

The Sun 271

Chapter 271 – Frustrating

The atmosphere inside the meeting room was solemn, and the four people in attendance were silent.

Just now, Nick had told Wyntor, Jenny, and Trevor about what had happened yesterday evening.

For the remainder of yesterday, Nick had stayed with the guards.

After the assailants had left, Nick had followed one of them.

He would have liked to follow the leader, but Nick decided that security was more important than a potential high return for high risk.

Because of that, Nick had followed one of the other two.

But then, he had been put in front of another choice.

Should he kill the guy right away and keep his body as evidence or follow him?

Since someone with that power almost certainly lived in the Inner City, Nick decided to kill the person immediately. After all, he wouldn't be able to stalk and kill the guy in the Inner City since he didn't have any proof.

Even more, Nick was certain that the enemy had already prepared for an eventual failure of the mission, which meant that everyone probably had alibis.

Because of that, Nick decided to use the lack of witnesses to his advantage.

He killed the guy, brought his corpse to the guards, and told them that he had killed the guy during the battle, not after it.

Naturally, that was a lie, but the only way to disprove that was for the perpetrator to come forward and say that Nick was lying.

Obviously, the enemy wouldn't do that.

After delivering the corpse to the guards, the guards immediately became active and started to investigate everything.

However, Nick knew that the investigation wouldn't produce any concrete results.

Skirmishes happened from time to time between Manufacturers, but almost all of them were kept secret.

After all, most of the time, both sides had something to hide, and if the guards got involved, the victim's secrets might come to light, which could become troublesome.

Additionally, they most likely wouldn't find much.

Yet, Dark Dream was about as honest as possible.

They didn't hide any Specters, and they didn't hide any of their people.

The only shady thing they were doing was to trade with the Parasite from time to time.

Because of that, Dark Dream wasn't afraid of involving the guards.

After several hours, the guards had finished a list of every powerful Extractor that had been in the Outer City during the attack.

There had been surprisingly many.

It turned out that the market for Newbies had been open on this evening, and there had even been a couple of events.

Over ten Veterans had been in the Outer City during the attack, and since the guards had nothing to go on, they couldn't make an arrest.

After all, only one of the ten Veterans had been part of the attack.

They couldn't arrest all of them.

Even more, due to Nick belonging to a Manufacturer and even being the Chief Zephyx Extractor, things became troublesome.

What if the guards gathered the Veterans, and Nick told them that one of the Veterans of an enemy Manufacturer had attacked him, even though they hadn't been involved at all?

Sometimes, it was more profitable to let the attacker go while taking down someone innocent.

For example, what if Dark Dream decided to blame someone like the Chief Zephyx Extractor of the Spartans? That would completely destabilize the Spartans and might even result in them losing their footing.

Naturally, as the victim, Dark Dream would most likely get a couple, if not all, of their Specters.

It was always risky to believe the victims when the victims were executives and the perpetrator was one of their rivals.

After spending the day and night working with the guards, Nick came back to Dark Dream and immediately called a meeting.

When he was done relaying all the information, the room fell silent.

Trevor looked at Nick with narrowed eyes.

Naturally, he wasn't angry at Nick but for Nick.

Jenny could only grit her teeth in frustration.

Wyntor was looking at the table with furrowed brows, deep in thought.

"How did you do it?" Trevor asked with concern after a while.

"Do what?" Nick asked neutrally.

"Win against so many powerful people," Trevor said. "You said that there were ten Peak Johns and even a Veteran. Not only were you outnumbered eleven-to-one, but they also got the drop on you."

"No matter how much I think about it, I can't imagine someone getting out of such a situation alive," Trevor said.

Jenny also looked at Nick.

Naturally, she also wanted to know.

"I can't tell you," Nick said. "It's related to my power."

Even after all these years, neither Trevor nor Jenny knew about Nick's power.

Only three people in the entire city knew about it.

Wyntor, Albert, and Julian.

The people from Ghosty's Lab only knew that his power was strange, but they didn't know the specifics.

"Is your ability that powerful?" Trevor asked.

Wyntor shot an annoyed glance at Trevor. As the CEO, he also had a vested interest in Nick's power remaining a secret.

However, Wyntor didn't reprimand Trevor since he was still busy trying to figure out several things.

"In the right circumstances, it is very powerful," Nick said, "but in the wrong circumstances, it is almost useless. That is why it is so important for me to keep the circumstances a secret."

"If someone knows how my power works, it might become completely useless," Nick explained.

Trevor could only sigh.

"Sorry for asking such personal questions, Boss," Trevor said. "It's just that it's so frustrating."

Nick raised an eyebrow as Trevor continued speaking.

"We constantly see you doing things that are unimaginably difficult and dangerous."

"You dealt with Cycle on your own while we were only looking on, cowering inside the warehouse."

"You captured the Fog while we were just waiting."

"You brought the Glasses and the Money Sink to Dark Dream after some kind of incident while we were only doing our day-

to-day work."

"And now, you survived an overwhelmingly powerful ambush while we were resting at home."

Trevor sighed again.

"I just feel like I'm superfluous."

Chapter 272 – The Perpetrator

Nick scratched the back of his head.

"I mean, I can see where you are coming from, but there isn't really much I can do about that," he said.

"I couldn't have known about this ambush. If I had known about that, I would have brought you two with me."

At that point, Nick furrowed his brows.

A thought had appeared inside his mind.

Yes, he would have brought Jenny and Trevor with him, but...

Would that have actually improved the result?

With Nick constantly running around, the enemy couldn't fully make use of their power, but if Jenny and Trevor were there, they could.

The enemy would have probably killed Jenny and Trevor with their overwhelming numbers advantage, and since Nick would have realized the danger, he would have probably become extremely nervous, which might have resulted in him attacking an enemy without being certain that he could kill them.

Nick's expression became more awkward and sympathetic.

'Honestly, if I had brought the two of them, I might have actually died,' he thought.

Trevor noticed that Nick's expression was changing.

Trevor was a pretty intelligent guy, and he had an inkling about what Nick might be thinking.

"Let's drop this topic," Wyntor suddenly said. "We have more important things to talk about."

Trevor and Jenny looked at Wyntor before sighing.

