

Kill the Sun

Chapter 51: Guilt

Nick took a deep breath.

"Thank you. I will do just that," he said.

The doctor nodded.

After a bit more talking, the doctor left the warehouse.

"What's your plan?" Wyntor asked.

"What I said," Nick said. "I will support Horua until he wakes up."

Wyntor furrowed his brows. "Nick, I need you as my Chief Zephyx Extractor. I can't have you take care of the boy if you can't do your job properly."

"I have to," Nick said with a tone filled with conviction. "This is my responsibility, and I am the one that has to pay the price."

"If Horua dies now, everything would have been for nothing."

"I have already hurt Horua immensely, and I can't even imagine hurting him even more."

"This is all my fault, and I am going to deal with it."

Wyntor frowned.

However, he wasn't actually mad at Nick.

The entire incident with Horua had given Nick something that he had lacked.

A sense of responsibility.

A Chief Zephyx Extractor needed a strong sense of responsibility, or the entire Manufacturer might go out of business.

If something happened, Nick had to deal with these things and take responsibility.

"As long as your work does not suffer, it doesn't matter what you do in your free time," Wyntor said.

"Thank you, Wyntor," Nick said with a sigh.

"However," Wyntor added, "I don't want him here. I will rent a room somewhere, and he can stay in the bed there. The room will be pretty close to the company, which should make it easy for you to take care of him."

Nick wasn't the biggest fan of Wyntor's help, but he knew that he needed to accept some help if he wanted to deal with this issue.

"Okay," Nick said. "Thank you, Wyntor."

Wyntor nodded. "For now, you should work. Pator will deal with Horua for the next eight hours."

Nick felt guilty that Pator had to do more work because of his mistake.

But Nick also knew that he didn't have any other choice.

He couldn't let Horua stay alone for eight full hours.

So, Nick just nodded.

He threw one last glance at Horua.

Whenever he saw Horua like this, Nick felt an intense pain in his chest, and breathing became more difficult.

Guilt.

Such heavy guilt.

Nick released another sigh and entered the Dreamer's Containment Unit.

As always, the Dreamer just stood in its corner as it looked into Nick's eyes.

"He's still alive," Nick said.

The Dreamer showed no reaction.

Nick snorted. "I guess you don't really care."

"For now, I will be mainly working with you, but in the future, I will bring in more people. However, these people will be more resilient than the last person you worked with," Nick said.

The Dreamer showed no reaction.

A moment later, Nick sat down near one of the walls and closed his eyes.

"Let's get to it," he said.

Clank. Clank. Clank.

Nick heard the Dreamer's footsteps, and he knew that it now stood just beside him again.

The Prephyx in the room became denser, and Nick started to feel sleepy.

A minute later, Nick fell asleep.

In his dreams, Horua was dying in increasingly more painful ways as he screamed for Nick's help.

Naturally, it was always Nick's fault that Horua was dying.

Eventually, the Horuas even started to come alive again and told Nick that he was at fault.

Even the world turned into living bodies of Horua, and whenever Nick walked, the Horua he stepped on screamed in pain and died.

The world was screaming at him, telling him that he was the reason why suffering filled all of reality.

Nick broke down again and again.

Nick had uttered The Sentence so many times, but Nurse Alice had never come.

Nick tried to kill himself, but he couldn't.

No matter what he did, he survived.

His suffering was infinite and eternal.

And then, Nick woke up.

All the memories of Nick's dream became hazier and hazier by the second.

Just a moment later, Nick had forgotten nearly everything.

He only knew that his dreams had been related to Horua and that he felt very guilty.

That was all he knew.

Nick looked around in the Containment Unit and saw the Dreamer looking at him from its corner.

Nick sighed and stood up.

After leaving the Containment Unit, Nick was intercepted by Wyntor.

"Nick, we need to talk," Wyntor said with a serious expression.

As soon as he heard that, Nick felt anxiety and fear rise in his chest. "Did something happen to Horua?" he asked.

"No," Wyntor said. "This is more of a good thing."

"Oh, okay," Nick said with a sigh of relief.

"Look at this," Wyntor said as he pointed at the Zephyx gauge.

Right now, the gauge was at ten grams of Zephyx.

"What about it?" Nick asked.

"Every day, the Zephyx tank gets emptied," Wyntor said, "which means that it was at zero before you and the boy arrived."

"Okay?" Nick asked.

"Nick, the boy only produced three grams of Zephyx."

"That means you produced seven grams just now, 40% more than the last time you worked with it."

