

Runesmith 69

[Chapter 69 Getting a house.](#)

The doors to the adventurer's guild swung open and a man that was wearing a helmet stepped forward. He had a dark blue brigandine armor on complete with a set of greaves and leather boots in a similar dark color.

Under it was a thinner piece of cloth armor that was keeping him warm. It was doing its job a bit too well as underneath that helmet sweat was forming on the young man's forehead.

'I bet that dungeon will be a lot warmer, maybe I should include some kind of chilling rune in my armor...'

Keeping a low profile was harder than he expected. He wanted to hide his face but the weather was against him. There was also the option of somehow getting a skill that increased his heat resistance. In a city with a dungeon that sprung out from a volcano, it wasn't such a bad idea.

'Either that or I could put a heat resistance buffing rune on it.'

He had gone through Edelgard's stores throughout that year and a half. Each week he would pick one store and scribe down one of the lesser runes. Fire and cold resistances were quite common, they were the first that he procured from the armor runes.

He had also recreated the schematics for all the other elemental resistances, even the rarer ones like poison or curse resistance. The runes used on armor were bigger structure wise but there was a lot more surface area to use for inscribing them.

Roland felt like he could take care of this heat problem with some minimal work, he just needed to get a house first. In it, Roland would be able to craft his items in peace.

This was easier said than done, first, he needed to find the correct location. After asking around he was on his way towards the town hall. There he would be able to look at the locations that he could buy or rent.

He preferred to go with the first option but depending on the prices he might have to go with the second. There were pros and cons for each of the two options.

If he decided to rent the home he would probably be limited to what he could do there. Adding new rooms, expanding the cellar and similar tasks would need to go through the real owner of the house. Depending on who the owner was he might show up for unannounced visits. He could even get evicted for no reason whatsoever.

There were also some pros to renting out the workshop. He would be able to leave at any moment without losing much money. If the Abyssal Cult showed up on his doorstep, he could just abandon ship. There wouldn't be much loss even if the property blew up as long as he grabbed most of his gear.

Roland still preferred to go with the other option, buying it fully for himself. He had already thought about a couple of things that he would want to install into his new workshop. He needed freedom of choice without having a nosy landlord telling him what he can and can not do.

He was in good spirits, for now, houses in this world didn't cost that much compared to his old one. The number of coins that he had with him should be enough to get himself a sizable home and even be enough for some renovation.

Just like always, he took his time. The town was new to him and so were the people that lived in it. He glanced to the left of the street he was walking along while passing some shops. There were carriages moving back and forth slowly, the people were clearly busy working.

He could see many men carrying around wooden logs and building materials. Many scaffolds were being placed in front of old buildings that were in the process of getting renovated. He wouldn't be surprised if the old villagers that lived there were all bought out by larger merchants.

From what he knew there were some farms here and there. There was also a lake from which the old villagers probably got most of their meat from. Not many things were used to make a profit here. The farmers would probably be able to sell their lands for a lot of coins while moving someplace else more quiet.

The new city would take some time to be expanded and it would start from the middle. Anything close to it that was free to build on could be used for houses for the merchants and adventurers. The city needed specialized monster deconstruction buildings and personnel as well.

While glancing around he finally reached the town hall building. It was right in the middle of this growing city.

The building was made from red bricks that weren't painted over. The building was quite large and it had a cross gabled roof. In the middle of it was a small bell tower that was rung a couple of times a day.

Some people were already going in and out of it. Roland didn't have that much experience with state officials. He mostly rented rooms out in inns, back in Edelgard he also was living through the company that paid all the taxes and took some of that away from his pay.

'Can't be that hard, probably will have to sign a contract after seeing the houses. That is if any proper ones are still left behind...'

There were already a lot of people gathered in this city. He didn't have to worry about the adventurer's buying of land as they didn't operate that way. On the other hand, the merchants and business owners would quickly overpay to get their hands on the best places. He wasn't looking for anything fancy but he needed it to be big enough for him to construct items.