Right, there were more important things to discuss.

"Nick, do you have any idea about why another Manufacturer would want you dead?" Wyntor asked, turning to Nick. "No matter how much I think about it, there doesn't seem to be any valid reason to attack you."

"It's not the city since they need to stay neutral."

"It's definitely not Kugelblitz."

"Anatomy and Ghosty's Lab are too big to care about Dark Dream. Even more, they wouldn't want to offend my father just for a couple of Adolescents."

"Gemini is very secure right now, and they need to consolidate after acquiring their Elder. Additionally, they also wouldn't want to offend Kugelblitz."

"Solace wants an Elder, not more Adolescents. The thing that keeps them in the lower levels is only their lack of an Elder, and using their resources for anything else would be a huge waste."

"And the Spartans can't afford to fight us for even more reasons. They just recently got their first Adult, and they need to consolidate just like Gemini. On top of that, the difference in strength between us isn't that huge, which would make a fight very troublesome."

"No matter how much I think about it, I can't find any reason why a Manufacturer would want to attack you."

"It doesn't matter who it is. It would be a dumb decision from any of them," Wyntor explained.

Nick looked at the table with furrowed brows.

There were four important pieces of information that Wyntor didn't know.

First, Wyntor didn't know that Nick had been given the task of finding Envy's captured servant in Crimson Fungus City from Simon Francium.

While the details of Nick's talk with Simon were unknown, people knew that Nick had talked to a Protector.

What if the Manufacturer that suppressed Envy's servant became suspicious of Nick?

That would be a reason to kill him.

Second, Nick didn't mention one important piece of information.

He hadn't forgotten how the first hail of bullets from the gunner had been aimed at his legs and lower abdomen. In fact, even the sniper bullet was aimed at his lower torso.

This meant that the enemy didn't want to kill Nick.

They wanted to capture him alive, which led to the third piece of information Nick had kept from Wyntor.

This entire business with Envy.

Wyntor didn't know that Envy wanted to capture Nick.

With these three pieces of information, Nick could already tell who the mastermind behind this incident was.

Envy.

Or, more precisely, Envy's servant.

If Envy were here personally, it could probably just strut into the city, kill everyone, and grab Nick.

So, it couldn't be Envy itself, which only left its servant.

Nick was over 95% sure that this was the doing of one of Envy's servants.

Sadly, there were still a couple of open questions.

Envy's servant had to be extremely powerful.

Capturing Nick shouldn't be very difficult.

So, why didn't Envy's servant grab Nick on its own?

Why use Extractors?

Even more, if Envy's servant could manipulate Extractors to such a degree, why wouldn't it directly manipulate Dark Dream's Extractors?

And finally, there was one more piece of information Nick kept secret.

He already knew who the Extractors belonged to.

The guards had shared their findings with Nick, which included the list of Veterans found in the Outer City and the identity of the corpse Nick had handed over.

The corpse had been of an Extractor who had once belonged to the Spartans.

Even more, the Chief Zephyx Extractor of the Spartans had been in the Outer City.

On top of that, Nick remembered the spear in the leader's hand and his battle stance.

Lastly, when Nick had seen Kallum Sondur's name, his face popped into Nick's mind.

While it had been difficult to see the leader's face under his cloak, Nick had seen enough to say that the leader of the ambush and Kallum Sondur looked very, very similar, both in Aura and in appearance.

Nick was 98% certain that he had been attacked by the Spartans.

One of Envy's servants must have entered the city, but instead of grabbing Nick themselves, they infiltrated the Spartans and somehow caused them to attack Nick.

Did the Specter control their minds?

Did it offer a favorable trade?

Nick couldn't be sure about the specifics.

'They attacked me once and failed,' Nick thought with furrowed brows. 'I'm not sure if they will do that again.'

'There has to be a reason why Envy's servant can't directly enter Dark Dream.'

'Okay, assuming there is something or someone in Dark Dream that keeps Envy's servant at bay, what could they do to get to me?'

'They could try to directly grab me, which was what they did yesterday.'

'However, there's also something else they can do.'

'Destroy Dark Dream.'

'If you can't get someone out of the house, why not destroy the house itself?'

Chapter 273 – I Trust You

"Nick, you've been silent for a while," Wyntor said.

Nick looked at Wyntor and sighed.

"I don't know," he said.

Wyntor furrowed his brows as he looked at Nick.

Trevor and Jenny also looked at Nick with uncertainty.

Nick was not a good liar.

After a while, Wyntor sighed. "Meeting adjourned. I will give new orders later," he said.

Jenny and Trevor looked at each other, conflict visible in their eyes.

They knew what Wyntor meant.

Sadly, there was nothing they could do about it.

In the end, they stood up, said their goodbyes, and exited the room.

Yet, neither Nick nor Wyntor stood up.

Nick avoided looking into Wyntor's eyes, while Wyntor was looking at Nick with a furious and penetrating gaze.

"Can you tell me now?" Wyntor asked with repressed anger.

Nick felt quite uncomfortable.

"I know who the perpetrator is," Nick said, "but I can't tell you the reason why it's them."

Wyntor slowly closed his eyes and took a very deep breath to calm his anger.

"Okay," he said after some seconds. "Then, tell me what you can tell me."

Nick also didn't feel great right now.

He felt like he should tell Wyntor, but he also knew that it would most likely end in his death.

Sure, Wyntor and Nick were great friends, but Nick didn't think that Wyntor would be willing to sacrifice his life for Nick.

"I saw the face of their leader during the battle," Nick said. "Together with the report from the guards, everything points towards one target."

"The Spartans."

Wyntor narrowed his eyes. "How certain are you?"

"Very certain," Nick answered. "The leader of the ambush was their Chief Zephyx Extractor, Kallum Sondur. Additionally, Kallum Sondur was also in the Outer City during the battle, according to the guards."

Wyntor looked at the table with furrowed brows.

Obviously, he was thinking about something.

"Do you think it's possible that they let you win and escape on purpose?" Wyntor asked.

Now, it was Nick's time to furrow his eyebrows. "Why do you think so?"

"Everything just fits too well," Wyntor said. "You escape from such a brutal ambush. You see the face of the leader. You manage to grab one of their corpses. The leader openly went to the Outer City."

