

The Sun 141

Chapter 141 – Investigation

The building Nick was on was quite a bit higher than Dark Dream, which made it quite easy for Nick to see the person in the white cloak but difficult the other way around.

At this moment, the person on top of Dark Dream was taking out a white bottle with some green stuff in it, and they were slowly and silently opening it.

Then, they moved closer to one of the holes, which was above one of the spots where the next shift of guards would stand.

Now, they only needed to-

Crack! BANG!

The person suddenly heard a huge crack appear behind them before hearing the loud sound of something heavy hitting something below them.

With shocked eyes, the person saw the guards inside Dark Dream looking at the ceiling of the Dreamer's Containment Unit.

At this moment, the person looked with shocked eyes at the red mark on top of the Containment Unit.

It almost looked like something had once been there, but the person didn't remember anything being there.

That was when they noticed the guards pointing at one of the walls inside Dark Dream.

There was a silver spear with big red streaks stuck in the wall!

The spy had no idea what was going on, but their heart rate shot up.

'I have to go!' they thought urgently as they stood up.

"Argh, what?" a female voice spoke as the person felt like their legs were not listening to them anymore.

At the same time, they suddenly started to feel a terrifyingly sharp pain arriving.

'My back!' the person thought in terror.

Splash.

At that moment, a long piece from an intestine landed in the middle of Dark Dream.

That was when the person realized what had happened.

Their body bent to the side, and they looked at their abdomen.

It was like they had entered a nightmare.

There was a huge hole in their abdomen!

That spear!

Wait, had that spear caused that hole?!

Then, the person remembered that the Chief Zephyx Extractor of Dark Dream was always walking around with some spears.

And that spear with the red streaks looked exactly like one of his spears.

Except for the red streaks. They were new.

A couple of seconds ago, Nick had thrown the spear at the person.

He wanted to nail them to the ceiling of Dark Dream, but he had overestimated the ceiling's durability.

In the end, his spear shot through the person's body, bounced off the Dreamer's Containment Unit, and got stuck in the walls.

"Sto- argh!" the person shouted, but they couldn't finish their words since they suddenly started coughing.

At the same time, they looked around to search for the attacker.

BANG!

And then, their nose vanished after a streak of silver entered the person's face where their nose had just been.

The person quickly started to convulse.

The roof behind them had several pieces of brain matter scattered across it.

A silver and red spear was stuck in the walls of a higher building behind them.

From a distance, Nick took a deep breath and sighed as he watched the person in white convulsing violently on the roof of Dark Dream.

The next moment, the guards started to run out of Dark Dream as they climbed the side of the building to get to whoever was on the roof.

"It's just me!" Nick shouted from the higher building.

The guards looked over and spotted Nick in surprise.

"What's going on?" one of them asked with a shout.

"I'll explain later," Nick answered. "The spear came from me. The danger has been dealt with."

The guards looked at each other.

After some seconds, they nodded.

"Okay, we're going inside!" one of them shouted.

Then, the guards went back into Dark Dream.

Meanwhile, Nick leaped off the building and went to retrieve the spear that was stuck in the wall behind the person.

'I can get the other one later. It's inside Dark Dream anyway,' Nick thought as he walked over to the person lying on the roof.

By now, their convulsing had lost a lot of power.

There was a big hole going through the spot below their sternum and one going through the spot where their nose had been.

The spears had done a lot of damage.

When Nick saw the effects of his spears from such a close range, he sighed.

Nick was used to seeing the people he killed with broken necks.

Seeing them with these holes almost made it feel like it hadn't been Nick who had killed them.

It was so different.

It was so distant.

Nick ripped the white cloak off the person and looked at them.

'Sure enough, she's from Cycle,' Nick thought as he saw the standard Zephyx Extractor uniform with the emblem of Cycle on the corpse.

The person in front of Nick was a woman with turquoise hair and blue eyes. Her eyelashes were long, and she was quite slim.

Nick sighed again.

'She looks like a nice person,' he thought.

After that, Nick looked at the glass jar that the woman had dropped.

The green stuff inside the glass jar had partially spilled out, and Nick carefully put the green stuff back into the glass jar while making sure that he didn't touch any of it with his bare hands.

After putting the lid back onto the glass jar, Nick carefully put it to the side while continuing to inspect the corpse.

A couple of credits.

A banking card.

Some random personal belongings.

'Oh?' Nick thought as he saw three small and black balls. 'Those look unusual.'

'Probably some kind of weapon.'

Nick carefully put those to the side as well and continued inspecting the corpse.

Sadly, that was everything that seemed relevant or suspicious.

Nick could only sigh. 'Of course, people only have written orders and such stuff on them in stories.'

After looking through everything, Nick grabbed the corpse and moved it into the building.

He would wait for Wyntor.

Chapter 142 – Green Powder

Just when Nick was retrieving his second spear from the wall, the door to the Dreamer's Containment Unit opened, and Trevor walked out.

Nick blinked a couple of times in surprise.

Usually, Trevor didn't wake up on his own.

"Does anyone know what's going on?" Trevor asked with a shout as he searched for the guards.

Then, he found Nick. "Oh, Nick. You're here already?" he asked.

Nick nodded as he put the bloody spear onto his back.

The next moment, Trevor noticed the corpse in the middle of the warehouse.

When Trevor saw the face of the corpse, he flinched.

That hole in the middle looked brutal.

It was like a huge object had shot through it at incredible speeds, which was probably what happened.

Trevor quickly realized that it had probably been one of Nick's spears, which shocked him quite a bit.

Trevor was not dumb, and he could tell how much force something like a spear needed to shoot through an Extractor's skull like it was paper.

He knew that he could deal a lot of damage with his own convertible spear, but he couldn't do something like that.

His opponents were made of actual matter, while the holes looked like the spear didn't distinguish between an Extractor's body and air.

How much power could Nick unleash?!

'That's probably due to his ability,' Trevor thought.

Trevor and Jenny still didn't know what kind of ability Nick had, which meant that they could only guess.

At least now, they knew that Nick's ability was useful for direct combat.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to unleash so much power.

"What happened?" Nick asked as he jumped down from one of the scaffoldings.

"That's what I wanted to ask," Trevor answered. "I suddenly woke up and found the Dreamer in the corner of the Containment Unit, looking at the ceiling."

"I found the spy and threw my spear at her," Nick said. "The spear passed through her and bounced off the Dreamer's Containment Unit. It probably got startled by the loud sound."

