

Runesmith 89

[Chapter 89 Dog and Assistant.](#)

It was the dawn of the next day. After falling asleep in his bathtub he was greeted with some new problems. The monster egg had hatched and produced some kind of dog-like creature. If he had to describe it he would say that it was similar to a wolf puppy with long-standing ears and a longer snout.

The other characteristic thing about it was its tail that had a sharp ruby tip. This same tip was now slamming against one of his wooden chairs while the pup was wagging it around. After checking he also discovered that this child was a male.

“Hup...”

He set the passed out half-dwarf on another chair. This guy had activated the trap at his door which shocked and paralyzed him in the process. It would take a few minutes till he could move again so he was nice enough to bring him inside for now.

“What will I do with you...”

While Bernir was indisposed Roland took a look down at the small animal. It was clear that this monster had gone through the imprinting process the moment it hatched from the egg. All of these monster eggs had different requirements for hatching. Probably with the increased heat of his hot tub and maybe the close proximity to him through the whole night it could have triggered the hatching process.

Some of the monsters that hatched from the eggs would see the first living being they come in contact with as their parent. This was the case for canine type monsters that went off of the smell the most.

“I don’t think I can sell you to anyone like this...”

Roland gave out a sigh while the ruby wolf puppy gave out a high pitched bark. The more he looked at the small animal the more it wiggled its behind, soon the ruby tip of that tail caused the wooden chair to give out and splinter. It was clear that this was a monster as a regular dog would not be able to exert this amount of strength.

“Hey stop destroying my house...bad dog!”

He shouted at the puppy that caused one of the chair legs to fly off into the distance. The abrupt shout caused the puppy to whimper while dropping its ears down.

“Don’t you look at me like that!”

The dog looked at him with his big eyes while whimpering some more, this caused Roland to back away. He was someone that actually liked dogs but animals weren’t allowed in his old apartment. Neither could he get one in this world while being on the run or working to further his craft and earn money.

This was quite troublesome even more as the dog started shaking around. Roland was wondering what this was about but the puddle that was forming under it made things clear. He quickly grasped the small puppy and started carrying it out of the house with a stream of urine following both of them as the small dog had quite the full bladder.

“Did you drink the bathwater or something?”

When he got outside with the little red puppy the little guy started barking frantically some more. Its ears stood at attention along with its tail as it saw the large space outside. Soon it was barking and running around with no worry in the world. It was a newborn pup so it was clearly eager to see the new world outside.

Roland had quite the large backyard that was fenced off so he wasn't afraid that this small puppy would get outside. The problem was with the hidden runic mines buried in some strategic locations. There would be one dead puppy if it stepped on one.

“You'll have to stay with me for the time being...”

He grasped it with his hand and carried it close to his armpit. The little wolf was then stuffed into a closet so it wouldn't cause more damage. He himself got some water and a mop to clean the urine. The water was filled up with one of his magic wands that produced it. The problem was that he underestimated how long the half-dwarf would be out cold.

“Is that an enchanted item?”

Bernir was now sitting upright and looking as Roland poured water into a bucket with a magic tool.

“I guess it is, what of it?”

“Uh, nothing, it just has a unique design, and are those runes? D-did you perhaps make it?”

For some reason, he could see some sparkles appearing in Bernir's eyes. It was as if he was looking at him as if he was some rare animal.

“No... what makes you think that?”

He tried to deflect the question but it seemed that his secret was out. Bernir kept staring at him with that strange look before shooting up to his feet. He quickly ran over to the bucket of water and then just as quickly dropped down to his knees and started bowing.

“Please, Sir. Take me in as your apprentice!”

“Huh? Apprentice? What are you on about?”

The surprise in Roland's eyes was clearly visible as he looked down to the prostrating half-dwarf. The youth was also calling him sir even though he was only sixteen years old. Though looks were deceptive in this world as old people could look very young with enough vitality or some special skills.

“I'm a great worker! I can clean your house, cook, wash your clothes... and ...”

Bernir started listing off things that he could do for him before quickly grabbing the mop that he brought over. He soon was cleaning the urine trail that the puppy created for him, scrubbing everything as if possessed by some kind of cleaning demon. Roland was quite astonished by how proficient this young man was at cleaning, perhaps he even had a cleaning skill that made things easier.

