

# Kill the Sun

## - Chapter 33: Charge |

### Chapter 33: Charge

After a while, Nick just sighed.

It seemed like Extractors were quite casual.

"What about level three Extractors?" Nick asked.

"Veterans," Albert answered. "They already worked a lot with Specters, which is why they are called Veterans."

"Level four Extractors are called Experts. I'm an Expert," Albert said with a smile.

"level five Extractors are called Specialists. Crimson Fungus City has fewer than 30 of those."

"Level six Extractors are called Heroes."

"Heroes?" Nick asked.

"Yep, because if there is something threatening the city, they are the ones saving us, and without them, this city wouldn't even exist," Albert explained. "Without the Heroes, all of us wouldn't be alive right now. Heroes represent the strongest existences we can get into contact with."

Nick raised an eyebrow. "But what about the level seven and level eight Extractors?"

"They're special," Albert said. "Normal cities only have Extractors up to level six."

"Level seven Extractors count as legends, and they have dedicated their lives to helping humanity against the Specters."

"Level seven Extractors are the ones keeping humanity safe from the Fallen, the level seven Specters."

"There are less than a hundred level seven Extractors."

"They are called the Protectors."

"And as for level eight Extractors..." Albert said before trailing off.

Then, he released a deep sigh.

"We are forever stuck with only having seven of them."

"We will never be able to have more than seven."

"Why?" Nick asked with furrowed brows.

"The Maw," Albert answered. "The Maw just loves pitting similarly powerful Extractors against each other, and it always takes eight."

"So, if we ever get an eighth level eight Extractor, the Maw will take all of them."

"In the end, only one will come out."

"Meanwhile, there are over 40 level eight Specters."

Nick became silent when he heard that.

Seven versus over forty.

The level eight Extractors were fighting a hopeless battle.

"And what are they called?" Nick asked.

"Well, for all intents and purposes, they should be called Heroes, but since normal people keep referring to level six Extractors as Heroes, we had to choose a different name."

"So, we decided to name them after what they are doing."

"They are unable to injure our enemy, but at least they are able to shield us from the worst our enemy can throw at us."

"That's why we call them Shields."

Nick remained silent for a while.

He could feel how noble and selfless the seven Shields were.

Without them, the Adversaries, the level eight Specters, would have already run rampant.

"Is there a name for a potential level nine Extractor?" Nick asked.

Albert remained silent for a while.

"Well, a level nine Extractor would be able to resist the Eternals, and they would have the power to actually win against the Specters as a whole."

"Someone like that could only be called our Savior."

Nick just nodded without saying anything.

Level seven and level eight Extractors seemed to be very different from all the other Extractors, according to what Albert had said.

The weaker Extractors were still working for the different cities and effectively running them, but level seven and level eight Extractors were focusing on protecting humanity from the Specters.

However, Nick wasn't naïve. He knew exactly that it wasn't possible that every single level seven Extractor was some kind of selfless saint who dedicated their life to fighting for humanity.

This meant that there were either more level seven Extractors or every level seven Extractor was forced to fight for humanity.

Nick wished that the second option was true, but he guessed that the first one was more likely to be true.

'The truly powerful people have a chance at actually changing the world for the better.'

'Someone that has the power to change something should have a duty to change things.'

'So many people want to change the world for the better but lack the power. Because of that, I believe that when you have the power, you have a duty to make the world a better place.'

'I wouldn't be opposed to forcing the strong humans to fight for humanity.'

'They don't need to sacrifice their lives, but they need to put in a real effort.'

Nick sighed.

'However, all of that doesn't matter. I am weak, and my opinion and actions have nearly no effect on the world as a whole.'

'For now, I should focus on what's in front of me.'

"Should we go back to the Dreamer?" Nick asked.

"Oh, has it been three hours already?" Albert asked.

Nick nodded.

"Alright, then, go in."

Nick blinked a couple of times in surprise. "You're not coming with me?"

