The Sun 101

Nick wasn't used to the extra weight on his legs and arms, but he was slowly getting used to it.

Since nobody could see Nick right now, Nick's speed was incredibly fast, considering that he was wearing 20kg on every limb.

The metal was incredibly durable, which was why it weighed that much.

Its density was no joke.

Nick continued punching and kicking the air for a while, and slowly, his movements changed.

Nick had been quite apathetic when he had just started, but the more he actually attacked, the angrier he got.

After a couple of minutes, his attacks actually got quite aggressive, and he even started to breathe heavily.

Originally, Nick just wanted to waste a bit of time until Wyntor arrived, but now, he actually wanted to see how strong his attacks could get.

'I wish there was something I could hit!'

'I haven't been able to punch or kick something with my full power for quite some time.'

Frustration joined Nick's anger when he realized that there was nothing he could punch.

Sure, he could probably punch the Dreamer's Containment Unit, but there were two issues with that.

First, even though the blades on Nick's wrist were very durable, stabbing them into something as unrelenting as a level two Containment Unit might actually dull them.

Something like this wasn't a concern for the back of the blades or the braces on Nick's shins, but a blade was way more fragile near its edges.

The other problem was the Dreamer itself.

While the Dreamer was a prisoner, it was still important that it was treated with a certain amount of respect.

Not because it deserved it but because working with a cooperative party was far easier than working with an annoyed or uncooperative one.

If Nick kept banging on the Dreamer's Containment Unit, it might decide to be less cooperative from now on.

As for the walls of the warehouse...

Nick looked at the stainless steel the warehouse was made out of.

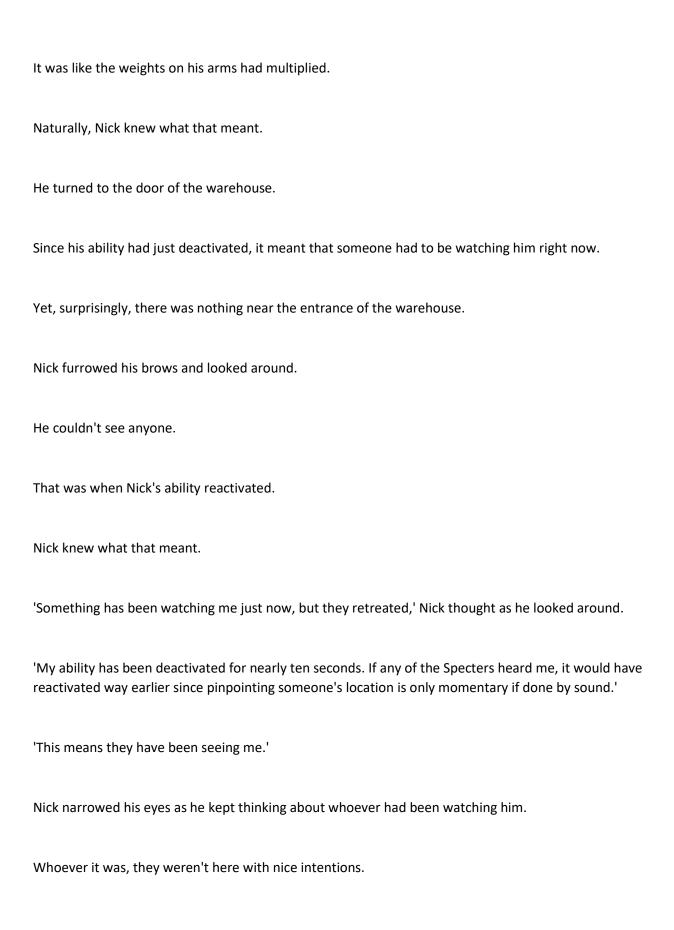
Steel was great and very hard, but if Nick punched it with his power and something as durable as his weapons, it would still break or dent.

Sadly, Nick could only punch and kick the air for now.

"Whoa!" Nick shouted as he lost control of his arms.

The force behind his attack was so strong that he was pulled along with it, landing on the ground and sliding for a bit.

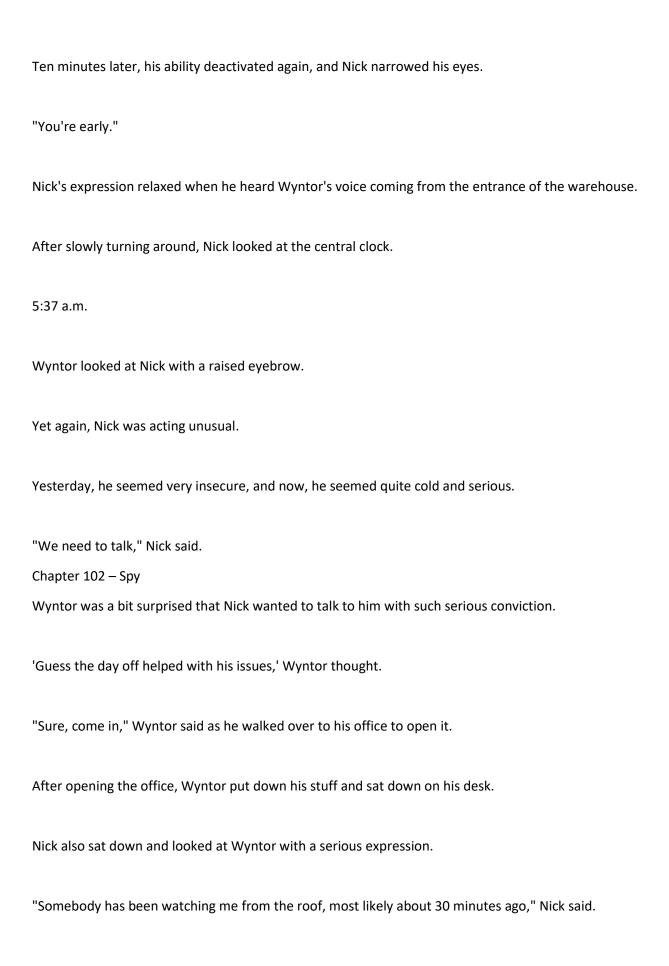
When Nick stopped, he slowly lifted his arm, but moving his arm felt much more difficult.



'I have to tell Wyntor later,' Nick thought as he started to punch the air again.
Nick didn't want to seem like he had noticed something.
Yes, he had just looked around like he was searching for something, but this could have been for any reason.
Maybe Nick had been up to no good and had been looking around to make sure that nobody was watching him?
A couple of minutes later, Nick's ability deactivated again, but this time, Nick had been careful that he didn't use too much power.
Because of that, Nick didn't fall over, and his punch transformed into a slow and awkward movement of his hands.
Of course, Nick acted like it was supposed to be this way.
The good part about Nick's ability was that nobody could see his true power.
They always only saw him awkwardly shuffling around with his heavy weapons or falling over.
Nick just kept slowly punching around, not looking around a lot.
He was acting like he thought he was alone.
'Sure enough, my ability is still deactivated,' Nick thought after 30 seconds had passed.
This confirmed it.

Someone was looking at Nick at this moment. After another couple of seconds, Nick bent forward and put his heavy arms on his knees while breathing heavily in exhaustion. Nick could keep going, but he acted like he couldn't. For the next couple of seconds, Nick's eyes rapidly darted around the floor of the warehouse. Ironically enough, Nick wasn't searching for the watcher. After breathing heavily for ten seconds, Nick's guess was confirmed. 'By lowering my head in exhaustion and looking around, my stalker would have immediately retreated if they were looking at me from below the floor. They would be afraid of me accidentally spotting them.' 'But since my ability is still active, it means that they don't feel threatened by what I am currently looking at, which is the floor.' 'Therefore, they are not below the floor.' A bit later, Nick righted himself and stretched his back in relaxation, looking up. As soon as Nick showed an inkling of stretching and looking up, his ability immediately deactivated. 'On the roof, maybe?' Nick thought. 'Although, it could also be somewhere in here.'

