

“Normal speech”

‘Thought’

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

A little clarification on Renner. While she is indeed young and malleable (yes, she will end up being different from her canon self by the time she is 16), she is no innocent child and already understands certain aspects of society no child should try to even approach. You don't get to be able to assassinate someone at 16 without it being traced back to you without understanding the concepts of death and backstabbing at the age of 7. For these two contrasting aspects of her character (the mind of a child and the awareness of what the world is truly like), she is a difficult, but very interesting character to write.

Beta reader: Don Orbit (go check out his amazing works!); SirWertsalot (Follow and Review if you haven't yet. You know you want to.)

Chapter 3: The Sorcerer's Shop

It's been two days, 48 hours, 1440 minutes, 86400 fucking seconds! Satoru was truly in a bad mood right now. Not uncontrolled enough for his Emotional Suppression to kick in, but almost enough for his Despair Aura to activate.

The reason for his mood were his customers or, to be more precise, the lack of such customers. He opened to the public 2 days ago. He knew the importance of appearances and so he tried his best to make his shop have the best external and

internal appearances he could come up with. He added many accessories and decorations. He even asked Randel to write on a blackboard some names of enchantments he offered. He used his background as a traveller coming from a faraway land to justify his lack of knowledge of the common written language, but he was painfully aware of the fact that he will have to learn how to read and write if he wanted to survive in this world.

Right now, he was about to open his shop. It was the third day and he decided that if no one wanted to come inside, he would be the one to drag them in. As he thought those words, he saw a lone figure walking through the great square. He was a tall, corpulent man with long dark blond hair, narrow eyes, and a wide nose. He was wearing steel armor, probably an adventurer. He had seen some of them in the previous days. Some even looked with curiosity at his shop.

Satoru silently approached the adventurer from behind.

“Good morning good sir.”

He greeted the adventurer turned toward him. He was a man in his middle twenties.

“Ah, uhm good morning.”

He seemed a little bit intimidated by Satoru’s appearance. Or was it his size? Maybe both? Casting these thoughts aside, Satoru continued with his plan.

“Are you an adventurer?”

The man replied while nodding.

“Yes, I’m Mognach, a gold ranked adventurer from the gold ranked group Rainbow.”

Satoru patted the man's shoulder in a friendly manner.

"I see. I see. A gold ranked adventurer you say? But you don't have even a single piece of enchanted gear with you. This will not do, come this way. Let's see if something catches your eyes."

The magic caster said while escorting the adventurer toward his shop.

"Ah, uhm, sir. I should really--"

The adventurer tried to protest.

"Come on, come on. It will just take a few minutes."

As he said that, he reached the door of his shop.

"Ah truly, it's not a matter of time: It's just... would it really be fine for me to enter such an expensive looking place? Isn't this one of the shops only the nobility should be allowed in? I'm no artist, but even I can see that the signboard alone is a masterpiece. Is it truly ok for me to come inside?"

The adventurer asked in a worried tone. In the meantime, in Satoru's mind, a storm of thoughts was happening. 'AH?! THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! IS THIS THE REASON NO ONE CAME INSIDE IN THE PAST TWO DAYS?! NO! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE FOR THAT REASON RIGHT?! BUT IT WOULD MAKE SENSE...' in that moment his Emotional Suppression kicked in and calmed him down.

"I didn't know my shop gave out such an impression, but to answer your question, no. This is no place thought out only for nobles. This shop was created to service adventurers or any other person who was in need of these services and goods; don't be shy, take a look."

With that said, Satoru finally managed to convince the adventurer to enter. The adventurer looked around in wonder and awe at his many items on the shelves.

“Ah, I bet that as a warrior you would be interested in weapons.”

Satoru said as he grabbed a sword from one of the higher shelves and gave it to the adventurer to examine. The adventurer looked at the beautiful white sword decorated with carvings on the blade.

“This is a silver sword with the power of fire infused in it. It is the bane of any vampire and is very effective against undead in general. Of course, the fire magic in it is effective on any enemy who doesn’t have a natural resistance to said element.”

As he explained, the adventurer’s eyes widened in shock and his hands began to handle the sword more gently as if he was touching a sacred treasure.

“I see, but surely this sword is immensely valuable, no?”

He asked. Of course, Satoru knew that this was the hardest thing to digest for any customer, the price.

“Oh well that is one of the most expensive weapons I have here. The price for that is 20 gold coins.”

As he said that the adventurer’s head snapped towards him, Satoru could swear he heard the sound of bones cracking.

“O-Only 20 gold c-coins? For such a magnificent weapon! I am no merchant but I would at least price it 50 coins! I wouldn’t be able to afford it right now but surely a platinum rank would easily amass the required sum!”