Nick's eyes widened. "How?"

"That's what I am asking you," Wyntor asked. "What has changed?"

Nick furrowed his brows.

He had no idea.

"I don't know," Nick said.

Wyntor nodded. "Then, find out. It's your job."

"Well, okay," Nick said with uncertainty.

How was he supposed to find out why the amount of Zephyx had changed?

"The boy is in the house across the street," Wyntor said as he took out a key.

"This is one of three keys. The owner of the hotel has one. Pator has one. You have one."

Nick took hold of the key and looked at it.

"Thanks, Wyntor," he said.

Wyntor nodded. "See you tomorrow," he said before he grabbed his suitcase and left the building.

Apparently, Wyntor had remained here just to talk with Nick.

Now, Nick was alone.

After some seconds, Nick took a deep breath and left the warehouse.

It was time to visit Horua.

Chapter 52: Caregiver

Nick entered the house opposite the warehouse.

It was quite a big building with five floors.

By now, Nick had gotten used to seeing these big and clean houses, and he wasn't currently in the mood to go sightseeing.

He only wanted to see Horua.

Nick had already seen on the key that Horua would be on the second floor, and in just a couple of seconds, he finally arrived.

He put the key in the lock and unlocked it. It took a bit of getting used to since keys basically didn't exist in the Dregs.

The room was silent.

It was almost like there was no life in this room.

However, Nick quickly saw Horua on the bed.

Right now, Horua was sitting on the bed, looking forward with dead eyes.

In a certain way, Horua's current appearance reminded Nick of the Dreamer.

They both had dead eyes.

Horua was wearing comfortable pajamas, and if it weren't for his impure skin due to living in the Dregs, he would look like any other child from the Outer City.

In the pajamas, Horua looked even more like a child than normal.

Nick took a deep breath and walked over.

"Hey, Horua. Everything alright?" Nick asked, not expecting an answer.

Naturally, he didn't get one.

Nick walked over and put his right arm on Horua's shoulder as he looked at him.

"Horua, I just wanted to say that all of this is my fault and that I am genuinely sorry," Nick said. "I should have known that not everyone can resist a Specter just like this."

"Maybe I should have moved slower?"

"Maybe I should have introduced the Dreamer to you when you were older?"

"I mean, I didn't need you to immediately become a Zephyx Extractor."

Nick was just looking into Horua's dead eyes with a sigh.

"I'm sorry. I wish I had been smarter."

"Sadly, I can't change the past."

"So, the next best thing is to make a bright future for you."

Nick remained silent for a couple of seconds.

"Hey, how about I give you a massage?" Nick asked.

Then, Nick slowly moved Horua onto his stomach.

"The doctor said that we have to regularly move your body, or your health will suffer. Don't worry, I'll make sure that nothing like that will happen."

A moment later, Nick started to massage Horua's body.

For someone who wasn't technically conscious, Horua's muscles were quite strained.

"How does this feel?" Nick asked.

Naturally, Horua didn't answer.

For around 30 minutes, Nick kept massaging Horua's body while talking to him.

After some time, Nick just started telling Horua about his day at work and what their plans were.

Nick wasn't worried about keeping secrets since Horua officially belonged to their company.

When the massage was done, Nick grabbed a bowl and filled it with water.

Nick put the bowl to Horua's mouth, and surprisingly, Horua swallowed when water entered his mouth.

For just a moment, Nick became hopeful.

Yet, Horua showed no other reaction.

"Alright, that should be enough," Nick said.

"Do you want some food next?"

Silence.

"I'll get you some food, okay?"

Nick silently walked out of the room and entered the street.

After looking around for a bit, Nick found a nice place that sold soup.

Even though the price was outrageous, Nick didn't complain.

This was for Horua, which made the price seem unimportant.

Nick returned and slowly fed the soup to Horua.

After a bit of talking, Nick noticed that the room started to smell.

He quickly found the source.

Horua had just wet his clothing and the bed.

Nick could only sigh.

'The doctor said he couldn't go to the toilet on his own.'

Over the next few minutes, Nick also dealt with that mess.

Nick even went out to buy Horua several new sets of pajamas.

For the next couple of hours, Nick just remained in the room with Horua to talk.

Eventually, Nick became tired, and he reluctantly left Horua.

"I will be back in four hours to check on you, okay?" Nick said before leaving the room.

Nick went to the reception of the hotel and rented a room on the same floor as Horua.

The room wasn't anything special.

