

“Normal speech”

‘Thought’

(Silent magic)

[Normal magic]

{Change of location, time or POV}

**Thank you, a lot, for your support. I didn't expect it. To be honest, I never imagined something that went so out of line would be appreciated.**

**Well, I'm happy to know that a lot of people are as tired as me about these OC stories. Truly, imagination is dead.**

**Also, one last thing. For all of you who want the updates to be soon, I will repeat this just once more. This is a side project. I will write a chapter when I have free time and I'm not in the mood for my other story. That said, enjoy!**

**Beta reader: Don Orbit (go check out his amazing works!);  
SirWertsalot (if you didn't heed my previous warning, you have my sympathies)**

Chapter 2: The Sorcerer's first day

Satoru was following the Warrior Captain through the streets of the capital; it was really different from what he saw before he met Renner. There were no poor people on the border of the street and no shady figures walking in the alleys. This was probably one of the rich districts of the city where guards patrolled 24/7. To reinforce his

deduction, there was the quality of the buildings that weren't even comparable to what he saw before.

"I'm grateful for what you have done."

It was the Warrior Captain that broke the silence.

"If I knew that would happen, I would have teleported away after returning the princess to her guards."

Satoru answered with a sincere tone, which brought a little smile on the man's face.

"Not a man of politics, are you?"

He asked with sarcasm. Satoru chuckled before replying.

"Yes indeed."

They continued to walk in silence for a few more minutes before stopping in front of a building. It was of good quality. It was, in majority, composed of red bricks and had two floors. It was one of the many buildings on the side of a great square.

"Here we are sir. This is the high district of the city and the square you see is the Great Square of Rampossa I, the first king of the kingdom. This square is the major main market of the city."

The Warrior Captain explained. Satoru nodded as he noticed that many buildings around the square were shops of various luxurious goods.

“Thank you for your services, Captain.”

He said and bowed his head in respect. The man seemed taken aback by his gesture.

“To think there were humble magic casters... where have you been all this time, Sir? By the way, there is no need to thank me. And please, call me Gazef.”

The Warrior Captain said, prompting a nod from Satoru.

“Ah, then please call me Satoru, Sir Gazef. And remember if you are ever in need of any magic items or enchantments, please visit my shop.”

Satoru said. Gazef took a key from his pocket and passed it to Satoru.

“I will trouble you when the time comes. Take care, Sir Satoru.”

He said before walking away. Satoru turned toward the building and used the key to open the door and entered.

The inside of the building was pretty bland. It surely was large for a medieval building but nothing impressive. There were only a few shelves here and there. A lamp illuminated the 9 x 7 meter room. There were some stairs that brought one to the second floor.

He went upstairs and found out that the second floor was divided into several rooms. One was a bedroom with a window and a desk, another was a storeroom, another was

a small living room and the last one had a few cleaning tools in it.

He returned to the first floor and sighed. There was much to be done.

{Time skip 9 hours}

As the first lights illuminated the Great Square, the merchants opened their shops and the sellers arrived with their stalls. Everyone noticed the new shop. No one commented about it, but the eyes of the merchants were fixed on the decorated window that allowed them to look inside.

The building was ownerless until yesterday, so whoever bought it had done the job during the night. There was no signboard, so no one knew if the new shop was going to be a new competitor. The only visible thing were the shop counter and various shelves, almost all of them empty, with few objects exposed.

Unknown to them, the owner of the shop was watching them from the second floor.

‘Why the hell are they all watching my shop? Now even showing myself, while knowing that they all are looking, would feel embarrassing! Shit!’ As he thought that, Satoru was having an internal battle to force himself to go down and introduce himself. In the end, he decided it could wait for another day since it felt really awkward.

He spent the day analyzing his inventory and choosing the various items he could sell without screaming Yggdrasil to every possible player in this world. He also spent some time selecting a list of enchantments he was going to sell.

