

“Normal speech”

‘Thought’

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

Kukuku, I think you didn't expect this; a long chapter so soon after the last one. The truth is that I'm enjoying writing this story a lot but the reason that really pumped me up are the reviews. I just loved all the reviews from last chapter, and I'm not the kind of writer who repays reviews with nothing. So here it is, the longest chapter of this story!

A special thanks goes to MSDeus and Chaosconetic. Your reviews are my favourite since you managed to grasp things that weren't written down but were supposed to be deduced by the readers like you did. And of course, the last thanks goes to my Beta Don Orbit-Senpai who will have to correct all my stuff; sorry mate!

Beta reader: Don Orbit (go check out his amazing works!); SirWertsalot (I have a confession to make. I'm using this proofreading and editing as an excuse to read this story again...for the 5th time. Please don't tell my family. They're disappointed enough as it is.)

Chapter 5: The Sorcerer can't have a normal life

It has been a month since Satoru arrived in the new world. While he was still uncertain of his future, he was at least more relaxed now that he had an established business.

He was currently busy in his shop counting the newly forged weapons in front of him.

“All seems in order.”

He said once he finished. The bulky black-haired tall man in front of him nodded. His name was Tobias and he was a blacksmith. To be more precise, the blacksmith Satoru struck a deal with some days ago.

The deal was easy. Satoru will order a certain quantity of items from him every week and in exchange, the blacksmith will give him a special discount.

Tobias didn't speak a lot outside of when it was needed and this attitude unnerved Satoru at first, but now he saw him more like a no bullshit business man, something Satoru could respect.

“20 iron swords, 10 iron axes, 10 iron lances; 15 steel swords, 5 steel axes, 5 steel lances; 2 silver swords, 2 silver axes; 5 sets of heavy iron and steel armor; 5 light shields.”

Summarized the blacksmith.

“As we agreed, here are 18 gold coins.”

Said Satoru, while passing a small bag to the man, who opened it and counted the coins before turning to Satoru and giving him a rare smile.

“When you asked me for all that stuff, I thought you were some kind of noble who wanted to arm his personal bodyguards. Well, if these are the kinds of orders you are going to give me weekly, I might be able to stop producing for those ungrateful stuck-up nobles.”

“Are you sure you can’t produce platinum or mithril weapons and armors?”

Satoru asked. This was actually why he was searching for a blacksmith. Anyone could forge steel weapons, but few could afford higher quality metals and he wanted to be one of the few.

“Not at the moment. I will need a lot of money to first train myself with forging such metals and only then begin to forge actual sellable products. A lot of money will be needed to reach that level of skill.”

Tobias explained.

“I see. So, you say that if I continue to invest in you, you will be able to reach that level with time?”

Satoru asked to clarify the situation.

“Yes, indeed I believe so.”

Said the blacksmith with confidence.

“Then continue to work hard for me. You will have to excuse me now, but I’m waiting for an important guest.”

The arcane magic caster said. The blacksmith nodded before bidding his farewell and leaving the shop.

He sat on one of his reinforced chairs and waited. Today was one of the days Princess Renner visited him. She usually visited once every two days except for Sunday, since she was expected to be in the castle that day.

After her first visit, she began to keep a lower profile, usually wearing a cloak that hid her identity and always accompanied by only the Warrior Captain, Gazef Stronoff. Speaking of the man

himself, Satoru could say he liked Gazef. He reminded him of Touch Me, but without his justice persona.

They didn't speak a lot, but Satoru thought that Gazef could be a good source of information regarding the internal workings of the kingdom. He could of course ask Renner, who, despite her age, was truly a mastermind when it came to politics.

He was quite shocked the first time she showed such deep understanding of such matters. 'I guess geniuses don't have an age.' He thought. But even knowing this, he didn't want to ask her too much about the kingdom. He promised himself that he would help her with her loneliness and asking her too much would seem like he was using her for some secret plan.

Satoru didn't want that. He didn't want to ruin their growing, strange relationship. While he still thought she was scary, he managed to somehow get used to her smiles. Now they didn't trigger his Emotional Suppression anymore.