"Here goes nothing."

He gave out a sigh while walking into the building. On the inside, he could see some people standing around with some papers in their hands. There were wooden benches to sit on and even a small window that looked like the spot where a receptionist should be.

Roland walked over to that window and waited for the person in front of him to walk away first. He was greeted by a human woman that was sitting in there.

"How may I help you?"

The woman's voice was slightly monotone, she sounded a bit tired which was understandable. This was the place where everyone that wanted to get their hands on new real estate had to go through. He wouldn't be surprised if the people from Albrook weren't understaffed.

"Ah yes, I would like to purchase some land with a house, best if it's..."

Roland started talking, he gave the woman the dimensions of what his new workshop building should have and also the price range he was interested in. The receptionist lady just nodded and handed him a piece of paper with some places to fill out.

"Please fill out this form and then move to room 3b"

He looked at the piece of paper while being urged by the receptionist to not block the way. After nodding he moved to the side, there were some tables where other people were filling out similar papers. He waited for a spot to get free before sitting down and taking a quill into his hand. His class was scribe so filling out something like this would be quite fast, his writing was also nice.

On the piece of paper, he needed to fill out what he wanted while also listing down his identity. He went with his new adventurer name, he also wrote down the dimensions of his new house. He would probably need to get his adventurer card first before finalizing everything but for now, he could at least look at the available buildings.

The wait continued even after he was done with the paperwork. He needed to wait in front of the room for an hour while glancing around. He really started missing things like smartphones or even a radio. Only silence and the footsteps of people were heard here with nothing of the sort being available in this world.

"Welcome to the city of Albrook!"

He was now finally on the inside. The room with the number 3b was quite small and the person that was inside fit it. The woman that he was looking at had a similar vibe to the receptionist lady from the adventurer's guild that he avoided. She was wearing glasses and a tight business-like attire that fit a corporate setting more than this one.

There was one big difference between this woman and the one back at the guild. This one was a lot shorter, she reached up to his belly button at most even when wearing those high heels. She was of the halfling race and was more or less a miniaturized human. This race had human-like proportions; they were just half the size of regular humans.

"Here, I'd like to purchase some land. I'd like to see what you have available..."

He sat down opposite the small woman that took the form that he filled out. She fixed her glasses a bit before going over it, her eyes squinting here and there as she looked over it.

"Mr. Wayland is it? I'll have to go through our book, please wait a moment."

The small lady moved down from her chair. Roland tried not to stare too much but it was a bit silly looking as the chair looked like one made for kids. It was one of those high ones that some people gave their kids at the dining table.

The halfling business lady hopped down and she moved to the side. She went over to a different room and after half a minute came back with a large book. She was holding it with both hands and it looked like she had trouble carrying it around. She hefted it up and onto the table while grunting slightly before climbing back onto her chair.

The large book looked gigantic compared to the small lady. It looked like a grimoire that some kind of necromancer would have in his lair. After opening though there were some sketches of maps and buildings.

“The ones that Mr. Wayland is looking for are...”

The woman looked at his form that he filled out while going through the pages of the book. When she saw a fitting piece of real estate she noted down some numbers on another piece of paper.

Roland could see how getting things like this done in his old world was much faster. There they could place the numbers in a search engine and just have everything done in a second. Here the worker needed to go page by page and find the houses themselves.

“Ah, this one has already been bought... this one as well...”

This was what he was afraid of, there weren't that many houses that were leftover. The large merchant companies were probably already here and bought out the best spots. He wasn't looking for a good spot for a shop, in particular, he would be making quite a bit of money from going to the dungeon. Then he could also sell weapons and armor that he created in the auction house.

“Here you go, this should be all the ones.”

The small woman handed him a piece of paper with some numbers. There were exactly five of them. He wasn't sure what this was supposed to be but she quickly explained it to him.

“Please give that to the receptionist, a worker will be dispatched to show you the property. You will probably be able to have this done today, after you decide on a plot of land please come back with your identification to sign a contract of ownership.”