When he finished it, the sun had almost disappeared and the majority of the people had left. Finally, he felt like descending wasn't a problem anymore. He went out in the street and only a few curious people laid eyes on him. He simply ignored them and decided to explore the city a little more. He couldn't even walk for a few seconds, before he heard a shout come from behind him.

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T HAVE IT?”

He turned to see two men arguing next to his shop. One had brown hair and seemed to be in his mid-thirties. He was the one shouting at the other, who was a blond man with a bushy mustache.

“You are not the only one losing something here! Do you know how many gold coins I lost! The carriage was assaulted by fucking bandits! There is nothing left! If it was a group of goblins there could still be something, but they were fucking bandits!”

The blond man shouted back and stormed away. Satoru wasn't sure if ignoring the event would be the right choice. The brown-haired man's expression morphed from one of

rage to one of despair. Satoru sighed and moved toward the man. He would at least hear what the problem was.

“Excuse me, sir.”

He said to attract the attention of the man. Said man turned toward him and his expression morphed once more but this time, into one of fear.

“M-my apologize my lord! I didn’t mean to disturb you! Please don’t remove me from here! This is the only place I can sell my work!”

The man cried out. ‘Does he think I’m a noble? And do nobles have the power to do such a thing in the first place?’. Satoru wondered. Apparently, the man took his silence as a negation of his plea and lowered his head even more, probably in more despair.

“Ah, no. You misunderstood, sir. I’m not here to remove you. You see, I’m the new owner of this shop and from what I understood, the one next to mine belongs to you right?”

He tried to sound as casual as possible. The man’s head rose in surprise. Satoru noticed he had tears in his eyes. His expression seemed confused as he observed Satoru for some seconds before opening his mouth.

“I-I apologize sir... I made the wrong assumption and made a fool out of myself in front of a new merchant. And to answer your question, no. While I work in this structure, I

don't own it. I pay a monthly rent to be able to sell my products here.”

The man explained as his eyes wandered toward Satoru's new shop.

“I see... Oh, excuse my rudeness. My name is Satoru, a pleasure to meet you.”

Satoru extended his hand to greet the man properly. The man took his gloved hand before answering.

“You must come from a really far away land. I never heard that kind of name before. I'm Randel Bollen. I'm a wood carver. My works are usually appreciated by the nobility, a pleasure.”

He introduced himself with a small smile. He seemed to be proud of his job. Satoru nodded. It was indeed a good thing to be proud of one's job.

“If I may ask, what was your problem with that man?”

As he asked his question, Satoru noticed the small smile disappear from the man's face. He seemed to hesitate before speaking.

“You see, sir, my son is afflicted by a rare, but deadly illness. Every two months I have to buy a very expensive medicine only produced in the empire. This month the carriage that transported the medicine was attacked by bandits. The next carriage will arrive in a month's time, but

I don't know if my boy can survive a whole month without that medicine.”

The man explained his situation. Satoru wasn't particularly taken aback by the story. In his world, those kinds of stories were common. That didn't mean he didn't feel any pity for the man. 'Helping someone in need is always the right thing to do' Touch-san's words came back to his mind. Yes, he had decided.

“I'm a magic caster. If it can help, I could try to take a look at the boy and see if there is something that I can do.”

He said. The man shook his head.

“I appreciate the offer, sir. I don't know how these kinds of things work in your country, but here the temples fix the prices for the use of healing magic. They could heal my son, but the price they ask is too high and for the time it would take me to reach that sum my son would already be dead.”

The man explained. Satoru took in that new information and made a mental note to ask more about it later.

“Then it's a good thing I'm an arcane magic caster and not a divine one.”

He said. The man watched him confused.



“The only magic I will use will be to understand what illness your son has. The means to heal it would be totally different from healing magic.”

Satoru explained. The man didn't seem to be entirely convinced, but he didn't have much of a choice and refusing such a free offer would be rude.

“Ok. Please follow me then.”

Randel said as he walked down the street.

They walked for a long time, at least half an hour. They were currently passing through one of the poor districts.

“We are almost there.”

