

Runesmith 91

[Chapter 91 Registration and ranking up.](#)

“Welcome back Mr. Wayland we are finished here as well.”

The busty elf lady smiled at Roland as he returned with the puppy. He had taken it down from his head by now. This was done out of concern that the puppy would grow up thinking that he might be the leader of the pack. He couldn't just let his tamed monster literally walk over him.

Bernir was to the side waving at him as well, he looked happy for some reason after looking at the puppy that was now in Roland's hands.

“Welcome back Mr. Wayland, did you decide on the name?”

“Not really...”

The old man that explained how taming creatures like these had informed him about this. The monster contract wouldn't be fully complete unless he named the monster. This was done through the system window and he just needed to concentrate while looking at the wolf pup's status.

“How about I just call it potato...”

The wolf pup gave out a menacing whine the moment he mentioned the name. It clearly didn't like Roland's naming sense but he had no idea how to call the red creature. It looked quite cute at the moment but when it grew up it would look closer to a wolf.

“Little potato? That would be a cute name for such a little cutie.”

The elven woman looked down at the barking dog while chuckling.

“Sure... so everything has been cleared up? Then can I get my adventurer card updated?”

He asked as he had signed all the papers relating to the new party member. The Ruby Wolf Puppy would become his tamed monster. His adventurer card was taken to perform some updates.

It was interesting how these cards worked. They would add certain symbols onto it which would then inform people about certain things. A little picture of a beast would be added in the corner which would indicate that he was an owner of a beast.

This card could then be given to any guild and they could scan it for the detailed information about the monster in question. This all was not done with any runic components though as he couldn't identify any of them it worked on some other magical system.

It was probably done through regular enchanting which used a slightly different language or maybe something else entirely that he wasn't aware of. Runes were not the end all be all in this world, many other magic languages existed that could produce similar or even better effects.

The old gnome also told him to get a collar for the wolf pup. It would then signal other people that this monster was owned by someone and keep them from attacking it.

The papers that explained things about his creature were also given to him by the old man. He could present them to the guards the next time he saw them which would be proof enough to not pay any more tolls. This could also be done by showing his adventurer card but it wouldn't always be accepted outside the guild. If the monster went through an evolution he would need to return to the adventurer's guild to have everything updated.

The creature would be judged again, sometimes monsters got extremely violent which in some situations caused them to be banned from entering cities. Other times they would change into a poisonous or corrosive variant that by just being in contact with others could cause them harm.

"Yes, Mr. Bernir had explained everything. Are you willing to sell the damaged golem core? Even if it's damaged the materials can still be used by some craftsmen."

Roland had dumped a lot of money into buying resources for his deep steel armor but he wasn't that strapped for cash. He could always enchant some disposable weapons on the side to earn more. The golem's core on the other hand was a rare commodity that could be melted down and turned into an alloy. If done correctly this alloy could boost the regular metal's capabilities.

"I'll keep it for now...when can I get my card back?"

"It shouldn't take more than thirty minutes Mr. Wayland, why don't you sit down and have a drink while you wait?"

The elven woman pointed to the side where a small section of tables was at. The guild did have a dining section. They mostly served beer and some easily made dishes for the adventurers that were stuck waiting like him. He just nodded and turned around, his little dog continued to bark in his hands as he carried it around.

"Calm down or I'll really give you the name Potato or how about Beetroot? You're quite red like one."

The pooch instantly went quiet after Roland continued to mention vegetable names. It was clear that this wolf to be didn't want to be named like this. It felt like a drag to come up with a fitting one. While going towards one of the tables to sit at he tried remembering some popular dog names that were used in his old world.

'Max? Charlie? Boomer? Woofers? Crimson Fang?'

There were just too many to choose from for him to decide on such a short notice. He could go with a regular name similar to a person or try something more interesting or cool. This puppy would evolve into a more ferocious-looking Ruby Wolf or maybe even something else entirely.

The interesting part about tamed monster evolution was that their master could affect the evolution in one way or another. He had this explained by the old man during the paper signing. Depending on what he fed the wolf it could even change its elemental affinity in the next evolution.