“I'm not looking for an apprentice... What could I even teach you?”

“But sir, you are Wayland the Runesmith, right?”

“The Runesmith?”

Roland’s heart skipped a beat the moment he was called a runesmith by Bernir. He was hoping to stay hidden from the world but he also knew that sooner or later people would associate the wares that he was selling in the auction house with him.

“What makes you think that?”

He asked while going to the side while wondering who was talking about his identity.

“I overheard some blacksmiths talking about new runic equipment in the auction house, I also saw Sir. Wayland deliver some items into the auction house. It really is surprising that you were actually the Runesmith yourself, think everyone thinks that you are just an apprentice working here. Don’t worry Sir, I’ll be sure to clear things out in the city and tell them everything!”

“D-don’t!”

The half-dwarf was quite chatty while finishing up the cleaning. Apparently, he was the first person to put two and two together.

“Sir...”

“Uh, I’d like that part to remain private... and stop calling my sir, I’m not that old. Uh... who do the people in the city think that I was?”

This farce had kept on for quite a long time, mostly because people didn’t think that a young man like him could be someone producing runic equipment. There just had to be some kind of craftsman working in the background and this was confirmed by Bernir here. Most people thought that ‘Wayland’ was him as a runesmith that for some reason liked playing around as an adventurer.

“But I don’t think many people know about you that much, everyone is concerned with their own things.”

“That might not be the case anymore...”

He murmured to himself while rubbing his chin, after the little fight he had in the adventurer’s guild his name would probably be starting to get known around the city. Wayland the adventurer and runesmith might become the talk of the town soon, even more now when he could finally produce deep steel and deep iron items semi-proficient.

This would probably be a good time for expanding his wares and earning more money but it also brought dangers with it. He was just one man, even though he was stronger now it would be hard to go against any organization alone. That depended on the people ruining things though, a thieves guild could be paid off and used for protection if a person knew the right people.

Roland wasn’t really part of Albrook’s inner workings. He had no idea who was running things in the background, the noble and city mayor were the obvious leaders but there was always someone moving in the background. Lucky for him the city was still developing and the auction house was safe for making business. The only downside was the steep margins that they charged for his wares.

If it was possible to hide his face for a bit more time he would use it to his advantage. There was no reason to give away all of his secrets, the problem was that Bernir here now also knew that he was Wayland and a Runesmith. The people from the adventurers guild probably knew this as well, he did show his face to the elven lady while getting his new card.

With how things were currently hiding might not have been an option. If he even needed to do that was still up to debate. It had been some time since he escaped from Edelgard and even longer since he left his old home. It might have been time to let all of this paranoia rest and move on with his life.

“Don’t worry Mr. Wayland, your secret is safe with me so please hire me as your assistant!”

Bernir started bowing his head once more, it was clear to Roland that this youth had lost a lot the day before. The party of adventurers he was working for was wiped away and this along with most of their belongings.

The half-dwarf had craftsman classes that he could see through with the help of his identification skill. He wasn’t sure why he would choose him as his master though, the half-dwarf clearly didn’t have a mage class which was needed if he wanted to become a runesmith. There apparently were some ways of gaining mana sense later in your life but they all required costly items or strange rituals.

“My assistant? I can’t teach you rune smithing, you don’t have the talent for it.”

“I’m aware Mr. Wayland but I only want to be a regular blacksmith like my father was before me. I can work on my own, I’ll even give you back the coins for the materials so please let me practice blacksmithing!”

It was unclear to Roland why this youth was so adamant in his resolve. It didn’t make much sense to him that he wanted to work for him. There were many other traditional blacksmiths in the city that were also dwarves.

He was mostly self-taught and could barely make intermediate grade armor and weapons. There wasn’t much he could teach this guy, he also had just leveled up from his smithing class so he wouldn’t really know much more than this kid.

“Shouldn’t you try the other blacksmiths first? How about gray...”

He wanted to mention some of the weapon shops and armor shops that would be better for the youth in the city but he was quickly cut off.