Randel said to reassure him. Satoru found himself perplexed.

“Excuse me for seeming rude, but I thought you earned quite a lot from your job. May I ask why you live in the poor district?”

He asked the brown-haired man, who lowered his head.

“Well you see, I would have liked to buy the structure where my shop is located and bring my family where there is more security, but the rent is 3 gold coins and does not include the second floor where the living quarters are. It's true that I could accumulate the sum to buy the whole thing and that was what I was planning to do, but then my son got that illness and I had to spend 7 gold coins every

two months for his medicine. what remains is just enough for food.”

Randel explained his situation. The silence reigned until they stopped in front of a wooden door. Randel knocked two times and they waited.

A few seconds later, a woman slowly opened the door. She was young, not even in her thirties yet. She had blond hair and green eyes.

“I’m home Marietta.”

Randel said with a smile. The woman looked from her husband to Satoru hesitantly.

“Ah, this man, Sir Satoru is a magic caster, who has offered to take a look at Rayne and see if there is something he can do.”

Randel explained. The woman nodded.

“Thank you, sir.”

She said in a small voice to Satoru. The magic caster nodded.

As they entered the house, Satoru noticed how small it was. There was barely enough space for a living room with a kitchen and two doors that probably led to two bedrooms. As Randel set down his stuff, he explained the situation to his wife, whose eyes were beginning to tear up.

“Please Sir Satoru, this way.”

Randel said leading him to one of the doors. The man opened the wooden door to reveal a small room with just enough space for a bed, a few shelves and a wardrobe. On the bed sat a boy with brown hair like his father and green eyes like his mother. The boy was reading a book when they entered his room.

“Welcome home dad.”

The boy said before putting down the book and turning toward them, noticing Satoru's presence for the first time. His eyes widened in wonder and a bit of fear at the sight of the giant man with a majestic robe.

“Rayne, this gentleman is Sir Satoru. He will take a look at you today.”

Randel explained to his son. Satoru slowly advanced toward the boy.

“So, you must be the boy your father speaks so much about. Your name is Rayne, right? How old are you, young man?”

Satoru started the conversation as calmly as possible. The boy nodded. Now that Satoru was closer, he could notice the unnatural pale skin and a bit of yellow in the boy's eyes.

“Yes sir! I'm 9 years old! Are you a magic caster?”

The boy asked enthusiastically. Satoru could say he picked up the boy's interest.

“Yes indeed, now I'm going to use magic to see what illness haunts your body. Please remain still.”

He said as he raised a hand above the boy's head and cast [Status Analysis]. The boy's eyes widened in wonder and delight as he saw the intricate magic circle in Satoru's hand. This was the first time Satoru saw a status of an inhabitant of the new world. He could see level and classes. His state was simply classified as 'illness'. In Yggdrasil there wasn't a status like that, but there were similar ones like poisoned. They were pretty easy to heal since they weren't a curse.

The magic circle disappeared and Satoru turned toward Randel.

“What are the symptoms?”

He asked. To his surprise the one to answer was the wife.

“He is weak and cannot walk around for long before passing out. He coughs a lot and when he's at his worst, he coughs up blood.”

Satoru was no doctor and didn't even know what kind of illness caused that. He only knew that if it was a status problem, he could have a solution. He hid his gloved hand inside his robes, before accessing his inventory and summoning an Extract of the White Root. It was a useless

item for him since he was immune to status changes and he didn't even remember where he picked it up.

'Maybe an event or a drop from one of the sporadic invaders?' He wondered. The bottle was exactly as he remembered. Similar in form to a healing potion, but with a white liquid inside instead of red.

"Here, drink this. It should help."

The magic caster offered the bottle to the boy.

"I don't want the medicine! Medicine tastes bad!"

The boy said trying to get away from the bottle.

"Rayne!"

His mother cried out and seemed to be ready to punish the boy for his rudeness.

"It's no problem, ma'am."

Said Satoru trying to calm down the woman.