"Oh, okay," Trevor said, looking at the corpse. "Should I go back in?"

"No, it's okay," Nick said. "You can go home earlier today."

Trevor nodded. "Sure. Please, tell me if anything comes of this, okay?"

"Of course," Nick said with a nod.

"Then, have fun at work," Trevor said before throwing another glance at the corpse and leaving.

"Thanks," Nick answered absentmindedly.

A moment later, Nick opened the door to the Dreamer's Containment Unit but didn't enter.

In the corner of the room, the Dreamer just looked at Nick with its dead eyes.

"I accidentally hit your room with this spear," Nick said, showing the bloody spear. "Sorry for disturbing you. I'll come to you in a couple of hours, okay?"

The Dreamer just looked at Nick.

It didn't answer.

"Of course," Nick said before closing the door again.

Then, Nick leaned on one of the walls and waited for Wyntor.

"Excuse me, Nick?"

Nick looked over as two of the guards approached.

The third one was keeping a lookout from above.

"Hm?" Nick uttered.

"What happened?" the guard asked.

"That's a spy," Nick said, pointing at the corpse. "She was on the roof, fidgeting with this glass jar above one of your guys' locations."

The two guards took deep breaths.

This meant that they had been the targets of something.

"May I take a look?" one of the guards asked as he took out a small box.

"Sure," Nick answered with a shrug.

Next, the guard opened the small box, revealing several small bottles and vials.

Nick watched with raised eyebrows as the guard very carefully removed some of the green stuff in the glass jar and put it into one of the vials.

While the first guard was performing some tests on the green stuff, the other guard looked at the three black balls beside the corpse.

Nick gestured that the guard could take a look, and the guard inspected one of the black balls.

"Nick, I know what this is," the second guard said.

"Oh? What is it?" Nick asked, approaching the guard with the black balls.

The guard showed Nick a small engraving on the black ball and the sigil of a cute ghost.

"It's a weapon produced by Ghosty's Lab," the guard said.

"What kind of weapon?" Nick asked.

"A smoke bomb," the guard said. "It has no offensive purpose and is almost exclusively used to flee from a battle."

"One of them is about 5,000 credits."

Nick furrowed his brows and nodded.

It made sense that a spy would have something like that.

'Maybe I should get a couple of these?' Nick thought.

"Thanks," Nick said.

The guard nodded and put the black balls back to the side.

The second guard went back to his post while the first one continued experimenting with the green powder.

Nick just waited.

Eventually, Nick saw the entrance to Dark Dream open, and Wyntor walked in.

When Wyntor saw the corpse, he raised an eyebrow. "I presume that's the one?" he asked.

Nick nodded. "Yep. She landed on our roof and was sprinkling that green stuff into the warehouse. Or, at least, she wanted to. She didn't have the opportunity."

Wyntor nodded as he approached the corpse.

When he saw the corpse's face, his eyes didn't show any reaction.

They just remained cold.

"Sir," the guard experimenting on the green stuff spoke politely in greeting.

Wyntor nodded. "You're analyzing the green powder?" he asked as he scratched his chin.

His furrowed brows showed that he was confused or skeptical about something.

"Yes, sir. I'm nearly done. I am basically already certain what it is, but I want to rule out all other possibilities," the guard said.

"I also am pretty sure about what it is," Wyntor said.

"Oh, you know what it is?" Nick asked.

Wyntor nodded but didn't say anything.

The two of them waited for the guard's analysis to finish.

The guard stood up and put his little box away.

"I'm almost certain that this is some sort of healing powder."

Nick's eyebrows shot up.

At the side, Wyntor nodded. "That's what I suspected."

This confused Nick a lot.

Healing powder?

Why?

Why would the spy sprinkle that into Dark Dream?

"What does that mean?" Nick asked.

Wyntor took a deep breath through his nose.

He didn't seem happy at all.

"It means that Ardum got us."

Chapter 143 – A Meeting

Books, reports, and several different kinds of office supplies lay on a table in the middle of quite a sizable meeting room.

The table was big and was able to accommodate around 20 people.

Just like with any other building in the Outer City, the walls were made of shiny metal, but the metal this building was made of was even stronger than normal.

It was made of actual steel.

No normal person could possibly break one of the walls down without using extremely powerful tools.

Inside the biggest meeting room of the building, seven people sat around the huge table.

Two young women sat on one side of the table.

One of them had brown hair and chatted animatedly with the girl beside her.

There were two pistols adorning her waist, and she wore the standard uniform for a Zephyx Extractor.

The emblem on the uniform was an arrow going in a circle.

This was Cycle's emblem.

Beside the young woman with the guns sat a taller woman who looked about ten years older but was, in fact, only around four years older.

This woman had a bald head and had quite big arms. On her back was a massive staff made of pure steel with one massive round ball at each end of the staff.

While the young woman was talking animatedly to the older one, the older one just listened like she didn't care.

But that didn't mean that she actually didn't care.

In fact, those two were best friends.

Just like the younger one, the older one wore the standard uniform for Zephyx Extractors.

It was obvious who these two were.

Those two were Newbies from Cycle.

Besides the bigger woman sat a short and slender man with black hair and sharp eyebrows.

The man didn't talk with anyone else on the table and just waited.

There was no weapon visible on him, and he wore the same uniform as the former two Extractors, signifying that he also was a Newbie belonging to Cycle.

At the other side of the table was a young man with red hair who was moving back and forth on his chair to keep it balanced on its two back legs.

The guy put his knees on the edge of the table but didn't dare to put his legs on it due to the presence of more powerful people than him.

There was also no visible weapon on him, and he wore the same uniform as the others, showing that he was a Newbie belonging to Cycle.

Besides the red-headed guy was another man.

This one looked to be in his young thirties, and he had long and rough brown hair.

On top of that, he was over 190 centimeters tall with quite a bit of muscle, creating quite an intimidating presence.

On his back was a long sword, and just like the others, this one also wore the uniform of a Newbie belonging to Cycle.

However, the way everyone was acting around him showed that he had a slightly higher position than the other Newbies since they avoided looking at him without a good reason.

The last person in the room was the one at the head of the table.

It was a tall and very fat man with an eyepatch.

The guy probably weighed over 200 kilos, which was quite unusual for Zephyx Extractors. After all, Extractors tended to do a lot of manual labor and fighting, which kept their bodies healthy and athletic.

Of course, there were also people who looked fat but were actually healthy and athletic, but this guy did not belong to those.

