

Kill the Sun

Chapter 36: Bad Dream

"I'm sorry! Please! I won't do it again!"

Nick shouted in absolute terror as he did his best to beg for his life on his broken legs.

BANG!

The next moment, Nick's face was kicked in by a metallic boot.

"Plehs, ahm surry," Nick cried through his crushed face.

"You are the reason why Young Master Wyntor is dead," one of the three armored people in front of him spoke. "Your carelessness is why the Lord is now grieving."

"I didn't mean to! I'm sorry!" Nick said through his crushed teeth.

BANG!

The metallic boot crushed Nick's forearm, and Nick began to scream even more.

Nick tried to get his crushed forearm out from under the boot, which was grinding Nick's forearm into a crunchy paste of meat and bone.

"You think saying sorry will help you?" the person spoke calmly and coldly through his black gas mask.

"But don't worry, you won't die today."

The black gasmask was coming closer to Nick's face.

"You will stay alive for as long as the Lord commands it."

"He has many ways to keep you alive when your body begs to die."

"No! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Please!"

Nick just kept shouting garbled words through the crushed mess that had once been his face.

"Take him away," the man said as he turned around to walk away.

"No! No!"

Nick just kept shouting as the two other people grabbed him.

The next moment, Nick found himself impaled onto a wooden cross with three spikes.

Two were going through Nick's wrists, and one was going through both his legs.

"Interesting, isn't it?" the disfigured and small man in front of Nick said with a loud but awkward chuckle.

"This is the most popular and famous torture method from the old world!" the torturer said. "We found many depictions of this torture method in the ruins."

"You should consider yourself lucky! After all, not everyone gets to reenact such a monumental piece of history with their own body."

After deciding for a while, the disfigured man took hold of a thin and small knife.

Nick didn't show any reactions.

"Alright, you know how this goes. Just don't move too much, okay?" the man shouted with an awkward laugh.

The next moment, the torturer stepped on a small ladder behind the cross and put the knife on the underside of Nick's right big toe.

And then, he cut into it.

The knife methodically moved towards the center of Nick's foot.

While this was happening, Nick's body was shuddering, but he wasn't saying anything.

"Alright, that's the first one. Keep holding still. If you do a good job, you get a couple of days of peace in the drowning cage."

Then, the torturer slowly cut down from the second toe.

Then, the third, and so on.

Eventually, all the cuts met in the middle of the underside of Nick's feet.

"Now, let's see..."

The next moment, the torturer grabbed both sides of one of the cuts and pulled to the side.

RIIIIIP!

After ripping them to the side a bit, the torturer took hold of the knife again while the other hand kept Nick's skin off from his flesh.

The next moment, the torturer slowly and carefully cut the connective tissue between Nick's skin and his flesh.

Nick gritted his teeth, but they had already been filed into thin needles that weren't aligned with each other, essentially forcing them to dig into the opposite gums when he closed his mouth.

Nevertheless, this was all Nick could do.

"Now, look at this beautiful toe," the torturer said as the skin of Nick's big toe lay on top of Nick's toe like wrapping paper for a present.

"Alright, let's do the second one."

As Nick felt a sharp and intense pain come from his second toe, he just opened his eyes lifelessly.

What greeted Nick was the sight of a human's skin hanging from the ceiling a couple of meters in front of him.

Besides that piece of skin were several more.

There were over ten sets of skins, all having different levels of quality.

They had all belonged to Nick at one point.

He had gone through this torture many, many times before.

Whenever the torturer wanted another set, he would pull out Nick's skin and then bathe him in healing liquid.

After that, Nick would get to relax in a cage that was almost completely underwater.

Only by pursing his lips on the top could Nick get a bit of air, and only when the water was calm.

And worst of all, they had cut out Nick's tongue and vocal cords to stop him from saying The Sentence.

This was his life.

This was what his life would become.

It was hopeless.

It was eternal.

The torture was never-ending.

Nick just closed his eyes again.

"Nick?"

Nick felt the reality shake.

"Hey, Nick!"

The next moment, Nick's mind began to swim, and he felt himself getting transported somewhere else.

Nick opened his eyes, and he saw a white light shining onto him.

"Huh?" Nick said in confusion.

Nick's left arm moved upward and touched his head as he grimaced a bit.

"Everything alright?" Albert asked.

"Yeah, I think so," Nick said as he slowly righted himself. "I feel a bit confused and groggy."

"Also, I think I had a really bad dream, but I don't really remember. It's all foggy."