"Rayne, do you know how hard your parents work to be able to buy you these medicines? Do you think it would be fine to waste all their hard work, because you don't want to take it?"

Satoru asked. The boy seemed to regret his actions and this time accepted the bottle and drank it all in one go. A white light washed over his body for a second before disappearing.

“How do you feel dear?”

The boy’s mother knelt next to her son. The boy blinked a few times before turning to his mother.

“I feel great! My headache is gone and I feel a lot stronger than ever before!”

The boy said as he jumped down from the bed and walked around his room to the astonishment of his family.

“Umu, it seems it worked.”

Muttered Satoru.

“Very well. If everything worked as it should have, your illness should be completely gone.”

The mother ran to the son and hugged him as she began to cry in happiness. Satoru couldn’t feel anything from the scene before him, but he was satisfied that his experiment was a success. When he heard a sob from behind him, Satoru turned to see Randel with tears running down his face. As soon as the man noticed Satoru’s gaze, he bowed deeply.

“Sir... no Lord Satoru. May this day be blessed for I have met a true noble of soul. I will forever be in your debt. Please, ask anything and it shall be done!”

Said the man. Satoru was stunned. ‘Wait... what the fuck is this? I just wanted to test out if Yggdrasil items worked on

people from this world!’ Fortunately, his emotional suppression kicked in, blocking his rising panic.

“Ah... Uhm... Well I was thinking about commissioning something from you. You see, my new shop is in need of a signboard. I don’t know if that is within your abilities.”

Satoru said hesitantly. The man raised his head.

“Yes, of course! What would you like to be written on it?”

Randel asked. Satoru thought about it for a moment.

Obviously, there was no way he was going to call it Nazarick Shop or anything related to Yggdrasil. It would be like screaming that a player was there.

“The Sorcerer’s Shop: Magic Items and Enchantments.”

He finally decided the most medieval name he could come up with.

“Of course, Lord Satoru! It shall be done!”

The man said with passion in his tone.

“Ah... thank you. Also, there is no need to call me lord. Satoru will be enough.”

Satoru said as he felt embarrassed from the title.

“How could I? That is the only way I could address someone as kind as you!”

Satoru mentally sighed as he decided it wasn’t worth arguing any longer.

“Just one more thing. It would be troublesome if people begin to come asking for me to heal them, as you explained to me when we were coming here. Could you please not speak about any of this to anyone?”

He asked. Hopefully they would realize it wouldn't be safe even for them to spread such information.

“Yes of course.”

Said Randel bowing once more.

“Umu, have a good evening.”

{The following day}

It was around noon when he finally finished placing all his magic items in the shop. During the whole morning he received glances from curious people outside, but he tried to ignore them.

He ordered his goods in different shelves, divided by type of item and power. He should really begin to learn the language. It would be really tedious to have to explain every item to all potential customers.

Earlier this morning, he went out to ask about the exchange rate of this world and he discovered that it was really weird. 13 copper equals 1 silver, 100 silver equals 1 gold, 10 gold equals 1 platinum. What the hell was with that exchange rate? Why 13?



As he was still thinking about that, he heard someone knocking at his door. He went to open it only to find a tired but smiling Randel.

“It’s done, Lord Satoru.”

Satoru wondered for a moment what he was talking about before noticing the big cart behind him.

“Y-you work fast.”

Satoru said calmly, but inside he was a mess. ‘What the hell?! I thought it would take at least 3 or 4 days! I thought I had time to sell some stuff! Now how am I gonna pay for it? Shit!’ As Satoru was analyzing his situation, Randel spoke once more.

“I worked on it all night. It was the least I could do.”

The man said. Satoru looked at the wooden signboard inside the cart and even if he couldn’t read the written language, he could understand it was an elegant writing style.

“Ah... a truly magnificent job Sir Randel. How much will it be for your service?”

He asked, but the man simply smiled.

“Nothing, Lord Satoru. You gifted me with something I almost forgot, hope. The hope of a better life and to finally bring my family away from that place. This can’t even compare with what you gave me.”