She explained to him how everything would work. It was quite easy, first someone would show him the houses which he then could decide on. Then with the help of his adventurer card with which he could prove his identity he would be able to purchase it. The contract would be signed on two identical papers, one for him and the other one would remain at the town hall building as proof.

“I urge you to make a quick decision, as you might have noticed there isn't much land left over for purchase.”

Roland walked out of the room while the small woman left him with some words of advice. These he knew that he shouldn't ignore, making a quick decision was paramount. It was first come first served here, probably the most lucrative spots were already gone and he would be left with the scraps now. He walked over to the receptionist and handed her the piece of paper with the numbers on it.

“Here you go, I'm supposed to get someone to show me the houses?”

The person at the reception area took the piece of paper and looked over it for a moment.

“Please wait a moment, someone will be with you shortly.”

After more waiting, the person that was supposed to guide him finally showed up. It was another woman, this one had a bright smile plastered all over her face that looked kind of fake.

“Mr. Wayland, a pleasure to meet you. I would like to thank you on behalf of Albrook for choosing us!”

She talked fast and was quite chipper, she looked like your real estate agent that was there to sell you something. This was not something that Roland expected to find in this world but as long as he got his new house it didn't matter.

“Ah yes, a pleasure to make your acquaintance.”

He nodded at the lady that guided him outside. It was the middle of the day, the city wasn't that big so maybe they would be able to visit all of those places that were up for sale. What followed was a lot of walking before they reached their destination.

“How about this fine house Mr. Wayland? It's near the town square!”

“Fine house? This?”

Roland was looking at something that looked more like a storage shack. There was one crooked door and no windows. The building looked worse than the first storehouse he was offered by his old company.

“I was looking for something different...”

“Okay how about this one...”

He was guided from one building to another one, each one shabbier than the other. It was clear that the only thing remaining were old shacks and tool sheds that were placed on larger plots of land. The only good thing about them was that they were in the city but they would require a lot of renovation and rebuilding.

Soon he saw four of the five that the halfling woman scribbled down on the paper. The real estate lady that he was with looked a bit defeated but her smile was still on.

“W-what about the last one?”

The woman looked at the piece of paper and Roland could see her facial expression crumbling a bit.

“The last one is a bit far away...”

“It doesn't matter where it's located as long as it's close to the city. I'll pay for the carriage.”

Roland didn't care, if he needed to spend an hour on foot to get to Albrook from his new house it would be fine. After he agreed to cover the travel fee the woman was back to smiling again. Within about forty minutes they were at the last spot.

What he saw was an old farmhouse with a shack to the side. It was a house made from red bricks as all the other ones while the shack was composed of thick logs. This was clearly an unused farm, the ground

was dry and barren. Probably the old farmer that lived here wasn't able to make a living growing anything and abandoned it.

Roland moved inside, the house was nice and spacious. The wooden floor creaked with each step that he took but that was fine. It also had a large cellar built in below, it was a lot bigger than he expected. The price reflected that it was well over a hundred small gold coins.

This building was located far away from the city which was probably why it hasn't been bought out yet. On foot, he would need to spend about forty minutes which wasn't that bad. The biggest downside was safety, the guards didn't really patrol that far.

This wasn't much of a problem in his eyes. He already knew that safety wasn't something that could be guaranteed in this world. Even the mayor could be easily taken out by someone at tier 3.

He rubbed his chin while thinking, he had made a quick decision. He would turn this old farmhouse into his new residence. There was enough space to store his equipment and he could construct his smithy in the large cellar or in the log cabin.

There was also no one here to bother him which meant that he could place all sorts of traps against burglars if he wanted. What remained now was to get his adventurer card and sign on the dotted line.

[Chapter 70 Spring cleaning.](#)

"Here you go, Mr. Wayland. Due to the lack of information, you will have to start off as a bronze ranked adventurer. You shouldn't worry, with your current level you should be able to rank up in no time!"