"This smells like a huge setup. Everything just seems way too convenient."

"Wyntor, I killed nine people," Nick said. "Do you really think that all nine of these people joined the mission, knowing that they would give their lives?"

"Do you really think that they didn't fight for their survival?"

"And what about the leader himself? Was he also here to kill himself to keep the secret?"

Wyntor just kept looking at the table with furrowed brows.

He could see Nick's logic, but it just felt so unreal.

How could anyone survive such an ambush?

All of the attackers were at least as powerful as Nick, and there had been eleven of them.

So, while Nick's words made sense, it just felt so unreal.

It was way more likely for the enemy to have planned for Nick to escape so that he would blame the wrong target.

Maybe Solace sacrificed a couple of their Johns to make Dark Dream blame and attack the Spartans?

If everything worked out, Solace would gain a lot of Specters without angering Kugelblitz.

Was it really that simple?

Was it really just the Spartans?

"Wyntor, I killed nine people," Nick said with annoyance. "All nine of them wanted to survive. None of them wanted to die."

"This was not some kind of setup."

"They honestly tried to get me."

"Get you?" Wyntor repeated.

"Tried to kill me, whatever," Nick said with annoyance.

Wyntor looked into Nick's eyes.

The fact that Nick had said get instead of kill seemed suspicious.

Wyntor had known Nick for years, and he felt that Nick would have used kill instead of get in this circumstance.

"Were they really trying to kill you?" Wyntor asked.

Nick gritted his teeth.

"No, they tried to disable me," Nick said with annoyance, "but that is really not important."

"How is this not important?" Wyntor asked, also annoyed. "This gives way more credibility to my theory of someone setting us up!"

"Nick, do you honestly think you would have been able to survive if they really tried to kill you?"

"Yes!" Nick shouted in anger as he stood up. "I am absolutely certain I can! That would not have made any difference!"

Wyntor looked deeply into Nick's eyes.

Silence.

"Are you sure?" Wyntor asked.

"Yes, I am," Nick slowly spoke through gritted teeth, his eyes filled with anger.

Silence.

Wyntor took a deep breath and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

"Do you know why they didn't want to kill you?" Wyntor asked.

Nick sat down again.

"Yes," he said two seconds later.

Wyntor nodded.

"Are you absolutely certain it is not a setup?" he asked.

Nick nodded solemnly. "I am."

Wyntor took another deep breath.

Then, he sighed.

"Fine," he said. "Then, I believe you. Even though I am dying to know what is going on here, I trust you."

"Thank you," Nick answered after sighing himself.

"So, what will they do next? Do you know that?" Wyntor asked.

Nick looked at the table.

Telling Wyntor was risky.

This was very similar to his situation with the city.

If Wyntor had known that Nick was the target, not Dark Dream, there would have been a possibility that Wyntor would have just fired Nick to get the huge target off his back.

After all, Dark Dream became a target just by being affiliated with Nick.

Right now, Wyntor was under the impression that Dark Dream was the true target, not Nick.

Nick looked at Wyntor for a bit.

Wyntor could tell that Nick knew what the Spartans would do next.

Nick thought about his next words for a while.

"Yes, I know what they are most likely going to do," Nick said.

"Their target is me, not Dark Dream, but they will most likely target Dark Dream now to get to me."

Chapter 274 – Assassinations

Yes, Nick had decided to tell Wyntor the truth.

At least regarding the Spartans' target.

Wyntor furrowed his brows. "You're their target?" he asked.

Nick nodded.

"They do not want to attack Dark Dream. They want to capture me," Nick said.

Wyntor just looked at Nick for a while.

That sounded unrealistic.

Yet, he hadn't lied when he said that he trusted Nick.

Nick seemed extremely confident earlier, and Wyntor didn't feel like he was lying.

So, the Spartans were actually interested in capturing Nick?

They weren't actually after Dark Dream?

"Are they the only ones after you?" Wyntor asked.

Nick furrowed his brows.

"Well, there's someone that wants to get me, but they don't have the luxury of coming here themselves, which is why they are using the Spartans."

After Nick said that, Wyntor realized something.

If they couldn't come here themselves, it most likely meant that someone from outside of the city was targeting Nick.

Someone from Aegis?

Maybe a Specter?

"So, as long as we don't deal with the actual person, the Spartans won't be the only ones going after you?" Wyntor asked.

Nick took a deep breath and nodded.

Wyntor scratched his chin as he looked to the side for a couple of seconds.

"Why did they send the Spartans after you? The Spartans barely have five Veterans. Why not ask Solace to go after you? After all, they have over 20 Veterans and even two Experts," he asked.

"I'm not entirely sure," Nick said.

A couple of seconds of silence passed.

And then, Wyntor realized something.

"If you are being targeted by a Specter, I could see a reason why they used the Spartans," Wyntor said.

Nick took a deep breath and nodded.

The more information he gave Wyntor, the more nervous Nick became.

"Alright, so you are being targeted by a strong Specter that even has the power to manipulate Veterans, right?" Wyntor asked.

Nick just nodded.

"And you didn't want to tell me because you felt like I would fire you to protect Dark Dream, right?"

Nick released a sigh and nodded again.

"Understandable," Wyntor said. "If I had some kind of issue with you, this would be the best moment to get rid of you."

"But I don't have any issues with you. In fact, after surviving such a brutal ambush, you've only become more valuable."

"You are the most powerful level two Extractor I have ever heard of, and the speed at which you are growing is also extremely impressive."

"You are valuable enough to risk everything."

"My goal is not to just survive but to become big enough to get a seat on Kugelblitz, and without an outstanding Chief Zephyx Extractor, that won't be possible."

"I'm not going to abandon you," Wyntor said.

Nick hadn't expected that Wyntor would actually be willing to put himself and his company in that much danger just for Nick.

Right now, Nick only felt relieved and a bit guilty for keeping these things secret.

"However," Wyntor said with furrowed brows, "I'm more surprised that you're still here of your own volition."

Nick raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

"You are being targeted by a Specter beyond your power, and you're not looking for shelter or someone to protect you," Wyntor said.