In a way, his round shape made him look a bit like a panda, and his eyepatch made him look a bit like a pirate.

A panda that was also a pirate sure was an interesting mental image.

On the panda-man's back was a long rifle that had several attachments on it.

The panda man was looking at the people in the meeting room, and everyone looked back.

Compared to the others, the panda-man had two interlocking arrows on him.

This signified that he was a level two Extractor.

A John.

"Are we waiting for the boss?" the big and serious man with the long sword asked the panda man.

The panda man nodded with a polite smile. "He should be here soon. He was the one that called in the meeting."

"What's this even about?" the red-haired man asked with annoyance as his chair tilted back and forth. "I wanna get back to work."

"Jonathan," the panda man said, "this is more important than working right now. Also, you are getting paid by the hour. So, it doesn't matter whether you are working or not right now since you're still getting paid."

The red-haired man, Jonathan, just rolled his eyes, shrugged, and went back to tilting on his chair.

"By the way, where's Sarah?" the young woman with the pistols and the brown hair asked the panda man.

"She's not coming to this meeting, Kiara," the panda man said.

Kiara, the young woman with the pistols, raised an eyebrow. "Why not?"

The panda-man sighed. "We'll talk about it later."

"Is all of this related to Sarah?" the bald woman asked with a serious voice.

"Let's all just take a step back," the panda man said with his arms raised like someone was about to attack him. "The meeting has not even started. Just calm down and wait for the boss."

The two women looked with skepticism at the panda man.

Surprisingly, they looked at the panda man with less respect than when they were looking at the serious and tall man with the long sword on his back.

The fact that the panda-man was the Chief Zephyx Extractor of Cycle, and therefore their boss, didn't make a difference.

The black-haired man remained silent and waited with his eyes closed.

The two women continued talking in whispers, but it was mostly the younger one who talked while the older one listened.

Finally, a couple minutes later, the doors opened, and Ardum walked in.

Chapter 144 – Sarah's Death

As Ardum entered the meeting room, everyone else stopped what they were doing and sat in their chairs silently.

The strong reaction of the room showed the deep respect everyone held for Ardum.

Ardum looked at everyone and nodded once with a serious expression, which was unusual since Ardum was mostly rather casual with everyone.

While Ardum was sitting down, everyone showed different reactions.

The young woman looked worried.

The older woman and the tall man furrowed their brows.

The red-haired man and the black-haired man showed interest.

The panda man sighed.

After sitting down, Ardum sighed.

"As some of you know, I have a younger brother called Wyntor," Ardum started.

Some of the people nodded.

"Just like me, he's currently going through that entire potential heir thing, but compared to me, he's having more issues."

Ardum sighed again.

"I always doted on him, but his towering pride made it impossible for him to accept even a little bit of help from me."

Some of the present people frowned.

They thought that Ardum was talking too nicely about his brother.

Many of them had talked to Ardum about his brother in the past, and while Ardum always tried his best not to talk badly about him, he always hesitated when it came to talking about his brother's bad aspects.

Obviously, Ardum was simply too nice to say anything bad about his little brother, even though it seemed more than appropriate.

Ardum released a bitter chuckle. "I noticed that he wasn't very careful with his Extractors recently."

"His Extractors showed signs of constantly being tired and disoriented. Obviously, that's because of their main Specter, the Dreamer."

"I think their Chief Zephyx Extractor is telling his employees to use their working time with the Dreamer as their resting period. After all, they are sleeping, right? Why would they still need to sleep after sleeping in front of the Dreamer for so long?" Ardum said with a sigh.

The others didn't show any reactions, but the change in the atmosphere showed everyone's opinion.

It was idiotic.

Working with a Specter could and should never be viewed as resting time.

"But due to my brother's very healthy self-confidence, I doubt that he would have accepted any of my advice."

Ardum sighed once again.

"Which was why I made a very foolish and selfish decision."

The two women looked at Ardum with sympathy.

Ardum was always so hard on himself.

"I thought I could help my little brother's employees by sprinkling some Restoration Dust into their company in secret."

This increased the curiosity of everyone present.

That was an unusual course of action.

But it would work.

And it also wouldn't tarnish Wyntor's image in front of his employees.

Sure, it was unusual, but it was also effective.

Ardum took a shaky breath.

"I had Sarah take care of that," he said.

Immediately, the atmosphere in the room tensed up several degrees.

The present people were not naïve children.

They could see what was coming, and they did not look forward to it.

At all!

"Tell me she's still alive!" Kiara, the young woman, shouted with nervousness and anger as she jumped up from her chair.

A moment later, the older woman pulled Kiara back into her chair, but her expression showed a tremendous amount of suppressed rage.

The panda man looked to the side.

The huge man's brows furrowed.

Jonathan's brows rose in surprise.

Everyone was looking at Ardum intensely.

Several seconds of silence passed.

"Sarah didn't report back," Ardum quietly spoke.

"She was supposed to report to me yesterday morning."

"Her husband said that she didn't come home."

"I can only assume that she is no longer with us."

Silence.

Stunned silence.

Sarah?

Dead?

Sarah's image shot through everyone's mind.

She had always been smiling.

She had always been the happiest and friendliest member of Cycle.

She had always taught two of the present people about how to work with Cycle's Specters.

While she had only been a normal employee like everyone else, she had somehow always been at the center, talking to everyone.

Due to her ideology, she had even refused to train in any offensive weapon, and she had only trained in stealth and running away.

And someone as kind as she had been killed?!

How?!

Why?!

This was unfair!

This was so unfair!

"Who was it?" the man with black hair asked emotionlessly.

Ardum looked at the young man.

The young man looked back.

For just a moment, the two of them looked at each other.

"I can't be entirely sure," Ardum said, "but I assume it was one of Dark Dream's three Zephyx Extractors. Most likely their Chief Zephyx Extractor."

Ardum furrowed his brows and gazed at the table.

"He has been seen carrying corpses into Dark Dream several times already."

The image of a cold, ruthless, and cruel man holding Sarah by her throat appeared in everyone's minds.

The rage and hatred in the atmosphere intensified.

"How are we going to get justice for Sarah?" the bald woman asked with suppressed rage.

BANG!

A part of the huge table broke due to Jonathan hitting it with his fist.

"Justice?!" Jonathan shouted in absolute rage.

"Revenge!"

"How do we get revenge for her?!" Jonathan corrected.

The bald woman looked at Jonathan.

Those two rarely saw eye to eye, but that didn't matter right now.