Roland was standing in the busy adventurer's guild wearing his armor. He was looking at his adventurer card. It had his new persona's name on it and also it had a small bronze symbol in the corner. It looked like a small sword and shield that were placed over one another with the sword in front.

If an adventurer leveled up further this card would be updated. Its color would be changed to the corresponding metal. The card had other indications besides the color, the rank was written out as well as the date of this card's creation. For all intents and purposes, this would be his first adventurer card, he would take it as a clean start.

He wasn't sure if the adventurer's guild would mark down that he had lost his previous card and this was a replacement. He was hoping that they wouldn't bother with it, not like they cared not even when someone had a thief class did it matter.

As long as there were no outgoing warrants it was fine. Even if an adventurer had prior run-ins with the law if they had done their time they were free to work. This guild cared more about earning money than people's backgrounds. This was also why this lady didn't ask too many questions.

"I understand."

He placed the card in a secure specially crafted locket and kept it around his neck. Keeping it in a back pocket was just asking to have it stolen or it getting lost during combat.

While waiting for this card to be processed Roland did some digging. He asked around the adventurer guild for information about the dungeon. He could see the volcano that was gently giving out a smoke trail. This would be his destination and place of work for the coming future.

The dungeon wasn't mapped out fully yet and entering it was all on the adventurers. The guild would not pay for any injuries or deaths, nor would they stop people from going in. It was a free for all down there and something Roland expected.

Even with the bronze grade adventurer card, he was free to roam the dungeon. Probably after a few months, maybe a year the dungeon would start to get managed by this guild more throughout. They might put restrictions on the adventurers at that time.

'Next stop, the town hall.'

He opened up the swinging doors that looked like they would fit a western type saloon. It was time to sign the deed to his new home. He wouldn't be getting anything special but it was better than staying at an inn. The people that were running those were already having problems with accommodating people.

Some of the adventurers that didn't have much money on them even had to spend the nights at the stables. He himself had to overpay to get a tiny room for the night. Some of them were even forced to camp outside the city in tents while waiting for the new hotels and taverns to be established.

There were many of them being constructed even now. While passing through the main street he could see the busy workers running back and forth. He would also need their help soon. His own home needed some renovation and he wasn't that good with carpentry. He could probably replace some hinges here and there but nothing too drastic.

Soon he visited the small town hall lady that helped him with his home search. This time around he was here to sign some papers. He tried bartering the price down but it was no use. The town was booming and they would probably find someone for that plot of land sooner or later.

There was a possibility of the town expanding even over to his new home. If that happened this piece of land could go up in worth. He could also leave if it got too bothersome there, selling runic equipment at an auction house would probably earn him enough money to do that.

"Please sign here and here, the card number goes here..."

The adventurer card was one of the rare items with which you could use as identification. Without it, he would need to prove his origin, or apply for citizenship which could take months or years to resolve.

Thanks to this small piece of paper and over 100 small gold coins he was now the proud owner of a run-down farm.

Roland paid slightly less for it as he didn't really want the extensive farmlands that came with it. They were just unfertile fields that he couldn't use. There was more than enough space to place a big workshop where the farm building and the shack were located. He could also dig into the ground or go vertically if he needed. This still left him with slightly below half an acre of land to fence up.

The biggest reason for not getting it was that the price was tripled if he wanted to get all of the land around it. The people from Albrook probably were thinking with the future in mind. This land's worth could increase with time so they didn't want to give it away for free. There was nothing there for now but the sheer size was immense.

The whole transaction went quite fast, Roland had an idea why. With so many new people buying and selling land, there wasn't that much time to go through lengthy procedures. One quick contract was enough, doing a background check would just take too long.

He walked out with the contract that was now in a spatial pouch. It was time to go to his new house, he was given a key and was sent on his way. After walking all the way there again he could see his new possession.

The house wasn't that large, the roof was a hip roof and the building had a small attic. He walked inside, the doors almost fell out of their hinges which caused his face to twitch slightly.