"If I were in your situation, I would have sold my shares in Dark Dream and joined Kugelblitz."

"I don't think there's a safer location within the city than Kugelblitz. Even level six Specters would need to be extremely careful in there," Wyntor said.

Nick looked with uncertainty at Wyntor.

"I don't want to abandon what we've built," Nick said. "Additionally, I don't want to join any other Manufacturers."

"It might sound stupid and naïve, but I don't want to work for somebody that's exploiting people."

"At least here, I can control what happens."

Nick sighed.

"Lastly, I want to become powerful as quickly as possible to redeem myself."

Wyntor looked at Nick with furrowed brows.

He had talked with Nick several times about this entire Horua business.

Yes, Nick had been a dumbass, but he had done his best to repay the boy, and he had also just been 16 years old.

It wasn't like he had been a fully grown adult himself.

Yet, no matter what Wyntor said, Nick just kept on insisting that he had to redeem himself.

That was why Wyntor didn't bring up the topic anymore.

"So, you're not going to go to another Manufacturer," Wyntor said.

"Right," Nick answered.

"Alright," Wyntor said before standing up.

"Give me a second," Wyntor said before leaving the room.

About a minute later, Wyntor came back with several sheets of paper.

"Around 15 Newbies, a bit over 20 Johns, and five Veterans," Wyntor said, reading from one of the sheets.

"That's what the Spartans have."

Nick looked at Wyntor with a determined gaze.

These numbers didn't scare him.

"Lucky for us," Wyntor continued, "they only recently got their first Adult."

"The three brothers who are leading the Spartans left their old place of employment after they became Early Veterans. At most, there's one Mid Veteran amongst them."

"The other two Veterans advanced within the last four years, and I'm quite certain that they are still Initial Veterans."

"In an open battle, they will roll over us."

"Fortunately, due to the city's laws, an open battle is impossible."

"In the end, this will most likely go according to how these things always go."

"They will try to reduce our numbers in secret, and we are going to try to reduce their numbers in secret."

"It's a battle of assassinations and intelligence."

"On top of that, they were the ones that initiated the attack first, which means that I have more leverage in deciding how this will happen."

Nick raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean by that?"

"Simple," Wyntor said. "I'm Vernon Melfion's son, and the Spartans decided to attack my company."

"I'm going to tell dad, and he's going to put a lot of pressure on them."

"Either they agree to my terms, or they will lose all business relations with Kugelblitz."

"That would mean their end."

Chapter 275 – Shadow Shroud

Darkness.

Up above, an endless plane of steel plates.

Below, black water.

In this space, nearly nothing lived.

No insects, no fish, no animals, no humans.

This was a space that rarely saw life.

But at this moment, a completely black figure crawled across the endless ceiling of steel.

If anyone saw the black figure, they would immediately run away in terror.

It had no features, and its entire body was covered in some kind of black cloth.

And yet, it seemed to shine in the eternal darkness.

It was almost like light was coming out from the black figure, giving it an ethereal feel.

Slowly, the black figure buried its claws in the ceiling of steel, leaving behind small holes.

The figure had been traveling like this for several minutes.

Finally, it came to a halt in front of one specific plate, which didn't seem any different from any other.

"That's it!" the rat riding on the figure's torso said. "Gimme a second!"

The next moment, the rat crawled away from the black figure and latched onto a small crevice in the ceiling.

"Hey! Hey!" the rat shouted. "I've got a deal for ya!"

Silence.

"I know you guys have someone stationed here! This is a once-

in-a-lifetime opportunity! I've got a fresh new Adult, and if you're not getting it, I'm giving it to Solace!" the rat shouted.

The figure in black didn't move.

Suddenly, the sound of steel being moved resounded from behind the big plate.

And then, the big plate of steel moved to the side.

A person with a grey uniform of a Zephyx Extractor belonging to the Spartans looked down into the hole.

"You got an offer?" the guy asked with uncertainty.

The rat looked at him. "Really?" the rat asked with annoyance. "You guys seriously only have a Newbie guarding this hole?"

The Newbie looked at the rat with discomfort.

This was the Parasite.

The Newbie had heard a lot about the Parasite, but he had never talked to it before.

"Should I call the supervisor?" the Newbie asked.

"Yes!" the rat said with excitement. "I got a great offer!"

The Newbie still felt quite insecure in front of the Parasite.

This was a level five Specter, a Fanatic!

"Okay, give me a second," the Newbie said before turning around.

As the Newbie walked towards the entrance of the small room, a black mist came out from the hole behind him.

Sadly, the Newbie didn't notice.

The Newbie opened the door, walked outside, and closed the door.

As soon as the Newbie exited, the artificial light in the room vanished.

After all, keeping these artificial lights running was extremely expensive.

A moment later, a black figure seemed to manifest in one of the upper corners of the room.

Even though it was completely black, it somehow seemed to shine in the darkness.

"Hey, the supervisor also counts as a guard, okay?!" the rat shouted at the black figure.

"Sure," Nick said neutrally.

Naturally, the black figure was Nick.

Yet, no matter how one looked at the black figure, it didn't resemble Nick at all.

The black cloth covering him looked torn, and it didn't feel natural at all.

In fact, it felt very similar to Specters.

Even more, the black nails at the end of Nick's black hands felt just as strange.

Well, that was because Nick was essentially covered in things made of Specters.

The black cloth covering Nick's body was made from materials harvested from the Fiend of Darkness.

The Fiend of Darkness was a floating black cloak in the shape of a person, and it gained power by enveloping someone in darkness.

It was one of the rare few Specters that gained power by using an Eternal.

When the Fiend of Darkness saw a victim, it rushed towards them and enveloped them with its body.

A second later, the person seemed to completely vanish, and the Fiend of Darkness regained its old appearance.

The fact was that the victim was transported into a plane of darkness, in which they lived until the Nightmare killed them.

It was almost like the Fiend of Darkness sacrificed people to the Nightmare.

The Fiend of Darkness had been a blight upon Crimson Fungus City a couple of decades ago.

Luckily, it was eventually contained.

The black cloth covering Nick's body was made of the Fiend of Darkness' cloth.

The nails on the end of Nick's fingertips were harvested from the Black Nail.