He said as he gave back the sword to Satoru. The magic caster nodded and put the sword where it previously was displayed, before grabbing another.

“Then, maybe this one? A steel sword infused with ice magic. Not really a great weapon against undead, but surely effective against the living.”

The adventurer grabbed the new sword and swung it around a bit to feel how balanced it was.

“This one is 5 gold coins.”

The adventurer was once again surprised by the price and seemed conflicted. The blond man looked at his bag.

“I was supposed to buy some potions for our group today...”

He muttered. Satoru’s enhanced hearing allowed him to hear his words.

“I see you are interested. Tell me, are you going on a quest today?”

He asked. The adventurer looked at him again before nodding.

“Well then, how about this? You will take the sword and try it out, when you return from your quest, you come back here and tell me if you want to buy it. How does that sound?”

Satoru asked. The adventurer looked at him with his mouth agape, but then a look of what seemed to be suspicion appeared on his face.

“Why, if I may ask, are you doing all of this? The incredibly low prices? The testing periods?”

Satoru raised his right hand and patted the adventurer on his shoulder once more.

“You see, Sir Moknach, I would tell you that I want to expand my business, or that my intention is noble, and I simply wanted to better equip the adventurers, the first line of defence against monsters. All of those would be lies. You see, if there is something I really despise in this world, it is the waste of talent. You surely heard the belief that only one in every 100 adventurers can reach above the gold rank. I believe that to be one of the most foolish statements in the world. I think that many are born with the talent to reach greatness, but they lack the means to do so. Why should someone’s talent be wasted because he doesn’t have enough money for the items he needs to reach greatness?”

As Satoru spoke, the eyes of the adventurer went wide. Satoru noticed it and continued.

“I want to see the adventurers reach their peak. I want them to be as strong as they can and to see if humanity can once more breach into the level of legends. I want to see if my way can inspire other fields like education. Think about how many talented people we are wasting because the kingdom doesn’t give them the possibility to study and improve and instead waste their talent into the fields. I want to set the future of humanity upon the path to greatness!”

Silence descended as he finished speaking ‘Ah, didn’t it work?’ As Satoru began to wonder if he went too far with his speech, he saw a new light shining within the adventurer’s eyes.

“To think you had such a goal and I merely thought that you were trying to trick me. I must apologize from the bottom of my heart. May I know your name, sir?”

The adventurer asked bowing his head.

“Ah, I’m Satoru a magic caster from a land far away to the east.”

The new merchant said.

“Then, Sir Satoru, allow me to accept your offer. I will put this sword to a good use today and return it tomorrow.”

He said as he placed the sword on his belt, next to the one he already possessed.

“Then I wish you good luck on your quest.”

“Thank you, I wish you the same with your business, let’s meet again tomorrow.”

As Mognach said those words, he left the shop.

Satoru stood still for few seconds before bringing a hand to his face ‘The hell was that? Did he really get all excited by that speech? C’mon, I just wanted to sell you some stuff! Well, it’s not exactly false that I want to see how far a human of this world can go, but surely it isn’t my primary reason and surely, I don’t want to change humanity. The most important thing now is money. If I want to be able to do whatever I want in the future, I will need money!’ Well, the good thing was that he got so inspired, he will probably spread the word about his shop.

‘Let’s see how it goes in the next days.’

{Time skip: next day}

As he expected, no one entered in his shop after the adventurer exited the previous day. Still, he was confident he would sell his first item today, so he was in a pretty good mood when he opened his shop.

He had to wait two hours before he finally saw the adventurer from the day before. What surprised him was the fact that four other people were following him and behind his group, there was another 4-person group. All of them entered his shop. The shop wasn't really that full, but Satoru felt like it was since he never saw so many people in it.

“Ah, good morning... Sir Moknach and... dear customers.”

The blond adventurer grinned at him.

“Good morning, Sir Satoru. I apologize for my lateness, but after showing the item you gave me to my group, they insisted to come, and even the group we were working with wanted to come.”

Moknach explained as he drew the enchanted sword.

“So, I imagine you want to buy it.”

Said Satoru.

“Of course.”

Confirmed the adventurer as he put on the counter five golden coins. Satoru grabbed the coins and put them away before turning to the other adventurers.

They all introduced themselves, but Satoru only grasped some names. He made a mental note to remember the other group name, Iron Grip, another gold ranked group.

“Pleased to meet you all. Have a look around and ask me if you need anything.”

The adventurers began to look around. The first to ask for his help was the magic caster from Rainbow.

“Excuse me, are these magic scrolls? I recognize some of them, but not the others. I have no idea what kind of spells they contain.”