“I tried... no one would want to hire me...”

“They wouldn’t? Why?”

Roland was a bit surprised by this fact as the youth did have a good class distribution for a craftsman. Bernir would make a nice addition to any smithy and could probably be developed into a weaponsmith or an armorsmith soon.

“No one would want a half-blood like me...”

Bernir slumped his shoulders forward while dropping his head while silence filled the room.

“I see... I forgot about that...”

There was a certain ‘purity’ undertone in these lands. Humans, elves, dwarves, and all the other races somewhat looked down on anyone that was considered mixed. He wasn’t sure why this was the case with so many races around this world.

It seemed that intermingling would be something obvious and natural but reality here was different. The races would somewhat accept the mixed races but they wouldn’t allow them to prosper alongside them. At least not unless they showed their worth in one way or the other.

Roland had kind of tossed things like this into the back of his head. He didn’t really adhere to the social norms in this world as he liked living alone. His introverted tendencies only got worse with time but now it looked like he might have gained a potential helper. There was also the ball of energy that was barking furiously in his closet.

He decided to finally open it and could only see a red blur. It was clearly not used to its own body which caused it to collide with its new master’s leg. Roland just looked down after feeling a small impact against his shin. The ruby hound’s head collided with his leg sending shivers of pain down his spine.

The dog flopped on the ground with a wide opened mouth. Its tongue was right out and it was panting furiously. It clearly didn’t react to hitting Roland’s leg and causing him pain. This only made him want to punt this unruly dog out of his house. Though after looking at its silly face he wasn’t able to go with it and ended up just grumbling.

“Let’s forget about this apprentice nonsense, we should report to the guild about that rare boss. You will probably be able to keep the items of your old party members...ah... I apologize...”

Roland trailed off but stopped himself from continuing.

“It’s fine we weren’t that close, I wasn’t really part of that party...”

The moment of silence was quickly halted by more barking from the small monster dog. Which was then ended by Roland giving the big black nose a prod with his finger.

“Be quiet.”

Surprisingly the dog listened to the order while sitting down.

“Did it hatch from that Egg?”

“Yes, regretfully...”

“Why? It looks like it likes you, Mr. Wayland.”

Bernir smiled a bit while leaning down, he reached out towards the monster puppy while trying to pet it. The red wolf pup didn’t react in kindness though, it bore its teeth at the person trying to pet it while quickly hiding behind Roland’s leg. This caused the half-dwarf much pain as he felt something shattering deep inside his little heart.

‘I need to finish that guild quest... ‘

Roland gave out a sigh while his house continued to be invaded by foreign sources. He had been living here for quite some time now and the silence was the good part. Now he had a loud dog constantly barking and a half-dwarf that looked like he could jump off a cliff any minute now.

'If I want to go to the guild I need to put my armor back on...'

He had disrobed and placed his armor down in his workshop. He had somehow been able to put it on the last time but it was a hassle to get all the straps in. While thinking about this he looked down at the sad Bernir.

"Bernie was it?... so you want to be my apprentice...don't move from this spot, I'll be right back... and keep that red dog in check."

"It's Bernir..."

The young man perked up at the mention of the apprentice role. He remained in the room he was in while Roland went away to fetch something and locking the door behind him as he exited.

The little red pup was quick to follow his new mommy but the way outside was blocked by the half-dwarf. The little animal started barking and biting while Bernir continuously tried to keep it from venturing further into this house.

While this was happening Roland was down in his true base of operations. He quickly packed up the armor pieces along with the arming jacket. If he was going to have a potential apprentice he would use his presence to the fullest. His secret was partially out in the open and the youth already saw his armor in action as well. This didn't mean that he would show him how to enter his secret workshop.

After returning upstairs he found his living room destroyed. The chairs were all turned around and so was the table. He found Bernir wrestling with the small red dog on the floor which was surprising.

"What are you doing...here help me get this armor on and let us go back to the adventurer's guild..."

He squinted at the two people while contemplating if it was such a good idea to keep both of them around here.

[Chapter 90 Puppy registration.](#)

Four guards were standing by the entrance gate to Albrook City. This gate had two large towers to its sides with even a few archers keeping watch. The whole city was still in the development phase but most of the walls that surrounded the insides were already built.