The Black Nail was a bleeding pile of flesh with dozens of big iron nails hammered into its body.

When it saw a victim, it floated over, summoned black nails, and slowly inserted them in their body until they died.

Death usually took several hours to arrive.

The Black Nail was very good at killing its victims slowly.

Meanwhile, there were several lines shining with artificial light on the inside of the black cloth.

These were shining strings harvested from the Blinding Light, the Specter from which Wyntor had received his ability.

The lines of light used external Zephyx to produce light.

The black cloth completely blocked all of the light.

The black nails were used as weapons and to move silently.

With all of these things combined, one could move through the darkness without being noticed and without being influenced by the Nightmare.

This suit was a marvel of technology, and it was very, very expensive.

The Blinding Light was a level three Specter.

The Black Nail was a level four Specter.

And the Fiend of Darkness was a level five Specter.

Naturally, the price would be high for something made of these three Specters.

So high, in fact, that it was worth about as much as all of Dark Dream.

The suit Nick was wearing at the moment didn't belong to him.

It was a loan from Vernon.

All the aforementioned Specters were owned by Kugelblitz, and only they had these kinds of suits.

Every Specialist and a couple of Experts working for Kugelblitz owned one of these suits.

They were used for espionage, reconnaissance, and assassination.

They were called Shadow Shrouds.

Chapter 276 – Infiltration

In one of the upper corners of the room, Nick just waited in the darkness.

Silence.

Eventually, the light in the room activated again, and a moment later, the door opened.

A man with silver hair and silver eyebrows walked into the room with a serious expression.

BANG!

Suddenly, a yellow Barrier appeared around the man, but an instant later, the Barrier broke into pieces.

Before the guy could even tell what happened, five long black nails rammed into the side of his head, leaving five deep holes.

As soon as the black figure landed, it immediately turned towards the entrance of the room.

The Newbie from earlier just looked forward in stunned silence.

He wanted to scream, but he couldn't possibly react faster than Nick.

In a fluid motion, Nick jumped towards the Newbie.

The Newbie didn't even have a Barrier.

In one quick swoop, Nick grabbed the Newbie's head, crushed it, and pulled the body back into the room before closing the door.

"Gimme, gimme, gimme!" the rat shouted in excitement.

Nick remained near the closed door for a while longer, just listening.

Nothing.

Then, he threw the two corpses towards the hole.

He didn't even check whether or not the corpses had any valuables with them.

The reason was that everything they owned was too "hot".

Everyone had their wealth in their bank account, and Nick wouldn't be able to access their bank accounts since they required authentication.

Their Barriers and other equipment also couldn't be sold since big Manufacturers custom-ordered their Barriers.

This meant that if someone sold the Barrier of someone from the Spartans, they had killed one of them.

And since killing people was illegal, this could become troublesome very quickly.

So, there was no reason to look through the corpses.

"Oh, yeah!" the rat shouted with excitement as it used all of its power to shove the two corpses into the hole. "Hey, these two count as the guards, okay?"

Nick nodded.

The rat smiled. "Happy to do business with you!"

Splash!

One of the corpses fell into the sewers, and a moment later, the sound of tens of rats tearing at the body appeared.

"Any further corpses will count towards our next trade!" the rat said with a friendly and excited tone.

Nick just nodded before he slowly slithered out of the room.

"Keep the lights on!" the rat shouted.

Ding!

And the lights turned off.

The rat just frowned with annoyance.

Well, even though it had to use a lot of Zephyx to keep its rats from dying in the darkness, the Parasite was still getting a lot out of this trade.

It had not even been 24 hours since Nick's conversation with Wyntor.

After the two of them were done talking, Wyntor quickly devised a plan to strike back.

The longer they waited, the more time the Spartans had to prepare.

As a possible suspect, Kallum Sondur had spent several hours in the guard station, and he had only been able to leave early morning on the next day.

Since Veterans no longer needed to sleep, he probably immediately went to work to report the outcome of his mission to the other two leaders of the Spartans.

That should have happened about twelve hours ago.

Right now, it was ten p.m., the day after the attack on Nick's residence.

In the last twelve hours, Wyntor had created a plan of attack, had talked to his father, had gotten the Shadow Shroud, and had given Nick his orders.

Nick's job was to strike back.

There hadn't been a declaration of war, but that didn't matter.

Talking with the Spartans before attacking them would only increase their vigilance.

Right now, the Spartans probably felt very safe.

The reason for that was that the enemy had just gone through a huge battle yesterday.

No normal person would immediately rush into battle again after escaping from such a devastating ambush.

Even more, how would the enemy even attack them?

The Spartans were located in the lower layer of the Inner City, at the edge of the megastructure.

Powerful guards and Extractors were everywhere in the Inner City.

The only two ways to get into the building of the Spartans were through the entrance from the Inner City or the entrance from the Outer City, and both of them were heavily guarded.

Additionally, the Spartans had five Veterans and 20 Johns!

Attacking them was impossible for something as weak as Dark Dream.

Sadly for them, they had overlooked a third entrance.

The place where they traded with the Parasite.

But that was to be expected.

After all, all the steel plates below the Inner City looked the same, and nobody could tell which one led to their trading place.

Additionally, there was no light at all, which made it impossible for any human to get there.

Lastly, the room of the trading spot was almost as hard as a strong Containment Unit and could only be opened from the outside.

The Spartans didn't fear anyone coming through that place.

Sadly for them, Wyntor was their enemy.

Wyntor had quickly thought of a good way to enter the building.

After he thought of that way, he immediately contacted the Parasite.

Naturally, the Parasite wasn't interested in betraying one of his customers, but Wyntor managed to convince him.

"The Spartans will get eradicated soon. You will lose a customer regardless. Might as well turn the customer into food," Wyntor said.

In the end, the Parasite agreed.

However, it wanted something in return.

The Parasite would lead Nick to the entrance, but in exchange, it would get the guards for free, and it would also gain priority over all the corpses Nick would create during his mission.

Lastly, Wyntor had asked Vernon for a Shadow Shroud.

Usually, Kugelblitz would never hand one of their valuable Shadow Shrouds to anyone else.