"Revenge, then," she echoed.

Everyone turned to look at Ardum.

Ardum had a troubled expression on his face. "We don't know whether or not it truly was one of Wyntor's employees," he said.

"For now, I just need your cooperation and help."

"If this situation is not handled correctly, this might turn into an actual war, which would mean even more deaths for us."

"We can't make any hasty decisions," Ardum explained.

"I doubt it," the huge man said with a neutral voice. "They have three Newbies. We have six-, five Newbies and two Johns. They won't dare to start a war with us."

Ardum looked at the huge man for a while.

"Maybe you're right," he said, "but I still need all of your cooperation."

"I want to hold a meeting with Wyntor to address this issue, but I want it to be public between our companies."

"Because of that, I would like to ask a couple of you to accompany me to the meeting."

Chapter 145 – Brothers Meet

Five people were walking through the streets of the Outer City.

All the citizens that saw them stepped to the side in awe.

Five Zephyx Extractors!

In front of the group was the panda man.

Behind him was the huge man with the long sword, the bald woman with the big staff, and the young woman with the two guns.

Behind the three of them was Ardum.

In this position, the five of them walked through the Outer City.

Today would be the official meeting between Dark Dream and Cycle.

In order to minimize the risk of one party suddenly attacking the other, the meeting was to be held in a restaurant near the busiest street of the Outer City.

After a while of walking, the five of them arrived at the restaurant and sat down at their assigned table.

They had reserved the biggest table in the restaurant, and all five of them sat on one side.

Ardum was in the center with the panda man beside him.

The other Extractors sat beside them.

The rage from the meeting from two days ago had not vanished.

Instead, it had only turned into cold determination.

Ardum looked troubled and serious.

The panda man looked troubled.

The huge man and the bald woman looked serious.

The young woman looked like she was suppressing a mountain of rage.

None of them said anything as they waited.

For over ten minutes, they waited, their anger only increasing.

The meeting was supposed to be held at ten a.m., and it was already 9:59 a.m.

This showed that Dark Dream didn't take this seriously!

Finally, a minute later, four people entered the restaurant and walked up to Cycle.

In the front was a young man with light-brown hair, wearing a luxurious suit.

Behind him were three Zephyx Extractors.

The leftmost one was an imposing tall man.

The rightmost one was a beautiful woman with a long rifle that radiated danger.

In the middle was a young man with a powerful body and three silver spears on his back.

However, the huge man and the panda man noticed the silver glint on the man's legs, which told them that the spears were not his only weapons.

Without saying anything, Wyntor sat down on the seat in front of Ardum.

Nick sat down in the seat in front of the huge man.

Trevor sat down in front of the young woman.

Jenny sat down in front of the bald woman.

No one sat in front of the panda man.

Wyntor took a breath.

"What do you want, Ardum?" he asked in a tone that made it seem like Ardum was bothering him with something unimportant.

Kiara nearly exploded with anger when she heard Wyntor's tone.

Ardum took a deep breath.

"Wyntor, one of my Extractors has not returned to work," he said carefully. "Do you know anything about this?"

Wyntor looked with boredom at Ardum. "So, you want to play this game openly?"

Ardum furrowed his brows.

"Just answer the question," he said.

Wyntor looked at Ardum.

Then, he looked at Ardum's Zephyx Extractors, who looked back with stalwart eyes.

Eventually, Wyntor's eyes turned back to look at Ardum.

His expression was very relaxed and unimpressed.

"Your spy," Wyntor said.

Then, he gestured to Nick.

"Nick killed her."

The atmosphere intensified.

Kiara seemed like she was about to jump forward and kill Wyntor.

Selina, the bald woman, narrowed her eyes at Nick.

The huge man became more serious, and the panda man looked troubled.

"She was not a spy!" Kiara shouted as she shot up from her chair.

"Sarah was there to help you because you are too stupid to run your own company!" she shouted in anger as she pointed to Wyntor's face.

This time, Selina didn't pull her back.

"Kiara! Sit down!" the huge man commanded with a deep voice.

"Why should I?!" Kiara shouted. "Sarah died because he is too stupid to take care of his own employees."

At that moment, Jenny furrowed her brows.

"Don't throw accusations when you have no idea what you are talking about. Sit back down, kid," Jenny said.

Kiara glared at Jenny.

"Ar dum, this is an official meeting," Wyntor said evenly. "Please tell your people to remain civil."

Ar dum took a deep breath.

At that point, Selina pulled Kiara back to her chair.

"I'm sorry," Ar dum said with suppressed rage. "Sarah was a friend to all of us. It won't happen again."

Ar dum's submissive tone enraged Kiara and Selina.

Why did Ar dum always have to suffer because of them?!

"I don't see the issue," Wyntor said casually. "You sent a spy. We got rid of the spy. It happens every day."

"Usually, you are supposed to deny that the spy belonged to you, and we would continue our covert battle."

"But now, you want all of this to become public, which is idiotic."

The four Zephyx Extractors of Cycle listened to Wyntor with suppressed rage.

"Ar dum, we both learned about the business of harvesting Zephyx from our father. We know how these things go."

"By going public with all of this and unveiling everything, you're being dumb."

"Wyntor," Ar dum interrupted, "this is not about my company. This is about one of my friends."

"Is it not?" Wyntor asked. "Why else would you go public?"

"If this were truly about your friend, you would silently send someone to sabotage Dark Dream."

"By making this public, you are making it more difficult for yourself to go against me since there is now a public record of friction between us. If any of my people die, you will be the prime suspect."

"You actively made it harder to take your revenge by doing this," Wyntor said.

"This is not about revenge," Ar dum said with a forceful and dark voice. "I want there to be justice. I want this to be solved aboveboard. I don't want to fight you in the dark."

"You're my brother," Ar dum added.

"Brother," Wyntor repeated with an unimpressed tone.

"Which brother sends a twelve-year-old spy to his fourteen-year-old brother?"

Chapter 146 – Nick's Advice

The two women of Cycle furrowed their brows.

A twelve-year-old spy?

"I already told you that Pator wasn't a spy," Ardum said with a very dark voice. "He was simply a friend of mine, and the fact that I didn't already do something to you after you sent his head to me is more than you deserve!"

His head?!

At that moment, Kiara, Selina, and the tall man imagined the horrifying sight of a child's head appearing in front of Ardum.

And Wyntor had done that?!

It seemed like Wyntor was even worse than what everyone had believed!