After that, Nick walked around and looked at the consoles of the Containment Units.



When Wyntor heard that, he furrowed his brows. "Explain."

"I came early and was bored, which was why I trained a bit with the weapons," Nick said as he shook his heavy arms a bit.

"After training for a bit, I felt my ability deactivate, and after a bit of trying some stuff out, I came to the conclusion that someone was probably looking through one of the many holes in the ceiling for the sunlight."

Wyntor nodded. "How did you find out they looked through the ceiling?"

"They didn't look away when I looked at the ground, but they immediately looked away when I looked at the ceiling," Nick said.

Wyntor nodded with an interested expression. "I actually never thought about using your ability like that. I always saw that as a weakness of your ability, but in a way, you can actually find out if someone is looking at you and even from where."

"There is actually a lot of potential for that kind of ability."

Nick didn't seem very excited, and his expression just remained even and serious.

After what happened the last couple of days, Nick was no longer that interested in joking around and laughing.

"What about the spy?" Nick asked. Updated from novelb(i)n.c(o)m

"Right," Wyntor answered calmly. "I'm pretty sure that I know where they are from, and you probably also know."

Nick narrowed his eyes. "Ardum?" he asked.

Wyntor nodded. "The other Manufacturers don't care enough about us yet to spy on us, and they also don't want to annoy my family. I would be very surprised if the spy turned out to be from them."

"But if it's Ardum, I wouldn't be surprised," Wyntor added with a sigh. "Every heir that manages to successfully earn enough money to purchase a portion of Kugelblitz is another person that shares the inheritance of the Melfion family."

"Three of my older siblings already managed to pass their tests and are working in Kugelblitz. They are already not big fans of me trying to get a piece of the inheritance, but they are also not the kind of people that would act against their youngest brother."

"But Ardum..." Wyntor said as he trailed off. "He always acts like he's confident and charismatic, but there's actually nearly nothing there to back his confidence."

"He's arrogant and believes that everyone else is beneath him, and when he sees someone else reach his position, he puts them in their place again. After all, they don't deserve to be in a similar position as him."

Nick listened with a solemn expression. "What can we expect?"

"Depends on our actions," Wyntor answered. "If we do nothing, the spy will keep delivering information to Ardum, and Ardum will probably try to make our lives worse."

"If we break the laws, he will tell the guards. If we go to capture a Specter, he might arrive with his team of stronger Extractors."

"However, he won't directly attack us," Wyntor added. "Right now, it's like we are arguing with each other. In an argument, the first person who becomes violent admits that they lost the argument. After all, if you can defend yourself with words, why would you need to use your hands?"

"But if we decide to attack the spy and kill them, it would be like punching Ardum in the face, and he will punch back just as strongly."

"Fairness and justice don't matter in this case. He got punched, and even if he deserves it, he will punch back."
Nick listened to Wyntor with furrowed brows.
Then, he thought about Jenny and Trevor.
They had their weapons now, but they were still inexperienced in wielding them, and on top of that, their abilities were not fitting for battle.
If they were to fight Ardum's Extractors, they would be at a significant disadvantage.
The only one that could really fight was Nick.
Nick had fought a great number of people in the Dregs, and he had also killed several.
Even more, as long as the enemy didn't see Nick, his ability was incredibly powerful.
One also had to remember that Ardum's Extractors were probably in the same position.
Ardum had one Adolescent and only two Hatchlings.
His Extractors probably were just as inexperienced in killing humans as Dark Dream's Extractors.
They were all pretty new to this job.
"What would you suggest?" Nick asked.

"I already have somewhat of a plan," Wyntor answered calmly. "I'm more interested in what you want to do. I want to know if you come to the same conclusion as me."
"Why?" Nick asked suspiciously. Ever since Wyntor had unveiled that he had been testing Nick secretly, Nick had become more suspicious of Wyntor's questions.
"This is not a test," Wyntor said, seeing through Nick's suspicion. "I just want to see if my plan is the most logical one. If you come to the same conclusion, it gives more strength to my own."
Nick raised an eyebrow, but his suspicions were alleviated.
Then, Nick thought about the smartest thing to do.
In a battle, they would lose.
If they took the initiative and attacked Ardum's people, they would also lose.
If they didn't do anything, they would fall into a disadvantage.
'The biggest problem is that nobody is used to battling other people. The others are still too new at this.'
Nick's gaze subconsciously went to the ceiling.
'But I really want to kill this guy.'
"Do nothing until everyone gets more used to their weapons. Prepare in secret. Then, we kill the spy and look at how things will develop," Nick said.
Wyntor nodded, and a small smile formed on his lips.

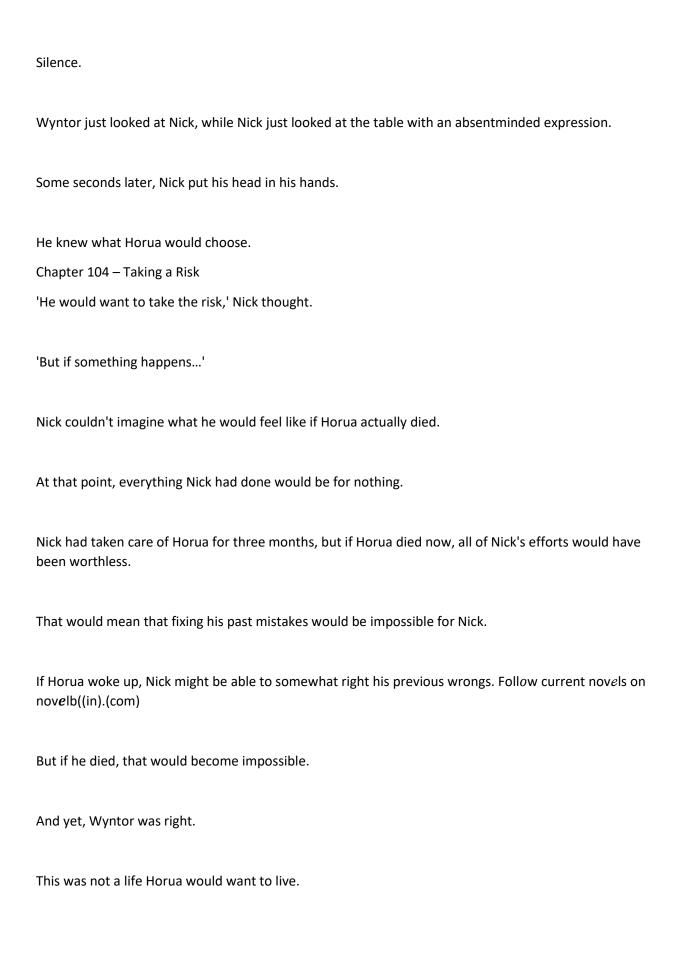


Nick listened intently. "When will you get the guards?"
"Today," Wyntor said. "With the increased output of Zephyx, thanks to the Screaming Coffin, I can afford to hire a couple of guards. It will cost us barely a thousand credits per day."
Nick nodded.
Then, Nick took a deep breath, but he didn't say anything.
Wyntor raised an eyebrow.
Nick looked like he wanted to say something.
"Yes?" Wyntor just asked with an expectant tone.
Nick closed his eyes and took another deep breath.
"I don't think I can take care of Horua anymore," Nick said. "It has become so difficult, and I noticed that it has started to interfere with my duties."
"I know that I am the one responsible and that Horua has become like this entirely due to my mistake, but I can't just continue like this."
"I need someone who can take care of him," Nick said with a tone filled with shame.
Nick felt like he had given up.
He felt like he had run away from his responsibility.



