

My Infinite Mana System

Chapter 8: The Market

The next morning, I found myself standing at the entrance of the hunters market.

It was a sprawling, chaotic maze of stalls, shops, and kiosks, each one brimming with weapons, armor, potions, and other gear tailored for hunters.

The air buzzed with energy, a mix of excited chatter, the clang of metal against metal, and the occasional roar of a live demonstration.

A faint smell of oil and leather lingered in the air.

I stepped inside, feeling a mixture of anticipation and apprehension.

I didn't have any gear which is laughable.

If I wanted to survive tomorrow's raid, I needed something better.

"First time here?"

A vendor near the entrance called out to me.

He was an older man with a wiry frame and sharp eyes.

His stall was packed with swords, axes, and a few ornate staves.

"Yeah," I admitted, stepping closer.

He chuckled.

"You've got that fresh-out-of-orientation look. What are you after? Swords? Daggers? Maybe a good staff if you're the mage type?"

"Daggers," I said. "Something light and fast."

He nodded and rummaged through a pile of weapons, pulling out a sleek, silver dagger.

The blade glinted in the sunlight, and faint runes etched along its surface gave it an otherworldly look.

“Good choice for a beginner,” he said, handing it to me. “Lightweight, enchanted for durability, and the runes help with elemental channeling.”

I held the dagger, testing its weight.

It felt balanced, almost natural in my hand.

But when I looked at the price tag, my stomach dropped.

“Five hundred credits?” I asked, trying to keep my voice steady.

The vendor shrugged.

“Quality costs, kid.”

I put the dagger down, my heart sinking.

My budget was tight, barely enough for basic supplies.

I wandered deeper into the market, scanning the stalls for something affordable.

Eventually, I came across a smaller, less flashy kiosk tucked away in a corner.

The vendor was an elderly woman, her face lined with age but her eyes sharp and calculating.

“Looking for something specific?” she asked, her voice surprisingly strong.

“Daggers,” I said, keeping it simple.

She reached under the counter and pulled out a blade.

It was nothing special, no runes, no shine.

The metal was dark and slightly worn, but the edge was razor-sharp.

“This one’s solid,” she said. “Sturdy, reliable, and won’t break the bank. Two hundred credits.”

I picked it up, testing the weight.

It was heavier than the enchanted dagger but felt durable, like it had seen its share of battles and survived.

“I’ll take it,” I said, handing over the credits.

The woman nodded, wrapping the dagger in a simple cloth before handing it back to me.

As I continued through the market, I picked up a few other essentials, a healing potion, a pouch of rations, and a small utility kit with basic tools.

Each purchase chipped away at my budget, but I couldn’t afford to skimp on preparation.

By the time I left the market, my pack was heavier, and my wallet was lighter.

But I felt a little more confident about tomorrow’s raid.

As I walked home, the weight of the dagger at my side was a comforting reminder of what lay ahead.

The raid would be dangerous, no doubt about it.

But I wasn’t the same person I had been just a few days ago.

For the first time in a long time, I felt ready.