They didn't even give them to the city.

However, Vernon was quite angry for several reasons.

First, Dark Dream was essentially one of Kugelblitz's crops. After all, Dark Dream would one day be sold to Kugelblitz.

Second, Dark Dream belonged to Vernon's son, and fathers generally weren't the biggest fans of people attacking their children.

And lastly, Vernon had made it clear that Dark Dream was under his protection.

And yet, someone had attacked Dark Dream anyway.

If he didn't do anything now, no one would take his words seriously anymore.

Because of that, Vernon had loaned his personal Shadow Shroud to Nick.

Yet, Vernon didn't expect much.

He was more intent on making life hell for the Spartans.

He had handed his Shadow Shroud to Nick solely because Wyntor had asked for it.

Vernon complied, but he didn't think that Nick would achieve anything.

Sure, Nick managed to survive a brutal ambush, but that was because he had been fighting inside his house.

He had the terrain advantage.

Things were different when the battlefield was moved to the Spartans.

What could a sole Peak John possibly do against the Spartans?

Chapter 277 – Abnormality

Outside the room, Nick found himself in a small and secluded hallway.

Natural light from the outside shone through holes in the light shaft in the ceiling.

The walls, ceiling, and floor were made out of uniform steel with no gaps.

The hallway was long, and there was no space for anyone to hide.

The black figure in the brightly lit hallway seemed to collapse into black smoke, which moved along the edge of the ceiling.

At the end of the hallway, a set of stairs led upwards, but before the black smoke reached the stairs, it stopped.

A shadow.

There was the shadow of a person on the stairs.

Naturally, the supervisor whom Nick had killed had asked for backup before going in.

It was illegal to trade with the Parasite, and the supervisor wanted to make sure that nobody accidentally walked into this hallway and saw something that they shouldn't.

The black smoke looked at the shadow for a while.

Sadly, Nick couldn't tell which way the guard was facing based on the shadow alone, and he couldn't check.

If the guard was looking down the stairs, they would see the black smoke coming out of the brightly lit hallway.

And even if Nick managed to kill the guy before he could ring the alarm, there was the possibility that a second guy was looking at the first guy.

After some deliberation, Nick decided that it wasn't worth the risk.

So, Nick decided to change his approach.

A moment later, the black smoke gathered in one of the small light holes before very slowly passing through it.

It took over 30 seconds, but eventually, all the smoke passed through the small light hole.

Nick found himself in an extremely bright and reflective shaft, which was about ten by ten centimeters wide.

While Nick was inside the light shaft, the light in the corridor below him dimmed a slight bit.

Luckily, it wasn't very noticeable.

Then, Nick floated forward.

As he moved, the light brightened and darkened.

When he approached the stairs, Nick's speed slowed to an absolute crawl.

He was barely moving one centimeter per second.

Minutes later, Nick finally arrived on top of the person casting the shadow.

It was a level two Extractor that was looking towards the stairs leading to the hallway where Nick had just been.

However, Nick noticed something else as well.

There was actually a glass door between the guy and the stairs.

If Nick had charged forward, he would have needed to break through the glass door, and that would have most likely triggered an alarm.

"What's he even doing there?"

Also, there was a second person in the room.

There was a woman with fiery red hair sitting on the ground in the little guard room, snacking on some chips in boredom.

Based on her demeanor, she didn't give a shit about how she looked to the other person in the room.

"Don't ask questions you don't want the answer to," the other guy said.

The other guy was a man with brown and grey hair, and he looked with a serious expression through the glass door leading to the small staircase.

"Oh, come on. Just tell me!" the woman said.

Surprisingly, the woman wore the uniform of a Newbie, while the man wore the uniform of a John.

One would think it was the other way around based on how the two of them acted.

"No, I'm not telling you," the man said. "You have to learn to keep your mouth shut when it comes to the company's secrets."

"Oh, so it's a secret!" the woman said with excitement as she threw another chip into her mouth.

"Obviously," the guy said. "Why else would we be here?"

"Is it a Specter?" the woman asked.

Silence.

"Oh, come on! Just give me a little bit of the secret. Pretty please! With sugar on top!" the woman said.

The guy just kept looking at the staircase, but his expression turned more annoyed.

"I want to know! I want to know! I want to know! I want to know!" the woman kept shouting like a little child, but based on her tone, it was clear that she was half-joking.

Maybe she thought that was adorable.

"Shhh, shut up for a second!" the guy said with a serious tone as he narrowed his eyes. "Do you see this?"

"What?" the woman asked, her "cute" demeanor gone.

"Come over," the man said as he slowly pulled out a gun from behind him.

The woman realized that the guy was serious when he pulled his gun out, and she stopped joking around.

She stood up, walked over, and looked at the same thing that the guy was looking at.

When she looked towards the small set of stairs, her eyebrows rose in surprise.

"Is the light supposed to do that?" she asked.

At this moment, the light in the stairwell seemed to pulse slowly.

The light became dim and bright, and one such cycle took about five seconds.

However, it only happened in the small room with stairs.

There was no flickering light in the hallway or their room.

The man narrowed his eyes and raised his gun.

"Something is going on in there," the man said. "Call Adam!"

"Of course!" the woman said seriously before turning around and running towards the exit.

Surprisingly, the exit was another glass door.

When she reached the door, the woman swiped her right hand over a small piece of shining metal beside the door before opening it.

Then, she ran through the door.

CRK!

Suddenly, a black object pierced her head from above, and she stopped running, her eyes opened wide.

In a fluid motion, a black figure landed on the ground, lifted the body, and stepped into the guard room.

The guard kept looking towards the stairs.

It had been bright for over three seconds, which was different from before.

CRACK!

Suddenly, an orange Barrier appeared around the guard before breaking.

Sadly, the Barrier wasn't the only thing that broke.

Chapter 278 – Light Layer

Earlier, Nick had scouted the room through the light holes and had seen that there was another exit leading into another brightly lit hallway.

Just like the first exit, this one also had a glass door.

Apparently, glass doors were normal in this building.

After scouting out the area, Nick noticed that it was impossible to kill the two of them while they were inside the room.

However, Nick had to kill them.