A tamed monster like this didn't go through any class changes and trials like people did. It was more or less automatic for any regular wild beast. It was slightly different for the monsters that were taken out from dungeons as he did.

Apparently, after reaching the first threshold of the 25th level he would be actually able to decide between some evolution options. It was even possible for him to keep the monster unevolved and wait for it to gain more skills and achievements in hopes of earning a rare class. It was very much a game-like system which made it more interesting.

While thinking about the future he finally sat down at the table. He didn't eat breakfast due to the unforeseen monster birth so he was a bit hungry. This place's food wasn't the best though but it would get a person through the day. There were also more people that looked quite hungry with him. Bernir followed him here and he could even hear the man's stomach giving out strange noises.

"You hungry?"

"Huh? Oh no I'm fine..."

It was clear that the half-dwarf had gone through a traumatic experience and probably famished. Roland was somewhat aware of his situation which probably caused him to not have much money. While Bernir was out cold he had gone through his backpack and there was actually almost no gold in it. The prices in the guild were higher when food was concerned so he assumed that saving money was probably Bernir's agenda.

"Is that so..."

Soon a young cat lady showed up to take their order.

"What will it be?"

She called out in a quite energetic voice while mostly focusing on the red puppy that was squirming around. Roland had forced it into his armpit so that it wouldn't cause trouble.

"Bring us some kieftbasa with bread and butter. Make it enough for three people. Then give me two glasses and a bowl with water."

"Coming right up Mister."

The waitress nodded at the order and then promptly walked away into the back room. There she would bring it to the cook while getting the glasses for water faster.

"For three people?"

Bernir asked from the side while swallowing some of his saliva. Roland didn't answer as he waited for the waitress to return with the glasses. The bowl was placed on the table by him along with the small pup that started to quickly drink from it.

His long tongue worked fast causing some of it to drench the table. This was something that he had to contend with as he was afraid that if he placed the dog on the ground it would run off somewhere. Then he would be stuck chasing after it, if it did any damage to the city or anyone in it he would be responsible for it.

'I need to train this dog to behave...'

While thinking about his future 'taming' headache he offered one glass of water to Bernir. He himself slowly looked at his own glass before giving out a sigh to move his visor up.

"Mr. Wayland?"

"It's fine..."

Bernir was a bit surprised by Roland exposing his face to the adventurer's guild. From the previous talk that they had, he made it seem that he didn't want to reveal that he was a runesmith to others.

Roland on the other hand was tired, tired of constantly running back and forth from the city to his house with and without the armor. It had been over a year since the encounter with the cultists and his family hadn't found him in six years. It was safe to assume that no one knew where he was or cared if he was alive.

His face had changed with the years, long gone were his childish features. Now his face was more adult-like and with every day his physique was getting bulkier due to all the fighting and smithing. Even his brothers might not have been able to recognize him if they met him out on the street.

He had thought about it hard for the past year and arrived at the conclusion that he might be sticking out more by hiding his face constantly. If he actually wanted to live in this city he would need to take part in it. That would require him to work with other people and depend on others in one way or another.

With that, he gulped down on the water but when the waitress walked back he quickly moved his visor down so that she wouldn't see his face. The sausages were brought over and she left after giving the two a nod.

'Well... I don't need to reveal everything today...'

Bernir looked at him a bit taken aback by how quick he hid his face from the guild worker. He was too busy devouring the kielbasa sausages to take it to heart though. The little wolf pup received his share of food as well. The little guy's ruby-tipped tail started smacking into the wooden table as he ate up.

Roland himself only ate half of his portion while mostly inserting it into his mouth with a half-closed helmet. It was still a hard for Roland to let go of old habits. It would be a slow process to relearn how normal people operated but he hoped that he could let go of his fears in the coming future.

The half dwarf looked quite happy after eating the meal, the puppy on the other hand started going into snooze mode. It just plopped down between Roland's legs and started sleeping after devouring quite a sizable sausage.

After some uncomfortable silence washed over the two young men, Bernir was the one to speak up first. Roland was a person of few words, never really speaking out without a purpose behind it. His new friend on the other hand wasn't that reserved.