It was made of clean metal, and it looked quite nice. Just like Horua's bed, Nick's bed was made of a thick sheet of fabric that made it much easier to sleep.

A couple minutes later, Nick went to bed.

Yet, no matter what he did, Nick couldn't fall asleep.

Nick was definitely tired, but for some reason, sleep just wouldn't come to him.

Even more, Nick felt more and more nervous.

'I hope Horua is okay. No one is checking up on him.'

'What if he wet the bed again and has to sleep in his own urine?'

'What if he is thirsty?'

'What if his breathing stopped?'

After over half an hour of trying, Nick left his room and went back into Horua's room.

Horua was lying in bed, just as Nick had left him.

Nothing had changed.

Nick took a deep breath and went back to his room.

Yet, he still couldn't fall asleep, and he became nervous again.

An hour later, he returned to Horua's room again.

Nothing had changed.

Nick wanted to leave again, but he just didn't feel comfortable with leaving Horua alone.

So, Nick just remained in Horua's room.

He was tired, but he didn't try to sleep.

However, since Horua might be asleep, Nick also didn't talk to him.

He just remained in the room in silence without doing anything.

As more time passed, Nick felt a tightness in his chest.

"I'm sorry," Nick whispered.

"I didn't want this to happen."

Silence.

Nick just looked at Horua, different memories of him shooting through his mind.

"I'm so sorry," Nick repeated.

Slowly, Nick's eyes started to get wet, and eventually, tears started to flow down his face.

"Horua, I'm so sorry. I was such an idiot."

"I just want you to recover."

"It's fine if you hate me forever."

"I just want you to recover."

Nick's crying intensified.

"I'm so sorry."

Chapter 53: Interview

"So, how are you with bad situations?" Nick asked the person in front of him.

In front of Nick was a woman in her early twenties.

She had brown hair and wore dirty clothes.

Obviously, she was from the Dregs.

Right now, Nick was interviewing her inside his room in the hotel.

The woman had originally been quite nervous about having a meeting for a job inside someone's room, but by now, she had realized that Nick wasn't trying to hurt her.

"I think I can react in a very calm and deliberate manner," the woman said casually.

Nick nodded. "Have you ever met a Specter?"

"I don't have an ability if that's your question," the woman said.

"Alright, but have you met a Specter before?" Nick repeated.

The woman frowned. "I think so, but I'm not sure," she said.

"Oh? Please elaborate," Nick said.

"Well," the woman started, "legend has it that the leader of the Riker Strikers is a Specter, and I met him before."

"Oh? That's a new one," Nick said. "What makes you think he's a Specter?"

"It's just a legend," the woman said. "People say that Riker has to be a Specter. After all, the Riker Strikers are the only gang that brings nothing positive to the Dregs."

"The Insurance Gang might have some very direct methods, but they protect the people's tax money."

"The Peddlers might charge exorbitant prices and don't allow any competition, but they have the ability to get all these important goods to the Dregs. Without them, so many more people would die."

"The Hub might not care about morals when they accept a mission, but they also give many jobs to a lot of people. Even more, they keep the different gangs in check since the Hub can essentially be bought out by them."

"But the Riker Strikers?"

The woman shook her head.

"The Riker Strikers just steal, rape, and assassinate."

"They want money without offering protection."

"They secretly kill people for seemingly no reason."

"There's nothing good about them."

"Not even a little bit."

"What human would create something like that? Isn't it easier to lead a group of willing humans than forcefully take their belongings every day?"

"At least, that's the explanation," the woman explained. "If Riker is a Specter, these things would make sense."

Nick scratched his chin in interest as he looked at the woman. "That's a very interesting theory. I never met Riker personally since I worked for The Hub most of the time. You said you did?"

The woman nodded. "It was when three men stalked me to my house. I wasn't sure if they just wanted my money or if they also wanted to rape me, but luckily, I never found out."

When the woman had talked about the possibility of getting sexually assaulted, she had seemed quite calm, cold, and indifferent, even though something like that probably terrified most people.

"During that time, I was on a long-term mission for The Hub, and I showed them my symbol as proof."

"Based on their expressions, the three of them didn't like that, but they decided to leave me be."

"That was until Riker appeared."

"I don't know why he was here, but based on how the three men acted and how they addressed Riker, I knew it was the leader of the Riker Strikers."

"When he saw what happened, he just put on a friendly smile and asked since when the Riker Strikers cared about what the other gangs thought of them."

"The three of them turned back to me and started to advance."

"Meanwhile, I turned around and ran away."

