

Runesmith 139

[Chapter 139 Making an appointment.](#)

“Here is the last batch.”

Bernir placed a couple of blades onto the workbench and was having trouble fitting all of them next to the other items. When he looked around the workshop it looked jam-packed with weapons and armor parts.

“Are you sure about this boss? Even you will have trouble with all of these.”

“It’s fine Bernir, I’ll just get this over with.”

“If you say so, good luck, I’ll go tend to the Runic smelter.”

The half-dwarf gave a smile and a thumbs-up before leaving this section of the workshop. Since the expansion, they had installed separate rooms.

The largest one was the main smithy with all the tools, the forge, and all of the runic tools. Then in one side room was the generator room. It was soundproof as well as cooled. The generator that he made produced a lot of heat, which had to be kept in check with magic.

Then in the newest room, there was the new smelter. Roland had made a card that Bernir would be able to use. It was programmed to work with deep steel for now. When he figured out the other ratios he would try the more exotic metals.

A last room that was mostly unoccupied was also there, it was devoid of tools and furniture. Inside of it was just a board with a large schematic nailed to it. It depicted strange runic parts and symbols that almost no one would be able to decipher.

“First this and then I can get that project underway...”

Roland gave out a sigh before chugging down a large blue potion. It was bitter and tasted awful but the moment it was gone he could feel a strange prickly feeling wash over him.

“With the mana regeneration buff from this potion, I should be able to do this.”

He picked up one of the blades and brought it over to the furnace. After heating it up gently he started hitting it with his runesmithing hammer. It didn’t take more than ten minutes for the lesser rune to be formed and the enchantment was done.

This was his workload, for the time being, he had gotten some of the better deep steel and deep silver blades from his associates. The decision was made to not overdo it. Other craftsmen would produce the items while he just inscribed runes on them.

This wasn’t all as each and every one of these items would also possess a mana stone. The blacksmiths that prepared them were given the diagrams and fashioned the hilts accordingly. What Roland only needed to do was to engrave the runes with his skill and place the mana stone in the socket.

With this phase one of their plan would be going in motion. They would flood the market with runic weapons that also lowered casting requirements. The runes were all simple ones like sharpening or impact, thanks to this Roland could work fast.

His skills were quite high at this point and he was able to make these weapons when he was a Runic Blacksmith. Now as a Runesmith Lord this didn't pose a problem and he could go through them quite fast.

The only problem was his mana, the more he worked the faster it dropped. Luckily for him, he was working for the adventurer's guild and the mana potions were given to him at 50% of the normal price.

He hoped to get them for free but the guild master was quite stingy. There was nothing of the sort in the contract and mana potions were not a requirement for his work.

They would make it faster but wouldn't really profit the guild that much as Roland intended to make other items for himself. The guild master knew this so he only went down to about what the guild was buying them for.

Even this helped as Roland could now buy mana potions at a great discount. This was only possible when someone bought such items in bulk. There was a downside to the potions, a person couldn't just drink them constantly. With time they would cause a debuff which would be akin to feeling melancholic and tired.

The only reason he was willing to put up with this debuff was that he wanted to go back to his own projects. Even with Bernir working the smelter they were understaffed. The trip to and from the city for more resources always took up a lot of time.

With that in mind, he would need to ask the guild to lend them a porter. He was even willing to pay their wages if they just took care of the errand work.

The work continued late into the night. Roland was seen with bags under his eyes and a somewhat glassy look.

"There... that's the last one...urp..."

Roland covered his mouth after burping. To the side, he looked at the empty six vials that were previously filled with the mana regeneration potions. With their help, he was able to power through all of these low-level weapons.

In one day he was able to do what other runesmiths would need a week or more. His large mana pool and all of the bonuses that came with it were the reason. This along with all the skills that lowered runecrafting requirements allowed him to get this done.

The only downside was that he still needed to boost himself with the mana potions but it was nothing that a good night of sleep wouldn't cure.

'I'll be able to focus on the golem now, before that I also need to take care of that.'