"Right!" Nick said louder as he looked around the white room.

He spotted the Dreamer standing in one of the corners, looking at him.

Then, Nick to his left.

Albert was standing left of him.

"Are eight hours already up?" Nick asked in a bit of confusion.

"Yep," Albert said. "You slept very calmly. No one would think that you were going through a nightmare."

"You did go through one, right?"

Nick's brows furrowed. "I think so. I feel all exhausted, and I feel like I cried and went through hell."

"But I can't remember. I know that something horrible has happened, but I just don't know what exactly."

"It's a strange feeling."

Albert nodded. "Well, whatever you went through worked. You produced a lot of Zephyx. Want to see?"

Nick slowly stood up and shook his head again.

He was still tired.

"Yeah, sure."

Chapter 37: Finances

Nick threw another glance at the Dreamer, which was still looking at him with its emotionless eyes.

Nick had no idea what the Dreamer was feeling or thinking about.

It was like a blank canvas.

Then, Nick left the Containment Unit and followed Albert to the console.

Albert pointed at a small monitor to the side of the console and slapped Nick's shoulders quite roughly. "You seein this?" he shouted with excitement.

Nick looked at the small monitor and saw the gauge of a tank.

This was the Zephyx tank of the Dreamer's Containment Unit.

The gauge had a maximum volume of 50, and right now, it was at a bit over five.

"You managed to get five grams of Zephyx on your first time! That's amazing!" Albert shouted with a laugh.

Nick just looked at the gauge with confusion since he didn't know how much five grams of Zephyx was, but Albert's enthusiasm also made him a bit excited.

"How much is five grams of Zephyx?" Nick asked.

"About 5,000 credits," Albert said with a smirk.

Nick's eyes widened.

How much?!

5,000 credits?!

"But the full-body Healing Bath only cost 4,800 credits," Nick said in a dumbfounded manner.

Nick hadn't had issues with coming up with the taxes each month, but he had never owned more than 500 credits at a time.

500 credits had essentially counted as his life savings.

And now, he had made 5,000 just by sleeping a bit?

If he just kept sleeping in there every single day, wouldn't he make over 100,000 credits per month?

"How much of that will I get?" Nick asked.

"Depends on Wyntor," Albert said. "You have to remember that these 5,000 credits represent an entire day of operations for your company. 5,000 credits are quite a bit, but it's not that much if you want to run a small company."

"For example, just keeping the lights on in the Containment Unit for that long cost you around 650 credits."

Nick's eyes widened. "650 credits for the lights? That's over 10%!"

Albert nodded. "That's why this Containment Unit is so cheap. Almost all other Containment Units use shafts of mirrors to get natural light in them. Over a long period of time, the more expensive Containment Units are more cost-effective."

"Of course, after paying for the lights, you also have to pay the rent of the warehouse."

"Wait, rent?" Nick asked in shock. "I thought this warehouse belonged to us!"

Albert just laughed. "Nick, do you have any idea how expensive such a big house is outside the Dregs? If you want to buy the warehouse, you probably need more than 300,000 credits."

Nick took a deep breath.

"Lighten up," Albert said. "Compared to the light, the rent shouldn't be that bad."

"Based on the location and size, I would guess that Wyntor pays somewhere between 2,000 and 3,000 credits per month."

'That's less than a hundred credits per day. It really isn't that bad,' Nick thought.

"Then, you have to pay Pator. After all, he's an employee. Based on his profile, he probably also earns about 2,000 to 3,000 credits per month."

'That's also a bit less than 100 credits per day.'

"After that, we need to consider expansion costs," Albert said. "When you run a company, you keep the company's assets and finances separate from your personal ones. And since you guys want to expand at some point, you will probably save about 50% of the profit."

"The remainder will probably be split between the two of you."

"All in all, I expect that you get around 1,000 credits per day of work for yourself," Albert explained.

Nick slowly nodded.

1,000 credits per day wasn't as much as 5,000 credits per day, but it was still an insane amount to Nick.

"A thousand credits per day," Nick repeated with a distracted voice.

Then, Nick remembered something. "What about the Dreamer? Can it actually produce Zephyx once a day?"

Albert snorted. "Nick, the Dreamer is a Specter that feeds on mentality. Compared to a Specter that feeds on something physical, it doesn't need to digest its food."

"On top of that, Specters don't need to sleep, breathe, or eat."

"The Dreamer can probably go forever."