"Nope," Albert said. "This is your Specter. I showed you how to work with it and helped you a bit, but that was it."

"You're the Chief Zephyx Extractor. You're the one in charge of all Specters and Extractors. It is your duty to manage the facility. If you can't keep the Specters in check, you won't be able to get any Zephyx from them, at which point you have to sell them," Albert explained.

Nick took a deep breath. "I understand."

Naturally, Nick knew that he was the one in charge, but it was still difficult to come to terms with it.

Nick had never led anyone, and he was still only 16 years old.

Having the fate of an entire corporation hanging on his actions alone made his chest feel tight and his shoulders heavy.

Usually, one could almost always ask someone more powerful or more experienced.

A child could ask an adult about what to do.

An employee could ask their supervisor.

A supervisor could ask a manager.

A soldier could ask an officer.

And Nick?

He was the one in charge.

Well, technically, Wyntor was in charge, but Wyntor didn't have much to do with the Specters themselves.

'I guess I have to learn to take control and to lead people,' Nick thought with a sigh.

'It just feels so weird.'

'I'm not entirely sure what I should do.'

Nick took a deep breath and stood up.

'Well, I won't get an answer by just thinking about it.'

Then, he walked towards the Containment Unit of the Dreamer.

## **Chapter 34: Work**

Nick operated the console and opened the entrance for the employees.

The light in the Containment Unit sprang on, and Nick immediately saw the Dreamer after opening the door.

The Dreamer was standing near one of the walls.

Nick wasn't sure if he preferred this position over the one where the Dreamer just lay in the corner.

Nick stepped into the Containment Unit with confidence, and the door closed behind him.

Nick looked at the Dreamer.

The Dreamer looked at Nick.

Silence.

Nick's heart began to race.

At this moment, Nick's ability obviously didn't work, and the employee door took a couple of seconds to open.

This meant that if the Dreamer decided to attack, Nick would have to fight it for a couple of seconds before Albert could get in or Nick out.

'I can't rely on Albert,' Nick thought as he looked at the Dreamer with narrowed eyes. 'Albert is only here for today. Even if he saves me now, he won't be able to save me tomorrow.'

'Remember, Albert said that Specters always do what's most beneficial to them.'

'The Dreamer is not powerful enough to escape from the Containment Unit. Even if it kills me, it won't be able to get out, and I'm certain it knows that.'

'Because of that, attacking me would only antagonize the Manufacturer it now belongs to, reducing our trust in it and making its life more difficult.'

'If I were in its position, I would want to play the good boy until I get enough Zephyx to become a level two Specter, an Adolescent, before breaking out of the Containment Unit.'

The Dreamer and Nick were still silently looking at each other.

The Dreamer had no expression whatsoever, and Nick had no idea what it was thinking or feeling right now.

It just kept staring at him like a statue.

"I presume you are willing to work with us," Nick said. "I think you would have attacked me if you didn't agree."

"Smart decision."

The Dreamer just kept looking at Nick.

"We both know my power, and we both know that you are superior to me in every way as long as you can see me."

"However, we also know that I can still avoid your attacks for a while, and compared to before, we are now on my home turf."

"I only need to survive until the door is open."

The Dreamer didn't do anything.

Naturally, the Dreamer's lack of reaction increased Nick's heart rate.

It was just too creepy to look at something that was alive but deliberately acted like it was not.

"Of course, you still have a genuine chance to kill me."

The Dreamer didn't do anything.

"But you have also noticed the alarms earlier, and I'm pretty sure you already figured out when the alarm gets triggered."

"If you decide to attack me, I will know before you actually attack."

The Dreamer just kept staring emotionlessly and silently.

DING! DING! DING!

The next moment, the alarm rang, and Nick immediately put his hand on the console of the door behind him.

However, he didn't press it.

Instead, he only glared at the Dreamer.

Surprisingly, the Dreamer just kept standing there.

It was almost like it hadn't done anything.

