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Chapter 109: Misled by an NPC

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There were very few people who were suited to being Mages in this world, but that didn't mean there weren't any.

In a city with a population of a million people, there had to be at least a hundred or so children with magic talent.

Whether or not they were willing to learn wasn't the point. The main factor was whether they *could* learn.

The poor children that wanted to learn to read, and commoners that wanted to learn magic?

Even if you scraped together enough tuition, no one would be willing to teach you.

Writing was in the hands of nobles, whereas magic was even more mysterious. They wouldn't even be able to find the right connections to learn it.

But now Roland said he was willing to teach two commoner kids to become magic apprentices. It was no wonder that Gru would be so emotional.

Looking at Gru's excited expression, Roland nodded and said in a soft but certain voice, "I honor my word."

Gru straightened up, a feverish excitement in his hazel eyes. "Rest assured, Sir, that we Gray Sang Gang will do everything to find the information."

Roland nodded. "Don't go overboard."

Gru nodded repeatedly. "I understand, I understand."

Roland looked at Gru, who was acting a little meek and subservient and sighed inwardly.

In actuality, when Gru had just arrived, although he appeared to be humble, Roland could see that it was more of an act.

Gru simply feared his strength and status, but inside, he still had a bit of pride.

But now, this bit of pride was gone, leaving only genuine ingratiation and flattery.

Roland had actually seen such a look before. When he was an elementary school student, the whole country was generally not well-off. There was a classmate whose family was very poor, and they couldn't even pay for books and uniforms for compulsory education.

Roland had seen this classmate's father pleading in the teacher's office for more time to pay for the school uniforms and textbooks.

At that time, the father maintained a smile, so humble that his face was buried in the dirt.

Gru's smile now was the same smile that he had seen as a child.

After a short silence, Roland got up and said, "I'll be waiting for your good news at the Magic Tower."

As Roland spoke, he began to walk out, and Gru rushed forward to open the door for Roland, bending down to see him off like a servant.

Roland frowned and said nothing more.

He had little understanding of this kind of mentality. For the growth and future of their offspring, it didn't matter how lowly one was and how much hardship one endured.

Roland left the Gray Sand tavern, and it was not until he had gone a ways away that Gru straightened his slightly bent waist.

Meanwhile, the voices in the tavern gradually recovered.

Gru took a deep breath and ran to the top of the tavern, to a door.

Behind the door, there was a middle-aged man with a face that had endured hardships. His skin was reddish-black from long exposure to the sun.

The man was counting silver and copper coins, looking quite happy.

Gru flung open the door and rushed in.

Startled, the man turned and took a dagger out of his sleeve, but he was relieved to see that it was Gru.

Gru was so excited that his speech became somewhat incoherent. "Boss, the Golden Son Roland said that if we help him do something, he'll give us one to two quotas for magic apprentices. Let our children have a go!"

The middle-aged man was surprised for a moment, then he shook his head and said, "Gru, you sure you're not dreaming? The great mages couldn't possibly give us commoners an apprentice quota—they even look down on nobles a little."

"Boss, I'm really not lying, trust me." Gru rushed up to the middle-aged man, grabbed his shoulders, and shook frantically. "This is our best chance. You have to believe me. Mage Roland personally made the promise."

Looking at Gru's red eyes and twisted expression, the middle-aged man gradually began to wonder. "Really?"

"I wouldn't joke about such an important matter, Boss."

The middle-aged man closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and an ecstatic look showed on his face. However, he still wasn't as emotional as Gru: his speech only became slightly rushed. "What are his terms?"

"Help him acquire information."

Instead of returning to the Magic Tower, Roland went to the castle.

Although Roland didn't come in a carriage, his magic robes were the best proof of identity. The soldiers guarding the castle didn't dare to be negligent. After inquiring as to why he came, they immediately ran into the castle to report.

It was not long before John, sleepy-faced, came out to meet him.

"A rare visitor, indeed." John looked somewhat surprised. "I thought it was Aldo, but I didn't expect it to be Mr. Roland."

"I took the liberty of visiting you to ask a few questions."

John shifted his body and pointed at his castle. "Come in and have a chat. At least let me entertain the distinguished guest."

Roland shook his head. "No, it's a very simple matter. I'll be gone once I ask the questions."

"You're not giving me any respect." John scratched his head. "A noble comes to my door, yet he won't come into my house. The other nobles will laugh at me if they hear. Well, do as you please. You Golden Sons are all strange in character, and I dare not provoke you."

John's words were merely superficial, and if John truly didn't dare provoke them, he wouldn't have deliberately sought to turn Bard against him.

Roland took out the little wooden plate again and asked, "You nobles are very good at heraldry. Help me to see which family's coat of arms is this."

John took it, looked over it for a moment, and said, frowning, "It is not a real family's coat of arms!"

"What?" Roland was somewhat surprised.

"It's more like an imitation of a family's coat of arms," John said. "Every noble family's coat of arms has a strict meaning and production process. This thing is just a piece of craft made as practice."

Roland took a deep breath and said, "I see. Thank you."

With that said, Roland turned and left.

Roland's face was somewhat sullen as he walked down the street. He found that he had indeed been misled.

Perhaps John did have a problem with the Golden Sons, but it was unlikely that he was the murderer.

This had suddenly occurred to him when he had heard from Gru earlier that the coat of arms did not belong to Delpon.

And now John's words further confirmed his thoughts.

He was deliberately led to doubt John.

There was indeed an unspoken rule of "taking blame" amongst the nobles, but if John was putting the blame onto someone else, as the son of the mayor, the future mayor of Delpon, the status of the fall guy was certainly not too

lowâ€™it definitely wouldnâ€™t have been a quasi-noble merchant family like Edwardâ€™s.

It could be said that Big Edward was not even qualified to take the blame for him.

There was also this wooden sign, most likely left behind by Big Edward. As a merchant family, they wanted to become a real noble family, so it was quite normal to make a preliminary version of the coat of arms in advance.

And Johnâ€™s connection to the girlsâ€™ disappearance, like this coat of arms, looked genuine, but in reality, it wasnâ€™t.

John held enmity toward Roland and other Golden Sons, but he wasnâ€™t necessarily related to the disappearance of the girls.

There could be other reasons.

If it was really John, his fall guy would have been a true son of the nobility, not the son of a merchant.

Then suddenly he remembered the frantic look, the sad, angry, and desperate look with which Big Edward had seized the girl and looked at him.

Roland suddenly felt somewhat cold.

No wonder he had felt that something was wrong lately.

*Oh **it, I was almost crushed intellectually by an NPC.*

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