

# Kill the Sun

## Chapter 46: Responsibility

Nick's mind nearly stopped.

Horua would get killed?!

What?!

"Tell me you're joking," Nick said evenly.

"I'm not joking," Wyntor said.

"Are you insane?!" Nick shouted.

In the distance, Horua heard Nick and became anxious again.

"No, I'm not insane," Wyntor said calmly but forcefully. "I am doing the best thing for the company."

"It is my job to make this company flourish and profitable."

"In fact, dealing with these things isn't even directly my job."

"It's yours."

"The fact that I am willing to send Pator to deal with the issue is a favor to you."

"It's me being lenient because you don't know how Zephyx Manufacturers and the world of business work."

Nick gritted his teeth. "You're willing to just fucking kill a kid?!"

"Now, he's a kid?" Wyntor asked with annoyance. "Earlier, you hired him like he was a proper adult."

"You treated him like an adult. So, he has to take responsibility for his actions like an adult."

"He fulfills his contract or bears the consequences," Wyntor said.

"He's fucking eleven, Wyntor!" Nick almost shouted. "You are willing to kill an eleven-year-old kid for your business?!"

"Our business, Nick," Wyntor said. "Also, you are not much better. You were willing to make a kid work with a Specter, the natural enemy of humanity and the most dangerous existence in the world."

"I warned you!" Wyntor shouted slightly. "I told you that this is your responsibility! But as soon as anything goes wrong, you don't have the maturity to deal with it!"

"I'm the one that has to deal with this issue now!"

"Because you were unable to do your job properly, I now have to give the order to kill a kid!"

"Do you think this is easy for me?!"

"Do you think I'm some kind of cold machine that can't feel anything?!"

"I don't want to fucking kill the kid as well, but I fucking have to!"

"If I don't, everything I have sacrificed for this business will be for nothing!"

"Even more, how do you think Pator will feel?!"

"Pator has been trained to deal with these things, but he has never killed a mere kid before!"

"This will also mess him up for a long time!"

"Because you can't deal with your own mistakes, two other people have to suffer!"

"Your stupidity, indecisiveness, and mental weakness are why Pator and I have to go through shit now!"

"Even more, if you had simply decided against hiring him after I warned you, he also wouldn't need to die!" Wyntor shouted.

"Then why didn't you stop me?!" Nick shouted back.

"Because it's your responsibility!" Wyntor said with an aggressive tone.

"You are my Chief Zephyx Extractor! You are a leader! You are a manager!"

"This is the difference between a Zephyx Extractor and a Chief Zephyx Extractor!"

"Responsibility!"

"If an Extractor dies, it's your fault!"

"Your processes were not good enough, or you chose the wrong person, or you have forced someone to work at the wrong time!"

"If something happens to an Extractor or a Specter, you are always, at least, partially responsible!"

"You make the decisions!"

"You have all the freedom!"

"But if something goes wrong, it's on you!"

Nick gritted his teeth.

He acknowledged that what Wyntor said made sense and that he was right...

But Horua was just a child!

No matter how responsible Nick felt, it simply felt wrong to kill a child!

Nick clenched his fists with all of his power, the pain making it a bit easier to think.

"Deal with the issue," Wyntor commanded as he sat down again.

"If you need Pator to take action, tell me."

"I gave you this position because I felt like I could trust you and because I felt like you have the talent and mentality for it."

"Don't betray my trust in you," Wyntor said.

Nick didn't answer and just gnashed his teeth as he gazed fixedly at the desk.

At this moment, Nick was overwhelmed by a tsunami of rage, frustration, guilt, fear, uncertainty, and helplessness.

'I was the one that hired him,' Nick thought with pain.

'I was the one that made the decision.'

'However...' Nick thought as he looked at Wyntor again.

"Wyntor," Nick slowly said.

Wyntor didn't answer.

"Yes, it is my responsibility," Nick said. "However, why didn't you tell me what would happen if Horua decided to resign?"