"How long have you been here for Mr. Wayland?"

"For about a year."

"Oh, did you make that armor yourself or did you buy it somewhere?"

“Did you decide on a name for that little pup?”

“Will you be going to the dungeon again? Do you need help carrying things? I’m pretty good at disassembling the monsters, my skills are quite high!”

What followed was a series of questions to which Roland replied in either a nod or a quick sentence. Luckily the receptionist from the adventurer guild waved him over as he peeked to the side. After getting an earful from Bernir, he wanted to run up and kiss her from saving him.

“Ah, is your card ready?”

Bernir asked while Roland stood up. The half-dwarf looked a bit saddened at the quick end of their conversation. He was still worried about his future prospects. Working for Roland as an assistant was something he was aiming for.

All the smithies were taken over by dwarves that liked to stick to old customs that wouldn’t let any outsiders in. Only after many years of doing side work would they ever consider him as a valid apprentice. There were many people looking for work, so there wasn’t really anything holding them back from keeping their traditions running.

Roland was made aware of the half-dwarf’s predicament during their walk here. This did explain why such a promising craftsman was carrying gear for adventurers instead of working in his own field.

“It does seem like it is.”

He left towards the lady elf who returned his adventurer card for him. He could clearly see that he had the little symbol for the tame beast included in it but there was also a little bonus.

“Silver rank?”

The card had switched from the steel grade to silver grade as well, it looked that defeating the floor boss was enough to prove himself.

“Yes, congratulations Mr. Wayland. The Ruby Golem’s core was enough. I hope you will continue to do business with our adventurer’s guild. Would you like me to list all the benefits of being promoted to the silver rank? Or would you like to take the pamphlet instead? “

Roland looked over his card, it had a distinctive silver hue to it. He wasn’t that informed about jewelry but silver, platinum, and mithril rank cards looked a bit similar to each other. The silver one was a bit darker than the other two with the mithril one being the brightest.

“I’ll just take the pamphlet.”

“That will be three large copper coins!”

Roland’s eyes narrowed when asked to pay for this pamphlet but he also didn’t really want to stay here and have this woman explain everything. He had already been here too long due to his tamed beast.

“Here...”

“Thank you for your support, remember to look at the notice board, you’ll find all the silver rank listings there.”

“Right, thank you.”

After saying his goodbyes he turned around to leave. With the puppy in his hand, it was time to go home and figure some things out. There was no reason to look at the notice board as even without taking specific missions he could just hunt tier 2 monsters and sell items to the guild.

Sometimes there would be specific listings that offered more money for some body parts. Those were mostly placed there by people like alchemists that needed them for potion brewing. Depending on the recipe some monster parts sold better than others. Sometimes other adventurers placed offers for new members or for temporary help.

He reached out with his hand to the adventurer’s guild door and pushed it open. Before leaving he turned around as Bernir had stopped in his tracks. Normally this would be the moment that these two would part their ways. Roland had delivered the information and also received his card upgrade but after thinking some things through he had come to a decision.

“For now I can offer you free lodging and food. If you prove yourself we can talk about a set wage. But you’ll have to show me how you work with a hammer first.”

Roland called out to Bernir from afar, the red-haired youth’s gloomy expression quickly changed as he moved forward.

“T-thank you, I won’t let you down!”

“You’ll be sleeping in that log cabin though, now let’s go there is still some work left to do.”

The two young men soon left afterward, the day was still young and Roland had some tasks for his new ‘apprentice’. He would need him to prove himself before being allowed to be part of his workshop. Then a proper employment contract would need to be produced a similar one to what he had signed back in Edelgard.

“Woof!”

“Quiet down Tomato...”

[Chapter 92 Giving a name.](#)

Roland and Bernir were in the process of returning to the workshop. After getting breakfast out of the way both of them were ready to work on some things. The crimson armor that he wore needed some tending and his shield did take the brunt of that attack. Before any repairs could be made he would need to clear up some things with his new worker and also his new tamed beast.

The little puppy had woken up halfway through their trip and was now running circles around Roland. From what the old man said at the adventurer’s guild he knew that the wolf pup needed to be named. Unless this final bit wasn’t complete the little dog wouldn’t fully listen to him.

