

BIOLOGICAL 90

Chapter 90: Thiefs, friends, and mysteries (3)

Erik, Amber, Gwen, and Floyd found themselves seated in Amber's car, which was a different one from the usual vehicles she got picked up from school usually. Not only did its model stand out, but its vibrant fire-red color also demanded attention.

Luxury was clear in every aspect of the car. The seats were plush and inviting, the carpeting underfoot was of the finest quality, and the interior was comfortably air-conditioned.

The dashboards gleamed, leading to a radio that was always tuned to a jazz channel, filling the space with soothing melodies.

Inside, a mini fridge was stocked with an array of high-end beverages, from champagne and beers to the finest wines available.

The car's opulence was further enhanced by gold-plating on various parts, including all door handles, the steering wheel spoke, and even the hubcaps.

Surrounded by such extravagance, Erik couldn't help but feel a sense of awe and wonder about his own future prospects. If he wanted, he could buy such a car, yet he preferred using the money for something more useful.

He thought about it a lot and decided the best thing to do would be to buy a safe house.

There were many of those in the city, but they weren't quite to his liking. He wanted something that did not attract attention and in which he could hide even if a typhoon ravaged the city.

Of course, since he suspected he was being observed, he wouldn't go there unless he found a way to disguise himself or to not attract attention.

"We've never seen where you live," Floyd said. The young man was curious to see his friend's house, but never voiced the will.

Erik hesitated. "My place... it's not exactly a sight to behold."

Floyd pressed, "Oh, come on, how bad can it be?"

"It's certainly not as luxurious as this car," Erik said.

"We're friends, Erik. It doesn't matter to us."

Erik expressed his discomfort. "I'd rather not, Floyd..."

Amber intervened with a reassuring smile, signaling to Floyd to drop the subject. "We understand, Erik. No pressure."

After ten minutes, they arrived in front of Erik's modest house. Following heartfelt goodbyes, Amber's car rose off the ground and sped away towards Gwen's residence.

Erik retrieved his keys and made his way to the main entrance. Everything was going normally, but it all changed as soon as he did the last step of the staircase. His door was wide open. Again.

"Damn it..." he said under his breath.

Peering inside, Erik was met with a scene of chaos. The furniture was strewn across the room in a state of disarray. His table lay broken, the couch was ripped apart, and his computer had vanished.

He stepped inside, surveying the extent of the damage. In the kitchen, cabinets lay on the floor, wrenched from their hinges, the stovetop upturned, and his pots and pans lay shattered amidst the debris.

Erik surveyed the scene, noticing his food reserves scattered across the floor. He moved to the bathroom, hoping it had been spared. To his relief, it remained untouched.

"Someone robbed my house!"

Frustration and confusion swirled within him. People didn't know he had an alternative identity and that he was rich. The reason behind such a thorough ransacking eluded him.

It wasn't just the theft of his computer; it was the complete devastation of his home. The destruction suggested they were hunting for something specific, perhaps...

In that moment, realization dawned on Erik. He had been naïve to think that those pursuing his father would leave him alone after they came here the first time.

He hoped that would have been enough to appease their curiosity, but it was clear that wasn't the case.

The intruders most likely had their sights set on the biological supercomputer. However, Erik was unsure if they were fully aware of what they were seeking. It could have been documents, information about the sinister cold, or something else.

The idea of a biological supercomputer was beyond most people's imagination. It seemed improbable that its existence was widely known. Yet Erik couldn't rule out the possibility of them knowing about it.

Though, for sure, they didn't know how it worked, otherwise they would have kidnapped him and extracted the device from his brain.

Contacting the police seemed the logical step, but doubts crept in. Were these intruders connected to the police, military, government, or a criminal group? He couldn't risk falling into the hands of those he sought to evade.

However, what if they were monitoring him and not alerting the police or uncle Benjamin was going to raise their suspicions? But then he ruled that out.

After all, such events were not rare in his neighborhood, and people rarely told the police since they could do nothing about it.

After several deep breaths to steady himself, he considered his options. To ask for the police help was out of the question.

To ask uncle Benjamin was even more ludicrous, since he suspected he was the one behind the first search of his house.

The only person who came to mind was Amber. Her affluence and connection to the Stone family might offer him some protection.

However, he couldn't dismiss the chance that the Stone family was involved in the search for the supercomputer.

If that were true, everything would make sense. Erik couldn't understand why she befriended him. He wasn't handsome; he wasn't strong, and he wasn't funny.

So, why? Was it possible that she was asked by their parents to befriend him to find out where whatever his father gave him was?

Erik had to choose between trusting Amber or fend for himself. He could go to a hotel for the night, but it offered no long-term solution or safety.

In the end, he placed his trust in his friend. If things went south, he'd make an escape through the city breach. Risky, yes, but preferable to the alternatives.

He picked up his phone and called Amber.

"Amber... I need your help..."

Ten minutes later, Gwen, Floyd, and Amber arrived at Erik's place. They made their way up to his apartment.

"You've been robbed?" Gwen inquired, her tone a mix of surprise and disbelief. If she was feigning ignorance, she was doing it convincingly. "Any idea who did this?"

Erik shook his head. "I don't know."

Floyd surveyed the chaos and couldn't help but shudder at the sight.

"Whoever did this likely knew you." Amber was sure of that.

"Why do you think that?"

"If Erik were a man of considerable means, he'd have more wealth and live somewhere far more luxurious. Judging by his modest home, they would have ruled out that he's a man of power. The condition of the house suggests they were on a specific mission. Ordinary thieves don't wreak this kind of havoc. They grab the first valuable thing and run away, unless they have time."

Floyd nodded in agreement.

"It seems they're targeting you, Erik..." Although Erik already knew this, he couldn't disclose his suspicions to them openly.

"We'll handle this. We can't let anyone threaten our friend, right Amber?" Floyd said.

Amber made a reassuring smile. She had no intention of leaving Erik alone.

"Absolutely. I'll talk to my dad about investigating this. Meanwhile, you can stay at our house. We have more than enough space, so it won't be an inconvenience."

On her face, Erik saw an expression he hadn't witnessed before—a blend of anger and determination. It was clear she cared for him.

This realization made Erik feel a pang of guilt for even considering that she might be involved in his current predicament. Yet doubt lingered.

"Thank you, Amber..." he said, gratitude mingling with his unresolved feelings.

Amber then engaged in an extensive conversation with her father through the phone, who agreed to deploy an investigative team to track down the culprit.