"I know you didn't need to, but I feel like this could have been avoided if you had just told me."

Wyntor didn't answer for several seconds.

"I needed you to learn," Wyntor said.

"I had to show you what kind of power you have, and I needed to show you what would happen if you used it irresponsibly."

"Right now, the company is still new, and our survival is not yet intrinsically connected to the success."

"If anything goes wrong now, I can still rectify it."

After that, Wyntor turned silent.

Nick took a deep breath.

'In the end, it's my fault,' Nick thought.

'I should have known that Horua wasn't able to make such a big choice.'

'I should have never told him that he would become a Zephyx Extractor.'

Nick took another deep breath as he turned to look at the distant Horua.

The next moment, Nick gritted his teeth and narrowed his eyes.

'And it is my responsibility to deal with the issue.'

'I'm so sorry, Horua!'

Nick walked over to Horua.

When Horua saw Nick's expression, he became terrified and froze.

Nick grabbed Horua's arm and pulled him towards the Containment Unit.

Horua's face immediately turned white, and his body began to shake.

"No!"

"No, Nick!"

"What are you doing!"

Nick gritted his teeth more.

"I'm sorry, Horua, but you have to work with the Dreamer!" Nick said with a dark tone.

"No! No! Nick, I don't want to! Please!" Horua screamed as he tried his best to free himself from Nick's grip.

"I'm sorry," Nick repeated. "I also don't want to do this."

"But I'm only doing this for your own good!"

"You can hate me if you want, but right now, I need you to work with the Dreamer!"

"No! Please! No!" Horua shouted as he started to bite Nick's hand.

Nick began to bleed, but he just kept pulling Horua.

Nick opened the door to the Dreamer.

And when it opened fully, Nick pushed Horua in before walking in himself.

The next second, the door closed behind him.

## Chapter 47: Bad Guy

"No! Nick! I'm sorry! Please, let me go!" Horua shouted in panic as he tried to get past Nick.

Nick just shoved Horua forward, making him fall on his ass.

"This is for your own good, Horua," Nick said with a serious tone. "You have to work with the Dreamer! You have to!"

Horua could feel the dead eyes of the Dreamer on his back, causing his mind to spiral further into panic.

"I can't! No!" Horua shouted as he tried to leave again.

Nick gritted his teeth and pushed Horua away again.

"I don't want to do this either, but you have to!" Nick said.

"Why?! Why do I have to?!" Horua asked in a mix of betrayal, rage, and terror.

"What did I ever do to you?! I thought we were friends!"

Nick didn't immediately answer.

'I can't tell Horua that Wyntor would have killed him if he left. If he knows, he will become enraged and do something stupid! He might try to cause Wyntor as much damage as possible, which would be spreading all secrets that Horua knows.'

'I can't let him do that!'

'Not because it will hurt Wyntor but because it will mean that Horua will die.'

'Horua is a kid, and it's my fault that I didn't see that sooner!'

'If he gets too angry, all of this suffering will be for nothing, and he will die anyway!'

'I can't allow Horua to die!'

'And for that, I have to be the bad guy.'

'It's my responsibility anyway. It's only right that I also pay the price.'

"This is for your future, Horua!" Nick shouted. "You do not know how lucky you have been in the Dregs until now!"

"If you don't take the plunge now, you will forever remain in the Dregs!"

"You're lying!" Horua shouted back. "You were willing to let me go, but then, you talked to that other guy!"

"And now, you're suddenly forcing me to do this!"

"It's him, isn't it?! He's the one that forces you to force me!"

Nick grew more anxious and gritted his teeth even more.

BANG!

Horua felt like the world was turning.

The next moment, he felt himself hitting the ground.

Horua's world spun, and it took a while for him to think clearly again.

That's when he saw it.

Blood.

Teeth.

Nick had backhanded Horua, breaking three of his teeth in the process.

Luckily, the three teeth were still baby teeth, which meant that the real teeth were still there.

Yet, Horua still felt an incredible amount of pain at this moment.