"Luckily, one of The Hub's outposts was very close, and I managed to enter and get help."

"The three men fled, but a group from The Hub ran after them."

"I never saw them again after that, and I also didn't hear anything about Riker again," the woman explained.

Nick nodded a couple of times. "How was the infamous Riker?"

"How was he?" the woman repeated as she furrowed her brows. "It's difficult to describe."

"He looked quite charming and beautiful. Back then, I thought he looked abhorrent, but after so many weeks, I can admit that he is very attractive from a general perspective."

"He has this entire playboy vibe to him, but there is also deep confidence in his gaze."

The woman seemed uncomfortable for a couple of seconds.

"I'm not sure if this is relevant," she said eventually, "but I felt like his eyes were strange."

"They looked just like any other pair of eyes, but when I looked into them, I felt like I was looking at some kind of natural predator of mine."

"He felt very, very dangerous."

"I felt like I had to run away from him, no matter what."

The next moment, she snorted.

"Ironically enough, this feeling of having to run away was what allowed me to react this quickly to his men's renewed advance."

Nick looked very intrigued.

"What if you met him again?" Nick asked.

"In what sense?" the woman asked.

"Alone," Nick answered. "Just you two."

A sneer of disgust appeared on the woman's face.

"I would love nothing more than to say that I would kill him, but I probably don't have the strength to do that. I don't think a gang leader is weak," she said.

When Nick heard that, a bright smile appeared on his face.

"Alright, that sounds good," he said.

The woman looked at Nick with newfound anxiety. "So, did everything go well? I feel like it went well."

Nick chuckled and nodded. "Yep. Everything sounds great."

"So, does that mean...?" the woman asked.

Nick nodded. "Yes, I think you are the right person for the job."

The woman's eyes widened in shock.

A Zephyx Extractor?

She was about to become a Zephyx Extractor?!

She almost couldn't believe it.

"Your name was Jennifer, right?" Nick asked.

"Yes," Jennifer asked. "Please, call me Jenny."

"Of course," Nick said.

The next moment, Nick stood up. "Would you mind waiting outside the hotel for around 15 minutes? I have to deal with something first."

"After that, I will show you where you will be working from now on."

"Of course! Thank you so much!" Jenny said with a grateful voice.

The two of them left Nick's room.

While Jenny left the hotel, Nick went to Horua's room.

Nick had to check up on Horua before leaving for work.

Chapter 54: Dark Dream

Nick arrived in Horua's room and saw that it was time to change Horua's clothing again.

By now, Nick had taken care of Horua for over two weeks, and he had gotten pretty good at it.

Over the past two weeks, Nick had searched for someone who could join as another Zephyx Extractor.

This time, Nick was very careful when it came to choosing someone.

After all, he didn't want to make the same mistake again.

Nick had painfully learned why all the Zephyx Manufacturers had such stringent and difficult tests before anyone could join as a Zephyx Extractor.

Just because Nick could interact with a Specter didn't mean that everyone could.

In fact, interacting with a Specter was one of the scariest things in existence.

Humans instinctually felt that the thing in front of them preyed on them.

After the incident with Horua, Nick decided to use the entrance exam he had undertaken in Ghosty's Lab as a guide for creating his own exams.

Except, Nick didn't have all the facilities for the tests.

So, the next best thing was to just hold an interview with someone while trying to gauge their abilities in a conversation.

Nick had interviewed over 20 people from the Dregs by now, but he hadn't been happy with any of them.

There always was some kind of problem.

Sometimes, Nick felt like they were lying to him, and Nick didn't like liars.

Sometimes, Nick felt like what the people were saying sounded unrealistic.

For example, someone once said that they would simply beat up a Specter if they ever saw one.

Luckily, Nick didn't find any of these problems with Jenny.

Jenny was very honest and easy to work with, but when she talked about someone she didn't like, she seemed very cold and distant.

The best thing was that she didn't show any fear, but Nick also didn't feel like she was simply putting on a front.

In a sense, Nick felt like Jenny had no fight-or-flight instinct but just a fight instinct.

Even more, Jenny had honestly said that she ran away from the Riker Strikers without any shame.

She was confident in her choice.

"Hey, Horua," Nick said with a smile as he grabbed a freshly cleaned pair of pajamas. "I finally found someone for the position."

Horua didn't answer.

"Her name is Jenny, and she seems to have quite a character."

Nick told Horua about Jenny while he cleaned up Horua's mess and changed his clothing.