It was early in the day so there wasn't much to do for these guardsmen. They were here to keep immigrants outside if they weren't able to pay. Even now people kept pouring into this city in hopes of earning money and starting a new life.

Most of the heavy hitters had been entrenching themselves in the city like the adventurer guild and some wealthy merchants. It was now very difficult to start your own business without stepping on the toes of some powerful people. Which caused most of the new arrivals to search for work in some of those companies.

The day had started off slow with not many new merchants coming in but soon something interesting would come walking by. One of the guards nudged another one that was slowly dozing off on the side.

“Hey, get a load of that.”

This guard gave out a grunt as he was still a bit hungover from the day before. His vision was a bit blurry but soon it focused on the dark red blob in the distance. What the sleepy guard saw was a man in a full suit of armor.

“Wait... what is that on top of his head?”

The guard asked while squinting, the armor in itself wasn't really that interesting. Many adventurers wore similar ones and even more extravagant looking than this one. What was out of place was a little red wolf pup sitting on this large armored man's head. It had its head raised up high as if it was some kind of proud noble creature.

Behind this armored man, there was another person that was smaller in stature and wearing a large backpack. The guards didn't really know who these two were, Roland's fame was on the rise but that didn't mean that everyone in the large growing city was aware of him. He sparsely visited the city and he also went through other armors. This new look was not something that the other residents associated him with.

Soon the strange duo with the monster puppy arrived by the gate. Normally the guards would just let Roland through without really asking any questions but this time it would be different. He was bringing in a strange creature into the city, there were certain procedures that needed to be done to allow something like this.

“Halt!”

The guard shouted which caused Roland and Bernir who was trailing a bit behind to stop.

“Is there a problem?”

Roland asked while the 'problem' started barking at the guards that he was talking to. Obviously, the guard that was talking to him pointed to the creature on top of his head.

This made Roland think back to about half an hour ago. He and Bernir finally decided to set off into the city but then a problem arose. The red dog wasn't having any of it as Roland tried to lock it in his shed. It started barking around furiously the moment he closed the door. This was followed by the sounds of clawing, chewing, and metal tools falling over as the creature started running around the closed shed.

It was clear that the wolf pup didn't want to be left in there. The other option was to leave him in the yard that was fenced off or in his house. Both options weren't possible, the area around his house was filled with runic mines against unwanted guests. The inside of the house on the other hand would have probably been chewed to bits.

The best option would be to stick it in a small cage through which it couldn't burst through. He didn't have one though and smithing one into existence would take quite some time. Then finally Bernir chimed in, advising Roland to bring the dog along to the adventurer's guild.

Monsters like this needed to be registered and examined by specialized personnel in the guild. There were classes like Tamers and Summoners that used monsters for battling purposes. Each new monster would need a permit to be allowed into the city, some that were deemed too dangerous would be banned from entering.

Roland was kind of familiar with this process due to him spending some time adventuring now. He didn't look into it too much as he didn't think that he would be an owner of such a monster. At most he might get his hands on a summoning spell rune that he could use for some assistance. Such runes were quite rare and could cost a small house for even a lesser version of it. Depending on the rune type the prices changed even if they were of the lesser variation.

"Do you have a license for that beast?"

The dog growled menacingly at the guard that was looking at it, but to the man, these sounds sounded rather cute.

"No, it just hatched yesterday. I want to register it at the guild."

The guard nodded while calling out to another person. There were special people with higher level identification skills at this checkpoint. Such a person was called over to take a look at this puppy. After checking the monster's level and stats Roland was given some paperwork to fill out.

He was a bit surprised that these people were taking things so seriously but even the smallest monster could turn out to be a calamity if it was untended. They needed to note him down as the owner, if this creature caused havoc in the city he would be held responsible and would have to pay for any damages. Then if any deaths occurred he would also be put on trial as if he was the killer. "Move along."

Something like this would happen each time he came by, getting that license would be the only way to hasten this process. He also needed to pay a small fine for bringing in an unregistered monster into the city without a proper permit. The only reason it was allowed in was due to it being only at the first level. In this world monsters had danger levels applied to them and this creature was judged to be on the lowest of low.

