.

“Everything seems fine, we will have your card ready by tomorrow. As you can see we are slightly busy these days.”

The woman laughed a bit while covering her face. Roland just nodded while walking to the side. He got a piece of paper with which he could later redeem for his brand new card. Somehow he had managed to complete this task with a new name to himself.

He decided to go with something else than Carmine this time around. The name came to him after remembering an old myth from his old world. It fit quite nicely with his persona and the name wasn’t uncommon.

‘Okay, while they are making my card I should see if I can buy a house.’

The next and most difficult task still was before him. Getting the right home for the future was very important. He intended to stay here for a while, for this he needed the right place of operation. Something not too big yet not too small and also at a good price.