When he was done, he also gave Horua a quick massage.

"Anyway, I told her it would only be 15 minutes, and I've been here for nearly 20. Sorry, Horua, but I gotta go. See you later!" Nick said.

After quietly closing the door, Nick left the hotel.

Jenny was waiting in front of the hotel, and when she saw that Nick had come out, she released a sigh of relief.

Apparently, she had been worried that Nick had stood her up.

"Sorry, took a bit longer than expected," Nick said with a helpless smile.

"Oh, it's fine," Jenny said with a polite smile.

"Anyway, let me show you where you will be working."

When Jenny saw that Nick simply entered the warehouse on the other side of the street, she became quite shocked.

Who held an interview in front of their company's building?!

But when Jenny saw the sturdy walls of the Containment Unit, she realized that this was not just a simple warehouse.

Compared to the walls of the warehouse, the walls of the Containment Unit had an incredible feeling of power to them.

Even more, there were many cables and contraptions scattered around the Containment Unit.

After two weeks, the company had also slightly redecorated its interior.

By now, there were a couple of pieces of art made of metal strewn around, and there were also far more desks and chairs.

On top of that, things had been cleaned up, and a couple of walls made of thin metal separated parts of the warehouse into a couple of rooms.

Basically all of this had been done by Pator at Wyntor's request.

Nick led Jenny to the door of one of the isolated rooms and loudly knocked on it. "Hey, Wyntor! I got someone!"

"Come in!" Wyntor shouted from behind the door.

Jenny looked nervously at the door.

Nick opened the door and led Jenny in.

The inside of Wyntor's office looked different from the rest of the company.

For example, his chair and desk looked much better than all the other ones, and he also had a huge bookshelf with many different books on it.

Almost all of the books were about Specters.

When Wyntor saw Jenny, a small gleam appeared in his eyes, and he stood up.

"Welcome," Wyntor said with a smile. "My name is Wyntor Melfion, and I am the president and CEO of Dark Dream."

Jenny blinked a couple of times. "Dark Dream?"

"Hasn't Nick told you about the name of our company?" Wyntor asked with a smile.

"No, I didn't," Nick said. "The NDA thing, you know?"

Wyntor just chuckled politely. "Of course."

Then, Wyntor turned to Jenny again. "So, you will be joining Dark Dream as a new Zephyx Extractor, right?"

"Y-yes, sir," Jenny said with nervousness.

For some reason, Wyntor felt much more imposing and powerful than Nick to her.

"Perfect!" Wyntor said before pointing at a chair. "Please, sit down. I want to ask you a couple of things and tell you a bit more about Dark Dream."

While Jenny sat down, Nick walked out of the door. "I'll get to work then. Tell Pator to take care of Horua."

"Of course," Wyntor said.

"Thanks," Nick said. "Should I leave the door open or closed?"

"Close it," Wyntor said.

Nick nodded and closed the door.

While Nick walked over to the Dreamer's Containment Unit, Wyntor looked at Jenny with a friendly smile.

For several minutes, Wyntor asked Jenny questions, and the more he heard about her, the more fitting she seemed to be for Dark Dream.

'Nick actually got a good one this time,' Wyntor thought.

While Nick was sleeping in the Containment Unit, Wyntor took out several sheets of paper for Jenny to sign.

After signing all of them, Wyntor smiled again.

"Thank you, and welcome to Dark Dream!"

Chapter 55: Jenny and the Dreamer

By now, Nick had gotten pretty good at working with the Dreamer, and working with it no longer required special preparations.

While Nick was working with the Dreamer, Wyntor was telling Jenny everything relevant about Dark Dream, her future workplace.

From what Wyntor told her, their company was named Dark Dream due to their first Specter, the Dreamer.

When Nick had captured the Specter, he needed to brave the darkness and the Dreamer.

So, Wyntor had come up with the name Dark Dream.

When Jenny heard about how Nick had captured the Dreamer, her respect for him had grown even more.

Jenny had already respected Nick, but it was still difficult to feel true respect for someone who was still a teenager.

Naturally, Jenny also knew how impressive it was to fall under the Nightmare's influence so many times.

The more often it happened in a short timeframe, the more brutal the visions became.

Eight hours later, Nick walked out of the Containment Unit as he yawned a bit.

Even though he had just slept for eight hours, he felt very exhausted and tired.

The first thing Nick did after coming out of the Containment Unit was to check on the amount of Zephyx he had produced.