But stronger than the pain was the shock.

Nick had hit him.

Nick had never hit him before.

Even more, this wasn't just an innocent slap.

No, this was a strong backhand that caused Horua to bleed.

"You will thank me later," Nick coldly said.

Yet, contrary to how Nick appeared on the outside, he actually felt absolutely disgusted with what he was saying and portraying.

'Thank me later? As if!' Nick thought with gritted teeth. 'If I were him, I would hate me for the rest of my life!'

'I'm not his family, and I've only been his friend for a couple of months.'

'I have no right to force him to do any of this.'

Nick took a deep breath, but he made it seem like he was breathing in deeply out of frustration and anger.

'I'm so sorry, Horua.'

Nick slowly walked forward.

BANG!

And Nick kicked Horua towards the middle of the Containment Unit.

'I'm sorry.'

Horua rolled into the middle of the Containment Unit as he looked with pure shock at Nick.

It was like Nick had transformed into someone he had never seen before.

'Is this who he really is?' Horua thought in fear, shock, and betrayal.

'Was everything else just an act?'

'Did he just want me to sign the contract so that he can force me to do things?'



'Is this who you really are?'

Yet, Horua didn't say anything.

Silence.

"Go work with the Dreamer," Nick said coldly. "I will stay here until you're done."

At that moment, Horua remembered that he was in the Containment Unit of the Dreamer and slowly turned around.

Just two meters behind Horua was the Dreamer.

It hadn't moved until now, and it was still looking at Horua with its dead eyes.

Horua's mind froze.

His heart rate shot past 200 beats per minute, and his world began to swim.

Horua started to breathe very rapidly, which only increased his dizziness.

And then, he fell over.

Horua had lost consciousness due to his overwhelming shock and fear.

When the Dreamer saw that, it slowly turned to look at Nick.

"He will be working with us from now on," Nick said slowly.

"You are allowed to feed off him for the next eight hours, and if he survives, he will continue to work with you."

"If he doesn't, I will be the only one working with you from now on."

"If everything goes well, I will also search for a third person to work with you."

"Don't do anything stupid," Nick said coldly.

The Dreamer slowly turned to look at Horua again.

Then, it slowly walked towards Horua's head.

And it stopped.

The Dreamer simply stood beside Horua's head and looked fixedly at his closed eyes.

A moment later, Horua's eyelids twitched, but at that moment, Nick noticed that the Prephyx in the Containment Unit increased.

Nick only hoped that this increase didn't mean that the Dreamer wanted to attack.

Luckily, the increase of the Prephyx didn't sound the alarm, and Horua's eyelids calmed down two seconds later.

Horua's breathing changed, and his body involuntarily moved into a more comfortable position.

He was asleep.

When Nick saw that, he sighed and sat down in front of the door.

For a while, Nick just took some shaky breaths, and he slowly put his head in his hands.

The Dreamer started to feed.

The Zephyx container was being filled.

Yet, Nick wasn't happy.

Not even one bit.

## **Chapter 48: Contemplation**

In the Containment Unit, Nick simply sat on the ground, unmoving.

He didn't say anything.

'I'm so sorry, Horua.'

Nick didn't move.

'I'm sorry!'

'I should have known that things wouldn't be so easy!'

'Even though the Dreamer is not very scary for a Specter, it is still a Specter!'

'And you're a kid!'

'How could I ever think that a child would be able to work with a Specter?!'

'I'm stupid!'

'I'm fucking retarded!'

'I'm so sorry!'

'I was the one that fucked up, and now you have to pay the price!'

'This is all my fault, Horua!'

Nick's limbs shook in frustration, guilt, and rage.

'I feel so horrible.'

'Please, Horua, when you wake up, don't do anything stupid.'

'You can hate me.'

'You can ignore me.'

'You can try to ruin me.'

'I'm fine with everything.'

'But please, don't try to ruin the business or Wyntor.'

'Because if you do that, you will die!'