"Spies get killed," Wyntor said calmly. "It's how it has always been and how it will continue to be."

"Yet, despite knowing all of this, you sent another one. It seems more like you were the one that wanted to kill your employee."

"When you send someone into a rabid dog's turf, you can't act surprised when they never return."

"Sarah was not a spy!" Ardum shouted.

"Then, what was she?" Wyntor asked.

"She was supposed to covertly help your employees recover since you are working them to death!" Ardum said with suppressed rage.

"Covertly help my employees recover," Wyntor repeated with a voice that was the epitome of not buying it.

"Yes, because you keep overworking them!" Ardum shouted.

"Let me repeat that," Wyntor said. "You sent someone to help my employees recover in secret, right?"

Ardum took a deep breath. "Yes. It was a stupid idea."

Wyntor looked at Ardum.

"After I sent the head of a 14-year-old boy, who was allegedly your friend, to your home address," Wyntor said.

"After I did that, you still wanted to help me."

"By sending someone to silently sprinkle Recovery Dust into my building during the dead of the night."

"When almost no employees are present."

"Did I get that right?" Wyntor asked.

Ardum glared at Wyntor.

"It was her idea," he said.

"And now, it's suddenly her idea," Wyntor said. "Why would she care?"

"Aside from the point that my employees are as healthy as can be, why would she want to do that?"

"Wasn't she busy with her own work?"

"Even more, we all know that my employees get more than enough rest. So, why would one of your Extractors appear in the dead of night to help my rested and healthy employees recover?"

Ardum gritted his teeth. "Because I told her how important you were to me."

"You're avoiding the question," Wyntor said.

"This is not about being right or wrong, Wyntor!" Ardum shouted. "This is about you killing someone innocent!"

"She was on my property without my consent," Wyntor said. "I am free to kill her. The guards won't care."

"Do you even hear yourself speak?!" Ardum shouted in outrage.

"Free to kill. Property. You're talking like Sarah was just a number! A tool!"

Wyntor just looked at Ardum with a deadpan expression.

"She was a stranger," he said. "Why should I care if some random stranger dies?"

"Compared to you, I don't need to fake empathy. I have plenty of that for the people I trust."

"You're avoiding the topic!" Ardum shouted. "This is about Sarah, not me or you! What are you going to do to rectify this injustice?!"

"You sent a spy. I killed a spy. That's it," Wyntor said. "Send someone else. I kill someone else."

Silence.

By now, Kiara was more than furious, but Selina kept her in check.

Selina was also furious, but she also looked at the Zephyx Extractors of Dark Dream.

None of them showed any surprise about Wyntor's conduct.

Wyntor was talking about killing people as if it were the most normal thing on the planet, and none of his Extractors seemed to be surprised.

This was strange.

Were all three of Wyntor's Extractors just as monstrous as Wyntor himself?

If Ardum talked like that, everyone in Cycle would be shocked.

Was Dark Dream truly filled with psychopaths?!

The name seemed fitting...

"You're not going to do anything?" Ardum asked with a dark voice.

"No," Wyntor answered.

Silence.

A moment later, Ardum looked at Wyntor's Zephyx Extractors.

"This does not concern you," he said. "This is a fight between my brother and I."

"You have all seen what kind of person he is."

"I implore you."

"Don't get involved in this."

"I don't want anything to happen to you."

Nick looked at Ardum.

"Go fuck yourself."

This took Trevor and Jenny by surprise, and they looked over at Nick.

Even Wyntor was a bit surprised.

"What?" Nick asked after seeing their expressions. "This is a fight, right? What's so bad about throwing an insult?"

In the end, Trevor just chuckled while Jenny put her hands over her eyes in embarrassment.

Wyntor looked at Nick and then at the shocked Ardum.

"Yes, that," Wyntor said.

"How dare you!" Kiara shouted as she shot up from her chair. "You told me to sit down, but now you are insulting our boss!"

"Hey, he was the one that addressed me first with that sermon," Nick said with a shrug.

"I just wanted to repay his piece of advice with an equally valuable piece of advice."

At that point, Nick stood up. "Blah, blah, blah," he said with annoyance. "We are all going to kill each other anyway. What's the point of acting all offended now?"

When Jenny and Trevor saw Nick stand up, they also stood up to show their support.

"In the end, this is all about money. Who gives a shit?"

"Anyway, I got work to do. See ya!" Nick said as he turned to walk away.

Jenny and Trevor wordlessly followed him.

Ardum's Zephyx Extractors looked with pure shock at Nick.

Wyntor just smiled, shrugged, and also stood up.

"What he said."

Then, Wyntor turned around to leave.

The Extractors from Cycle almost exploded with rage.

"Are you sure about this, Wyntor?" Ardum asked with a dark voice.

"You do know that the first victim of this will be the spy you planted in my company, right?" Ardum asked.

Wyntor shrugged.

"Go kill them then."

And then, Wyntor walked out of the restaurant behind his employees.

Chapter 147 – Trickery

All members of Cycle were gathered in the meeting room.

At this moment, all of them were looking at someone sitting on the ground with a lowered head.

It was the silent black-haired man.

His name was Neron, and he had been one of Cycle's Newbies.

Yes, had been.

Kiara and Selina took deep breaths as they looked at Neron's corpse.

It was almost like Neron was still alive.

Neron had always been a silent man, but whenever he spoke up, his words proved to be invaluable.

He had been very intelligent and thorough whenever he dealt with something.

His weapon of choice had been a pair of daggers, and he had always been the one who took care of subtle but important missions.

If Cycle needed a spy, they would have chosen Neron for the mission.

But now, he was dead.

Ardum sat on the head of the table, and right now, he could only sigh.

"I'm sorry that you guys needed to see this, but there was no other way," he said with a serious voice.

Everyone turned to look at Ardum.

"It is not easy for me to kill someone, but as the CEO, it is part of my job and responsibility."

"I brought Neron's corpse in here to show you how cruel the life of Zephyx Extractors can be."

Ardum sighed. "I knew that Neron was a spy for three months now, but I didn't mind. After all, he belonged to my brother. What was so bad about my brother knowing some things about me? It's not like we are enemies."

Ardum sighed again.

"I would have never thought that things would turn out this way."

It was difficult for the employees to accept that another one of their colleagues had died.

Sadly, that was how these things went.

Just a week ago, Cycle had had eight people.

Now, there were only six left.

Ardum, the CEO.

Stephen, the panda-man, the Chief Zephyx Extractor.