He himself was not sure why he was so dead set on helping her. Probably a part of him was reminded of himself while watching her. A child no one wanted to speak to, socially isolated and scowled at. At least Satoru had his mother taking care of him. Renner lacked even that.

But it wasn't just pity. There was something deeper. A certain attraction or maybe it would be better to call it fascination. He could feel there was something hidden inside her. Potential for greatness, but that potential lacked something. The key to unlock it.

As he was lost in his thoughts his shop's door opened and an old fat man entered. He was well dressed and didn't seem to be an adventurer.

"Excuse me sir, but this shop is now closed for the day. Please come back tomorrow."

The fat man didn't seem bothered by his words and approached Satoru.

"You must be Sir Satoru, right? The owner of this magnificent establishment."

He questioned, seeming to already know the answer.

"Yes sir, I'm Satoru, the arcane magic caster who owns this place. May I know who you are and why you are here?"

He asked, now sure that the man in front of him wasn't a customer.

"How rude of me. I apologize deeply. My name is Aruma Faustus, but everyone calls me Goldfinger. Feel free to use the name you prefer. Returning to our main point, I'm a representative of the Merchant Guild of the Re-Estize Kingdom that has its headquarters right here in Ro-Lente. I'm here to invite you to join us in our great guild."

The man said as his fat bounced a bit from the vibrations produced by his voice.

"I see. It makes sense, but I'm afraid I come from a faraway land and don't know about the inner workings of this guild. May you fill me in before discussing anything else? Pardon my rudeness, please take a seat."

Satoru said as he flicked his fingers and a chair materialized behind Goldfinger. The fat man was surprised at the use of such extravagant and foreign magic, but recomposed himself quickly and sat down.

“Of course, Sir Satoru. Well, the guild was established more than a century ago and flourished since then. All major businesses in the kingdom are in some way related to the guild. Many are members since we offer many perks in exchange for membership. The goal of the guild is to regulate market selling amounts and prices to maintain balance and help even the smaller businesses to flourish.”

Satoru, much to his displeasure, was reminded of the money sucking multinational companies from his old world.

“Our guild is structured into branches. Each branch represents a certain collection of goods on the market. For example, the Master of Metal is the representative of every blacksmith in the kingdom. Of course, it is impossible for one man to control all the blacksmiths in the kingdom, so we have supervisors. There is one in every major city. They are important businesses that control their branch in their city and send reports to the master of the branch to fill them in with the important details.”

The man continued to explain. Satoru was reminded once more of his old job. ‘employees under directors under CEO. So, humanity always had the habit of organizing society and work into classes; It is scary and comforting at the same time.’ He forced his attention back to the man to not lose any detail.

“About once a year, except for emergencies, the masters of all branches return to the headquarters for a meeting to discuss the current situation and how to help each other out.”

Goldfinger continued.

“I see, may I know why anyone should join? What are the perks of joining?”

Satoru asked.

“Well in the first place, we are the major organization, who decides the prices around the kingdom, and any business, who tries to play smart, can be dealt with easily. So, no competition. Secondly, we can lend money. To be clearer, we lend it even to non-members, but of course if you are a member you will get a lower interest rate and longer period to repay the debt. Lastly, we also provide protection from... certain unwanted attentions and people. Let’s leave it at that.”

The man explained lowering his voice while saying the last phrase ‘Wait is he talking about some kind of mafia? Well, if he is, it would indeed be a good thing to join the guild to avoid any kind of trouble. Let’s play it safe for now and continue asking for more details.’

“And what about the obligations of a member?”

He asked. ‘It is the other side of the coin after all. You gain something by giving away something’.

“Well, there aren’t really strict rules. Of course, a member will follow any decision the guild makes and we also request a monthly fee to continue to be part of the guild. For normal members, the fee is 10% of their gains, for supervisors it is 5% and of course Masters do not pay such a fee as they are the heads of the organization.”

The man answered. His expression was as relaxed as it has been during the whole conversation. ‘I see, that is indeed one of the

reasons they are coming after me. 10% of my total gains is probably a big deal around here, but to be fair the perks are really good too. Of course, there is no way such an organization could survive by simply spilling money from their members without giving something of equal value back’.