As Nick continued to think about everything, his own reality also finally set in.

'Actually, I think I'm in a similar position to Horua.'

'Wyntor made me his Chief Zephyx Extractor.'

'If I were to betray him, I would also be killed off.'

Nick's fists clenched.

'Wyntor is a cold and calculating businessman. He eliminates everyone that goes against him.'

'If I were to tell anyone anything confidential, I would be dead within the day.'

Slowly, rage and fear also joined Nick's emotions.

'Wyntor!'

'I know that this is my responsibility, but you knew that this would happen!'

'You might have even wanted this to happen!'

'After all, you said that you wanted me to learn!'

Nick gritted his teeth in anger.

But then, a scene appeared in Nick's mind.

The scene depicted Wyntor standing behind Nick as he blinded the Dreamer.

In that scene, Wyntor was completely drenched in sewer water.

Nick remembered how difficult it had been for Wyntor to jump in, and he also remembered how much Wyntor had suffered after he had left the sewer again.

'He only did that because he wanted to catch the Dreamer!' Nick thought with hatred.

Yet, the more time passed, the more Nick felt like he didn't truly believe that.

Did Wyntor truly only do this because of the Dreamer?

'Actually, probably not.'

'It wasn't certain that I would die.'

'There was a good chance that I would manage to swim towards the entrance of the sewers, where Wyntor was standing.'

'Then, Wyntor would have been able to help me without jumping into the sewers.'

There had been a good thirty meters between the place where Nick had been and the entrance of the sewers.

For Wyntor to swim that far, he must have jumped into the sewers nearly half a minute before he had arrived at Nick's side.

Nick put his hands on his knees and violently grabbed them in frustration.

'He's not cold,' Nick thought.

'He might appear cold now, but people only show their true faces when they are in a stressful or dangerous situation.'

'When it was important, Wyntor was willing to jump into the sewers to save me. It might have also been in his own best interest, but it still must have been very difficult.'

'Right now, he's only cold because he needs to be.'

'This is his job.'

'Like he said, deciding to kill Horua probably also heavily weighs on his mind.'

'And yet, he still talked normally with me, and he didn't say anything out of line.'

'I fucked up, and Wyntor has to suffer because of it.'

'But he only reprimanded me.'

'Horua suffers because of me.'

'Wyntor suffers because of me.'

'If things go badly, even Pator will suffer because of me.'

'I was the one that made the decision to get Horua.'

'Wyntor warned me, but I didn't listen.'

'This is all because of me.'

At this moment, most of Nick's emotions vanished, replaced by only two emotions.

Guilt and determination.

'This is my fault.'

'And it is my job to rectify these issues.'

'No matter what I have to do or what it will cost!'

Nick looked forward again.

The Dreamer was still standing beside the sleeping Horua.

At this moment, Horua looked like he was peacefully sleeping.

'It's not that bad, Horua. You will just have some bad dreams and wake up.'

'It won't be as bad as you imagined it to be.'

'And when you wake up, you will officially be a Zephyx Extractor.'

'You will have an actual future, and you will gain powerful abilities.'

'I know things will only improve for you.'

'Sadly, I won't be part of that future.'

'I know you hate me.'

Nick took a shaky breath.

'And I'm fine with it.'

'That's the price I must pay.'

'I don't deserve forgiveness for what I've done.'

Nick just continued looking at Horua.

The memories of what Nick had done to Horua became hazier and hazier.

It was almost like all of this hadn't happened.

It was like nothing had changed.

Yet, whenever Nick looked at Horua and the Dreamer, he was reminded of reality.

It had happened.

But it didn't feel like it had happened.

After a while, Nick put his head in his hands again.

Silence.

Nick didn't move.

Time passed.

Nick had plenty of time and opportunity to think about what he had done.

In this Containment Unit, there was nothing for Nick to do.

And he had to remain here for eight hours.

Paradoxically, it felt like the longest and the shortest eight hours of Nick's life.