After taking a warm bath and for once not passing out in it, Roland headed to his bedroom. There on a cabinet was a crystal ball, the same one that he bought from the strange magic shop. He had already

gone through the runic structure and everything that was important was scribed down into one of his notebooks, what remained was to go through with his promise.

It was already late at night so he wasn't planning to talk just yet. What a person had to do at first was send something similar to a direct message. After this, the mage on the other side would know the 'number' of this crystal ball and only then a call could go through.

The crystal balls were large and required a lot of magical energy to run. It was hard to catch the mage on the other side at the correct timing. There was also a way to talk via writing which required a lot less preparation and was a lot faster. This was Roland's preferred way of talking as he never liked long phone calls even when he was in his old world.

It was already close to midnight so he didn't expect to get a reaction. With a little prod to the crystal ball, he sent his message. It was just a simple greeting and he intended to call the person on the other side when he woke up in the morning. After getting through so many potions he was not really feeling too great.

"Huh?"

But as luck would have it, the moment he turned around he could feel the crystal ball gave out a chime. This sound was an indication that a person on the other side received the message and was going to respond.

This was something that he could not stop, when the connection went through and there was a response it would commence the magic call. Thus when the person on the other side popped up on the crystal ball, she could see a very grumpy-looking Roland.

"Greetings Sir. Roland!"

It didn't seem that she was able to read into his mood too much though as she sounded rather cheerful.

"Greetings Lady Lucille, didn't expect you to be awake at this hour."

"I've been busy with my studies, after our little adventure I've been inspired, there is so much to learn from the runes! I still remember Sir. Roland's runic magic during that battle."

He was not able to get a word in while Lucille went on a tangent. As always he was praised by her, though it seemed she was mostly praising the runes that he made and not him for using them.

"I was worried that you wouldn't contact me, or that something bad happened, it has already been over a month!"

"Ah yes, I apologize, I've been busy with my work..."

"Work? What are you working on?"

"Ah, I constructed a runic smelter for aether alloys but that doesn't matter. I just wanted to give you my coordinates. It's late, we should go to bed..."

Roland tried to end the conversation fast before the devilish woman there started barraging him with questions. He had already forgotten how much of a dark hole Lucille was when it came to runic stories.

Mentioning the runic smelter was already the wrong choice as she quickly figured out the meaning behind it.

“A runic smelter for aether alloys? Does Sir. Roland intend to build something with those? But if you speak about aether metals, those are mostly used for golems. Oh my, is Sir. Roland building a golem?”

It seemed that Lucille was pushing her face up against her own crystal ball. It was as if she wanted to climb through it and come over to his workshop to look at the golem plans.

“Y-yes, something like that. Lady Lucille, could you tell my brother that I’m doing fine.”

He quickly steered the conversation elsewhere in the hopes that he would not need to talk about his runic wares.

“Sir. Robert? Ah yes, I’ll be sure to include this information the next time I see him.”

Lucille seemed to quiet down but soon she recalled something.

“Speaking of Sir. Robert, I think his shield did quite the impression on the Professor.”

“The Professor?”

Roland recalled that Lucille mentioned such a person before. This was supposed to be some old teacher that was also a Rune Mage. Being a reclusive introvert as he was, Roland was not looking forward to the introduction.

There was a finite number of people that he could stomach. On the other hand, this person could help him with his research if he ever got stuck on something. Lucille had already informed him about his extensive knowledge and years of expertise.

If this Professor was a Runic Mage he would probably be very knowledgeable about the software part of the runes. This was probably his biggest weak point. He even felt confident in recreating tier 3 runes if he was ever able to procure them in the future.

As it stood now, he lacked the funds to get them and he didn’t feel like rushing it was the right plan. While he still lacked a perfect understanding of the software component in the tier 2 runes there was no reason to jump those steps yet. He would arrive there sooner or later and with time his heightened skills and stats would also make things easier.

“Ah yes, there was a person like that...”

“Yes, when the Professor saw Sir. Robert’s shield.”