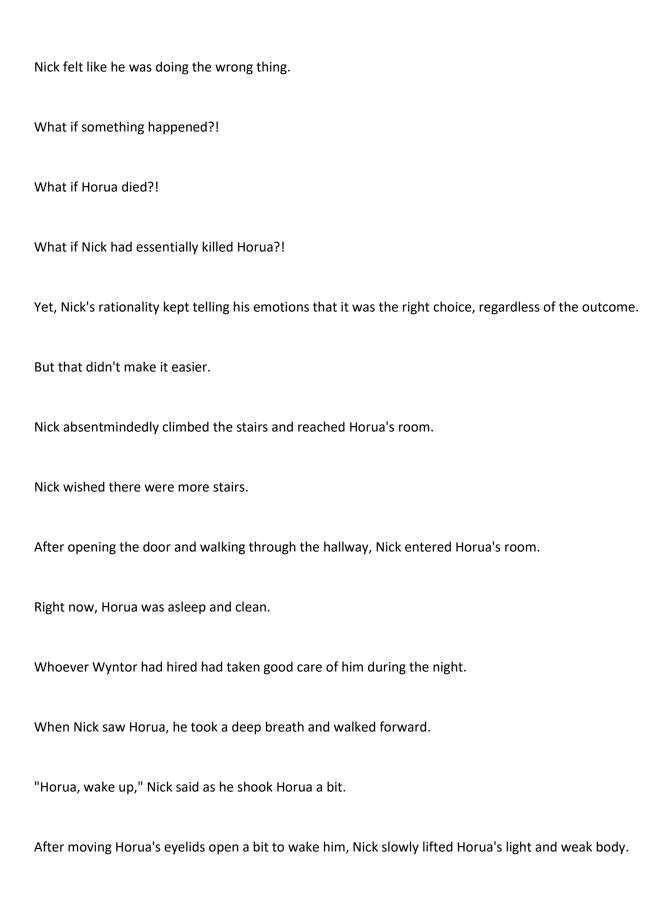
"In total, he already lost half of a year to this."
Nick became nervous. "What are you trying to say?"
"I'm saying that the time for being passive is over, Nick," Wyntor said. "How long will you let the boy continue being in this state? A year? Two years? Three years?"
"How long until the boy doesn't even recognize who he is anymore when he looks into the mirror?"
"Will you let him spend his entire childhood in this state?" Wyntor asked.
Nick narrowed his eyes. "I would help him if I could!" he shouted. "Don't act like I refuse to help him!"
"Nick," Wyntor said. "It's been three months. Doing nothing won't help him. Do you want him to spend the rest of his life like this?"
"What do you want me to do?" Nick asked with fear and annoyance.
But in truth, Nick already knew what Wyntor wanted.
He just didn't want to accept doing that.
"The Dreamer was the one that put him into this state," Wyntor said. "Maybe the Dreamer can help him get out of it."
"The Dreamer will kill him!" Nick shouted. "Specters have no empathy, and if the Dreamer sees an opportunity to kill Horua, it will do so!"

"Then, why did the Dreamer retreat before the boy started to have a seizure?" Wyntor asked. "You told me that the Dreamer stepped away before things were going badly."
"It seems like the Dreamer didn't want to kill him."
"Nick, while it is true that Specters don't have Empathy, it is also true that they are intelligent and do what is best for them."
"If the Dreamer knows that awakening the boy is the best thing to do, it will do so."
"It has worked with us for three months now, and it wouldn't want to ruin our trust in it by killing some random kid."
"It's going to try its best. Even if the only reason is that we trust it more, and it might gain an opportunity to break out of its Containment Unit one day."
Nick gritted his teeth.
The Dreamer had caused Horua to enter this state.
Sending Horua to the Dreamer again could only be bad.
Nothing good could come of this. Follow current novels on novelb((in).(com)
However, Nick also couldn't deny Wyntor's words.
Horua couldn't live his life like this.
'If Horua could talk, what would he choose?' Nick thought.



If Horua could see himself, he would probably speak the Sentence.
Every day, Horua was pissing and shitting his pants, and he was reliant on other people for everything.
If Horua were conscious, he would find this eternal boredom, humiliation, and monotony to be worse than death.
This was not a life he would want to live.
But if Horua died, it would also fall back on Nick.
After all, Nick was essentially making choices for Horua.
If Nick didn't agree, Horua wouldn't get sent to the Dreamer.
"Don't do the wrong thing because you are too weak to do the right thing," Wyntor said.
Nick's chest shook.
'Right,' Nick thought in pain. 'I know that what Wyntor said is right, and I also know what Horua would choose.'
'Yet, I am still hesitating.'
'Why? Because I can't bear thinking about how I would feel if Horua dies.'
Nick took a deep breath.

"You're right," he said as he looked at Wyntor. Nick tried to show that he had made his choice with conviction, but his nervousness and anxiety still shone through. Wyntor nodded. "Good," he said. "Nick, this is not a life that the boy would want to live. You made the right call." Nick took a deep breath and nodded again. "I just hope he won't die." "And even if he does," Wyntor said, "you still made the right choice." "Even if the boy dies to the Dreamer, you know that you have at least tried to make his life better." Nick gritted his teeth, but he nodded. He knew that doing this was correct, but the thought of Horua dying still scared him. "When do you want to do it?" Wyntor asked. Nick took another deep breath. "It doesn't matter. For Horua, it doesn't matter when it happens. His life is perfectly monotone." "Might as well do it right now," Nick said with a shaky voice. "Fine," Wyntor said. "Then, get him. I'm going to wake Trevor." Nick nodded, gritted his teeth, and walked out of the office. Nick's emotions were going crazy again, but his determination was keeping them under control for now.



Horua had lost a lot of weight in the last three months. "Today, we are going to change your life," Nick said softly. "For better or for worse." "Living like this is not what you want, and I know, if you could talk to me, you would also make this choice." "We have to take a risk. In this state, you might as well be dead. Letting you stay like this wouldn't be much different from killing you." "You deserve a chance, and we are going to give you one!" Nick opened the door to Horua's room as he carefully walked out with him. "I just hope that I can have a real conversation with you when the day is over." Nick took a shaky breath. "And I also hope that you will one day be able to forgive me for my stupidity." As Nick walked down the stairs, he felt like he was walking towards his execution. His feelings were screaming at him that he was doing the wrong thing, but his rationality was screaming back that it was the right thing. Humans were not machines, and many times, their feelings were in direct opposition to logic. Every human experienced battles between what their head thought was right and what their heart thought was right.

Nick walked out of the hotel, and Horua's body came into contact with the outside for the first time in

three months.

But just moments later, Nick entered Dark Dream with Horua. After entering the warehouse, Nick saw Trevor standing beside the Dreamer's Containment Unit with a worried expression. Nick just walked to the Containment Unit. "Nick, you're doing the right thing," Trevor said, and Nick stopped walking. "I wouldn't want to live such a life." Nick's eyebrows relaxed a bit. "Thanks, Trevor." Trevor nodded. "No worries. It will work out. The Dreamer won't dare to kill the kid." Nick nodded without saying anything and walked through the employee entrance. After entering, Nick saw Wyntor standing in front of the Dreamer. As soon as Nick entered, the Dreamer turned to look at Nick. And then it focused on Horua. Nick furrowed his brows, took a deep breath, and walked forward. "Dreamer," Nick said, stopping in front of it. The Dreamer didn't answer, and it only kept looking at Horua.