On one hand, Nick felt like time was dragging on forever, but on the other hand, Nick despaired at the rapid passage of time.

He didn't want to see how Horua would react when he woke up.

It was torture.

However, it wouldn't be eight hours until things changed.

After just five hours, something happened.

Crk! Crk!

Nick heard something and looked over.

He saw the Dreamer take a couple of steps back as it retreated back into its corner.

For just a moment, Nick was confused.

But the next moment, Horua's body suddenly started to shake violently.

Nick's eyes widened.

'He's having a seizure!'

## Chapter 49: Worry

When Nick saw the seizure, he realized why the Dreamer had retreated.

The Dreamer was showing that it wasn't trying to kill Horua!

It was just that Horua wasn't strong enough to resist whatever the Dreamer was showing him.

When he had still been here, Albert had told Nick about some potential dangers.

Albert had said that working with the Dreamer could be dangerous, but it shouldn't be.

Since the Dreamer was only feeding on mentality, actual injuries were not a thing, and since everyone would forget the dreams they had, mental problems also shouldn't be a thing.

The only dangerous part was during the dreams.

If someone was pushed too far in a dream, their mind might actually shut down.

At that point, their bodily functions might stop working.

'But Albert said that it would be difficult to notice someone dying like that!' Nick thought. 'He said that they would die quietly!'

'Yet, Horua is definitely not dying quietly!'



'That means I still have a chance to save him!'

Nick shot to his feet and jumped to Horua's side.

The Dreamer just looked at Nick from its corner with its dead eyes.

Horua started to froth at the mouth, and his body was making sounds as it slapped against the ground.

"Horua!" Nick shouted as he lightly slapped his cheeks.

Nick had seen seizures in the Dregs, but he had no idea how to deal with them.

What was he supposed to do?!

Was he supposed to keep him steady so that he didn't injure himself?

Was he supposed to slap him awake?

"Horua, hold on!" Nick shouted in fear. "You're still alive!"

"Horua, you're awake!"

"It was all a dream, Horua!"

"Please!"

But Horua just continued seizing.

The next moment, a disgusting greenish-brown liquid appeared in Horua's throat.

'Puke?' Nick thought.

Nick watched as the puke bubbled in Horua's throat.

At the same time, Nick heard the sound of Horua desperately trying to breathe.

'He's asphyxiating on his puke!'

Nick immediately grabbed Horua and lifted him up by his legs.

Then, Nick began to shake Horua to get all the puke to come out.

The puke was leaving Horua's mouth and nose.

"Please, Horua!"

"Wake up!"

Nick was in a panic as he put Horua down again.

The shaking had gotten weaker.

Nick just hoped that this was a sign of recovery, not death.

After some seconds, Horua's half-closed eyes just quietly looked at the ceiling of the Containment Unit.

They didn't move.

Nick looked with terror at Horua.

'Please be alive! Please be alive! Please be alive!' Nick repeated in his mind.

"Horua! Horua, are you okay?" Nick asked with a worried voice as he lightly tapped Horua's cheek.

"Please, don't die!"

"Please!"

Nick just looked at Horua.

Horua didn't do anything for several seconds.

Slowly, Nick moved forward and put his head on Horua's chest.

'His heart is still beating,' Nick thought with relief.

The next moment, Nick held his hand in front of Horua's mouth.

'He's also breathing.'

Nick released a sigh of relief.

'He's still alive!'

At this moment, Nick's taught emotions finally relaxed, but he still felt a bit nervous about Horua's state.

Nick gently lifted Horua and left the Containment Unit.

The Dreamer was just watching Nick silently.

When Nick went out of the Containment Unit, he saw Wyntor looking up from his desk and walking over.

When Wyntor saw the limp Horua, he knew that something must have gone wrong.

"What happened?" Wyntor asked.

Nick took a deep breath and related everything that had happened to Wyntor.

Wyntor's expression became darker the more he heard.

"It sounds like he has suffered severe mental damage," Wyntor said.