Then, Albert pointed at Nick. "But you can't."

Nick furrowed his brows. "Why not? I just slept for eight hours, but I feel like I can continue sleeping. You shouldn't underestimate my ability to sleep. If I really want to, I can sleep a looooong time."

Albert slowly shook his head. "That's the issue. You just slept for eight hours, but you feel like you can immediately continue sleeping. That doesn't sound very rested to me."

"Are you tired right now? Do you feel like you've had a good night's sleep?"

Nick looked at the ground with a thoughtful expression.

His mind felt strained. It was almost like he had been awake for over 24 hours.

Even more, Nick still felt like it was the same day he had entered the sewers, which felt strange.

"It's strange," Nick said. "I feel like I haven't slept."

Albert nodded. "That's what I thought."

"Nick, sleeping is a natural process where the body cleans and organizes the mind while your body enters a resting state."

"The Dreamer is changing that process by giving you nightmares. So, instead of your mind reorganizing, it has to experience more things and store more memories. This means that your mind is not essentially sleeping."

Nick furrowed his brows with a frown. "So, I have to sleep again?" he asked as he scratched the back of his head.

Albert nodded. "Yep. You have to actually go to sleep. Working with the Dreamer is just that, work. It is not rest nor sleep."

Nick could only sigh and nod.

He could tell that Albert was right, and he accepted his explanation.

At that moment, the door of the warehouse suddenly opened, and Nick looked over.

The next moment, he saw Wyntor standing beside Pator.

"Oh yeah," Albert said, like he just remembered something. "I sent Pator to get Wyntor about an hour ago or something like that. I thought he would want to know how things went."

The distant Wyntor turned to Pator, nodded, and told him something.

Pator performed a short and polite bow and walked away from the warehouse.

The next moment, Wyntor walked into the warehouse, and the door ominously closed behind him.

Wyntor walked over and stopped in front of Albert and Nick.

"You're not wearing your uniform?" Wyntor asked Nick.

Chapter 38: Murder

Nick's eyes widened. "Right! I totally forgot!"

Then, Nick went over to the side of the warehouse. He had dumped his uniform in this place earlier. After all, it would be a bit awkward to enter the Dreamer's Containment Unit with a stack of clothing in his hands.

"I'll go put it on," Nick shouted as he ran behind the Containment Unit.

Wyntor just shook his head with a sigh.

"He's so different," Wyntor said.

"To whom?" Albert asked.

"The people in the Inner City," Wyntor answered.

Albert chuckled a bit. "Yes, but he's not that much different to how people in the Dregs are. Well, he's a bit more altruistic than the average person, but I've seen my fair share of interesting events while teaching him in the Dregs."

Wyntor didn't seem convinced as he continued looking at the Containment Unit.

"Are you sure? I thought, since resources are so scarce, the people in the Dregs are even more greedy and possessive than the people in the Inner City," Wyntor said.

Albert hummed a bit. "I wouldn't say so."

Wyntor raised an eyebrow as he looked at Albert.

"I think they are more open with their desires than the people of the Inner City. It has a much greater impact when a friendly and nice person suddenly turns out to be a greedy asshole than when an asshole suddenly turns into a greedy asshole."

Wyntor blinked a couple of times.

"Strange metaphor," he stated.

"I mean, I think about the same number of people are selfish assholes in the Inner City than in the Dregs, but the selfish assholes that do exist are much easier to see in the Dregs, making it seem like there are more."

"Makes sense," Wyntor answered.

"However, there are also a lot of people like Nick," Albert added.

"In what way?"

"People that are unhappy with the world but lack the power to change it," Albert said. "Someone that still manages to retain humanity and empathy in a place where having these things is a luxury."

"There is no lack of bad people in this world, but in severe poverty, even the good people are forced to do bad things."

"Naturally, people with a lot of empathy can still see when someone doesn't want to hurt someone else but is forced to in order to survive. That's a tragedy in and of itself."

"If things were different, these people wouldn't be forced into a dark path, and many victims would have never become victims."

"Nick has such a belief," Albert said. "I know for a fact that he has already killed at least one person on purpose, but I also know that it will be very difficult for him to hurt someone who tries to hurt him but doesn't actually want to hurt him, if you get what I mean."

Wyntor raised an eyebrow in surprise. "Nick has killed someone?" he asked.

Nick seemed like a very nice and idealistic teenager to him.

Wyntor couldn't connect this nice teenager to a murder.