Since he had moved so slowly earlier, nearly five minutes had already passed since the infiltration had begun.

The guard probably knew what was going on, and if more time passed without the supervisor coming out, the guard would probably become suspicious and check things out.

Because of that, Nick had to kill them.

He needed more time.

So, he devised a plan.

If something strange were going on in the stairwell, they would definitely call for reinforcements.

However, they wouldn't sound the alarm.

What if it was only something getting stuck in the light shaft?

This meant that one of them would have to run to get reinforcements, which meant that they would split up.

And since there was only one other exit, they had to leave through there.

So, Nick had decided to expand his body.

His lower body would expand and contract in the light shaft near the stairs, and his upper body would come out of a light hole in the hallway behind the other exit.

Then, when he heard the guy tell the woman to get reinforcements, Nick pulled his lower body towards himself and fully materialized.

Luckily, the hallway was higher than the door, which meant that there was a blind spot above the door.

Lastly, he killed the woman passing below him, pulled her body into the room, and killed the other guy.

'That was risky!' Nick thought as his heart rapidly beat in his ears.

Nick had used up over 50% of his Zephyx with this maneuver, and if he had messed anything up, he would need to abort the mission.

Even more, there were now two corpses in the room, and Nick needed to get rid of them before somebody decided to come into the hallway and look in this direction.

A moment later, Nick inspected the right hand of the guy.

Earlier, Nick had seen how the woman had paused in front of the door before doing something that Nick couldn't see, and only then had she opened the door.

This meant that the doors were secured in some way.

After a bit, Nick noticed the gloves.

Or, more precisely, the glove.

The guy was wearing one fingerless glove on his right hand, and on the band of the glove was some kind of small metal plate.

Nick grabbed the glove, put it on his right hand, and moved the back of his hand over the small sensor beside the door.

Click.

The quiet noise of something metallic moving came from the door, and Nick pushed on it.

Sure enough, the door opened.

Nick quickly grabbed the two corpses and ran into the hallway.

Then, he opened the door to the trading place and saw a rat.

When the rat saw Nick enter with two corpses, a bright smile appeared on its face.

"You eating that?" the rat asked.

Nick just wordlessly threw the two corpses towards the hole in the middle before running out of the room and closing the door.

When Nick looked down the corridor, he gritted his teeth.

He left a trail of blood behind by carrying the corpses down here.

Then, Nick took something out of the Shadow Shroud.

It was a small bottle with red powder.

Nick carefully opened it and dropped a bit of the red powder as he kept moving along the trail of blood.

The trail of blood vanished!

The contents of the bottle were spores from the Crimson Fungus, and if they touched blood, they converted the blood into Zephyx.

However, pure Zephyx wasn't stable in the normal atmosphere, which was why it was always stored either as crystals or in special containers.

If Zephyx wasn't stored in such a place, it turned back into Prephyx after a couple of seconds.

And Prephyx was everywhere.

This meant that, essentially, the trail of blood turned into nothing.

Nick opened the door with his new glove and left the guard room behind.

This place should have been some kind of small outpost, which meant that Nick was inside the actual office now.

A moment later, Nick turned into smoke again and entered the light shaft.

At the end of the corridor, the light shaft expanded dramatically.

Now, the light shaft was no longer a light shaft but a light layer.

It was like Nick had entered a very thin world of light.

Nick could see the light shafts that led to the edge of the megastructure.

The light from these light shafts entered this layer of reflective materials and bounced around until it found one of the exits.

Sadly, there was now an issue.

There were no more light holes.

There were only small windows.

Nick couldn't turn corporeal within such a thin layer, which meant that he couldn't damage or break the small windows leading out of the layer of light.

As Nick kept slithering through the light layer, he saw a couple of people passing beneath him, but they were mostly guards and some cleaning people.

It was nighttime currently, and most clerks worked during the day.

'I don't want to walk through the building in my corporeal form,' Nick thought. 'The hallways are too straight and well-lit.'

Because of that, Nick kept searching through the layer of light, going down different light shafts and coming back out again.

Sadly, no matter how much he searched, he couldn't find any light holes.

It seemed like the Spartans only had windows.

For minutes, Nick kept searching.

Finally, he found something interesting.

Nick found himself on top of a window, but this one was much bigger than the others.

And he wasn't sure what he should think about the thing he saw below him.

Chapter 279 – Hole

Nick was above a Containment Unit.

Due to security reasons, Containment Units didn't have their entire ceiling covered in glass.

Or, more specifically, the cheap ones didn't.

The expensive ones were made of materials either treated with Zephyx or directly harvested from powerful Specters.

After all, level three Specters and higher could basically break through any kind of material that was created in the traditional sense.

Since the materials were treated with Zephyx, windows, entrances, and walls weren't really any different for the expensive Containment Units.

The only difference was the price, and the difference wasn't even that big.

This Containment Unit didn't count as one of the expensive ones.

The Containment Unit was lit up by one window on the ceiling, about one-by-one meters wide.

Even more, the window was over two meters lower than the light layer.

This meant that there was essentially an empty space above the window, about one by one by two meters in size.

Nick could materialize here without any issues.

However, there was no exit from this empty space.

When Nick looked through the window, he saw the Specter inside the Containment Unit.

It was a small grey ball with eight metallic legs coming out of it.

In a way, it looked like a cyber spider without eyes.

Nick wasn't sure what kind of Specter this was or what it could do.

Manufacturers kept their Specters secret, except for their biggest Specter.

For the Spartans, their biggest Specter should be their only Adult Specter, but it used to be the Grey Room.

Nick was certain that the Specter was not their sole Adult since the Containment Unit could only keep Adolescent Specters securely locked away.

An Adult would be able to break out of here with a bit of effort.

Nick also didn't think that this was the Grey Room.

It wasn't that it was impossible, but that Nick didn't think that he was that lucky.

For a while, Nick just looked at the Specter.

'I can't find a good exit from the light shaft, which means I have to go back to the entrance and enter the traditional way.'

Nick furrowed his eyes.

'But that's risky.'

He just kept looking at the Specter.

'Or...'

Nick took a deep breath.

A moment later, Nick looked at the window more closely.

He was searching for something specific.

After a while, he found it.