"That went well, though they didn't need to charge Mr. Wayland a whole silver coin for it, this is clear extortion!"

"Is that so?"

"Bork!"

Roland replied, his sense of money was a bit skewed compared to the other people here. He was someone that could earn something like a silver coin back with one scroll. It only took him a few minutes to get it done. He actually thought that it was quite cheap to bring in an unregistered monster like this into the city. What if it was some kind of rare poisonous creature that caused a plague?

"Quiet down you..."

The puppy raised its head high up once more. The only reason Roland allowed this dog to ride on top of his head was because otherwise, he wouldn't shut up. He even tried placing it on his shoulder but the

red ball of fuzz just wanted to be on top for some reason. Was he the wolf pup's master or was it the other way around?

The two young men continued to attract gazes from the people around them all until they arrived at the guild. Roland thanks to Bernir's help was able to put on his suit of armor much faster, so he was now thinking that it might not be such a bad idea to get himself an assistant.

Roland pushed the door open to get inside and was greeted by the usual looks. Soon those looks turned similar to the ones that the guards showed him. The dog on top of the fully armored man's head was clearly something unusual.

There was some luck on Roland's side though as the usual spot at his receptionist elf lady was free. They arrived early enough for the place to be partially empty so they were first in line. He was quick to go over to the elf that gave him the silver rank test.

"Mr. Wayland, back so soon? Did you take care of the quest already? Want me to call over the butcher to go over the corpses? Oh my, what is that cute creature you have there? Why is it on top of Mr. Wayland's head?"

The lady smiled and started going through her receptionist pitch fast before spotting the pup on top of his head. The little guy gave out a loud high pitched bark which brought even more attention to his master.

"Ah yes, there is a reason for this..."

Roland grasped the little pup with both his hands and removed it from his head. The ball of fluff was placed on the receptionist's desk but he didn't let it go in fear that it would just run off and cause some unnecessary damage.

"I would like to register this monster... and I would also like to make a report about the deaths of some adventurers... Bernie here was part of that party. He will tell you more about that."

"It's Bernir..."

The half dwarf with the large backpack stepped forward and looked at the elf lady. She nodded with her head while telling the two to wait for a moment. Soon another staff member came out and took Roland to the side. Bernir on the other hand remained with the receptionist elf to give a recount of what transpired the previous day.

"Mr. Wayland right, please follow me."

Roland looked at the new person, it was someone that he had never seen before. The man was an old gnome similar in size to the old manager from Edelgard. He had the usual gnome beard and a monocle garnished his face.

After following the smaller gnome he found himself in a separate office.

"Please place your tamed monster on the table."

He followed the instructions and placed the puppy on the table. The inside of this office looked a bit like a smaller veterinary clinic room. On the sides, he could see some large hand drawn anatomy drawings of strange monsters. There were also some medical instruments here and there.

“A Ruby Wolf, quite a rare find...”

Roland could see that the monocle that the man was wearing was a standard identification tool. With items like that you didn't really need people with high identification skills. His new dog clearly didn't like to be touched by the other man as he started to bark. The old gnome didn't seem to care much as he continued to look over the small creature while also touching it.

“Yes... it looks fine, it has clearly imprinted itself upon you Mr. Wayland, and should stay loyal for now. Is this your first tamed monster?”

Roland nodded at the answer.

“Mhm, it happened by chance... Is there a possibility of it accepting a different owner?”

He grumbled slightly as he wanted to sell this wolf, keeping pets was never really his thing. This only brought more troubles to him as he would need to get this puppy up in levels before it became useful.

“You don't wish to keep it? Hm... A high-ranked Tamer could probably override the imprinting but it would be hard to find such a person. The longer you wait the harder it will be, I'd advise you to keep this monster, it's a rare breed of a canine type, these types always stay loyal to their owners. Its evolutionary options should also be quite powerful if you raise it well.”

“Evolutionary options?”

“Ah, excuse me, I forgot that this is your first tamed monster, let me explain.”

Roland raised a brow at the old man that brought his attention to a diagram on the wall. On it there were various monster drawings with arrows, the first one was an egg similar to the one that this monster hound hatched from.