She was a young woman, maybe not even 20.

“Are you an arcane magic caster miss?”

Satoru asked. She nodded.

“Well, these here are all magic scrolls for arcane magic casters. They go from the first tier to the third, I have fireball, iceball, lightning and many others.”

As he explained the girl’s eyes went wide.

“T-T-Third tier spells in scrolls?!”

The shock on her face was pretty funny.

“H-How much?! How much for a t-third tier spell?”

She asked, her voice trembling.

“It is 50 silver for the first tier, 1 gold coin for the second tier and 2 gold coins for the third tier.”

He explained.

“I-Impossible! In the magician guild first tier scrolls cost around 1 gold coin! Considering the rarity of third tier casters, this scroll should be around 10 gold coins at least!”

Satoru was a bit tired of her attitude and decided to put an end to that farce.

“Are you going to buy some?”

She looked frenetically in her bag and in an instant launched herself against Moknach.

“MOKNACH! GIVE ME MONEY! THIS IS A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME OCCASION!”

Her teammate was trying to calm her down.

“Militia, I already spent more than yesterday’s pay for this sword. How do you expect me to lend you money?”

Even after Moknach’s protests, she still continued to insist until one of her companions gave her a purse. She ended up buying 3 third tier scrolls and 2 second tier scrolls.

“Excuse me, are all of these weapons enchanted?”

Asked one of the members of Iron Grip. To say they were enchanted was quite incorrect. After all, Satoru didn’t have the data crystals used in enchanting. What he did was just infuse some of his magic in the weapons and armors. As an arcane magic caster, he could infuse them with the element of fire, ice and lightning. With his undead status, he could add darkness and, considering his job classes, he could put in matter, space and time as well. Of course, such a cheap method didn’t allow for the creation of magical items as powerful as those in Yggdrasil, but he didn’t think there was someone who could do better than that in this world without data crystals.

“Yes, if you tell me what you are looking for, I will see if I can accommodate you.”

After he helped the adventurers with their gear, another one asked for his help.

“Excuse me, what is this?”

He asked as he pointed at the blackboard with the spells’ names on it. They were all buff spells.

“Ah, those are spells I can cast on you to give you certain buffs. Of course, the price changes for each spell and for how much time the spells last. There are only 12 hours or 24 hours spells for now, but I will maybe introduce 6 and 48 hours in the future.”

As he explained the concept, many seemed interested. It was surely an innovative concept.

“But there are so many spells. And to make them last 24 hours? Even 12 would be a great feat on its own!”

Said Militia, the magic caster. For Satoru, it wasn’t that much of a problem. He just needed to put more MP in his spells and since they were weak spells, the MP required was far less than those for higher tiers.

“Do not worry. I’m an arcane magic caster of the fifth tier. It is no problem for me.”

At that statement everyone’s eyes fell on him in amazement. Militia closed the distance between her and Satoru.

“Do you accept apprentices? Please, I will do anything!”

Satoru wasn’t used to having young women so near to him and his Emotional Suppression activated.

“Ah, I’m sorry. I don’t feel ready to have apprentices. I’m only 27 after all.”

As he said those words, Militia practically threw her voluptuous body against his, triggering his Emotional Suppression once more.

“Fifth tier and only 27! Then please marry me!”

Satoru was at a loss. He couldn't even speak anymore.

Fortunately, Moknach came to save him. He grabbed his companion from behind and pulled her away from Satoru.

“Oi! Stop it already! Do not disgrace our names in front of others! I humbly apologize for her behavior, Sir Satoru.”

He said as he bowed his head.

“It's fine.”

Satoru managed to say before trying to return to his previous decorum like nothing had happened.

He ended up selling some more items in the next hour. When everyone finally left, he went to count how much he got.

23 gold coins and 70 silver coins. A good amount. Surely more than what he initially thought.

He waited a few more hours but as he expected, no one came. Still, he was confident these quiet days wouldn't last for much longer. It was impossible to not notice the new gear of two groups. Surely more will hear about him and what he offered.

It was a couple hours past noon when the door of the shop opened once more.

“Good afternoon dear custo- Oh?!”

On the door frame there was a young boy with brown hair and green eyes. He had a smile on his face and a book in his arms.

“Rayne?” He asked.

The boy smiled even more and ran at him. Following him inside was Randel.

“Good afternoon Lord Satoru.” He said.

The magic caster felt awkward again at being addressed like that.

“Good afternoon, how are things going?”

“It’s great Lord Satoru. Did you know that in a few months, we will move away from our home and come to live here next to you!”

The boy said excitedly.

“Oh, I see. You must be quite excited.”

He said as he ruffled the boy’s hair with his large gloved hand.