“Hypothetically speaking, what branch would I be joining?”

The man’s expression changed for the first time since the beginning of the discussion at Satoru’s question. He seemed to be getting serious.

“That is exactly the reason why we haven’t contacted you before now. In the Council of the Masters there has been a fight over you. Well, more like a war of words than anything else. The ones fighting over you were the Master of Metal and the Master of Luxury. Since you deal with weapons and armors, the Master of Metal wanted you under him, even if you didn’t produce the items yourself. The Master of Luxury argued that you sold a lot more highly valuable items than weapons, and since every luxurious item selling business belongs to him, you should stay under him.”

The man explained. Satoru didn’t speak and waited for the man to continue, after a pause the man did so.

“In the end, we decided to create a new branch. One that deals with the selling of anything magical. To tell you the truth, we tried to create such a branch many times, while trying to incorporate the Magician Guild, but they always refused. Though they are always selling magical items, they never saw themselves as a business, but a congregation of magic casters who wanted to discover new branches of magic.”

The words sank into Satoru as he realized their meaning.

“A new branch, but that would mean...”

He began.

“Yes, indeed Sir Satoru. We would like you to be the first Master of this branch.”

While Goldfinger’s words should have made him relieved at not having to work under someone else, they instead made him really concerned. ‘So, this is why he was explaining their inner workings in such detail. But if a master pays no fee that means they aren’t after my money? That leaves me with the final question, what do they truly want from me? It would be dangerous to accept without knowing this’.

“I must say, I didn’t expect such an offer. But now I must truly ask, what do you get out of this? You would be adding a new head to your organization. Someone you don’t know and who only arrived here a month ago. Forgive me my hesitation, but I find your offer a little too good to be true.”

‘This is thin ice. I must be careful. Concentrate Satoru!... Concentrate!’ His mind was set on full salaryman mode; Goldfinger sighed before answering.

“It seems you are no newbie to the world of commerce. This only makes my decision seem even more the right one.”

“Your decision?”

Asked the magic caster.

“Oh yes, as I said before I’m the representative of the guild. I deal with external interaction with other organizations and also act as a mediator between the various Masters during meetings to

avoid any internal conflict. The decision of creating a new branch was actually mine and I must say I find this bet to be a good one.”

The man admitted with a slight smirk.

“I will be direct with you, Sir Satoru. The guild is interested in you for the weight you have over the Adventurer’s Guild. We have tried for many years to get an important position in the Adventurer’s Guild, since they are one of the major money making businesses around here. Having you in an important position in the Merchant Guild would allow us to finally interact more with the Adventurer’s Guild, something we dreamed about for many decades now.”

The man explained. Satoru himself wasn’t sure if the man was actually overestimating him. Sure, he had refurnished many adventurers in the past month and many teams became usual customers, but he didn’t know if he truly had such a heavy weight over the guild itself. He preferred to remain silent and let the man continue to speak.

“I must say, you truly impressed me. I have seen businesses rise and fall since I was a toddler, but never before have I seen a merchant with no name arrive at a new city and have such power after only a month. To be honest, if you actually stopped selling to adventurers right now saying that you had problems with the guild, the guild itself would probably fall apart or split in two. From outside it may not seem like it, but you could probably ask anything from the guild and they would have to comply right now to avoid you closing your doors to them.”

The man continued. Satoru didn’t have any other choice but to believe his words. After all, he seemed to know what he was talking about. If it was truly as he said, Satoru now had a great

deal of power in his hands and it actually made sense to ask him to be a master right now. ‘Like an employee who has influence over a great company will be hired in a high position by another company to ingratiate him to them and exploit his power’.

“I see, that is why... then Sir Faustus. I would like to think about it for now. Would you mind coming back in a few days?”

He asked. The man nodded and rose from his seat.

“Thank you for your hospitality, Sir Satoru. I hope to see you soon in our guild.”

They shook hands like true businessmen, who just concluded a contract, but before he could leave, Satoru asked a last question.

“Why do people call you Goldfinger? If you don’t mind me asking.”