'Still seven grams. Except for that one change two weeks ago, nothing else changed. It's still seven grams,' Nick thought as he rubbed his chin in thought.

'With Jenny, I should be able to glean some more information.'

Nick looked around and quickly found Jenny.

Right now, Pator was showing her a couple of things in the warehouse.

"Hey, Jenny," Nick shouted as he came closer.

Pator and Jenny turned to Nick.

"Good work today, Nick," Pator said with a friendly smile.

"Welcome back, sir," Jenny said with a bit of nervousness.

"Sir?" Nick repeated with a chuckle. "Just call me Nick."

Jenny seemed a bit unsure. "Sure thing... Nick," she said with a bit of discomfort.

Nick just nodded with a smile. "Jenny, do you have somewhere to be in the next eight hours?"

"No," Jenny answered.

Nick nodded. "Today is your first day, but if you feel up to it, you can work with the Dreamer right now."

Nick didn't care that Pator was present. By now, Pator was also under an NDA, and he had already heard a lot about Dark Dream's secrets.

Jenny looked with a bit of excitement at Nick. "This means I would also get my first payment, right?"

"Sure. That's not an issue," Nick said.

"Then, I would like to work with the Dreamer right now," Jenny said.

"Although, I need to inform my partner at home first. She hasn't heard from me the entire day, and she will be very worried if I stay until deep into the night."

"Pator can do that," Nick said before turning to Pator. "Right?"

"Naturally," Pator said with a smile. "I'll deal with it after visiting Horua again."

"Thanks, Pator," Nick said. "If everything goes as planned, I can take over in about an hour or so."

"Sure thing, Nick," Pator said before turning to Jenny. "Where's your home?"

Jenny gave Pator instructions on what to say and where to go, and Pator quickly left the building.

The next moment, Nick smiled at Jenny. "Then, let's go."

Jenny nodded and followed after Nick.

Both of them looked to be calm, but in truth, both of them were quite nervous.

Jenny had never truly interacted with a Specter. She wanted to seem fearless, but deep inside, she was still worried that the Specter's presence would be too much for her to handle.

Nick wanted to seem confident, but he was just as nervous as Jenny. The last time he had introduced someone to the Dreamer, that person had become catatonic.

Nick hoped that Jenny could resist the Dreamer better.

After opening the employee door, both of them walked into the Containment Unit.

As always, the Dreamer stood in its corner, looking at Nick expressionlessly.

Jenny stood diagonally behind Nick, and when she saw the Dreamer, her heart rate increased by quite a bit.

Jenny took a deep breath as her chest shook, but she managed to keep her composure.

Just as expected, the Dreamer's Aura was hard to bear for Jenny.

She felt like she was in contact with her natural predator.

Remaining here spelled nothing but death, and her emotions were telling her to run away.

However, Jenny's rationality kept her emotions in check, stopping them from dictating her actions.

She had already been informed about the Dreamer, and she knew what she had to do.

'Nothing will happen to me,' Jenny thought while taking deep breaths, trying to calm herself. 'I will not die. The only thing to fear is fear itself.'

The next moment, the Dreamer looked away from Nick and looked into Jenny's eyes.

Jenny's heart rate increased even more as she started to sweat coldly.

However, she just gritted her teeth and looked back.

When Nick saw her reaction, he smiled.

"Alright," Nick said, looking at the Dreamer. "This is Jenny. You will be working for eight hours after our sessions every day."

The Dreamer didn't react.

Silence.

"Well, seems like there are no issues," Nick said with a casual shrug.

Jenny wasn't put at ease by Nick's casual demeanor.

"Alright," Nick said, turning to Jenny. "Where do you want to sleep? I usually sleep with my back against the wall, but you don't have to do that."

Jenny took a deep breath. "I'd like to sit in a corner."

"Sure," Nick said.

The next moment, Jenny went to one of the corners and awkwardly sat down.

Nick nodded. "The Dreamer will now come to you and put you to sleep. Don't resist its influence. After all, we want you to sleep."

Jenny nervously nodded.

Nick looked over at the Dreamer. "You can start."

The Dreamer slowly turned to look at Jenny.

Clink. Clink. Clink.

And slowly walked up to her.

All of Jenny's being was telling her to run as far away as she could.

She was about to die!

However, Jenny managed to keep her emotions in check and kept forcing her eyes closed.

After a couple of seconds, Jenny started to feel tired.

She wanted to resist the influence, but once again, she managed to keep her emotions in check.

Eventually, she got too tired to even think about resisting.

And then, she fell asleep.