“He insisted on coming with me today, but I have a lot of customers now. Could I ask you to look after him for a few minutes? If it is no bother for you of course.”

Randel asked.

“It’s okay.”

Satoru answered since he really had nothing better to do than wait. Randel left his shop to return to his customers and he and Rayne were left alone.

“Well, I saw that book when I came at your home. You seem to like it a lot, what is it about?”

Satoru asked before the silence became awkward. The boy smiled.

“It is the legend of the Thirteen Heroes from 200 years ago! I always wanted to be like the dark knight from that story!”

The boy said with shining eyes.

“Oh, I’m from far away so I never heard about that legend. Could you tell it to me?”

Satoru asked. The boy nodded and began to explain how the Evil Deities first appeared and how they brought grand disaster to the continent. How the Thirteen Heroes became a group and defeated the Evil Deities and restored peace leaving behind the legacy known as adventurers.

“I see. As a future knight you must be interested in swords. May I show you some?”

The caster asked. Rayne shook his head.

“No, I don’t want to be a knight anymore! I want to be a magic caster like you Lord Satoru!”

He said with passion in his childish tone.

“And why would you want to be a magic caster?”

He asked, curious.

“It’s because I want to be a hero. And a hero is supposed to save people before defeating the enemy! A magic caster can save people in more ways than a knight. You showed me this, Lord Satoru!”

He said as admiration shined in his eyes.

“I already asked father to buy me some magic books to begin studying. Will you take me as an apprentice if I can get better?”

He asked with hope ‘Why does everyone want to become my apprentice? Damn it!’ Satoru looked in the eyes of the child and didn’t want to crush his hopes.

“I will do so only once you show me how determined you truly are. Remember magic is an exact art. One error and it will be your downfall. But the risk rewards those who do a fine job. Begin from the basics and don’t rush it. Take all the time you need.”

The boy nodded as he seemed to memorize every word Satoru said. In that moment the door opened and Randel entered.

“Lord Satoru, thank you for taking care of Rayne. Come along Rayne, it’s time to go home.”

The boy pouted, but followed his father.

“Bye bye Lord Satoru.”

The boy said as he left the shop. Satoru raised a hand in response.

It would have made no more sense to wait for today, so he closed his shop early and began to replace the sold goods. He will soon need to find a way to get more materials. Normal parchment would only contain second tier spells. He would need monster’s skin for higher tiers. As for armors and weapons, he would have to find a blacksmith and try to arrange an agreement. He sighed. He had a lot of work to do.

The next day he came down from the second floor as he always did in the morning to open his shop, but what he found shocked him. Outside his window, he could see a crowd. So many people he couldn’t count them. They were amassed before his door and some were trying to surpass the ones before them.

Satoru’s mind was screaming in panic since he didn’t know how to handle so many people at once. Fortunately, his Emotional Suppression activated and allowed him to think with a cool head.

He went for the door and opened it, but before the crowd could charge inside, he spoke up.

“Dear customers, to give all of you a satisfying service, I would request that only two groups enter at a time.”

The adventurers seemed hesitant to oblige, but the majority quickly realized that he had a good point there.

Needless to say, Satoru spent the rest of the day servicing clients. The more time passed, the more arrived. He could feel his mind was getting exhausted from all of this. ‘I need to find an assistant and fast. This is not doable alone!’

Once the sun went down, he decided it was time to close the shop and asked the remaining people outside to come tomorrow. There were a few protests until he decided to take a list of their names to make sure they were the first to be serviced the next day.

Once he managed to close his shop, he went up to the second floor and collapsed on his desk. After a couple hours of mental recovery, he decided it was time to count the profit of that day.

186 gold coins and 40 silver coins. That was a lot. Even someone as new to the business as him could say that much. To tell the truth, he didn’t expect to have such success in so few days. It seemed people were really desperate to put their hands on some magic items. He also had to replace all the sold stuff. He had some spares in his inventory, but even with those, he couldn’t go on for long. He truly needed to find a source of materials. He will close the shop on the weekends and try to get materials in that time.

The next day, he began to work as soon as the sun was visible. It was around noon when he saw a group of guards approaching his shop, forcing the people waiting outside to leave. ‘WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING? THOSE ARE MY CUSTOMERS!’ Satoru was about to go outside and give the guards a piece of his mind

when the door opened and he froze. There at the entrance of his shop stood a short girl with an elegant light blue dress, golden hair and shining blue eyes. As soon as their eyes met, a diabolic smile appeared on the child's face, almost too unnatural for a human being.

“Hello Satoru...”

A.N.

Best girl Renner is here! Don't worry, a lot of the next chapter will be around her but I needed to have Satoru establish his business before anything.