Lucille covered her mouth and started giggling, it seemed that something happened between the second runic nut from the magic institute. This time around his brother fell victim to it.

“Did Robert give his shield to the Professor?”

“Give it? No, he borrowed it and it was returned to him after a week, you should have seen how he pouted.”

Roland had a hard time imagining Robert's pouting face, the man was quite gruff-looking, he probably looked like a powder keg waiting to explode.

"Yes, I promised the Professor that I would introduce the creator of that shield, could we arrange an appointment?"

"An appointment?"

"Yes, how about in two days? The Professor is busy for now, don't want to intrude but it should be fine in two days!"

"Two days?"

"Two days it is then! It's getting late and I'm running low on mana, we will have to continue this conversation later."

Before Roland could decline the invitation to the appointment Lucille vanished from the crystal ball. It seemed that he would need to have a talk with this professor. He recalled his old university days and was reminded how some of those professors there acted. If he didn't go through with this his only connection to the magic academy could be void.

"Ugh... fine, what can go wrong?"

He tossed his hands up into the air before flopping down onto his bed. The fatigue from the full days of work washed over him and he fell asleep. Even his skill that resisted skill was not strong enough to counteract mana deprivation and build up stress.

"Ugh, there was not supposed to be a headache..."

On the dawn of the next day, Roland awoke with a splitting headache. He dragged his tired body into the kitchen to drink some pain-alleviating tea. It was possible to do this with more potions but there were also less intrusive ways of countering such pain. The migraine didn't go away fully but it was bearable enough for him to work now.

'Damn, it feels like I'm working back at the old repair shop.'

While placing some food in Agni's bowl he recalled his old life. There he did spend time on the computer late into the night. In the morning he woke up half dead and still needed to go to work.

"Good Morning Boss!"

"Hey there Berning, could you bring the weapons back to the guild?"

"Oh, did you take care of all of them? You don't look so good, maybe you should take a break today."

"A break huh?"

While Bernir gave him the idea to take a break Roland didn't really know what to do with that. In his past life playing games on his computer was his only pastime. The rest of the day was spent on work or cooking for himself.

In this world on the other hand he didn't really have a normal hobby. Even if he wanted to take a break he found himself thinking back to runes and how he could improve them. There wasn't really anything he wanted to do, instead of wasting time like that it was better to go down into the dungeon to train up Agni.

"I'm fine, I just need some tea and a couple of hours to recover. Also, give this letter to Elodia, she will know what to do with it."

Bernir grabbed the sealed letter that Roland wrote not so long ago. In it, he just asked for a part-time porter that they could spare to work for him.

"Oh, what is this?"

Bernir looked at the letter in question and tried to peek into the writing. At the end of his examination, he gave Roland a big grin followed by an elbow to the side.

"I didn't know that you had it in you boss, little Elodia isn't bad, I would have gone for the elf myself, she feels like the fun type if you know what I mean."

Roland just sipped his tea while looking at his pervy assistant with an empty look.

"Could you for once stop thinking with your underside, it's business-related."

"But I like my underside and the ladies love it too, he he."

Bernir started laughing before removing himself from Roland's house.

"Woof!"

"What is it Agni?"

Soon Roland was left behind with his Ruby Wolf. He was jumping around a lot this day and he had a sinking suspicion as to why.

"You probably want to go into the dungeon, huh?"

"Woof!"

Agni's level was approaching fifty, it would probably only take one more dungeon run before this adolescent wolf became a proper adult. The only problem was that Roland wanted to focus on his golem but for some reason, there were other things pulling him away from constructing it.

"Can we do it next week? I need to work on something..."

Agni started whining and his tail curled up.

"No... Don't look at me like that..."

Roland was given the puppy eye treatment that he was weak against. It didn't always work but this time around it seemed that Roland was getting swayed.

"God damn it, fine... my head is killing me anyway... let's go to the dungeon."

He stood up while Agni started jumping around and making circles. His head was feeling hazy and he felt that if he started his work he would be making a lot of mistakes. It would take about half a day till he recovered so killing a few monsters would be a nice change of pace. Luckily for him, using runic weapons didn't require much concentration.