“These monsters begin with an egg, there are various requirements needed to be taken into consideration to have one hatched but you seem to have triggered it by luck already.”

The old man chuckled while pointing to the next drawing that was of a lizard-looking monster.

“After hatching the monster will try to form a bond with the first being it comes in contact with. When this occurs the person that the monster imprints on will be deemed as the creature's master. This allows the master to see their tamed monster's stats thus helping them track their progress. With this, you'll be able to plan out its evolutionary path. If for some reason a creature hatches without any person to tame it, it will become feral and just act as a regular monster.”

Roland looked at the small pup, he had previously used his identification skill to figure out its type but he wasn't able to see detailed stats.

“I should be able to see its stats?”

“Ah yes, the first time might take time getting used to. You need to access it through your own status screen, try focusing on it.”

Roland raised an eyebrow while then bringing up his own status screen. It was easy to bring it up as it came quite naturally, he had learned this skill just by getting transported into this world and getting some of the real Roland’s memories. Now he needed to try something else but when he tried thinking about the tamed monster another window was brought up.

“Oh?”

Name :

Ruby Wolf Puppy [L 1] [Ex 0%]

Type :

Fire/Earth/Beast

HP

77/77

MP

110/110

SP

136/136

Strength

5

Agility

10

Dexterity

6

Vitality

5

Endurance

9

Intelligence

7

Willpower

10

Charisma

16

Luck

14

“I see that you have figured it out.”

Roland could see all of the advanced statics of this monster. There was also something like a type attached to this puppy but no classes. This was probably due to the monster’s name containing its type which was also more or less its version of a class.

Only intelligent beings of the various races in this world were able to have classes. Monsters on the other hand would get evolutions which would always change their appearance in one way or the other. It could be something minor like a change in the color of its fur or something grand like a more than twice increase in size.

Besides the main statics, he could also see the little guy’s resistances. His resistance to the fire element was at 40% while earth was the second highest at 25%. The creature also possessed elemental affinities, he himself still had them on 0% while this little pup surpassed him in almost all of them.

Fire

50%

Wind

10%

Earth

30%

Water

1%

Things like the elemental affinities could later be improved with further evolutions. Higher affinities would empower various skills and magic attacks for the corresponding element. It also looked like the higher tier element affinities like Lightning were not showing up at this point in time.

‘He also has some skills...’

Bite L 1 [Passive Skill]

Increases the strength of biting attacks

Fiery Bite L1 [Skill]

Discharge of flames during a bite attack.

Ruby Tail Whip L1 [Skill]

Skill can elongate the ruby tail of the monster which then can be used as a means of attack.

Enhanced Sense of smell [Passive Skill]

Enhances the sense of smell.

Roland squinted at the explanation of the last skill that didn't really add anything new. His pup already had some good skills that he could use. The discharge of flames looked like a good skill as it probably added magical properties to the attack. He wasn't really sure about the tail attack though, the pup was a bit too small to do much damage with that ruby tip. Though it might work against smaller creatures like monster rats.

"I think we can safely give you out the license Mr. Wayland but if you wish to sell this creature it would be good to part with it now. The longer it is around you, the harder it will be to break the imprinting. I'm sure we could agree to a good price."

"Sell it..."

Roland looked at the red puppy that stared at him back. It was as if the creature knew what the two people were talking about here. Roland could see those big puppy eyes watering up and it even started to whine.

"Don't you look at me like that..."

The more he stared into the eyes of this small monster the harder it was to make a decision. Soon he finally spoke up while being unsure of what to do.

"I'll think about it... for now give me the license."

"Sure, you'll have to fill out some papers, I'll bring them over."

The moment he spoke out the puppy started wiggling its rump side to side. Its ruby-tipped tail started even smacking into the table the little monster was sitting on. When the old gnome left the room the puppy decided to jump on Roland's head once more, looking proud and victorious.

"Stop climbing on my head you red potato!"

"Borf!"

The puppy replied while Roland's head rattled from getting his helmet hit by the puppy's ruby tail.

"Is it too late to sell it?"

"Bork!"