"What will happen to him?" Nick asked.

"We don't know," Wyntor said.

"You don't know?" Nick asked with an anxious voice.

"Everyone reacts differently to severe mental stress," Wyntor added. "My teacher only went over a couple of outcomes back then."

"However, one thing is certain."

"He needs to see a doctor," Wyntor explained.

"Then, let's go to one!" Nick said urgently.

Wyntor put his hand on Nick's shoulder, stopping him from leaving. "Nick, calm down!"

"Wyntor, I need-"

"Calm down!" Wyntor shouted.

Nick took a deep breath.

"Yes, what?" he asked.

"Nick, we are not going out to get a doctor."

"The doctors come to us."

First, Nick wanted to shout in aggression, but then, his eyes widened.

"They come to us?" he asked.

Wyntor nodded.

"Pator!" Wyntor shouted.

"Coming!" Pator shouted from a distant spot where he was cleaning the floor.

"Yes, sir?" Pator asked.

"Get a physician from the closest clinic to come here," Wyntor ordered. "This boy has received heavy mental damage from a Specter."

When Pator heard that, he took in a deep breath.

He looked at Horua in shock and then looked at Wyntor.

Pator was amazing at keeping a poker face, but Wyntor had still noticed that Pator's expression had become colder as he looked at Wyntor.

"Of course, sir," Pator said before dashing out of the warehouse.

Wyntor turned to Nick. "Put him to the side," he said as he pointed to one of the walls.

Nick nodded. "Thank you, Wyntor," he said quietly as he walked to one of the walls with Horua.

Wyntor just sighed. 'What's there to thank for?'

Nick didn't put Horua down but simply sat down with him still in his arms.

Several minutes passed before Pator returned with someone.

It was a relatively young woman with green hair who was wearing a white coat.

Pator led the woman to Nick.

When Nick saw her, his breathing quickened.

He hoped Horua was okay.

"Please, help him," Nick said in fear.

The doctor looked at Horua, and her eyes became visibly cold and distant.

Such a young boy.

She was disgusted by this company.

After all, how could a child enter a Containment Unit on their own?

Yet, the expression of the man in front of her spoke of genuine worry and fear.

This told the doctor basically what had happened.

Stupidity had happened.

"Put him down," she commanded coldly.

## **Chapter 50: Diagnosis**

Nick quickly put Horua down and stepped back.

Right now, Nick only hoped that Horua would survive.

The doctor took out a small bag with different medical equipment and slowly took out some kind of tool that she put on Horua's chest.

Half a minute later, she put the tool away again and put some other tool around Horua's arm for a while.

After that, she used a light to look into Horua's vacant eyes.

The more time passed, the stronger her frown became.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"Horua," Nick answered.

"Horua, can you hear me?" she asked in a friendly manner as she looked into Horua's eyes.

Horua didn't answer.

A moment later, she shined her light into Horua's eyes again.

"I know you're awake, Horua," she said. "Your pupils are constricting when I shine my light into them. That only happens when you are conscious."

Horua didn't do anything.

For several minutes, the doctor kept talking to Horua as she touched different parts of his body.

Yet, Horua never showed any reaction.

A bit later, the doctor actually slowly lifted Horua's arm and let go.

Nick's eyes widened when he saw that the arm didn't fall.

The arm actually remained in the air!

"Horua?!" Nick asked with hope.

However, the doctor just furrowed her brows.

The next moment, she snapped her fingers a couple of times in front of Horua's face, and she even acted like she was about to snip Horua's eyes.

No reaction.

Eventually, she only sighed and slowly lifted Horua into a sitting position and leaned him against the wall.

"I need to talk to the two of you," the doctor said as she stood up.

Nick knew that she was referring to Wyntor and him.

"Of course," Nick said.

Nick walked over to Wyntor, and the doctor followed him.

Wyntor looked at the doctor with a neutral expression. "What's the diagnosis?"