"Just let me grab my armor..."

"Woof!"

[Chapter 140 Golem core.](#)

"That should do it..."

Roland stood back while looking at his tamed beast. Agni was in the process of brutalizing a volcanic salamander. At level 49 he was already able to handle these monsters that were a tier above him, with a little help from his master that applied some chilling spells.

There were a few ways to gain the system in this world. Most of the experience went to the person that did the most damage thus it made last hitting practically dead enemies give low amounts of experience points.

The only option to power level others would be applying debuffs instead. These debuffs would count for less and could disable the enemies which was happening now. The monsters that required high temperatures to operate were very easy to disable with a simple chilling spell.

Volcanic Wolf

[Fire/Earth/Beast]

The adult version of a common canine type monster found in volcanic regions. Their mane and paws are covered by even more volcanic rocks.

Ruby Wolf

[Fire/Earth/Beast]

The adult version of an uncommon canine type monster found in volcanic regions. With the increase in size, their rubies become even more apparent.

Gemstone Wolf

[Fire/Earth/Beast]

An adult rare canine type monster found in deep dungeons. This adult tier 2 variant's size is close to a small horse. It gains an armor-like pelt that is good at resisting physical attacks.

Mystical Ruby Wolf

[Fire/Earth/Beast]

A rare adult variant of the Ruby Wolf. The gem on its forehead grows in size. This monster is highly intelligent and can learn basic spells.

He could see some of the old evolution options still being there like the volcanic wolf and even the gemstone wolf. From the description, it seemed that the gemstone variant was quite big, if it was the size of a smaller horse it might have been mountable.

The Mystical Ruby variant was also there but Roland saw a small problem. While all the other options looked the same, the one that he wanted was grayed out. There was one explanation for this, some of the requirements have not been met.

“Well boy, I think you’ll have to work on your skills before we can evolve you further...”

Agni gained most of his levels thanks to sharing experience with his master. Due to this, he leveled up a lot faster than the other monsters. This meant that his skills naturally lagged behind as he could only progress with them when they were used.

“Woof...”

Agni gave out a weak woof this time around, it seemed that he knew what the problem was. The main skill that he gained from munching on mana stones had not reached the 9th level yet. His skills that controlled mana were not quite there yet as well, he would probably need to level them all up before this option became available.

“You can have some more mana stones back home but you’re not getting that big mana stone!”

Ever since returning from the last expedition, Agni has been eyeing the large mana stone he got from the dinosaur-looking monster. It was quite big for a tier 2 monster that had already evolved once.

He was saving it for something else, it would be melted down into aether alloys that would then be used for his own armor. With the quality of that mana stone, he was sure that he would be able to get a better grading on the metal.

“Before we go home, we still need to take care of one more thing, let’s go.”

The man and ruby wolf party went on their ways towards the deeper areas of the large open lower floor. There was one monster in particular that he wanted to hunt as he required parts of it for his next project.

After about thirty minutes of walking, he came into a section that the noble party evaded before. There he saw one, it was big and it looked dangerous.

It was a golem that was about four meters tall which made it twice Roland’s size. The ruby golem that he faced before was even bigger than this one so he wasn’t worrying as much.

This monster had a brownish orb sticking out from its left rocky shoulder. It was hard to notice as it was barely exposed but Roland had come just for it.

It was the golem’s core that spawned at random places inside of these golems. They were hard to spot which brought troubles to adventurers that tried to fight it. If this golem core was destroyed so would be the monster that had it.

He needed this item for his own golem as it was much easier to use a monster golem's core than to fashion one instead. It was also a lot cheaper for him to grab one down in the dungeon than to buy one from the market.

Roland was already quite strong so he decided to gather his resources while also getting Agni to level fifty. Some might say that he was being a penny pincher as he could afford a golem core while just crafting. He could only nod to that accusation as if he had a way to save money that wasn't too hard he would use it.

"Ok Agni, wait here. You might have leveled up but your teeth won't do much damage on a golem."

