Wanderer 57

Chapter 57: Nesha

A ray of sunlight pierced through the blockade, causing her eyelid to twitch. Evidently, even the extra layer of clothes she had clumsily draped over the curtain wasn't perfect. But alas, she couldn't be asked to adjust it. The girl ignored the disturbance, shifting on her pillow. A couple seconds later, she was asleep again.

It was noon the next time she woke up. The intensity of her headache clued her in. Nesha was a bit of an expert in that department. Her body refused to remain asleep any longer, regardless of how hard she pushed. She'd already rested way longer than necessary, but it wasn't like there was a point to getting up. With a shrug, she remained there, staring at the ceiling for another hour.

Only when her stomach grumbled did she begrudgingly reach for the glasses on the nightstand. Practically dragging her feet along the stone floor, Nesha made her way to the preservation box. She grabbed a couple oranges – the first things she saw – before peeling them with her mana. Tossing a segment into her mouth, she bit down a little too hard, accidentally sending some juice down her chin. It was a bit too sour for her taste, causing her brow to pucker up. She was also getting sick of eating the same five things over and over.

Technically, Nesha knew how to cook. Her father – the patriarch of the Veritas House – had made sure her maids taught her.

'A lot of good it did me.' she chuckled. 'Or him.'

Born with an Orange core, she'd never been destined to succeed Janos as the new leader, nor to become a powerful mage. That said, she did have two gifts that were of value to her family. The first was the bloodline. It didn't matter how high her grade was, or what affinity she had, the Truthseeker ability worked the same way regardless. That's why she had been brought up learning about trade and psychology. The second was that she was a woman, and she could have made for a useful chip to be given away in a political marriage.

Sadly for Janos, things hadn't gone according to plan. Backstabbed by his allies, the man had seen his House crumble before his very eyes. His last – and one of the few – acts of love towards his daughter had been to send her to the Guild to seek asylum.

It took Nesha another half an hour to dress up and reach the door.

‘Why do I even bother?’ she wondered as she headed toward her stand.

Nesha didn’t really care about the contribution points. Her core’s advancement wasn’t a priority for her, nor had she any interest in alchemy. Supposedly, her space affinity could have made her good at hunting, but there was no way she’d ever be powerful enough to hurt her enemies – the ones who ruined her life – by herself.

Perhaps, she harboured hope of finding a different way to enact her revenge. Maybe, deep down, she believed she could hire assassins or something if she amassed enough wealth.

Either way, it was a pipe dream, but she could work on it in her own way. She wasn’t going to waste her time killing the wasps one at a time to collect nectar like a brute. Nor was she going to get her hands dirty brewing elixirs. If there was one thing she was confident about, it was her ability to get rich in a more sophisticated manner.

‘Slow and steady…’

And yeah, she wasn’t exactly in a rush either.

Reaching her stand, she took out five jars filled with orange and yellow coins, placing them next to her. Nesha could have emptied them at home of course, but she’d brought the money here intentionally. She understood giving the appearance of a successful business was the key to attracting even more customers. It was why it had taken her longer than she’d liked at the beginning. Then, she rested her face on the counter, forcing herself to take another nap.

This story is posted elsewhere by the author. Help them out by reading the authentic version.

A few minutes later, a young man in yellow approached. Nesha caught him eyeing the jars, but she wasn’t worried. Nobody was stupid enough to steal in the Guild in broad daylight.

“Selling or buying?” she asked.

The man smirked at her.

“Selling. I found a place with dozens of Starry Soldiers clustered together somewhere on the third level. I can tell you the exact location for 50 points.”

Nesha didn’t even spare him a glance.

“Not interested.”

She resumed her nap.

The guy slammed his fist next to her.

“What bullshit business are you running, you slut?! Are you buying information, or not?!?!”

Nesha didn’t bother with him. Neither did any of the passerbys. Everyone was familiar with his type. After not getting a reaction for several seconds, the asshole clicked his tongue before walking away.

More people approached her in irregular intervals. Many tried to sell – but very few of them were honest. Some were willing to spend a few coins on information. Almost everyone was interested in the third level. It wasn’t like there weren’t Green cores in the Guild, but most of them were veterans who knew the ropes well. Nesha hadn’t made much money from them since she expanded her business to the fourth level.

‘Maybe it’s time to switch things up.’

She’d known from the beginning brokering information on the Spire wouldn’t be very profitable. That said, it had been less of a hassle to start with. At least, it didn’t require an initial capital nor too much effort. Still, Nesha had amassed more than enough money for her next step. At this point, she was just procrastinating.

‘Fine, I’ll do it…’

Another guy approached, drawing her attention. She recognized him. Although she hadn’t socialized much in the Guild, the boy had made a slight impression as the only Red-born in her orientation. Since then, she often watched him walk by. He almost never missed a day from hunting. Nesha couldn’t recall seeing him leave – he probably tended to head out early – but she did spot him on the way back nearly every night.

‘What does he want though? Is he going to offer me information on the second level? Who would even buy that?’

The young man stopped before her. He was holding something under his arm – a wide plank of wood.

“Hello there. I’m Percy. You might not remember me, but we joined on the same day.”

Nesha nodded, still waiting to see what he wanted.

“In any case, I’ve noticed you’ve been using this shoddy sign for a while. I had some free time today, so I figured I could help a peer out.”

He then shifted the plank, showing her its contents. It basically read the same as her current one, but the words had been carved with more care, and it did away with the patchwork.

She raised an eyebrow. In her experience, there were only two reasons he’d do this. Either he saw her business growing and wanted to ingratiate himself with her… Or, like a typical guy, he wanted to get in her pants. And frankly, Nesha wasn’t interested in either.

“Why?” she asked, barely masking her irritation.

The boy – Percy – exhaled before speaking.

“Ok, I know it will sound weird, but I have something to confess.”

Nesha smirked.

‘And there it is. Just spill it out so I can tell you to fuck off.’

“So uhm… I keep seeing your sign every time I return from the Spire and… It kinda irks me.” he smiled wryly. “I mean no offense or anything, but I’d rather look at this one.”

Her jaw slackened at the revelation. She was about to call him out on his bullshit excuse, but her bloodline corroborated his words. The madman was telling the truth!

“Hello? I hope I haven’t overstepped or anything. You don’t have to use it if you don’t want.” he said after a while.

“Ah, no! Leave it. Ehh… Thanks I guess.”

“No worries!”

The young man waved at her, already walking to the plump guy’s stand.

‘What a strange boy…’

Shrugging, she picked up the new sign. It really did look better than the other one. Also, there was more space at the bottom. Pulling the nails from the stand, she removed the previous sign, replacing it with the one Percy had given her. Then, she flipped the old one around, as she carved some new words on it with her mana, before clumsily patching it under the new sign.

Giving it one last look, she nodded in satisfaction.

It read:

‘BUYING AND SELLING INFORMATION ON THE THIRD AND FOURTH LEVELS

[ALSO GAMBLING]’