The magic caster asked. The fat man turned and smirked.

“Because everything I touch turns into gold, good sir, but right now, I may have found someone capable of giving me a run for my money.”

He said before leaving the shop.

A few minutes later, as if waiting for their conversation to finish, the shop’s door opened once more and the people he actually was waiting for entered.

The Warrior Captain stood as vigilant as always. Next to him the small cloaked figure reached Satoru and hugged him. It was a habit of hers every time they met. It didn’t bother him too much, so he let it go without further questioning, but he noticed that she panted heavily every time she did it. Normally he would have thought she had respiration problems, but she breathed just fine

in every other occasion. 'Is her human body automatically responding to being so near an undead?' The thought just came to his mind.

"Good afternoon, Princess, Sir Gazef."

The princess smiled from under her hood. 'Jeez she is just too creepy like that...'

"Good afternoon to you Sir Satoru."

Greeted the Warrior Captain.

"Well, while we are going upstairs, you can just take a look to the new weapons that just arrived. They are not enchanted yet, but I'm sure you could find something interesting for your Warrior Troop."

Satoru said, Gazef grinned.

"Ah, Sir Satoru, you should have seen their faces when I brought back those incredible enchanted swords last time. They seemed like little kids during their birthdays."

"I'm glad to hear my craft is appreciated. While we are at it would you like the usual?"

Satoru asked, Gazef nodded. The magic caster closed the distance between them and raised his gloved hand in front of Gazef's face.

"[Boosted magic: Stamina control]"

It was a spell used to reduce the usual consumption of stamina. It was usually used by tanks in Yggdrasil to allow them to block a barrage of heavy attacks without losing their balance. The one he cast on the Warrior Captain contained enough mana to last for around 2 days. Normally such a feat would be impossible in

Yggdrasil, but this was a real world and so, some of the rules were changed.

The Warrior Captain told him how thanks to his spell, he was able to train for double his usual amount of time before tiring and how he needed less recovery and sleep. This was the reason why Satoru offered to cast support magic on people. To discover how the effects changed in this new world and make some money out of it too. One of his smartest moves that he found pride in.

“Ah I already feel better.”

Said Gazef. Satoru turned and as expected, found a truly impatient Renner near the stairs waiting for him. ‘As any normal kid would act. That’s a relief.’. He wanted to help Renner, but first he needed to understand what were the truly messed up parts. Her acting like a child her age was the best thing he could achieve for now.

They walked up the stairs and reached the living room. The place where they usually spoke. She would sit down and tell him about anything that crossed her mind. He tried to pay attention the majority of the time, but he found it really difficult to understand what she was saying sometimes or simply lost interest midway through. Thankfully, his mask allowed him to have a constant poker face.

But today was different. She sat down and removed her cloak. She had a smug grin as she removed various paper sheets from her pocket, putting them on the table. He sat down in front of her and grabbed the sheets. They were written in a language he couldn’t read so he took out his magical translating item. Of course, he knew he couldn’t rely on it forever and has already began studying the language. He already had a grasp on the

numeric system thanks to Randel and he was able to write down prices by himself now. He also learned some words related to business, but he still didn't feel like reading whole pages without the help of the translating item.

The sheets in front of him had various names on them. Names of people he didn't know. There was a short description of their appearances and backgrounds. How old they were and where they lived if they had a fixed abode. There was also strange information written about them. The first sheet Satoru had in his hands spoke of a girl that could learn magic in half the time of a normal person.

"Those are all the interesting talent holders I have managed to find in the kingdom."

She said with her smug grin still on her face 'Wait! Wait! Wait! Talent holders? What is that? A job class? No wait, I must first confirm what a talent is.' He looked through the pages searching for the Warrior Captain, if he was the right hand of the king, he surely was a talented person. Satoru didn't find him between the names.

"Is there something wrong?"

Asked Renner, her grin no longer on her face.

"I have a question; the Warrior Captain is the most skilled man in the kingdom with a sword, right?"

He asked avoiding to use the word talent on purpose.

"Yes, that is so."

"But I can't find him here, so he is not a talent holder."

He tried to confirm what he understood. Renner nodded.