"First, I need to know what happened," the doctor answered. "I know that Zephyx Manufacturers are very secretive, which is why I only need a rough explanation."

Wyntor nodded. "Of course."

"Wait," Nick said, interrupting Wyntor.

The two of them looked at Nick.

"I will tell her," Nick said with a deep breath. "After all, all of this is my fault."

Wyntor looked at Nick for a bit but nodded.

Then, Nick told the doctor about his idea to make Horua a Zephyx Extractor so that he would have a future outside of the Dregs.

The doctor was disgusted by Nick, but she kept a professional demeanor.

'At least he feels guilty,' she thought with a snort.

When it came to the Dreamer, Nick only said that Horua had a nightmare.

"A nightmare?" the doctor asked. "A nightmare or the Nightmare?"

"A nightmare," Nick answered. "You know, a bad dream."

The doctor frowned and became quiet.

"That explains some things," she said. "With all of this information, I can be more certain in my diagnosis."

Nick and even Wyntor listened intently.

"The boy, Horua, is awake currently," the doctor explained. "His reflexes and autonomous bodily functions are working fine. This means he won't just die suddenly or stop breathing."

When Nick heard that, he released a sigh of relief.

At least Horua wouldn't die.

"But?" Wyntor asked.

"But," the doctor continued, "his mind has become isolated. His actual consciousness does not interact with the outside world anymore. That means his mind doesn't get new information and also can't share information with others."

"You could say he is conscious but sleeping, in a way. Although, this is a strong simplification of what is actually happening."

Nick looked with worry at the doctor as Wyntor frowned.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"It means he will continue being in this state for an indeterminate amount of time," the doctor said.

"He won't move on his own. This means he can't eat, drink, or go to the toilet on his own. The only thing he can do is sleep."

Nick took a deep breath. "Can we do anything about this?" he asked.

"It's difficult," the doctor said. "Since we can't really interact with his consciousness, we can't solve the issue. This is a mental problem, and if we want to save him, we need to somehow wake his mind up."

The doctor sighed. "Sadly, that's very difficult. After all, information can only enter a mind when the owner of the mind actively absorbs it."

"We can't just force his mind to listen."

Nick felt his chest tighten. "Is there anything I can do to save him? Maybe one of the recovery baths?"



"No," the doctor said. "Things like recovery baths work on injuries, and Horua technically isn't injured. In a certain way, nothing is wrong with his body."

"The only thing you can do is to keep him alive, talk to him, and hope that he wakes up on his own."

"He might wake up tomorrow."

"He might wake up in a week."

"He might wake up in a year."

"Maybe in ten years."

"Maybe never."

Nick looked at the ground with a horrified expression.

This was difficult to come to terms with.

Horua had turned into this, and it was Nick's fault.

"What if he comes into contact with the Specter again?" Wyntor asked.

The doctor's expression became strict and chilly. "If it's a Specter that feeds on mentality, it can probably change things in Horua's mind, but Specters that help people are not very common."

"But could it help?" Wyntor asked.

The doctor didn't answer for a couple of seconds. "Yes, but the chances are higher that his mental state will worsen or that he will die," the doctor said coldly.

Wyntor nodded. "Thank you. You can send the bill to us later."

The doctor tried her best not to snort.

"Doctor, how can I keep Horua alive?" Nick asked.

The doctor glanced at Nick with a neutral expression.

"Three meals a day that are easy to digest and swallow. Two liters of water a day. Regular change of clothes. His bodily waste needs to be cleaned regularly. Once every two days, you have to wash him. Thrice a day, you have to massage his legs and arms, or he will die of a thrombus."

"A thrombus?" Nick asked in confusion.

Even Wyntor didn't know what that was.

"If you don't move your extremities for a long time, your blood vessels get constricted, and a clot can form in one of them. When the extremity gets moved, the clot travels through the vessels and can get stuck in your heart, lungs, or anywhere else."

"That part will essentially not get any air and die off, killing you with it."

"If you want to keep him alive, you need to do all of that."