Futuma, the huge man. He was also the most experienced and strongest of the Newbies. If nothing went wrong, he would soon become a John.

Selina, the bald woman with the staff.

Kiara, the young woman with the two pistols.

And Jonathan, the young red-headed man.

These six were all the members of Cycle that were still alive.

Sarah and Neron had died.

And it was all because of Dark Dream!

"We understand," Selina said with an emotionless tone as she threw a disregarding glance at Neron's corpse.

"Neron was never our friend."

"From the very beginning, he has been our enemy."

"We just didn't know it."

The others didn't answer, but they had similar sentiments.

Kiara nodded. "Yes, screw Neron, that traitor! I will always be on your side, Ardum!"

"Yeah, fuck Neron!" Jonathan shouted with righteous anger.

Futuma silently nodded.

Stephen turned to Ardum with a reassuring smile but didn't say anything.

Ardum could only smile when he saw everyone's support.

"Thank you. You can't imagine how much this means to me."

But then, Ardum sighed again. "But now, I have to plan a war, which I am not looking forward to."

The Newbies took the hint and nodded. "We will always follow you," Selina said before leaving with Kiara.

Jonathan showed Ardum a thumbs-up and left.

Futuma nodded with conviction to Stephen and Ardum before leaving.

When the door was closed, only Ardum and Stephen were left in the room.

After a bit, Ardum walked over to his seat, sat down, and put his legs on the table.

At the same time, an arrogant smirk appeared on his face.

Stephen also grinned maliciously as he sat down in his seat.

"Nearly there," Ardum said with a chuckle.

Stephen laughed. "You're amazing at this," he said. "If I didn't know you, I would also believe you."

Ardum snorted. "Of course. I'm a Melfion. It's only natural that I am good at fooling others."

While Ardum talked, Stephen glanced at the corpse in the corner and snorted. "What an idiot."

"What did you expect?" Ardum said with a chuckle. "He had to trust someone, and he just so happened to choose you."

"Do you know what he said to me?" Stephen asked.

Ardum just shook his head.

"He said that he thinks you are only playing with us so that we would voluntarily jump into a sea of knives for you."

Ardum laughed. "I mean, was he wrong?"

"No," Stephen answered with a chuckle.

"Forget him," Ardum said without even looking at the corpse. "He was too smart for his own good but not smart enough to keep his mouth shut."

"If he hadn't tried to expose me behind my back, he would still be alive."

Stephen nodded. "But seriously, Ardum, I'm quite impressed. You managed to get rid of the troublesome employee while also fortifying your standing in the company."

"Framing him as a spy was genius," Stephen said.

"Stop sucking up to me," Ardum said with disgust but couldn't completely hide a pleased tone.

At that point, Ardum furrowed his brows.

Wyntor's last words shot through Ardum's mind.

Wyntor never had a spy in Cycle, from what Ardum knew.

When Ardum told him that he would kill his spy, he was actually just trying to frame Neron.

Yet, despite all odds, Wyntor confirmed that he truly had a spy in Cycle.

And it almost definitely wasn't Neron.

After all, Neron had tried to expose Ardum by talking to the employees, which would be stupid for a spy.

A spy was supposed to remain hidden and seem loyal.

'Does Wyntor truly have a spy in my company?' Ardum thought.

Ardum glanced at Stephen.

'Impossible.'

"Stephen, I think it's about time for your next reward. You've been quite helpful," Ardum said.

At that point, Stephen's demeanor changed, and he looked with excitement at Ardum as his breathing quickened.

"You got one?" he asked while almost panting.

Ardum nodded and slid an emblem over the table.

"I found someone that was willing to sell one for only 35,000 credits."

"You can go get her."

Stephen panted heavily as he carefully took hold of the token.

In his mind, a small and cute girl smiled at him.

A moment later, that girl was no longer smiling.

Tears stained her face as she screamed in terror.

Stephen couldn't keep his thoughts in check and grabbed the front of his pants to calm the restless thing down.

"Don't use her up too quickly this time," Ardum said with annoyance. "I don't want to hear your complaints again because you are not able to keep your toys from breaking."

"Of course, sir!" Stephen said, changing the way he was addressing Ardum. "I won't disappoint you!"

Ardum nodded. "You can go. I will call you when I've finalized the plan of attack."

"Of course, of course!" Stephen said with an excited chuckle as he ran out of the room with excitement.

Finally, he got a new toy to play with!

Chapter 148 – Plan?

"What's our plan?" Nick asked.

Right now, the four people of Dark Dream were gathered inside the Screaming Coffin's Containment Unit.

It was simply the best place for talking about things that nobody was allowed to listen to.

The Screaming Coffin was just lying near one of the walls and didn't move.

It was happily digesting its meal.

Surprisingly, it was still consuming the spy's corpse.

Apparently, the corpses of Extractors took far longer to digest and also gave far more Zephyx.

"We can't openly attack Ardum," Wyntor said. "Ardum has exposed our secret enmities, which makes it difficult when members of Cycle die."

"While the guards don't really care about wars between Manufacturers, they still perform a superficial and rudimentary investigation, and if we are too suspicious, they might even decide to permanently place someone in Dark Dream to supervise us."

"Naturally, no one wants that to happen. Not even Ardum."

Wyntor snorted. "But because Ardum acts all friendly and innocent in front of his employees, he has to act all shocked, emotional, and angry in front of them to get them on board with this entire conflict."

"If he didn't, his smarter employees might realize that some things don't add up and will become suspicious."

Wyntor snorted again. "Because of Ardum's incompetence, he made it more difficult for our companies to fight."

Nick chuckled a bit.

Trevor just smiled helplessly while Jenny looked worried.

"What about your spy?" Jenny asked with worry.

"What do you mean?" Wyntor asked.

Jenny furrowed her brows as she looked at Wyntor. "You said Ardum was free to kill the spy. Are you truly willing to throw one of your people away like that?"

"Oh, that?" Wyntor said before he started to laugh.

"I don't have a spy in Cycle," he said.

This surprised everyone.

"What? But then, how, why?" Nick asked in confusion.

"Ooohhh, I get it!" Trevor said with a surprised expression.

"What? Explain it!" Nick said with annoyance. "I also want to know!"

Jenny just looked with confusion at Trevor and the grinning Wyntor.

"Ardum wants to get rid of someone," Trevor said. "One of his employees probably became skeptical, and Ardum accused them of being a spy so that he could kill them. He tried something similar on me when we first met, remember?"