“Yes, his ability is born through skill and hard training. He wasn’t born with a talent.”

‘Bingo!’ Satoru thought. ‘So, talents are innate abilities. That is pretty unfair though, but after all people are not born equal, right Ulbert-san?’ He wondered, thinking about his old guildmember.

“Did I do something wrong Satoru?”

Bringing him back to reality, Satoru looked at the girl in front of him. He noticed how she seemed saddened and almost on the verge of crying ‘Shit! What do I do? I’m not good at this! Why did she do such a thing anyway?’.

“No of course you didn’t Renner. Have you done all of this by yourself?”

He asked trying to change the subject.

“Yes! I began immediately after you told me you wanted to collect talented people! I wanted to help you and in a month, this is what I was able to find!”

That explanation reminded Satoru about their first meeting. ‘D-did she really do all of this for me only based on that phrase I stuttered out without thinking?! Shit! I can’t deny her after all the work she has done... a month of work in tracking people down? You are one scary stalker Renner.’ He thought, but then scolded himself immediately after. ‘No! This is my fault. She wanted to help me and be kind. Thanks to her loneliness, she isn’t very familiar with personal boundaries that shouldn’t be crossed. Well for now, let’s try to cheer her up’.

“A truly outstanding job. You managed to do it in just so few weeks. Your skills truly don’t stop to amaze me Renner.”

As he said those words her eyes began to shine in happiness. Her head slightly inclined towards him. 'Ah... uhm... is she waiting for something?' Awkwardly Satoru moved his hand and patted Renner's head gently. It seemed to be the right move as her eyes shined even more in happiness and her face relaxed as she seemed to enjoy his touch. 'Does this desire for attention and physical approval come from neglect through childhood?' Wondered Satoru.

In that moment, someone knocked on the door and he removed his hand from her head much to the princess' displeasure.

"Sir Satoru, there is a young boy named Rayne that wants to see you. Can I send him in?"

He heard the voice of Gazef coming from outside the door and an idea popped into his head.

"Yes please, let him in."

{Renner's P.O.V.}

She didn't know how to feel about the boy now sitting next to her. He was a little older than her and a little taller too. He had brown hair and green eyes. All in all, he looked like any commoner boy.

The part she was conflicted over was how to act towards him. She was quite annoyed by his interruption of her limited time with her Satoru, but at the same time this kid was someone he knew and, for some reason, wanted here at the moment. Renner just couldn't understand what the meaning of this action was.

"It's been some time since I last saw you Rayne. What brings you here?"

Asked Satoru. The boy sweated bullets. When he first entered it wasn't like this. Only after their eyes met did he become so nervous and embarrassed.

"I-I came here t-to show you my progress!"

The boy stuttered out.

"Oh, I see. Before that, I think introductions are in order. This girl is..."

Satoru paused a moment unsure how to introduce her 'Understandable, after all he doesn't know how much I'm allowed to show off'.

"I'm Renner Theiere Chardelon Ryle Vaiself, third princess of the Re-Estize kingdom."

She introduced herself with a fake small smile. After all, her true smile belonged only to her Satoru.

"P-P-Princess?! I apologize! I shouldn't be sitting next to you like this!"

The boy rose immediately and bowed 'As expected from any lesser man. Truly the only worthy existence in the world is my Satoru.' She thought as she gently used her hand to rise his head.

"We are alone. There is no meaning in formalities, please come and sit. Do you mind introducing yourself?"

She asked with a gentle tone. The boy's face was as red as a tomato when he managed to rise and speak.

"I'm-My name is Rayne Bollen! My father is the merchant that works in the shop next to Lord Satoru's!"

He introduced himself trying to act in a dignified manner. 'Lord Satoru? So, this boy is indeed important in some way...' She concluded in her head.

"Well now that introductions are out of the way, there was something you wanted to show me, right?"

Asked Satoru. The boy's eyes returned to the masked magic caster, and he nodded.

"Yes, Lord Satoru! I did it! I managed to cast my first spell!"

He exclaimed in excitement and raised one of his hands.

"[Light]"

A bulb of light materialized in the air.

