

Kill the Sun

Chapter 6: Wyntor Melfion

When the man entered the house, he became more uncomfortable.

There was dirt everywhere, and there were even several holes in the walls. If he became careless, he might even cut himself on the sharp edges of the walls.

"Hey, come over!" Nick shouted from one of the rooms.

The man walked over and saw Nick sitting on the ground in the middle of a bigger room.

There were no tables or chairs.

Then, he just looked at the place in front of Nick with a questioning gaze.
"Should I sit down?"

"Well, duh," Nick answered with a roll of his eyes.

The man took a deep breath and sat down.

"Do you have anything to drink?" he asked.

"The water barrel is in the back." Nick gestured to his back.

"Oh, okay," the man said. "Do you have a glass or a mug?"

Nick blinked slowly.

"A what?" he asked.

"You know, a mug," he repeated, gesturing with his hands. "A small container for liquids."

Nick blinked slowly again.

"Why? Just drink," he said with a deadpan expression and voice.

The man looked with an uncomfortable expression at Nick.

"Never mind. I'm not thirsty," he said.

Silence.

"I'm Wyntor," the man said, stretching his hand forward for a handshake.

Nick looked at the hand.

"What do you want?" he asked, looking at it.

"A handshake and an introduction?" Wyntor asked awkwardly, keeping his arm outstretched.

Nick furrowed his brows and moved his own hand forward.

Then, Nick grabbed Wyntor's fingers and looked him in the eyes. "I'm Nick."

Wynter smiled uncomfortably and moved his hand up and down for a handshake while Nick looked back at the shaking hands.

"Could you please let go?" Wyntor asked.

Nick frowned, confused why Wyntor wanted them to hold hands and then suddenly not, but he still let go of Wyntor's fingers.

"Sorry, Nick, I still need to get used to how people down here act," Wyntor said with an apologetic expression.

'Sure enough, he isn't from here,' Nick thought.

The fact that Wyntor had said "down here" meant that he came from the inner city.

Crimson Fungus City was comprised of two parts, the inner city, and the outer city.

If one were to look at Crimson Fungus City from a plane, one would see a huge city, which surrounded an absolutely enormous structure in the middle of it.

The structure was a humongous curvy pyramid in the shape of a hyperbola. It was made of reflective metal and was nearly two kilometers high and five kilometers wide.

Around this huge structure were many tall and expensive buildings, but the further one got away from the center, the smaller and uglier the buildings got.

About three kilometers away from the edge of the structure was the Dregs, the outermost part of the city.

In the Dregs were the poorest people who could barely survive. Between the Dregs and the inner city was the actual outer city.

Ghosty's Lab was in the inner city, but the location for the exam had been in the outer city.

Nick had heard legends about the inner city, but he had never been there, and he had only met two people that had been there.

Albert and Wyntor.

"You're from the inner city, right?" Nick asked.

"Yes, but from the lower levels," Wyntor answered. "It's my first time in the Dregs."

"I can tell," Nick said as Wyntor only smiled uncomfortably.

"So, why are you here?" Nick asked.

"Before I tell you, I need you to sign something," Wyntor said as he took some sheets of paper from a small sack hanging from his belt.

Nick looked at the first sheet of paper and furrowed his brows.

"No... Noon... disc-low-sure agree... ment? Noon disclowsure agreement? What's that?" Nick asked.

Wyntor looked with shock at Nick. "You can't read?"

Nick furrowed his brows. "I can read! I learned it from Albert! I'm just out of practice!"

"Okay, okay!" Wyntor answered quickly. "That's a non-disclosure agreement. It means that you are not allowed to talk about any of the things I'm about to tell you to anyone else, or the city will come for you. Essentially, if you talk about my secrets, you will be a criminal."

"Okay," Nick said absentmindedly as he tried to read the first sentence of the NDA, but it was far beyond difficult.

Reading and understanding a legal document was already difficult for adults with a lot of money, and Nick's reading comprehension was on the level of an elementary school student.

After a couple of minutes, Wyntor offered to just read out everything for Nick, but Nick said he didn't trust him and that he would read it himself.

Two hours and many questions about what words meant later, Nick had finally finished reading everything.

After some more instructions from Wyntor, Nick awkwardly signed the bottom of the page.

Nick was so confused about all of this. He knew what he had signed, but it was still so alien and strange.

"Okay," Wyntor said with a relieved sigh. "Everything we talk about from now on is subject to the NDA, which means you are not allowed to tell the contents to a third person without my consent. Do you understand?"

Nick nodded.

"My full name is Wyntor Melfion, and I am the third heir to the Melfion family," Wyntor said.

Nick blinked a couple of times.

Silence.

"Okay," Nick commented.

Wyntor took a deep breath. He had never gotten such a dismissive reaction to the revelation of his family name.

"My father is on the board of directors of Kugelblitz," Wyntor added.

Nick blinked once slowly.

"Okay?" he said.

Wyntor ruffled his hair in frustration.

"He partially runs the city!" Wyntor shouted. "Kugelblitz is the Zephyx Manufacturer that has the Crimson Fungus, and my father owns 20% of Kugelblitz!"

"Oh," Nick said in surprise. "That's cool, I guess?"

Wyntor massaged the bridge of his nose in annoyance and sighed.

"It's not important anyway," he said. "What's important is that my father doesn't want his heirs to grow up to be useless good-for-nothings. He worked hard to get where he is now, and he wants us to do the same thing."

"Because of that, he instructed all of his children to build a Zephyx Manufacturer Company and earn enough to buy 0.05% of Kugelblitz. Otherwise, we don't get to use our family's resources," Wyntor explained.

"0.05%?" Nick asked. "How much is that? Like a thousand credits?"

Wyntor snorted. "More like 50 million."

Nick's eyes shot open in shock.

50 million credits?!

Wait, and Wyntor's father owned 20% of that company?!

How much money was that?!

Wyntor smirked when he saw that Nick was finally surprised by his background.

"Anyway," he said, "In comparison to my siblings, I refuse to get taken advantage of by the Zephyx Manufacturers in the inner city and came out here where there is basically zero competition."

"I need a Zephyx Extractor to get my business off the ground, and since I don't have a Specter, I can't just recruit normal people. I need someone that already has an attuned Zephyx Synchronizer."

"Albert told me that I would find someone meeting my criteria in the central marketplace of the Dregs, and that's why we are here now."

By now, Wyntor's anxiety and uncertainty in his demeanor had completely vanished, replaced by a competent, direct, and charismatic businessman.

"I want to employ you as my Chief Zephyx Extractor."

"And the first thing we need is to capture a Specter!"