Albert nodded. "Nick managed to survive on his own in the Dregs for six years, and he even managed to build quite an impressive and athletic body. If you want such a body, you can't afford to lose two liters of blood per month."

"80% of the people in the Dregs can't pay their taxes every month. Even more, Nick managed to make the gangs his enemies, which would make it even more difficult for him to earn money."

"And yet, he always managed to do it."

"Even more, you can't overlook his enmity with the gangs. The gangs are organized and powerful. Killing a single man is not difficult at all for them."

"But for some reason, they are not willing to kill Nick, even though they don't like him."

"That can only mean that it isn't worth the price in their eyes, which means that they are certain that they will lose people to him, which, in turn, means they are certain that he can and will kill them."

"If the local rulers of the Dregs are sure that Nick has killed someone, I am inclined to believe them."

Wyntor just looked at the Containment Unit with a concerned expression.

Silence.

Eventually, Wyntor just sighed. "Pator said that you have something important to report," he said, changing the subject.

Albert grinned and took out a green flask, which he moved from side to side for a bit.

Wyntor just looked at the flask, not understanding what Albert was trying to convey.

"You don't get it?" Albert asked.

Wyntor looked at the bottle for a couple more seconds.

"Sorry, no, I don't," Wyntor said.

Albert just chuckled a bit. "I used that on the Dreamer about eleven hours ago."

At that moment, Wyntor's eyes shot open in shock.

"I'm not paying for that!" he immediately said.

"I know, I know," Albert said.

Wyntor still looked warily at Albert.

"Why would you use a grade four healing potion on a level one Specter?" Wyntor asked.

"I didn't use the entire thing," Albert said as he rubbed the back of his head. "I only used a drop."

"Also, because I got bored, and I wanted to teach Nick by actually showing him what to do instead of just telling him."

Wyntor's eyebrows rose in positive surprise. "Oh? So, can we earn money with the Dreamer now?"

Albert just grinned and pointed at the gauge of the Zephyx tank.

Wyntor looked at the gauge, and when he saw it, his eyes widened.

"Five grams?!" he shouted.

"Yep, five whole grams," Albert said with a laugh.

Wyntor looked at the Containment Unit with wonder.

"And I basically had nothing to do with it," Albert said before pointing at the edge of the Containment Unit. "It was all him."

Wyntor followed Albert's finger and looked over, and the next moment, Nick walked around the corner of the Containment Unit.

When Wyntor saw, he was taken aback by Nick's appearance.

Meanwhile, Albert just smiled. "Now, he looks just like a real Extractor."

Chapter 39: Card

Nick wore a red and black shirt with several pockets, and his pants were formfitting and black.

All in all, Nick looked quite sharp and competent.

It was quite difficult to connect the current Nick to a person from the Dregs.

He basically looked like all the other Zephyx Extractors, which was a good thing since almost all Zephyx Extractors exhibited this aura of authority, status, and power.

The only thing pulling down was his chaotic haircut.

"You look great!" Albert shouted with a thumbs-up.

Wyntor also nodded. "Please keep the uniform clean and wear it when you have to work. Every Zephyx Extractor only gets one set."

"How am I supposed to keep it clean?" Nick asked as he walked closer.

"You wash it," Albert said.

"With water?" Nick asked.

Meanwhile, Wyntor raised an eyebrow in confusion.

"Yes, with water," Albert said.

"But water is for drinking. Why would I waste a good barrel of water just to keep my clothing clean?" Nick asked like he had just heard the dumbest thing.

"Nick," Albert said with a deadpan voice. "You earned something like a thousand credits just now. A barrel of water doesn't even cost you five credits, and you can even wash your clothes several times with one."

"Albert," Wyntor said before Nick could answer. "Why wash it with water? I thought Extractor uniforms are made to be washed with Cleanser."

"The guy doesn't even want to waste water," Albert said, pointing at Nick with his thumb. "You want to try to convince him to use something a hundred times as expensive as water to wash his clothes?"

"Also, it doesn't really matter. When you get a cleansing shower in here, the problem will resolve itself anyway."

"Hm, I guess it makes sense," Wyntor said.

"What's a Cleanser and a cleansing shower?" Nick asked.

"The blue bath before you take the green bath," Wyntor answered. "That's filled with Cleanser. It's the blue liquid. A cleansing shower is a small room that pours Cleanser all over you. Every Manufacturer has a couple of those since some Specters can become stronger by coming into contact with matter from the outside."