Jenny and Nick understood now and looked at Wyntor.

"But then, why did you confirm that there was a spy?" Nick asked.

"To make him paranoid," Trevor said.

Wyntor nodded. "Exactly."

"Ardum expected me to deny having a spy among his ranks, but instead of denying, I confirmed it and acted like it wasn't a big deal."

"That would make him believe that I truly have a spy in his company."

Wyntor grinned. "I can already imagine him looking with suspicion at all of his employees."

Nick and Jenny looked with awe at Wyntor.

That was amazing!

Wyntor had managed to disrupt Cycle's unity with a single sentence!

"We should get back to the topic," Wyntor said.

The others nodded.

"Wars like this are fought in secret, and it's all about reducing the enemy's numbers until they no longer have enough employees to take care of all their Specters."

"There will most likely not be a public battle. Most of the time, it's just a number of assassinations on the employees."

The three of them furrowed their brows.

This was troublesome.

"What about our families?" Jenny asked.

"Ardum will most likely use them," Wyntor said.

At that point, Jenny became nervous.

"What about my partner?" she asked.

"Get her to live in here," Wyntor said. "Nick and Trevor don't have any family, which makes things easier for them. We have more than enough space for one woman to live here."

"Although, you won't have a lot of privacy here."

Jenny nodded. "That's fine. As long as she and I are safe, I don't care about that."

"Then, get her right now," Wyntor said. "Ardum has to act like convincing himself to battle his younger brother is very difficult, which means he can't possibly strike this soon after our meeting."

"Okay," Jenny answered. "I'll get her."

Jenny quickly ran out of the Containment Unit, leaving the other three alone.

"Will we take the offensive?" Nick asked.

"I'm not sure," Wyntor answered. "There are good and bad things about these things."

"If we initiate the battle, Cycle's unity will only increase, but if we don't, they might strike with a force that makes it impossible for one of you to resist on your own."

Trevor and Nick furrowed their brows.

Traveling outside alone was dangerous now.

Even worse, their Barriers had to be activated manually. If they didn't activate them, it would be like throwing their lives away.

"Should we travel together when we leave?" Trevor asked.

"No," Wyntor said. "We always need two of you to be here. If too many of you leave at once, we leave our base open."

"While the guards will react very quickly, it only takes a short moment for a level two Extractor to damage the Screaming Coffin's Containment Unit."

"If the Screaming Coffin gets startled and runs away, any Extractor on the streets is allowed to capture it. At that point, we will lose a great deal of our income."

Nick furrowed his brows.

That was troublesome.

"I think I should live here for the time being," Trevor said. "It doesn't really make that much of a difference."

"That would be for the better," Wyntor said.

Trevor nodded and stood up. "Then, I'll get my things right now."

"Of course."

Trevor also left the Containment Unit, leaving Nick and Wyntor inside.

"What about my training?" Nick asked.

"Dangerous," Wyntor said. "You have to go through relatively isolated places, which make for a great ambush point."

"While you will be safe during the training due to your teachers, you are vulnerable before and after training."

Nick looked at Wyntor with furrowed brows.

"But isn't that also an opportunity for us?" Nick asked.

Wyntor furrowed his brows and scratched his chin.

Then, a gleam appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 149 – Open

Nick jumped from rooftop to rooftop.

He was on his way to Manela's training spot.

Nick was only carrying three of his spears with him.

He had already told Manela about his current situation, and she had allowed Nick to only travel with three of his spears.

Like this, he could still move around with quite a lot of agility.

As Nick jumped from rooftop to rooftop, he looked forward with narrowed eyes.

It had been several days since the meeting with Cycle.

Trevor and Jenny had already moved to the warehouse and remained inside most of the time.

The only one traveling around outside was Nick since he still wanted to train.

Of course, that drew the attention of certain people.

For example, right now, Nick's ability wasn't active, even though he had left for the training spot before Manela would be there.

This meant that someone was currently looking at Nick while he jumped from roof to roof.

Yesterday had been the same.

His ability only reactivated when he was close to the training spot.

Nick was sure that the person following him didn't dare to get too close to Manela.

They probably always remained at least two kilometers away from the training spot.

Sure enough, when Nick was closing in on the training spot, his ability reactivated.

Even when Nick stood alone on the roof of the tallest building, his ability didn't deactivate.

The person who was keeping watch over him didn't even dare to look at him while he was there.

'They don't even dare to look at me,' Nick thought with furrowed brows. 'Looking shouldn't hurt, right?'

'Are they this scared of Manela?'

Yes, they were.

What Nick didn't know was that yesterday, Manela had seen the person following Nick.

So, before she went to the training spot, she actually secretly arrived near that person and told them not to bother them while they were in the middle of training.

Otherwise, Nick wouldn't be able to focus on training.

They could attack Nick on his way to or back from the training area, but the training area itself was off-limits during training hours.

Naturally, Manela's appearance spooked the person to their very core, which was why they didn't dare to go anywhere close to the training spot or even look at it.

On the rooftop, Nick waited for a couple of minutes until Manela arrived.

Their training started without any delay and passed without any incidents.

After Manela left, Nick jumped down the tall building, but he didn't leave the training spot.

Instead, he went into the training spot.

With practiced ease, Nick arrived inside one of the houses that hadn't been destroyed yet.

Nick went to one of the corners and sat down.

The house had several holes through which sunlight could stream in, but none of the holes directly pointed at the corner Nick was sitting in.

This meant that the corner was a bit darker than the rest of the house.

"You're going to die."

A whisper appeared in Nick's ears.

"They're going to come for you."

"They're going to bury you in here."

Naturally, this was the Nightmare.

Luckily, the corner was not dark enough for the Nightmare to unleash its actual powers.

Right now, it could only whisper in Nick's ears and slightly distort his vision.

It wasn't dark enough to create illusions or to fool Nick's other senses.

"You're going to get killed."

"There will be many enemies."

"They are all looking at you."

Nick just remained sitting in the corner with his eyes closed.

Nick had been doing this for a couple of days.

He wanted to give his opponent a chance to attack him.

The place where Nick was sitting was only visible through the door of the house.

So, if someone saw him, they had to be looking at him through the door.

Naturally, Nick would be able to tell when somebody was looking at him due to his ability.

And when his ability deactivated, Nick would also know in which direction his opponent would be.

This would give him the best shot at winning against his opponent.

Sadly, nobody had shown up the last couple of days.

Either they were afraid of coming close to the training spot, or they knew that this was a trap.