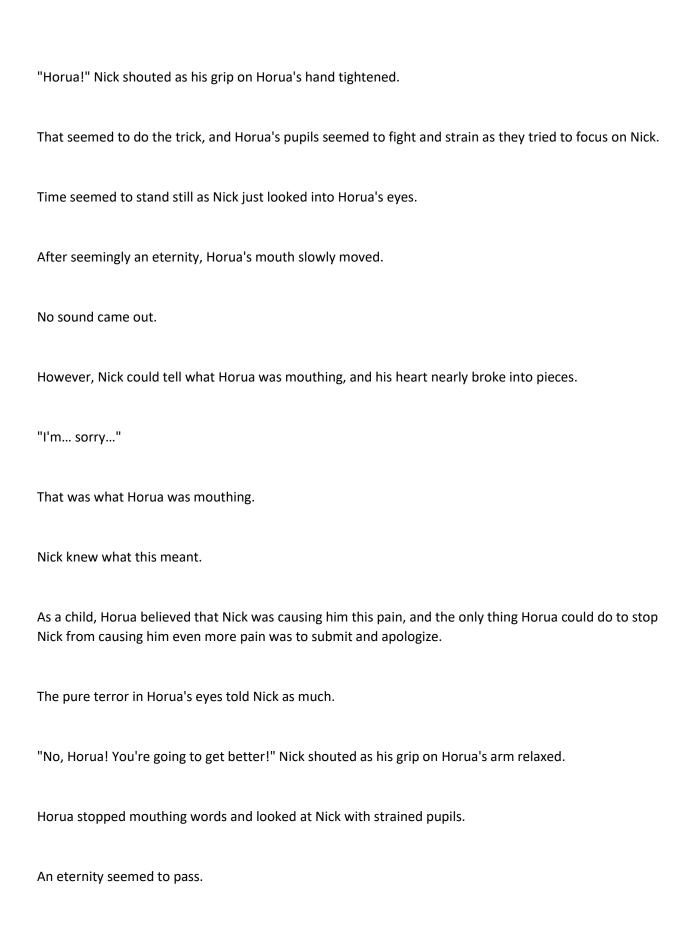


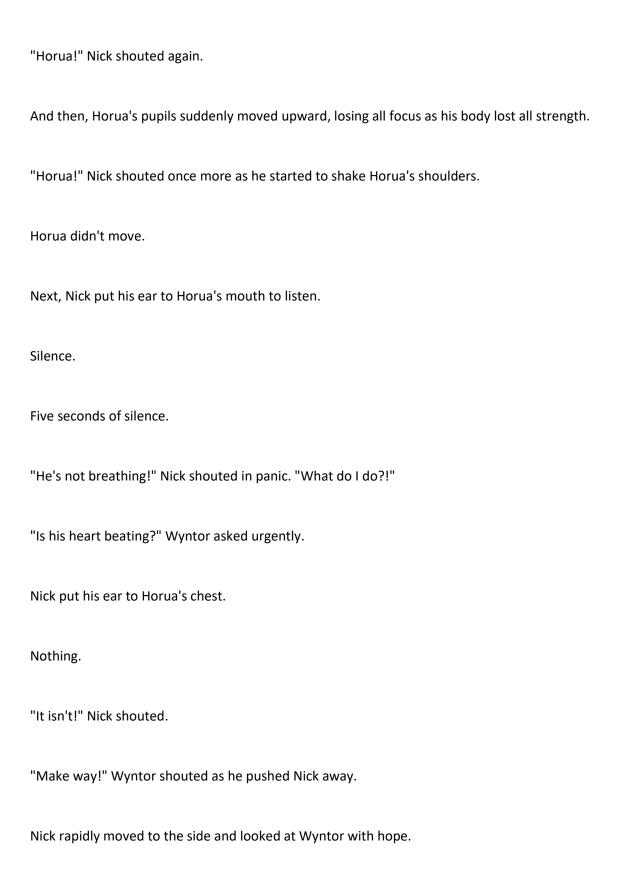




The only scream that was more intense came from the Screaming Coffin.
Worried that Horua might die, Nick charged-
"Nick, stop!" Wyntor shouted, holding his arm in front of Nick.
Nick could barely hear Wyntor's voice due to Horua's loud and terrifying scream.
"It knows what it's doing!" Wyntor shouted. "Trust in the fact that it knows what the optimal course of action is for its survival!"
Nick's body shook.
"АААААНННН!"
Horua's scream was terrifying, and Nick felt like he wanted to either punch the Dreamer or run away.
No matter the case, Nick felt like he had to do something!
Suddenly, blood shot out of Horua's mouth as his vocal cords broke apart and leaked blood.
"STOP!" Nick shouted with all of his power.
Nick was just about to push Wyntor to the side when the Dreamer actually turned to look at Nick by only moving its head. Its body was still hunched over Horua.
The Dreamer's intense but dead stare focused on Nick's eyes as Horua kept screeching in agony and pain.





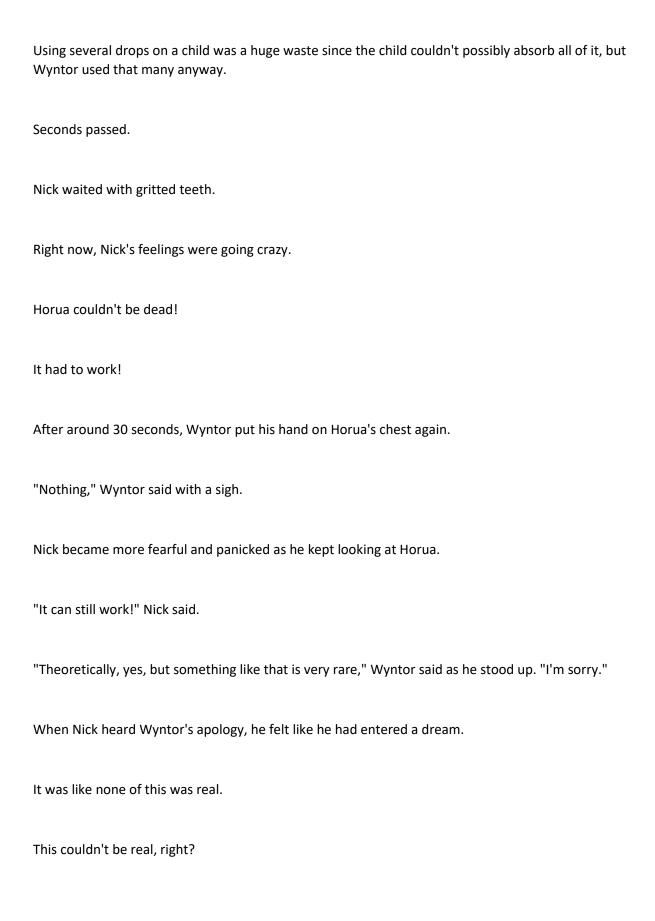


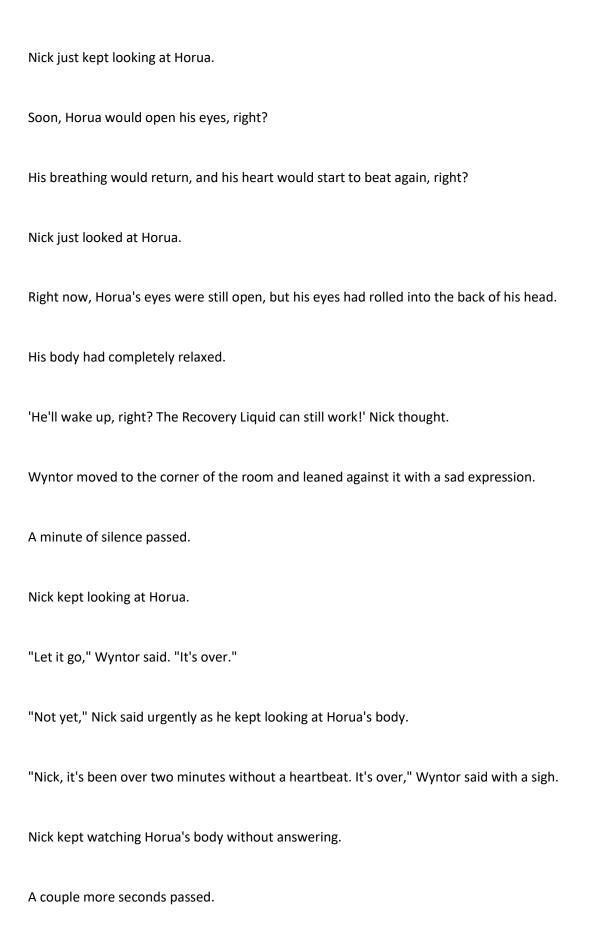
Wyntor immediately started to push on Horua's chest in a certain rhythm. "Go to my office and get the Recovery Liquid in the lowest drawer!" Wyntor shouted. Nick nodded and immediately ran out of the Containment Unit. After entering Wyntor's office, Nick immediately opened the lowest drawer and quickly found the small green bottle. Nick raced back with the bottle and saw Wyntor still performing CPR. "Give it to me," Wyntor said. Nick gave the bottle to Wyntor. Wyntor opened it and poured a couple of drops on Horua's head and some into his throat. Wyntor had already stopped performing CPR and just watched Horua with Nick. This would decide whether Horua lived or not. Chapter 106 – It's Over Nick and Wyntor looked at Horua with bated breaths. The Recovery Liquid could heal all kinds of physical injuries, and if there was anything wrong with Horua

These Recovery Liquids were for Extractors, which meant that they were designed to work on people

physically, it would get healed very quickly.

several times stronger than the average human.