"Since Cleanser isn't very expensive for Manufacturers due to their insane profits, they just force everyone that enters or exits a Containment Unit to take a cleansing shower beforehand as a precaution."

"We won't be any different since it's a negligible expense for an increase in security."

Nick nodded a couple of times. "Oh, okay. Sounds fancy."

"Anyway," Wyntor said as he walked closer to Nick with a smile. "I just saw the five grams of Zephyx you produced. That's a lot!"

Nick smiled brightly when he heard that. "Are we able to remain in operation indefinitely now?"

Wyntor furrowed his brows as he evaluated some things. "Kinda."

"Kinda?" Nick asked.

"Well, if we were to remain on this level, we could continue indefinitely, but that's not our goal, is it?"

Nick raised his eyebrows in unsure concern. "I guess not?"

"No, it isn't," Wyntor said with a firm tone. "The bare minimum we want to achieve is to earn 50 to 100 million credits so that I can buy a small part of Kugelblitz. If we were to operate in this manner indefinitely, that would take decades."

"We need more profit. We need to optimize Zephyx production with the Dreamer and expand our scope of operations."

"Catching Specters, containing Specters, employing people, paying rent, buying Containment Units, and so on all costs money, and one Dreamer just isn't enough to pay for all of this."

Nick raised an eyebrow in concern.

He understood that Wyntor wanted to become an heir to his family, but he also couldn't understand why someone would need that much money.

They were already earning a thousand credits per day.

Nick could literally do everything he wanted with that much money.

"Okay, we can do that," Nick said after a bit.

"Good," Wyntor answered with a smile. "Now, you've had a long day behind you, and I think you deserve a break."

"Naturally, I want to produce more money with the Dreamer, but I think it's important that you get a couple of days to yourself."

"Why don't you take the next three days off to recover?"

"Maybe go look around for some houses in the Outer City?"

"Maybe meet some friends?"

"Maybe go buy something?"

"In short, relax," Wyntor said, putting his hand on Nick's shoulder.

The next moment, Wyntor took out a small card and pushed it into Nick's hands.

Nick looked at the card and noticed that it looked very similar to the card that the guard had used to pay for Nick's bath.

"It's yours," Wyntor said.

Nick looked at the card with wonder.

"If you want to buy something, just hand it to the seller, but be careful which shops you frequent. Some of the sleazier shops might decide to exchange your card for a counterfeit."

Nick Just continued looking at the card. "How much is it worth?"

"10,000 credits. See it as a hiring bonus," Wyntor said.

Nick's eyes shot open.

10,000 credits!

What was he supposed to do with that much money?!

Nick reflexively tried to hand the card back to Wyntor, but Wyntor just shoved it back into Nick's hands.

"It's yours, Nick," Wyntor said. "You're my Chief Zephyx Extractor, and today, you made 5,000 credits for the company. Within two weeks, my and your personal wealth will increase by another 10,000 credits as long as you keep working diligently."

Nick looked with uncertainty at Wyntor and then looked at his card.

Yes, what Wyntor said made a lot of sense, but Nick still felt strange about just accepting 10,000 credits.

Logically, he knew that he would earn the company much more, but emotionally, he felt like he didn't deserve that much money.

"Well, it seems like everything's going well here," Albert said from behind them. "I think it's time for me to leave."

Wyntor turned to Albert and gave him a respectful handshake. "Thank you again for your help today."

"No problem," Albert said.

Then, Albert turned to Nick. "See you at some point, Nick."

Nick was taken out of his thoughts and looked at Albert. "Oh, yeah, thanks again, Albert! Without you, this wouldn't have been as easy."

"I know," Albert said with a smile. "See ya!"

Then, Albert walked out of the warehouse.

A couple minutes later, Nick also left the warehouse.

Wyntor had essentially thrown him out of the warehouse, telling him that he should relax for the next three days.

Nick just absentmindedly walked away from the warehouse.

He just kept looking at his card.

Chapter 40: Horua

Nick just aimlessly walked back to the Dregs with a disoriented expression.

10,000 credits.

Three days of nothing to do.

Nick had achieved his dream.

He had become a Zephyx Extractor.

He was earning a lot of money.

He didn't need to fear for his life anymore. Well, outside of being in the Dreamer's Containment Unit.

And yet, there was a certain emptiness in Nick's chest.

It was almost like all of this wasn't real.

Literally just two days ago, Nick had been poor and had spent all of his life in the Dregs.

Now, Nick was wearing nice clothes, and he had even taken a fancy bath.