“How about you name him Red, Mr. Wayland? Or maybe Ruby?”

Bernir had been giving him some naming advice along the way but Roland wasn’t feeling any of them. He looked at the fuzzy ball of energy that was jumping around, it even chased after some adventurers that they ran in during their return which left him to apologize.

“He was found in a fire dungeon...”

After mumbling to himself he moved over to where the dog was. The little guy looked up to him and gave out a loud bark. Roland leaned down to pick him up, the little guy’s tongue was out and he was panting out loud.

“How about... Agni?”

With his love for old mythology, he came to the conclusion that he could go with one of the fire gods from his old world. Agni was the name of the ancient Hindu fire god which would fit the theme of the fire dungeon that he got this puppy from. After looking through the wolf’s status screen he did possess a high affinity for fire.

“Oh?”

Bernir called out from the side as after Roland mentioned the name something started happening. A strange magic symbol appeared in front of the puppy that was somewhat similar to a rune but not quite it. This magic symbol slowly floated towards the small wolf’s forehead and entered it. Following this, the small monster’s body started glowing for a second before returning to normal.

“Was that a tamer contract? Didn’t think I’ll ever see one so close up.”

Bernir chimed in while watching the strange phenomenon. Roland also noticed that he gained a title the moment the process was finalized.

Tamed Beast I

You have made a lifelong contract with at least 1 beast-type monster.

It looked more like an achievement than a contract but he knew that even this could unlock special classes. He wouldn’t be surprised if he would be able to pick one of the tamer related classes in the future. There was also a change to his new friend’s status that appeared after this strange phenomenon.

Name :

Ruby Hound Puppy [L 1] [Ex 0%] [Bonded]

‘Bonded? I guess we have a connection now?’

“I wonder...”

He placed the wolf down on the ground but this time around he started out with his name.

“Agni... sit?”

The little puppy perked up at the command and after barking sat down on his behind. His tail continued to swing around while kicking up some dirt in the process. Both he and Bernir were quite surprised at how the puppy was behaving now. It seemed that by having the contract the monster would start to follow its master’s instructions.

Roland also remembered what the man at the guild told him. If the master outlevels a young monster like this there are never any issues with the commands. Even less if the master is a tier above, only when the monster starts to outlevel its owner would it show defiance.

He was reminded by the old man to be careful. Allowing the monster to fight for a person without the master doing anything would cause it to advance quickly. Many tamers sometimes got lazy and stagnated with their monsters overtaking them.

The experience between a tamed monster and its master would be divided between the two. This wasn't at 50% as some might think. It was closer to 70% for the monster and 30% for its owner. In some cases, if the monster was a violent variant it could go berserk and even kill its own master. Such stray monsters would then roam the land unhinged from their contract.

Having a monster go berserk could be counteracted by a couple of things. Besides the owner having a higher level some tamer and summoner-like classes could have special traits or skills that kept their beasts at bay. Another way would be through magical items similar to slave collars that would force a monster to obey.

'Well, I can always keep it from advancing if it ever reaches my level...'

This was the most common way of guarding oneself against an unruly tamed beast. In Roland's case, he was an active fighter and he also gained experience from crafting items. It was highly unlikely to him that his tamed monster would ever reach a higher level than he did.

"It's finally listening to you, Mr. Wayland."

"Good... let's go."

It was time to return to his home, with his new wolf partner now somewhat behaving he could give Bernir some work. After arriving they headed over to his side workshop where he kept the regular iron and steel tools.

"You can stay in this shed for now. You can also use the spare wood if you want to customize it."

"I-I can make changes?"

"Sure, you do have that carpenter class, it would be a waste to not use it. Just tell me before you make any changes."

The two started talking and Roland began listing some rules for his new worker. For one thing, he wasn't allowed to wander around the premises. There were many buried traps here and there that could be set off by the clumsy half-dwarf. He had already been shocked by his door so he didn't want him to get his foot blown off on a mine.

"M-mine runes?"

Bernir took a bit to look around. The backyard was a bit unkempt and weeds along with grass were making it hard to spot where these mines could be buried.