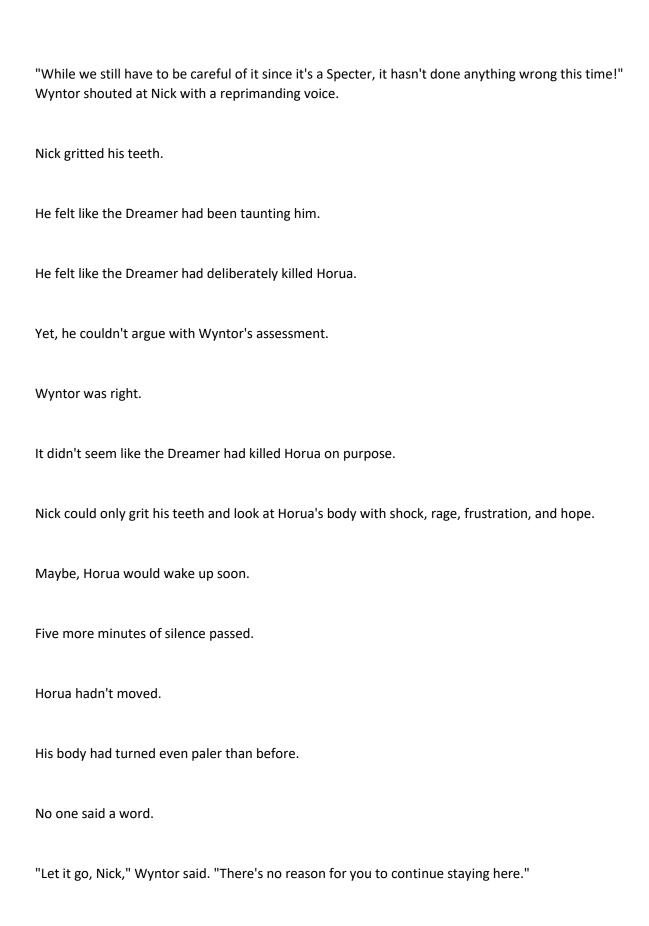


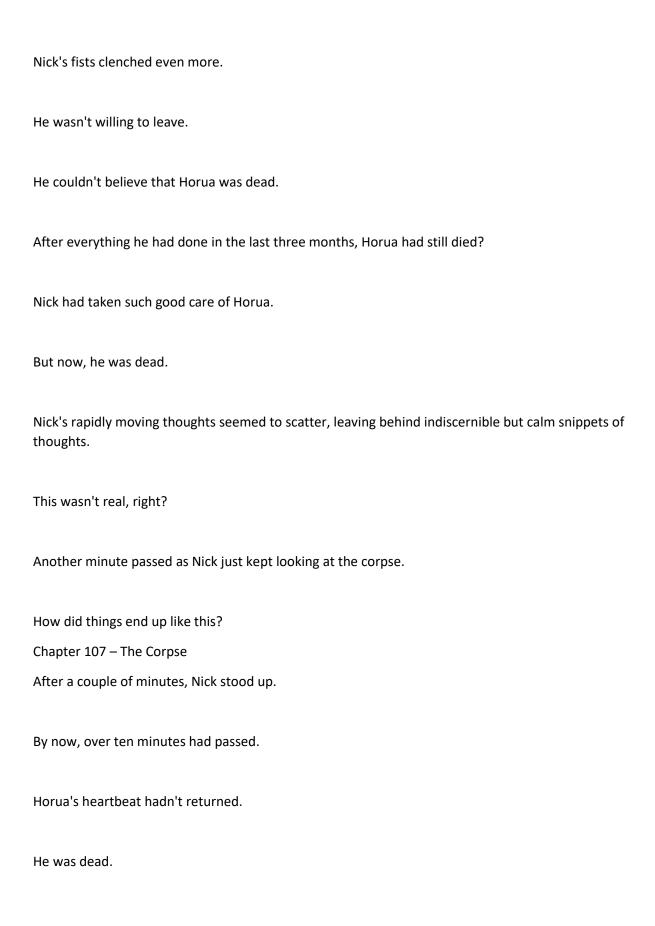




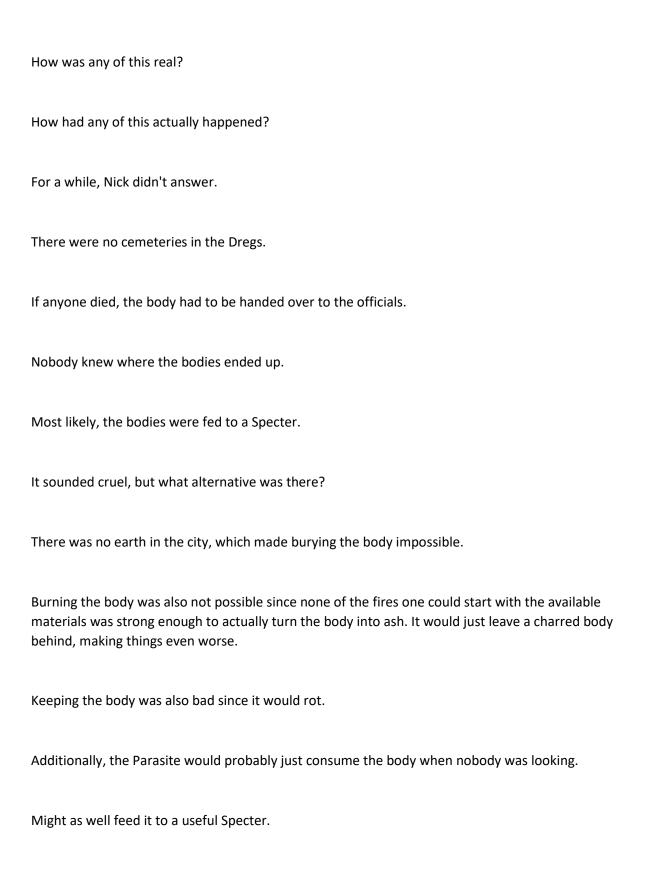
However, he quickly realized that he was actually just venting.
Wyntor hadn't done anything wrong.
"I'm sorry," Nick said with a restrained voice as he looked back at Horua's body.
Several seconds of silence passed.
Nick just continued looking at Horua with hope.
Soon, he would wake up.
Another two minutes passed.
"You don't need to stay here," Nick said. "You probably have something to do."
"I'm not leaving without you," Wyntor said.
Nick sighed. "You don't need to worry about me." "I'm not," Wyntor answered.
Nick furrowed his brows in confusion and gazed at Wyntor.
Wyntor gestured to the Dreamer, which was still standing in the corner.
"I'm worried about it. I don't want you to attack it out of rage," Wyntor said. "I trust in your ability to get
through this, which is why I'm not worried about you."