"You get it now?" Nick asked.

Naturally, the Dreamer had tested out the alarm.

It wanted to know if the past activations had just been coincidences or not.

And it didn't like what it saw.

Whenever it was thinking about launching an attack, the alarm rang.

The alarm activated so fast that the Dreamer wasn't even sure whether or not it had actually wanted to attack.

It felt very bizarre.

It was almost like the alarm could tell the future.

"Okay," Nick said as he walked away from the door.

Then, he slowly walked towards the Dreamer.

Since the Dreamer currently stood on the ground, it seemed almost harmless.

After all, it was just a barely 50-centimeter-tall owl.

Sure, it was quite a big bird, but that was it.

However, Nick knew how powerful the Dreamer actually was.

Step by step, Nick closed in on the Dreamer.

Eventually, only a single meter separated them.

The entire time, the two of them only looked into each other's eyes.

Silence.

The Dreamer didn't attack.

Naturally, Nick's heart rate was quite elevated at this moment, and adrenaline was coursing through his body.



However, he also knew that he had to get through this.

If he didn't manage to work with the Dreamer, he couldn't call himself the Chief Zephyx Extractor.

He had to be able to work with the most powerful Specters of the company.

"Good," Nick said. "Then, let's start working."

The next moment, Nick turned around and walked to one of the walls.

Then, he sat down with his back to the wall.

"You gain power by giving people nightmares, right?"

The Dreamer didn't answer.

"When you gain power, you give off the stuff we want."

"Albert!" Nick shouted as he looked towards one of the walls. "Set the conversion rate to 90% for now."

Some seconds passed.

"Done!" Albert's voice came from one of the speakers in the corner.

Nick nodded and looked back at the Dreamer.

"For now, we will take 90%, and you get to keep 10%. Naturally, that is very much in our favor, but for now, that's your only option."

"If you prove to be trustworthy, we will allow you to retain more Zephyx. After all, if you manage to become an Adolescent, we will also get more Zephyx."

"You growing stronger is also in our interest."

"But for now, we have to be careful of you."

The next moment, Nick took a deep breath.

"I will try to fall asleep in here, and you do your thing."

"However, keep in mind that I am currently the only person willing to work with you using this method. If I accidentally die, we will only have the bargain bin method left, and we might not trust you anymore, which means you stay a Hatchling forever."

"Don't do anything stupid."

And then, Nick closed his eyes.

## Chapter 35: Falling Asleep

Nick's eyes remained closed.

On the inside, Nick's heart was still racing, and he felt very nervous, but on the outside, he seemed calm.

He wanted to open his eyes several times, but he forced them closed.

Time passed.

Clink.

Nick's eyes slowly opened.

Just now, the Dreamer took a step forward, its black eyes fully focused on Nick's eyes.

It was still as expressionless as earlier.

Nick covertly took a very deep breath and closed his eyes.

Clink.

Nick's eyes remained closed.

Clink.

Clink.

Clink.

Clink!

Clink!

CLINK CLINK!

The last two steps had come within a short moment from Nick's right side.

He knew that the Dreamer was currently standing directly beside him.

Nick slowly opened his eyes and turned his head to the side.

Black eyes!

Nick's body shuddered as his vision was almost completely taken up by two black eyes.

While sitting, Nick could almost see eye to eye with the Dreamer, and right now, the Dreamer's eyes were just 20 centimeters away from Nick's eyes.

If the Dreamer just used its beak to peck him, Nick would probably lose one eye before he could react.

The more Nick looked into those eyes, the more he felt like they were empty.

Usually, when someone got more familiar with something, they managed to see subtle signs that told them more about the thing they were familiar with.

Not here.

The more Nick learned about the Dreamer, the more he felt like he was just looking into an emotionless ghost or something similar.

There was no disregard, hunger, rage, hatred, or whatever in its eyes.

It was almost like it wasn't even conscious.

It was like it was just a dead statue.

But it wasn't.