Agni whined a bit but stayed behind like his master ordered him to. With slow steps he approached the monster, the runic symbols on his gauntlets glowing blue as he got ready to cast a spell.

The monster finally noticed the human opponent approaching and started to sluggishly attack. Roland didn't panic as he opened up his palms, a blue orb of chilling energy formed in front of them.

Before the monster could get into striking position Roland activated his runic spell. While pointing the orb of blue light in the golem's direction a burst of cold was discharged. The monster took a direct hit but continued to lumber towards its enemy.

Each step it took caused the bedrock below to crumble. Each time a thumping sound was heard and it was not stopping. Finally, it was standing in front of the human that was attacking it. The golem moved its lumbering hand up but as it attempted to move it down to squash the smaller enemy it found itself unable to.

"That should do it..."

The golem stood still as it was frozen in place by Roland's magic. For someone like him, that could switch magic attributes for every occasion fighting monsters like this was quite easy.

"Now then!"

On his back, he had a large sledgehammer that he brought over for just the occasion. With one powerful swing to the golem's leg, he brought it down to the ground. With a couple of more, its legs and arms were all shattered at the joints as he rendered the creature immobile.

The golems were hard enemies to beat for low level adventurers. They were resistant to bladed weapons and even heavy blunt ones had trouble-causing much damage. For Roland that boasted overwhelmingly higher stats and buffing effects, this was not a tough enemy.

After the monster was disabled Roland brought out a chisel and hammer from his spatial bag. These golem cores were quite brittle so he could not risk landing blows at the shoulder area. They were quite resistant to magical effects which made them perfect for runecrafting.

"There we go, you can come over now Agni."

Agni wiggled his tail while approaching the frozen golem. Once the core was removed this monster became nothing more than rocks. Even then Roland had to shake his head at his wolf that started desecrating the dead pile of rocks as if it could fight back.

“Let’s get a few more and return home, my headache is gone too.”

After spending most of the day down in the dungeon Roland returned home. Just as before he used the shortcuts in the dungeon to quickly make his way up. This was still something that he did not report to the guild.

He feared that they would task him with mapping out the entire dungeon and searching for all the hidden chambers. This was something that he intended to do on his own later. The probability of another runsmith going down and spotting these hidden rooms was quite low so he wasn’t worried.

It was already getting late but there was this itch that he just needed to scratch. With everything ready, he descended into his workshop and into the mostly empty room that was reserved for just this type of work.

He placed five orbs of various sizes and colors on his workbench. All of them belonged to golems that he faced down in the dungeon and would be used for his experiments.

‘It’s not good that they don’t all have the same dimensions, which might alter the results.’

Roland gave out a sigh after holding two of the golem cores in each hand. One that came from a level 51 golem was much smaller than the other that came from one that was ten levels above it. The larger the core the more punishment it could handle but it was also harder to runecraft on.

For the time being, he decided to start with the smallest one and work himself up. He hoped that he could start building a working prototype by the time he got to the fifth one. Otherwise, he would need to descend into the dungeon yet again.

There were many types of golems in this world. Ones made from rocks, ones made from metal, ones made from flesh and even ones made from pure energy. The one that his class was focused on would be the metal one.

There were various ways a person could get a golem to do their biddings. The most rudimentary way would be to just use a preexisting spell. Such golems could be summoned by the Summoner type classes and supposedly these summons came from some kind of different dimension.

They were practically the same type of being as the golem monster that he took care of today. Even though they were easy to come by they could not remain in this world for too long.

They burned up the caster’s mana and the longer they remained the more they would require. Supposedly there were ways of extending their stay. Some included contracts that would make a golem-like this a casters familiar than other ways that remained a mystery to Roland as he lacked the book smarts.

If someone wanted a more permanent golem, they needed to work for it. Making one was the other option and it also came in many ways. Even magicians could produce a golem by gathering the right materials and casting the right spell. As long as the golem had a core and a power source it would be operational.