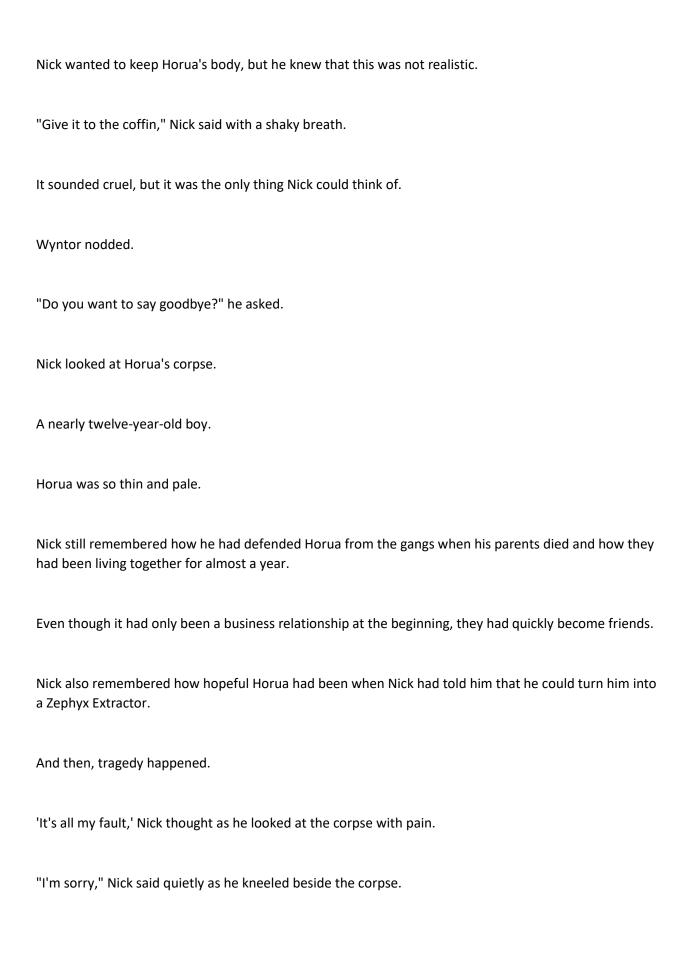
When Nick heard that, he gritted his teeth as he turned to look at the Dreamer.
Nick still remembered how the Dreamer had looked at Nick while Horua was screaming.
It was almost like the Dreamer was taunting Nick!
Nick clenched his fists so hard that he nearly started to bleed.
"Nick," Wyntor said with a serious voice. "The Dreamer didn't do anything wrong."
"How do you know?!" Nick said in a loud voice.
"Because there is no reason for it to kill the boy," Wyntor said. "On top of that, it didn't show any sign of attacking Horua."
"But didn't you see how-"
"Because you shouted at it!" Wyntor interrupted Nick before he could finish.
Wyntor knew very well what Nick was about to say.
"It taunted me!" Nick shouted in rage.
"It looked at you in confusion!" Wyntor answered with a serious voice. "You shouted at it with all of your power. Of course it would look at you!"
"Even more, when you charged at it aggressively, it just flew back without even preparing an attack! Otherwise, the alarm would have gone off!"
"The Dreamer has been cooperative this entire time!"