Even more, he was rich.

Eventually, Nick just stopped walking.

By now, he had already reached the Dregs again, and he had stopped in the middle of a random road.

Nick just looked around the area.

He saw a couple of people, but they all avoided him.

None of them dared to look at him, and the few that had to travel past him either waited for him to leave or passed him with a wide berth.

There was fear and nervousness in their faces.

Nick felt the distance between him and the people around him widen.

In a way, Nick felt like he had been thrown out of his home.

Just a couple days ago, no one had batted an eye when he had been walking through the Dregs.

But now, everyone was looking at him from a distance with fear.

'I guess this is what happens,' he thought with a sigh. 'I look like a Zephyx Extractor now, and all Zephyx Extractors get such looks.'

'What am I saying? I don't look like a Zephyx Extractor. I AM a Zephyx Extractor!'

'This is what I have always dreamed of!'

Nick looked around the area with newfound motivation, but the more he looked at the people, the more isolated he felt.

Eventually, Nick sighed again before continuing to walk.

After a couple of minutes, Nick reached his goal.

In front of Nick was a sizable house made of rusty metal, but compared to most houses, this one was quite a lot bigger.

It was almost a mansion.

It was Nick's current home.

Nick opened the door and walked inside.

The house smelled just like the Dregs outside, but Nick didn't mind.

He was used to the smell of rust, shit, piss, and toxic waste.

"Nick?" came the voice of a young boy from upstairs.

A boy, about eleven years old, walked down the steps, but as soon as he saw the person standing at the entrance of the house, the boy stopped in shock.

"S-sir? How can I help y-you?" the boy asked with a fearful voice.

"It's me, Horua," Nick said.

"N-Nick?" Horua, the boy, asked in shock.

Horua was the actual owner of the big house.

Horua was the only child of a quite rich man in the Dregs, which meant that he was earning about as much as the average person in the Outer City.

He had only needed to save enough money to move out of the Dregs, but before he could do so, he vanished.

After some weeks, the gangs started to covet the man's old house and closed in on it.

Naturally, Horua couldn't resist them.

But then, Nick intervened, and he defended Horua.

However, while Nick was a nice person, he was also a practical one.

To say that Nick only helped the little boy out of the goodness of his heart would be a lie.

Nick saw Horua's troubles as a good way to earn some money without having to commit horrible acts.

In exchange for a place to live and his tax money, Nick made sure that no one dared to take anything from the house or hurt Horua.

For the past months, Nick had been living here.

"Is that really you?" Horua asked.

Nick nodded. "Yep," he said as a smile appeared on his face. "I'm officially a Zephyx Extractor now! Cool, huh?"

Horua looked with shock at Nick as he slowly walked closer.

For several seconds, Horua just looked at the uniform like it was a valuable gem.

"Wow," Horua eventually let out. "That's amazing!"

But then, the little boy realized something. "Wait, so does that mean that you won't be living here anymore?"

Nick furrowed his brows.

He didn't answer.

Nick had often thought about moving out of the Dregs, but when it finally became a reality, it felt like it had happened way too soon and quickly.

"I guess so," Nick said after a while.

Horua became a bit worried, and he looked at the ground.

With Nick gone, the gangs would return, and he would lose his house.

Even more, maybe the gangs would even take revenge on Horua for all the troubles Nick had caused them due to him!

Horua was just an eleven-year-old boy, and he was very scared of the gangs.

Horua felt like he would soon die.

But he also knew that Nick actually had no obligation to help him.

"And will happen to me?" Horua asked. "What about dad's house?"

Nick sighed.

"I don't know about the house, but I can make sure that the gangs won't hurt you. I can probably also store your credits somewhere."

Horua's eyes widened in fear.

He knew how much everyone coveted his father's money, and after becoming a Zephyx Extractor, Nick was suddenly willing to store Horua's money?

Horua became suspicious, but he still trusted Nick. After all, Nick had been protecting him for months.

For the next couple of minutes, Nick and Horua talked about what to do.

In the end, Horua could only sigh and accept that he wasn't strong enough to protect his own money.

"If I remain on my own, I will lose my money with certainty. If I trust you, there's still a chance," Horua said.

Nick wasn't offended that Horua didn't fully trust him. After all, they were both living in the Dregs.

"If only there were a way for me to also become a Zephyx Extractor and get an ability that makes me powerful."

When Nick heard that, he got an idea, and he scratched his chin in thought.