“Are you sure?”

Satoru asked, uncertain about the new development of the situation.

“Absolutely! Now you must excuse me, but I’m going to go home and recover the night I lost and maybe spend tomorrow with Rayne.”

Satoru nodded, not really listening to him, but using his magic to levitate the signboard from the cart to place it above his shop. Once it was done, they exchanged farewells and Randel left.

Satoru was left alone there, wondering if everything was finally ready. With a last look to his shop, he decided it was time to finally open it to the public.

{Renner’s room}

{Renner’s P.O.V.}

Renner always thought of her father as a decent person. While she hated the rest of her family who despised her back, she never hated her father. To a certain extent, she could understand him. He was busy and preferred to spend his free time doing something he liked instead of trying to bond with his children.

Renner could not forgive him for ignoring her, but she was unwilling to hate him. Or at least, that was the case until a day ago when, to punish her for wandering around without

her guards, he had forbidden her from going outside the castle for a week.

That would be no issue normally, but now that she has tasted the forbidden fruit that was that warmth in her chest, she couldn't stand to be unable to feel it anymore.

It was like tasting something sweet after eating food that tasted like sand all your life. You would not miss something you never experienced, but once you did, the desire for more would bury itself deep inside you.

It has been two days since she last felt that warmth. The lack of it was having strange effects on her. She felt void and cold. Everyday without it felt like a year. Desire turned into sadness and sadness into anger.

She never felt so angry for being denied something before. Her blood boiled in her veins. Her little fists tightened as the same happened to her jaw. She was brought back to reality by the voice of one of her handmaidens.

“Is everything okay princess?”

One of them asked, Renner realized her fake smile was no longer on her face and forced it back on, but before she could answer, another one did it for her.

“Of course not, Mary. The princess was attacked by a filthy commoner and saved by another one. I heard that that filth even dared to turn down the king when he offered him a reward. Also, rumors say he wears expensive clothes

like nobles! Ah, like such scum could compare to us! Even worse, he is a magic caster. Magic casters are so weak that we don't use them even as foot soldiers! Truly a pathetic existence! Ahahahahahah..."

The other noble ladies serving as her handmaidens laughed as well. Renner's smile threatened to fall once more as her fists tightened so hard it hurt and her right eye began to twitch. 'Always smile! Always smile! As Satoru said,' she repeated in her mind. She took a deep breath.

"That will be all for today, thank you. You are dismissed."

She managed to say in a civil tone. The handmaidens proceeded to leave the room. Renner rose from her seat and locked the door before advancing toward her mirror and opening a drawer under it. She grabbed a pair of scissors her servant used to cut her hair.

The princess reached her bed and grabbed one of the pillows on it and began to stab it furiously 'HOW DARE SHE?! THAT LITTLE WHORE! THAT BITCH! LIKE I DON'T KNOW WHO SHE REALLY IS! THE DAUGHTER OF A NOBLE WHO IS TRYING TO INFILTRATE THE ROYAL FACTION! I CAN'T KILL HER! NO, I CAN'T! BUT I WILL MAKE HER LIFE MISERABLE! I WILL DESTROY HER FAMILY! I WILL FORCE HER AND HER MOTHER TO SELL THEIR BODIES IN THE LOWEST ALLEY OF THE LOWEST DISTRICT! THEY WILL SUFFER UNTIL THEY CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE AND KILL

THEMSELVES! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE!' She screamed in her head and continued to stab the pillow.

When she was finally done, she looked at the destroyed pillow before throwing it in the fireplace and watching it burn.

After that, she turned toward her mirror and noticed that her smile never went away. 'Good, now...' She reached under her bed and extracted the dress she wore two days ago, she jumped into the bed and, once under the covers, she began to sniff the cloth like a dog 'Satoru smells so good...'

**A.N.**

**Well, well, well. Here ends chapter 2. What will happen next? Who knows? Spoiler alert: Me! Review!**