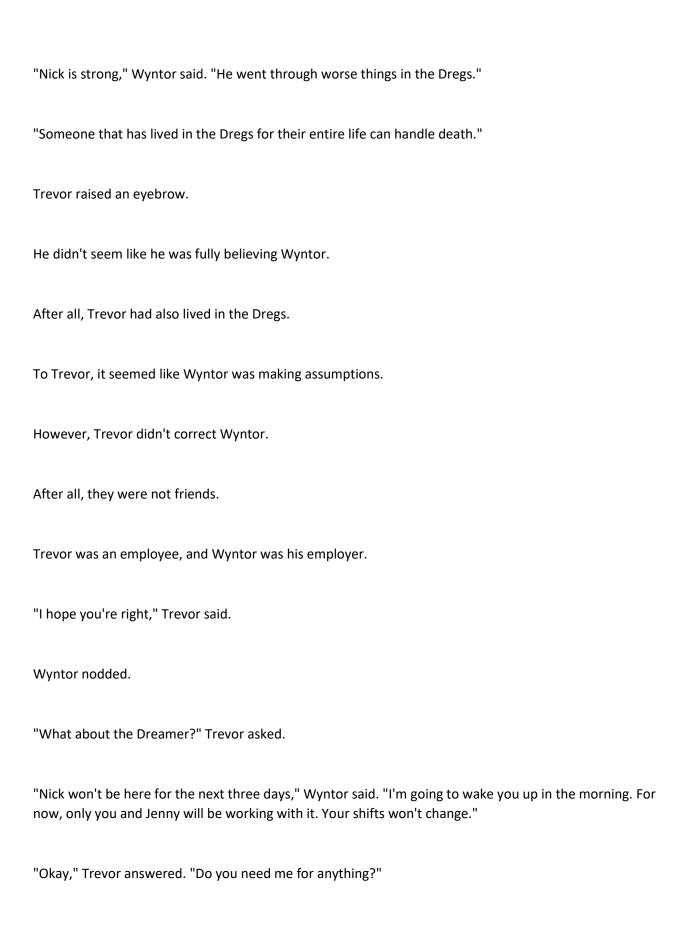


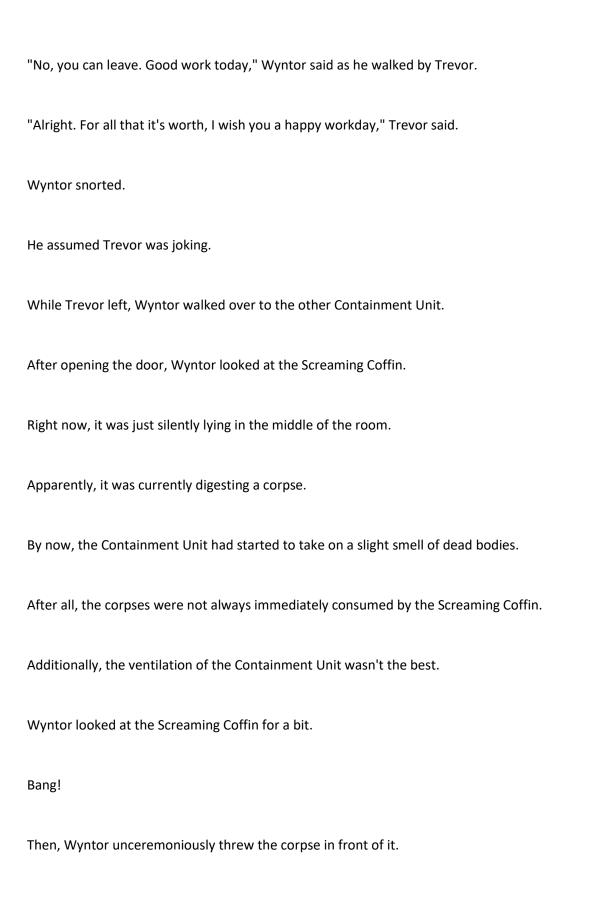


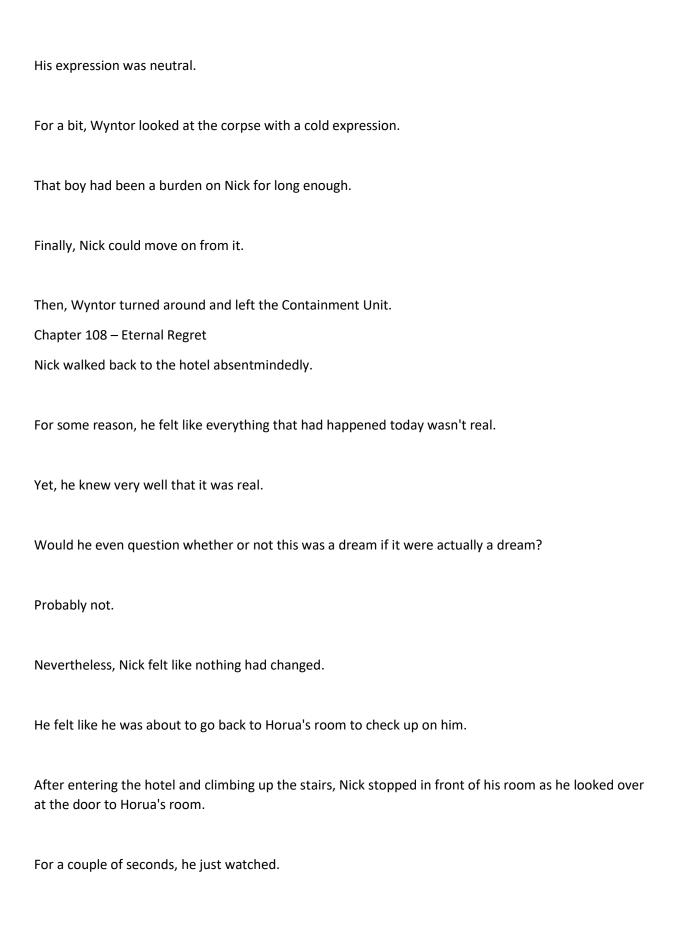


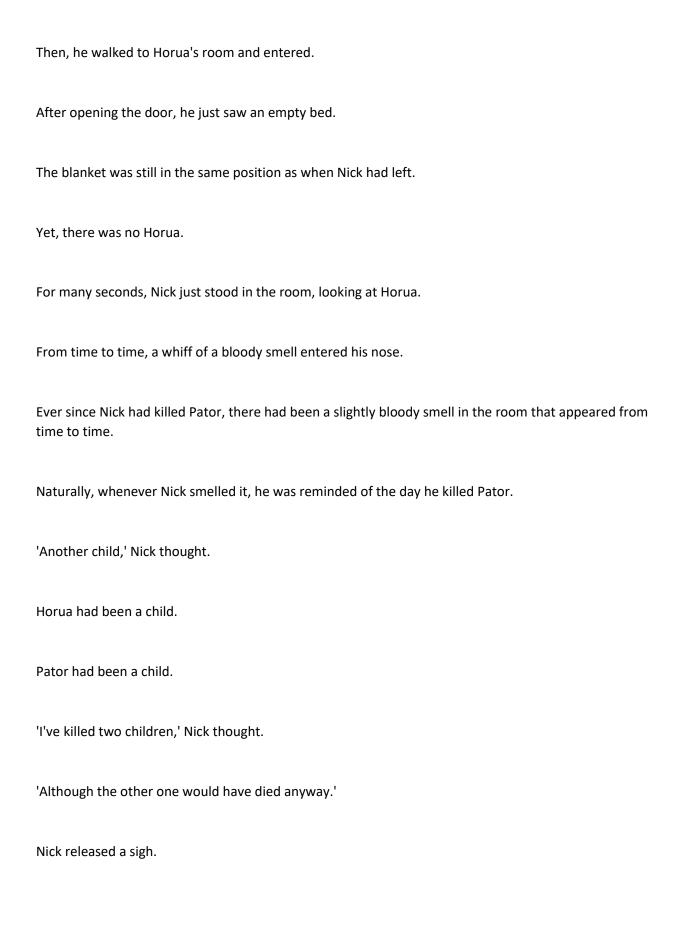




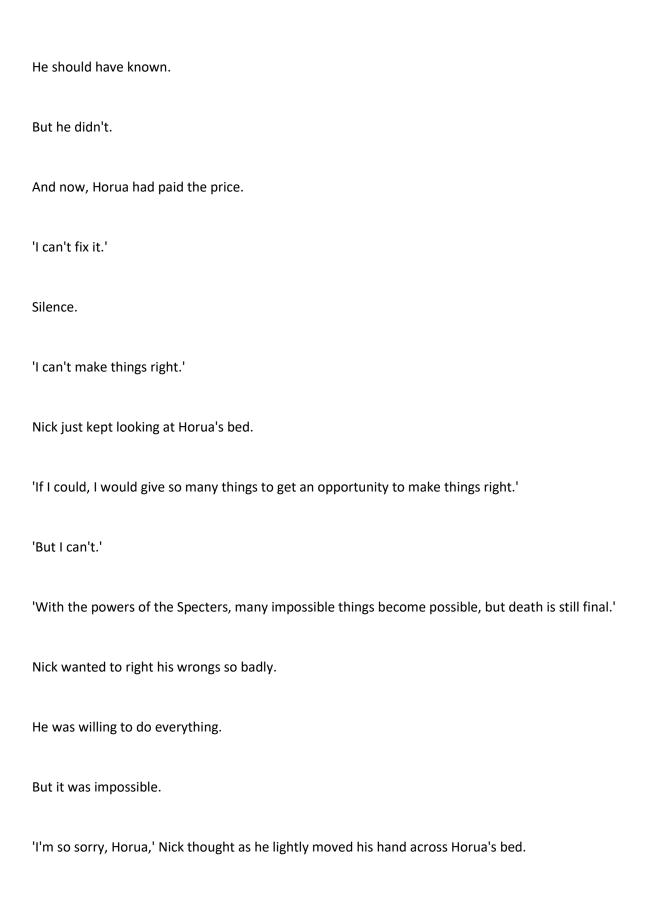


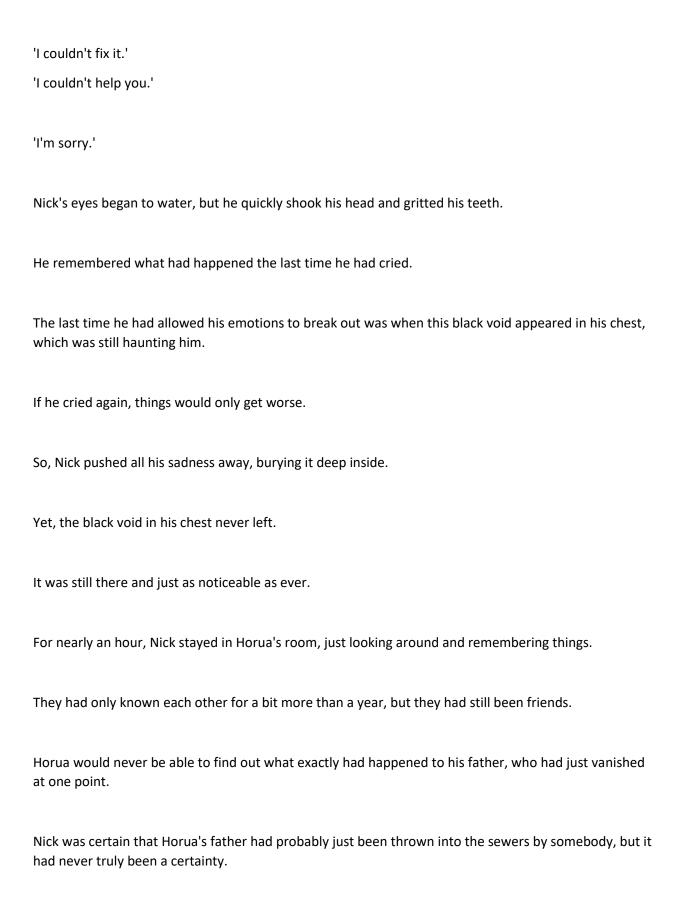






'But Horua's fate was my doing.'
'If I hadn't pulled Horua into Dark Dream, he wouldn't be dead. He would probably have continued living somewhere in the Dregs.'
'Sure, it wouldn't have been an easy life without me present, but he would have survived. After all, I also managed to survive.'
'But I just had to get Horua to become a Zephyx Extractor, huh?'
Nick just looked at the empty bed with an expression filled with regret.
At the same time, Nick felt the dark void in his chest return with even more intensity.
It was like the muscles and organs in his chest were constricting with all their power.
Regret and guilt.
Nick was filled with so much regret and guilt.
Nick had committed horrible mistakes, and there was no way to fix them.
He would never gain a chance to make things right.
Horua was dead.
And he had killed him.
His stupidity had caused Horua's death.