He examined everything again. There was a porch on the outside onto which you walked on by ascending wooden steps. The house opened up into a small foyer, if he wanted people to take off their shoes then this was the right spot.

Past it was a large room, there was an old wooden table there along with a couple of chairs. An old fireplace that connected to a chimney was also present. To the side was the kitchen area along with a small pantry. This was all to the west side of the main room while to the east was a bedroom along with the bathroom.

The bathroom had a very rusted tub, which looked more like a container of some sort. There was no running water in this place but there was a well not far in the back. It was in working order as he had checked it out beforehand.

The well wasn't that necessary as he had the knowledge of water creating runes. But if he needed to save up on mana it would prove useful. It would be a good backup, he was also planning to have a water tower built-in. The water from the well could be rerouted into it, in one way or another. With a water tower present, he could get himself some running water. Making a shower and a working toilet wouldn't be far fetched.

He checked out the attic upstairs, he could get to it with a shaky ladder that was badly nailed together. Roland didn't trust the structural integrity of the floorboards on this level so he only took a peek. He could see a lot of rats running around, the walls were chewed up with holes and the rodent droppings were everywhere.

'Wish those workers could get here sooner...'

He had asked around for help but there just weren't enough craftsmen around the city. Others had been here first so he would need to wait for the companies to be done with the other houses first. He had already made an appointment with one firm but he would need to wait at least three weeks or more.

After moving down from the ladder he moved downstairs. There was a large cellar that he could go to through a set of narrow stairs. It was quite large and spacious, the ceiling reached to about three meters.

'What did they use this room for...'

There wasn't much in here, the walls were reinforced with some wooden beams so it didn't look like this place was dangerous. He could only speculate on what was being kept here, from his point of view grain

and maybe meat could have been stocked here. It was a lot cooler down here due to it being underground. There was a small vent in one spot but it was a bit stuffy.

‘I’ll put my tools in here...’

He was planning on making this his main workshop. There was enough space for all of his tools and even a forge. With some magical additions, he would be able to craft here in comfort. The increased heat that would be produced by working with smoldering metal could be circumvented with some frost runes here and there. He would be able to install something akin to an air conditioner from his old world.

There was also a spot outside where he could place his second workshop. The large log shed was quite spacious and had better ventilation than his underground room. The only problem was that it was easy to spot. If he placed costly runic equipment in it, he would be asking to get robbed. Placing explosion runes all around it could keep some people away, but it would also bring people from the city over for an inspection. Having a minefield around a house would probably be frowned upon.

He was planning on setting up a dummy workshop in this log cabin. He would place regular iron and steel tools in here, along with a regular smelter to go with it. Roland was even planning on working there from time to time.

Down in the cellar would be where the real magic happened though. All of his runic creations could be done down there. If he got robbed the thieves would only find worthless junk while the real costly weapons were behind an illusion rune below the house.

Roland was planning on hiding the cellar from the workers that came to renovate his home as well. The fewer people knew how his new house looked inside the better. This would probably work against simple burglars but if someone like the Abyssal Cult showed up it would probably be meaningless. He also needed to come up with better defensive traps, blowing up his house every time someone trespassed would be quite costly.

“I should probably get to work now... no use standing around overthinking everything.”

He started taking out some of the pouches from around his belt. In them, he had all of what he owned. He placed all of the tools that he had taken from his old workshop in this underground room. He was even able to fit an anvil into one of the larger bags, he was still baffled to this day about how this worked.

He grabbed the most important tool that he needed now. It was your everyday house tool, a broom. He also had a couple of simple cloth rags along with a bucket. There was some solution that worked similar to a detergent that he had nabbed from Edelgard as well.

The thing that he needed to do now, was to clean this dirty house. All of the furniture was covered in dust and there was also rat dropping in the other rooms not only up in the attic. He quickly got to work, minutes turned to hours as he continued scrubbing everything. He even stopped midway to do some rune crafting.