The ones magical smiths like him made came in various shapes and sizes. The golem core was the brain of this construct. It would need to be ingrained with the correct operating system. This was where he would inject the runic system that he studied from the miniature toy golem.

Before the system could be implanted he needed to fashion a body for its shell. Depending on the shape of the golem the golem core would need to be altered. Due to this reason, Roland decided to make his first golem to be similar to the toy that he studied.

The small golem that he had was a bipedal one, two legs, and two arms. The operating system came with a few pre-existing features that he was afraid to touch at the moment. Only after having a working prototype would he be able to see what his alterations did to the way it behaved.

After glancing at his notes and the schematics on the wall he could not wait. He grasped the golem core and started to concentrate. His mana traveled to his fingertips and started to slowly insert itself into the golem's core.

The core started trembling as if it was resisting. The material he was working with would not be able to resist his regular rune smithing blows so he was forced to do it by hand. The core still had some data left from the monster it came from. First, he needed to delete all of this data before inserting his own.

It was similar to formatting a hard drive from an old operating system before putting on a new one. Even if there was space to fit another operating system it was ill-advised. It would only take up space and could very well corrupt the parts that the runesmith was working on.

Then finally with a resounding burst, the golem core shattered into many tiny pieces. Roland was quick to close his eyes and turn his face, the crystal-like substance that the core was made from shattered against the walls of this room and even collided with the other cores that were on the workbench.

"I guess that was too much mana..."

Five cores turned to four, then he was down to three as another one exploded. By the second attempt, he had put on safety goggles so that he could see when the core became unstable.

'I might need better quality cores...'

As with everything in this world the cores were also ranked by grades. This tier 2 golem core was still on the lower end, thus they were more delicate to work with than higher quality cores.

Some were so resistant to mana that they would never break, while others like tier 1 cores were almost impossible to work with as they shattered with the smallest amount of magic.

Finally, on the third core he managed to erase the chaotic monster program. It was not runic in nature so it looked like a bunch of chicken scratch to him.

The original monster brain that was ingrained into this core would probably be a good way to study it but he had no idea how to decipher this language. The monsters in the dungeon were able to form some degree of battle strategies.

It would be quite a simple process if he could just translate everything into runic form. Then he would have something akin to a summoned monster. That is if he could get it to recognize him as its master. Otherwise, he would be just making a machine that would murder him instantly.

“Ugh... this is harder than I expected...”

The fourth golem core shattered when he was about halfway through his rune inserting process. Now left with only one remaining core he was troubled. Should he go for it or should he wait till his skills leveled up before attempting more?

Roland glanced at his status screen and could see that he was still lacking in a few places. His mana controlling skills were not maxed out and his rune-related skills weren't either.

The progress with them had almost stopped; he could now see why people had troubles advancing towards tier 3 classes. Even now at his first tier 2 class, he was having troubles and he still needed to get another one before he could attempt another advancement.

‘Maybe it was stupid of me to try this so late into the night...’

He gave out a sigh and placed the last golem core down. It seemed that he was overzealous in his first attempt, maybe if he got a good night's rest he could try it once more.

‘There is also that thing tomorrow...’

Roland went to bed while dreading the next day as then came the time for his appointment. When he was eating his breakfast he started hearing a sound, it was coming from his bedroom.

‘I should have more time? Why is Lucille calling me already?’

The communication crystal was already beckoning him over. It was the day that he was supposed to talk with that Professor person. He feared that he would make a bad impression on the man or that he would be called an idiot by someone more experienced in the runes.

Even though he didn't like asking for help, he could tell that he would make a lot more progress if he had someone to bounce his ideas off of. Thus with a bit of resistance, he finally answered the call. There he saw an unfamiliar face, a face that he did not expect that would belong to someone called the Professor.

“Ah, there you are, the fabled country bumpkin Runesmith.”

He could vaguely see Lucille standing in the back and waving. She had a strange apologetic expression on her face.

What he saw was quite the sight as instead of a person he was looking at a black cat. It looked to be a regular old cat, the most characteristic thing about it was the monocle covering its left eye.

‘Well...this is certainly unexpected...’