"Yes... I'll probably have to remove those, for now just don't go behind the house."

Roland glanced at the puppy that he was holding. The little guy was wiggling around and trying to escape but he knew that it could cause an explosion to occur. Maybe later he could teach this wolf to evade the traps by smell but for now, they were a big hazard for both Agni and Bernir.

“Okay, Mr. Wayland...”

Roland wanted to remind Bernir about dropping the honorifics but then he remembered. He was actually about double the age of this young man, so acting as his master wouldn't be that out of the ordinary.

“Well, I'll be in my house if you need something.”

Bernir nodded as Roland left him to his own devices. The straw mattress and the blanket were in the log shed already so he only needed to get the half-dwarf a pillow. The log shed was quite large, there was also room behind it to expand it in scope. He was hoping that Bernir that had the carpenter class would be able to expand it himself without his help.

'I wonder if he could help me build that wind turbine later...'

After his makeshift steam engine had been set up he started thinking on ways of improving it. There were other ways of generating power that didn't even require mana in the first place. One of these were wind turbines, there was enough space to make one of them in the back.

There was no reason to make a full-sized one, he wasn't interested in grinding down grains to make flour. He was mostly interested in generating electricity which he could connect to his generator. With some wind runes as backup to make it spin when there was no wind, it could work better than his previous setup.

Roland closed the door after himself and placed Agni on the floor. The little animal instantly took off towards one of the rooms. He gave out a sigh but let the wolf look around the house while he decided to go to his workshop.

After going downstairs and removing his armor he gave out another sigh. A lot had happened in just one day and he suddenly found himself, two roommates. He wasn't sure what to do with the two but he had some plans.

First, he remembered his times in Edelgard. This had taught him the power of magical contracts. These contracts could actually be made by him thanks to his scribing profession. Depending on the tier of the person signing it a higher level scribe would be required.

His new Runesmith Lord class allowed him to use tier 2 scribing skills as well, thus there wouldn't be a problem with that. He still had his old contract stashed away so he could copy most of it over while making some changes.

'I feel that Bernie will sign anything that I put in here, he seems desperate.'

It was clear from how the half-dwarf acted that he wanted this job offer badly. His eyes shined brightly whenever he looked at his blacksmithing tools. Even though they were unkept and rusty it didn't matter to that guy. Bernir was also close to reaching the 50th level which would bring him into the tier 2 rank soon.

He would then be gaining a tier 2 smith as help around the house. Previously Roland never considered getting more help, thinking that he could somehow manage everything solo. Now on the other hand he started seeing some potential in sharing the workload. It was unknown to him what path Bernir would follow but he hoped he would pick the armorsmith class first.

With the added help he would be able to focus on things that he was good at, which was runecrafting. He would be able to leave all the time-consuming armor repairs to his new worker while he focused on discovering new runic patterns and code combinations. This would further his progress exponentially.

'First I need to get that contract done... can't have him talking about my runic forge nor my steam engine. It would be good to have him work with the runic tools but will the contract be enough to keep his mouth shut...'

The trust issues that he had run deep but with the contract signed he would more or less feel secured. He didn't think that Bernir would speak out on his secrets unless threatened with his life. Expecting someone to take his secrets with him to the grave was asking a bit much.

These contracts activated after they were broken, so even if he put some kind of silencing curse on it, it would only activate after the information was given. The purpose was to not have the person signing the contract perform certain acts but couldn't stop the process from happening.

There of course were some contracts that were more strenuous but they required the involvement of the darker kind of magic. Slave collars and magic items could also perform this task but something like that felt somewhat wrong to him.

"Bork?"

A bark of a wolf moved his attention to his other problem. The dog here was still newborn and at this current level, he wasn't really useful.

"Agni... do you want to go kill some monsters?"

The dog started wiggling his rump behind frantically and jumping around the house as if he couldn't contain his happiness.

"Hm... first I need to get that contract done... your training will have to wait."

Roland went to grab some scrolls, it was time to scribble down the first draft of Bernir's contract. He needed to make it sure that his new worker would not babble out some of his secrets. The contract would be ready for when his new friend actually proved his worth.