Probably both.

The training spot was surrounded by taller buildings, which meant that any enemy had to be either inside the training spot or on one of the taller buildings near the edge.

This was Nick's turf, and he knew how to move around here.

Nick wanted the fight to happen in here, and his opponent most likely knew that.

But that actually wasn't so bad for Nick's enemy.

After all, they could position several people around the training spot.

They didn't have to fight Nick one-on-one.

If they wanted, they could surround the training spot and shoot at him from several different areas.

But it was a risk.

If they actually decided to fight here, this would turn into an actual battle and not an assassination.

That made it riskier.

Alternatively, they could just attack Nick on his way back to Dark Dream.

Or attack one of the other Extractors.

There were many ways one could go about this situation.

But for now, no way would be chosen.

After around an hour, Nick's ability still hadn't deactivated, and he was getting sick of listening to the whispers in the dark.

Nick left the house and climbed the tall house.

His ability still didn't deactivate.

'They're gone,' Nick thought.

So, Nick decided to travel back to Dark Dream.

Nothing peculiar happened.

The next day, Nick felt himself being followed again, but he wasn't attacked.

His training with Manela passed by without any incidents, and Nick once more entered the house in the training spot.

The whispers returned.

Minutes passed.

Would this be another hour of pointless waiting?

Nick waited in silence.

More minutes passed.

Suddenly, Nick opened his eyes.

His ability had just deactivated!

Chapter 150 – Sniper

BOOOM!

As soon as Nick's eyes shot open, he exploded forward with all of his power and ran out of the house.

His eyes quickly scanned over the training area, but he couldn't see anyone.

Whoever had just looked at him did it in a very covert manner.

Nevertheless, Nick could tell from roughly which location his enemy had seen him, and he charged in that direction.

Nick couldn't see anyone.

A moment later, Nick's ability reactivated, and he narrowed his eyes.

'They're retreating!' Nick thought. 'They turned their backs to me.'

'Bad idea!'

When Nick's ability reactivated, his speed became far faster.

Even with all of the weight of his weapons, Nick charged forward with incredible speed.

Nick's body was already very athletic and muscular, and thanks to his ability, his body was 25 times stronger than a normal person with his build would be.

BOOOM!

Nick put all of his power into a jump and managed to jump across half the training area, even with all of his weapons.

Nick flew over ten meters into the air and landed over 25 meters away.

Cling.

Yet, when Nick landed, he barely made a sound.

It was almost like a cat had landed on top of the building.

No sound, no vibrations, no damage.

It was like Nick didn't weigh anything.

The only unusual thing was that a strong gust of wind spread from Nick's location.

This was something Nick had learned from Manela in the last couple of months.

By using his Zephyx in a certain way, Nick could redirect the force when he was landing somewhere.

Mastering this ability took a long time, and when it was mastered, someone could move with as much speed as they wanted without making a sound.

Of course, Nick hadn't mastered the ability yet. The best he could do was to redirect the force into the air around him, pushing the air away with a lot of force.

Nevertheless, this ability was perfect for Nick since sounds also exposed his location and made him perceivable.

When Nick landed, he continued shooting forward with a mad gleam in his eyes.

The enemy was here!

He had to fight!

For his goal, he had to become stronger!

He had to protect his friends!

He had to prove that he wasn't just wasting time!

Nick needed to prove himself to himself.

He had to see how strong he had become!

With gnashed teeth and narrowed eyes, Nick jumped forward again, preparing a spear.

Nick still couldn't see any enemies.

Finally, Nick reached the edge of the arena and jumped onto the roof of quite a tall building.

Silently but quickly, Nick moved forward, looking into the distance.

A running person!

Someone wearing a black cloak was jumping from building to building.

Right now, they were only 30 meters away from Nick.

Nick had just moved way too fast for the enemy to have gotten far.

Immediately, Nick pulled his spear back.

He would obliterate them!

But then, Nick's eyes narrowed even more.

He moved his hand in a certain way, which activated his Barrier.

At the same time, he ducked and quickly stepped to the side.

SHING!

A moment later, the Barrier around Nick flickered a bit.

It hadn't been hit by anything, but something extremely fast had just passed by Nick, and the force from that object passing by the Barrier made it flicker.

BOOOM!

A moment later, Nick heard the sound of a high-caliber rifle.

Naturally, the sound of the rifle arrived after the projectile.

Nick looked at the retreating person and noticed that they had turned around only after the shot had been fired.

'More than one,' Nick thought.

The thing that had passed Nick just now had left a silver and green streak.

Nick was quite sure that it was a bullet, but he could also tell that this wasn't everything.

There was something else.

'An ability,' Nick realized.

Whoever had just shot at Nick had unleashed an ability with the bullet.

If Nick got hit by that, it would become extremely dangerous.

All of these thoughts shot through Nick's mind in an instant.

In fact, Nick didn't even pause after jumping to the side and quickly slid down the wall of the building.

From this position, Nick couldn't see the retreating person anymore.

Sure enough, a moment later, Nick's ability reactivated.

'Whoever shot at me can't see me from their location.'

DING!

Nick rammed one of his spears into the wall beside him to stop himself from falling.

His ability didn't deactivate.

'They're not close enough to hear my spear piercing the wall,' Nick concluded.

Nick looked forward into the distance.

'There's nobody in this direction,' Nick thought.

Then, Nick diagonally looked at the wall he was hanging from.

'They have to be somewhere there.'

Nick used a second spear and slowly moved forward by stabbing it also into the wall.

His ability was still active.

Nick slowly moved his head forward, coming closer and closer to the end of the wall.

The closer he got, the less the wall covered.

By now, Nick could see the place where the fleeing person from earlier had been.

Naturally, that person had vanished by now.

Nick moved his head forward after looking at the part that was revealed behind the wall.

His ability deactivated, and Nick immediately pulled his head back.

Without hesitation, Nick immediately jumped off his spear.

CRACK!

The wall got destroyed as it couldn't withstand the force of Nick jumping off the spear.

BANG!

Another part of the wall exploded as something shot through it.

Just as expected, the enemy tried to kill Nick by shooting through the wall to hit his body.

Nick grabbed the edge of the roof and used his Ghost Wire to retrieve his spears while pulling himself onto the rooftop.

As soon as he got to the top, he rolled away from the spot where his enemy should be able to see him.

BANG!

Another hole appeared beside Nick.

'They're good!' Nick thought as he slipped into the training area again.