And that was why Nick felt so nervous right now.

It felt wrong.

Nick felt like the Dreamer wasn't supposed to exist.

It was not dead, but it didn't act like it was alive.

Nevertheless, Nick took a deep breath and closed his eyes again.

Time passed.

Minutes passed.

The Dreamer had not moved ever since it had stepped beside Nick.

After 30 minutes had passed, Nick wasn't even sure whether or not the Dreamer was actually beside him.

Usually, one could feel when someone was right beside them.

Breathing, slight movements, the change in the wind, the smell, some noise.

None of that was here.

The Dreamer didn't breathe, smell, or move, and since there was also no wind in here, it also couldn't block it.

It was like Nick was alone.

Usually, Nick would prefer this feeling.

After all, most people wanted to sleep alone.

But the fact that he knew that the Dreamer, a Specter, was right beside him made it impossible for him to calm down.

Nevertheless, Nick did his best to calm down.

However, Nick knew that this state of affairs would continue for a long time.

'How am I supposed to fall asleep with that thing right beside me?'

It was difficult enough to sleep under normal circumstances, but it was even more difficult when something you didn't trust was looking right at you.

But Nick tried.

"Nick," came the quiet voice of Albert from one of the speakers.

"Yes?" Nick asked quietly.

"The Prephyx levels are slowly rising, but my scanner says that they are not in preparation for an attack. You should inform the next person of this occurrence lest they make a miscall and rush in."

"Tell me if you feel a change."

Nick nodded slowly. "I will."

Nick hadn't opened his eyes yet.

Some moments later, Nick's mind was getting woozy.

Images from what happened that day weaved in and out of his consciousness, and Nick felt like he was losing focus.

The next moment, Nick yawned deeply.

He was about to fall asleep.

That was when Nick noticed it.

He had just expected that he would be sitting here for hours, but now, he felt very tired and was about to fall asleep?

"I am getting very tired, and I think I will fall asleep soon, Albert," Nick said. "I think the Dreamer is helping me fall asleep."

"Noted," Albert said. "Just fall asleep. I'm here if anything happens."

"If you are still asleep after eight hours, I will come in and wake you up."

Nick yawned deeply again. "Sounds great."

"Good night," Nick said in a sleepy voice.

Outside, Albert was looking at the console with a complex expression.

"Yes... good night," he answered awkwardly.

Albert just threw a glance out of the window as if to confirm whether or not it was night.

'Why am I even looking outside? I can only see the sun through the upper windows, and the sun isn't related to the time of day,' Albert thought as he shook his head.

Inside the Containment Unit, Nick felt his mind melt into different scenes.

Today had been a very busy day.

After waking up in the early morning, Nick and Wyntor had prepared themselves for their excursion.

At noon, Nick had jumped into the sewers, and he had continually been swimming in them for over ten hours.

Then, Nick had been tortured by the Nightmare, which had significantly drained his mind.

After that, Nick had fought the Dreamer in a life-and-death battle before finally subduing it.

And then, they even needed to walk several kilometers into the actual Outer City, at which point they had a short scuffle with some guards.

At least Nick had been able to take a short nap in the healing bath, but after that, he had spent another three hours in the company itself.

The fact that he had still been able to pay attention to Albert's teachings after that much had happened was surprising.

And now, Nick had been over half an hour in the presence of the Dreamer while trying not to open his eyes.

It was so much.

So much shit had happened today.

But now, Nick felt calm.

He could finally let go and get a good night's sleep.

At this moment, for whatever reason, Nick had completely forgotten the presence of the Dreamer right beside him.

Some seconds later, Nick's back and legs became weak, and his body slumped.

The Dreamer kept looking at the sleeping Nick.

On the outside, Albert looked at the different graphs on the console, and he took a deep breath when one of the graphs showed a curve traveling upward.

This was the graph for Zephyx production.

At this moment, the Dreamer was producing Zephyx.

Nick was successfully working with it!