If his skills were not up to par or if he showed no willingness to improve then Roland would need to take back his offer. From how eager his new friend acted it didn't seem that he suffered from a lack of motivation.

'I'll get him to smith something later... like a ladle...'

He smirked to himself a bit after remembering his blacksmith class change. Soon he walked away to get some work done, his little red puppy following him around while being a constant bundle of energy.

A few days later...

“Are you sure we have everything?”

“Yes, Mr. Wayland I double-checked everything!”

“Good, just remain in the back to be safe but we won’t be going to the lower levels so it should be fine.”

Bernir nodded at Roland’s words while both of them headed towards the Dungeon. It was early morning as the two young men set off. In front of the two-man team was a rather energetic little wolf pup that took the chance to bark at any adventurers that he met.

“Agni come back, you might get attacked like last time!”

Roland called out to the pup that quickly sprinted back to him. He picked him up from the ground and placed him on his shoulder. Previously some newbie adventurer’s tried attacking his little tamed monster. It caused a little scuffle to unfold but due to his fame rising they backed away after seeing his shiny crimson armor.

Soon the small party arrived at the entrance of the dungeon. Some people had seen Roland’s performance against Armand so they backed away as he was going through. Bernir had a strange smirk on his face while seeing this.

“Mr. Wayland you sure are popular with the other adventurers.”

“Is that so?”

Roland tried to ignore that fact as well as Bernir’s ass-kissing attempt.

“You still need to make that shield when we get back.”

“Tch...”

He could hear his new associate giving out a strange sound. After signing a contract he was given tasks around the smithy that took out a good chunk of his time. He was a good worker but also had some bad habits that other dwarves had.

For one thing, he liked to drink a lot, with the lodging fees taken care of he used some of the coins he had over to get some cheap alcohol. This he also drank during work, when asked for an explanation he only replied that he worked faster when under the influence. This was a fact that he discovered after the contract was signed, if he knew he would have included a non-drinking during work clause.

The two descended into the first floor and went through one of the corridors. Most adventurers had progressed enough so this level wasn’t being used. Today was the day to help his puppy to level up, for that he needed to have him kill other monsters.

Normally when a person at the second tier was in a party with tier 1 people they wouldn’t get much or any experience. Luckily for him, the tamed monster contract was a bit different and a small part of experience would fall to his monster. The fastest way was still to have him fight himself as no skills would be leveled up. With low skill numbers, the evolution options would be very limited.

“There we go... Agni get ready.”

The puppy gave out a loud bark while looking forward, there stood his enemy and it was a menacing one indeed.

Red Rat L 2

Roland pointed at the small creature, it was larger than a regular rat and the red coloring showed that it was somewhat resistant to fire. This monster was slightly smaller than the Ruby Wolf but they were close.

“Bite it to death Agni!”

The command was given and the ferocious wolf puppy charged forward. The Red Rat could see the other monster coming at it and reacted by charging straight at his enemy. The two clashed with each other and started rolling around on the ground.

Roland looked on with surprise as the battle continued for quite a while. Both monsters started biting each other, scratching and gnashing their teeth in rage. In time the victor was decided, the Red Rat was victorious and a defeated Agni escaped behind Roland’s leg. The Rat continued its chase but was grabbed by Roland with one hand.

“Bernie...”

“Yes, Mr. Wayland?”

“Are there any weaker monsters in here than rats?”

“I don’t think so Mr. Wayland...”

“I thought so...”

Some might think that a slime would have been the easiest foe to defeat. But for a monster without weapons, biting something like a heated slime would be quite painful. If Agni’s fire resistance was high enough to counter the boiling hot slime liquids still remained to be seen.

A crunching sound could be heard as Roland squeezed the Rat to death with one hand and just tossed the dead body to the ground. Agni peeked out from between his legs and quickly charged forward at the dead monster that he lost to. He sniffed it a few times before howling out loud, his face was then raised high as if he himself defeated this troubling foe.

“This is going to take a while...”

Roland gave out a sigh and continued towards the dungeon, maybe with some luck, he would find a Level 1.