After fiddling around with the water producing wand he managed to get the water stream to be pressurized. After activation it worked just like a high-pressure water cleaner, he used it on the porch

outside. The wood there was weakened and the top part was already flaking off. With the help of the pressurized water, he managed to actually get it to look quite good.

This was a first for him. Not even back on earth did he own property like this. Yes, it was run down and looked like a drug dealer house inside, but it was his now. After some renovating, it would be quite the comfy looking home.

The inside was another thing, hosing down the porch was one thing but doing it to the wood on the inside of the house might not be the best idea. He was a craftsman, yes, but he had no knowledge about houses or how to clean them.

He still needed to at least take care of the rat problem. The rodents had made some nests around this house and were the old tenants, he needed to evict them. He decided to do this in a bit of a drastic way.

Poison spells existed in this world, he was in possession of one of such spells. He had the knowledge of two, one was called poison spray and the other was poison cloud. The first one discharged a small cone of concentrated poison acid from the caster's hand or the enchanted item. The second one produced a poisonous cloud that lingered for some time.

He would go with the second one. Back in his old world special exterminators would gas buildings while placing plastic shielding over the whole house to keep everything inside. He didn't have anything like that in his possession, at most he could try casting a large mana shield around it. The building was quite large but he might be able to cast a weaker version of it till everything inside was dead.

Roland went down into his new underground workplace. There was no forge there yet, just an anvil with some basic tools laying around. A lamp was illuminating the place, this one an item that he swiped from the old workshop while taking his severance package.

He used his crafting mallet on a free piece of metal. One of the thicker rods would be transformed into a poisonous wand. The rune was placed in such a way so that the poisonous fog would shoot outright from the tip. He used a longer rod-like piece of metal so that there was enough space between him and the poison when he activated it.

After finishing up he looked at his creation. It looked quite crude but it would get the job done. Before using it on his own house he tested it outside. There was no one there to peek on him so he could just point it towards some grass while activating.

The metallic rod shone in a blue hue that quickly turned green. A thick green mist slowly appeared out of the tip and traveled forward. His new creation was a success but it wouldn't really be useful in combat. The poison mist was quite slow-moving and dissipated quickly in the open air.

He also tested it out in a closed-off area. He used a larger jar just to see if the poison would linger in it without the magic dissipating instantly. The green mist remained in place for about ten minutes before it started going away.

'Well, at least I won't need to air it out.'

Roland scratched his head a bit, he was having second thoughts about plunging his new home into a poison fog. This would probably be dangerous but also the fastest way to kill all the rats and roaches that were nesting up in the attic and all the other rooms.

He moved over to his attic first. The plan was to insert the magical rod through an opening and to discharge the poisonous fog. Roland had some detoxification potions with himself if something happened. A mask to cover his face was also used to keep the inhaling to a minimum.

“This isn’t the smartest idea that I’ve ever had...”

He inserted mana into the impromptu magical device. The green poison started to seep inside the attic and slowly engulfed the room inside. After a few moments, he could hear some squeaking and scratching noises. The poison was starting to escape from the entrance point which prompted him to move back.

He started ‘spraying’ the rest of his new house while backing away. Soon the whole structure was flooded with green mist while he himself was outside. He cast a regular magical spell to put the building behind the shield. It was quite thin and a regular human would be able to just punch through it without a problem. The poison on the other hand was just gas and it could be contained with it.

‘I guess I can make a living as an exterminator if the dungeon business doesn’t work out...’

His lower lip curled up slightly as he watched his house get engulfed in poison. He could see some of the rats escaping outside. Before they could get to safety they started dropping dead. The same was happening to insects like the cockroaches. Roland decided to use up most of his mana to ‘cleanse’ his dirty house. He would be camping outside in his shed this time around, then it would also be cleaned from any rodents.

After finishing up with spring cleaning, Roland had decided to move towards the dungeon. This time around he wouldn’t be trying to get a party of his own, he wanted to take it slowly and better himself. His new adventurer life would be starting soon.