Horua would also never be able to truly own his house.
Yes, he was essentially the owner of the house, but as soon as Nick left, the gangs would steal it since Horua was just a kid who couldn't protect such a valuable asset.
Maybe in the future, Horua would have become a big and strong man who would fight against the gangs for his childhood home.
But now, none of that would happen.
All of Horua's dreams died with him.
Eventually, Nick left Horua's room and entered his own.
After entering, Nick put his weapons to the side and just fell into his bed.
He had just woken up a couple of hours ago, but he already wanted to go back to sleep.
Why was life like this?
Why did one bad thing after the other happen to him?
Problems, problems.
He was just so tired of all of these problems.
'If I weren't that stupid, I wouldn't have so many problems,' Nick thought as he lifelessly looked at the ceiling above his bed.

'If I were strong enough to contain or isolate my empathy, I wouldn't have so many issues with Pator's death.'
'If I were not such an idiot, Horua wouldn't have died.'
'Maybe life isn't actually cruel.'
'Maybe it's just my incompetence and idiocy that makes it cruel.'
'Maybe I'm just too dumb to have a good life.'
All of the memories that Nick associated with negative emotions shot through his mind.
When one was surrounded by darkness, one often didn't even try to search for light.
At this moment, there were no happy moments in Nick's memories.
The intense regret and guilt colored the bright moments grey, making them seem meaningless.
When Nick had gotten his job, it didn't matter since his life only became worse from then on.
When Nick caught the Dreamer, it didn't matter since the Dreamer would end up killing Horua.
When Nick became rich, it didn't matter since all the money in the world couldn't make him happy right now.
All the good things were meaningless.
All the bad things were painful and dominant.





Nick didn't move.
"Oh, wow," the rat said in a bit of surprise. "You're not even angry that I'm touching you. That's a new one."
The next moment, the rat jumped up on Nick's chest and looked at his vacant and disinterested eyes.
"Huh," the rat uttered after a bit. "To think that you would actually reach that point. After that one incident two years ago, I thought that you would never consider suicide."
"Things change," Nick said. "You said so yourself."
"And so they do," the rat said as it moved around Nick for a bit, looking at him with interest.
"Can't bring yourself to go through with it, huh?" the rat asked.
Nick weakly nodded without looking at the rat.
"You know, those are my favorite customers," the rat said. "Like, I don't even have to convince them. They just let me do my thing."
The next moment, the rat started to scratch its tiny chin with one of its claws.
"But things are tricky in this case."
"First, you are worth far more than just your corpse. You are a business partner that can bring me tens, if not hundreds, of corpses, you know? Having you die right now would be a huge waste."
"Also, you're already no longer a normal human. Look at this."

Then, the rat suddenly bit Nick's arm and started to tear at it while trying to scratch it with its claws.
Nick felt like someone was pinching him.
"Can't get through," the rat said after stepping away. "This body is just a rat. I can kill a guy, but I can't kill an Extractor."
"Sure, if I claw out your eyes and crawl up your skull, I would be able to do so, but you would never let me. Even the most depressed and suicidal person goes crazy when a rat tries to eat their eyes. Trust me, I tried."
"I mean, you could try traveling to my main body" the rat said as it trailed off.
"Nah, forget it. You'll never survive the journey," it said a bit later with a dismissive wave.
"Also, I don't want you to die. I still need me some corpses, you know?" the rat said with a wide grin.
Even though Nick didn't care a lot about anything right now, he still noticed the irony of his current situation.
"You're trying to convince me to stay alive," Nick stated.
"I mean, sure," the rat said with a shrug. "Why not? Maybe you'll donate some corpses later when you feel better?"
"A rat's gotta make a living, you know?"
Nick almost felt like this wasn't real.
The Parasite.

A powerful Specter.
Someone who tried to convince as many humans as possible to let it consume them nove(I)bi(n.)com
Was trying to convince Nick not to kill himself.
How had things turned out like this?
"So, what's been bugging you?" the rat said. "By the way, where's your little statue boy? He's usually positioned right here."
Nick took a deep breath.
"Ah, there it is," the rat said after seeing Nick's reaction. "I get it."
"Little statue boy broke."
"So, you broke a statue. Big deal. Make a new one," the rat said.
Nick's eyes narrowed in anger.
The rat immediately jumped away from Nick. "Oh boy, someone's getting uppity."
"His name was Horua!" Nick shouted at the rat after explosively sitting up. "He was a real human with a real name! He's not a statue, and he's not just a boy!"
The rat blinked a couple of times in surprise. "I feel like that was only partially targeted at me."

Nick snorted and looked to the side. "It doesn't matter anyway. He's dead now, and I killed him."
"So?" the rat asked.
Nick clenched his fists again. "He was an innocent boy, and I killed him!" he said through gritted teeth.
"What? So if you killed him seven years later, things would be different?" the rat asked. "Dead is dead. Who cares?"
Nick just looked forward with furrowed brows, not facing the rat. "You wouldn't understand. You're a Specter."
The rat scratched the side of its head a bit in thought.
"I guess so?" it answered with uncertainty.
Chapter 110 – Therapy
"But so what?" the Parasite continued. "Life is life. Who cares if you understand shit or not? You just continue living and doing your thing."
"It's not that simple," Nick answers.
"How is it not that simple?" the rat asked. "Everyone's only eating and drinking to survive, and they work to eat and drink. Apart from that, people kind of just want to fuck or become rich."
"But in the end, none of that matters," the rat added. "You die anyway."
"Whether you have killed a million people or saved a million people. When you're dead, none of that matters. You're just a corpse at that point anyway."
"Whether you are alone or surrounded by family, you are just a corpse."







Even more, Nick felt more annoyed and disgusted than depressed right now.
"It changes nothing," Nick said.
"Why not?" the rat asked. "You humans constantly kill yourselves because you feel sad. If you don't feel sad, you won't kill yourself."
Nick sighed. "But the cause of the pain is still there. Also, I feel bad about feeling good. I stole Horua's happiness."
"Who?" the rat asked.
"The boy that was here."
"Oh, statue boy, got it," the rat said. "Back to that topic, are we? I thought we already solved that issue."
Nick closed his eyes and took a deep breath to calm down. "We solved no issues. I killed Horua. I killed an innocent child who trusted me."
"You killed a guy," the rat said. "You killed many guys. What makes this one different?"
"He was an innocent child," Nick said with a bit of aggression.
"So? We already went over this," the rat said.
"It's different," Nick said.
"Dead human is dead human!" the rat stated with conviction.

Nick wanted to argue, but he stopped himself.
"You won't understand. You're a Specter."
The rat scratched the side of its head with annoyance. "Okay, so statue boy is different from some other dead humans."
"Let's presume that statement holds true," the rat carefully said. "Let's presume that statue boy is somehow more valuable than one dead human."
"How much more valuable? How many dead humans do we need to equal one statue boy?" the rat asked.
Nick furrowed his brows. "It doesn't work like that."
The rat groaned in annoyance. "Would you rather kill a thousand people or one statue boy?"
"If the thousand people are murderers and rapists, I would kill the thousand people," Nick answered.
That surprised the rat a bit. "What if they are not?"
Nick furrowed his brows as he looked down.
A thousand strangers or Horua
Nick thought about the Dregs.
In a way, Nick felt like he would rather kill the thousand people, but his mind was telling him that he wouldn't go through with it.

Killing Horua for a thousand innocent people
When the rat saw Nick thinking so intensely, it only had one thought.
'Damn, statue boy is that valuable?'
In the end, Nick sighed.
"I would probably kill Horua, but I would feel horrible," Nick said.
CLAP!
The rat clapped its tiny hands. "There you go!"
"What?" Nick asked with annoyance.
"Go save a thousand people," the rat said. "Save a thousand people, and you will have repaid your debt."
"Makes sense, right?"