"A good choice for your first spell. It is harmless and you should be able to understand the art of casting better by exercising with this spell. It's just a 1st tier spell, but you learned it in one month. Well done young caster."

Congratulated Satoru. 'So, it is for this? I heard that learning magic could take years when speaking of advanced magic, but this boy managed to learn a spell, even if it is a minor one, in only one month. You truly have a good eye for people my Satoru.' She said in her mind.

"That is indeed impressive."

She congratulated as well. The boy blushed.

"Even my mother was happy, now she doesn't have to buy candles anymore."

{Few hours later}

{Satoru's P.O.V.}

Renner, Gazef and Rayne just left and he was now returning to his usual routine. In other words, spending the night enchanting items and weapons and studying the language of this world.

'I hope Renner and Rayne becomes good friends; she needs a friend her age after all' As he thought that, he was midway through the stairs when he heard the sound of his shop's door opening. He was sure he closed it. He came back down only to see a bald thin man standing in the middle of his shop.

"I'm sorry, sir, but the shop is closed. If you need anything, please come back tomorrow."

The man didn't seem to listen to him and simply began to walk towards him. Satoru prepared himself to cast a spell if necessary.

"Don't be so tense magic caster. I'm not here to attack you."

Said the man in a raspy voice. Satoru didn't relax. The man smirked.

"I like your attitude. You are not one of those fat shits that piss themselves as soon as they see me. Tell me, do you wanna have a bad time?"

"I try to stay out of trouble as much as possible, sir."

Satoru calmly replied.

"You try eh? Well, we can assure you that you will stay out of any trouble as long as you keep giving us a certain amount of money every month. Just leave the bag where we tell you."

He said. Satoru tensed even more at the sly tone he used.

"Is this extortion?"

He asked. The man chuckled.

“Let’s call it a welcoming fee into the town. I like you, so I will make you a discount, instead of 20% of your gains you will pay us only 15%, but you may have to hold some items for us here once in a while.”

The man explained.

“I don’t think I’m interested, sir.”

Satoru interrupted him. The man’s slight smirk disappeared.

“I thought you were a smart one. Next time we come here you will not like it. Listen up, just do it and there will be no problems. I’m a nice guy so I will lower it to 12% each month.”

The bald man said.

“Please get out of my shop or I will call the guards.”

Said Satoru, dead serious. The man scowled.

“So much for being generous. When you die, blame yourself for your own stupidity.”

Said the man while extracting a sheet and slamming it in Satoru’s gloved hand before quickly leaving the shop; Satoru looked at the folded sheet and unfolded it. On it was printed a strange-shaped hand with eight fingers.

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It was deep in the night when their messenger returned. All the members of the executive council were present since they just had a meeting about the upcoming operations in the Kingdom. They quickly listened to the report of the messenger.

“It seems like we will have to do it the hard way.”

Said one of the members.

“Don’t be too fast in acting. We are dealing with a caster of the fifth tier here, not a stupid, fat noble or merchant.”

Said another.

“Let me deal with him. A magic caster cannot match me once I manage to get close to him.”

Said Zero the leader of Six Arms. He was a muscular man with tanned skin and various tattoos over his body.

“Peace Zero. It would be better to capture him and force him to cooperate.”

Said another of the members.

“In that case, I may have the solution. Just use one of my most powerful paralyzing venoms.”

Said the member who leads the drug dealing division.

“Will it work even against defensive magic?”

Asked another.

“Don’t worry. That stuff could put an ogre to sleep.”

Said the drug dealer leader with confidence.

“But how will we manage to get near him?”

Asked the first member who spoke.

“For that we can use one of my girls.”

Said the brothel division leader.

“I have just the right person for the job. She is skilled and ambitious. Now with this job, we will see if she is worthy of a promotion.”

Continued the brothel leader. Everyone nodded in agreement to his idea and the meeting continued as usual.

A.N.

Longest chapter of the story. I hope you enjoyed. As I said before, this is a “reward” for all the reviews I received. Unfortunately, in a few days, I will start my next year at university and my schedule will be full. So, do not expect more than a chapter per month. That said, please continue to review!