'Eight connection points,' Nick thought.

Naturally, as a Chief Zephyx Extractor, Nick needed to know how Containment Units worked, and he was making good use of that knowledge.

'The Specter is barely ten centimeters wide. I think I can get it through the connections.'

'But only if it is cooperative and listens.'

The next moment, Nick turned corporeal, and his ability deactivated immediately.

After all, he was now blocking a big part of the light shaft, which made a huge shadow appear in the middle of the Containment Unit.

The small Specter moved to the side of the Containment Unit.

It didn't have any eyes, but Nick was sure that it was perceiving him right now.

The next moment, one of Nick's metallic nails dug a hole in the middle of the window.

Naturally, the nails were made by an Elder.

Nick didn't even need to use a lot of power to poke a tiny, smooth hole into the window.

However, Nick deliberately didn't make the hole too big.

"Are you sentient?" Nick whispered through the hole.

The Specter just continued standing at the edge of the Containment Unit without saying anything.

"If you understand what I'm saying, make a scratching noise with your right leg."

The Specter didn't do anything.

"Listen, I'm not here to scout you out. I'm here to damage the Spartans. I wouldn't break such a valuable Containment Unit just to ask you questions."

"Do you want to go out and kill a couple of them or not?" Nick asked.

The Specter didn't move.

Nick waited for a bit.

Scratch.

Nick's eyes shone when he saw the front right leg of the Specter scratching on the ground.

"Alright, you understand me, right?" Nick asked.

Another scratch.

"Good," Nick said. "Are you willing to cooperate with me temporarily? Right scratch means yes, left scratch means no."

Right scratch.

"Alright," Nick said. "I am going to get you out of here. After that, we'll be traveling through the building and doing a couple of things. Maybe kill a couple of people. In exchange for your help, I'll let you escape out of the building on your own."

"Deal?"

Right scratch.

"Good to hear," Nick said with a smirk. "Can you climb the walls?"

The next moment, the small grey cyber spider scurried up the wall with impressive speed until it stopped below the window.

Right now, Nick was looking at the grey spider from up close, just a window between them.

"Move to the side a bit," Nick said. "These kinds of windows are connected with thin electrical wires."

"There are eight connection spots at the edge. Here, here, here, here, and on the opposite sides of them."

"Every spot has a wire coming out of it, leading into a mesh in the middle that connects all the spots."

"If any of these wires get exposed to air, their current will change, which will trigger the alarm. We don't want that, obviously."

After Nick explained all of these things, the spider moved out of the way.

"I'm going to make a hole in the middle. When you move through the open space later, you have to be very careful not to crack the window."

A moment later, Nick put one of his nails on the window.

And then, he started to create smooth cuts in the middle of the window.

Without these extremely advanced and powerful nails, Nick wouldn't be able to cut a hole in the window without creating any cracks.

It took over three minutes until Nick finally managed to remove the layers of glass.

In the end, there was a hole about 30 centimeters in diameter in the middle of the window.

"Alright, you can come out," Nick said.

Then, the spider moved slowly and carefully towards the hole.

Chapter 280 – Office

Due to the Shadow Shroud, it was impossible to see Nick's expression, but he was very nervous right now.

Specters couldn't feel empathy, and their own gain was their highest priority.

Even more, many Specters were completely insane.

The Empath and the Bleeding Lady were good examples.

It was very possible that the Specter would immediately attack Nick after he freed it.

Nick watched as the Specter slowly and carefully moved through the hole.

Nick's heart rate increased, and he was ready to strike at a moment's notice.

After moving through the hole, the Specter slowly moved to the wall of the light shaft.

And then, it just waited.

Scratch, scratch.

It scratched the wall twice with one of its right feet.

Nick nodded.

"Good to have you on board," he said. "First, I need to find a good place to exit. I'll need your help in creating an opening for me."

The next moment, Nick turned into black smoke again, but he kept looking at the Specter.

Nick knew that the Specter didn't know about his abilities, but he still felt nervous when he was in his most vulnerable form in front of a Specter.

Luckily, the Specter didn't do anything.

Nick slowly floated upwards and entered the light layer.

Crkcrkcrkcrk.

The spider was quickly and quietly following behind Nick, only the sounds of its scratchy feet audible.

Nick kept looking back at the Specter from time to time, but it wasn't doing anything suspicious.

He was glad that the Specter was small enough to fit into the light shaft.

Nick directly flew towards one of the offices on the edge of the hallway.

When Nick had searched for an opening earlier, he had found this office.

When they reached a good spot above the office, Nick created a circle with his smoke body.

The Specter understood what Nick meant and moved into the middle.

After putting its eight feet on the ground...

SHING!

It quickly rotated in place, and a perfect circular cut was made.

The Specter rapidly grabbed the loose piece of ceiling and pulled it back into the light layer.

Then, Nick moved through the hole.

Since it was so big, Nick moved very quickly, and he didn't even need to use any Zephyx.

Naturally, there were no people in the office except for Nick.

Nick became corporeal again and looked through the papers in the office.

"Give me a second. Maybe there's something valuable here," he said.

The Specter just climbed through the hole and stopped on the ceiling of the office.

For about a minute, Nick searched through different files and folders.

By looking at the manner of documents and the names on them, Nick could tell where he was.

It was the office of a team leader.

The person in question was either a Peak John or an Initial Veteran.

Eventually, Nick found something very valuable to him.

A map!

A map of this entire building!

The first thing Nick did was to check up on the Specter he had broken out.

"Wait, you're the Grey Room?" Nick asked.

Scratch.

The Specter's right leg scratched.

"That means you're a Peak Adolescent," Nick said. "I didn't expect them to keep you in such a cheap Containment Unit."

The Specter didn't answer.

"Are you confident in quickly taking down a Peak level two Extractor very quickly, even with their Barrier active?"

Scratch, scratch.

Surprisingly, the Grey Room scratched once with one of its left and once with one of its right legs.

"Does that mean it depends?" Nick asked.

Right leg scratch.

"What if you get the drop on them?"

Right leg scratch.

"And if it's a direct battle?"

Left leg scratch.

"Okay, understood," Nick said as he looked back at the map.

Nick could see all the Containment Units with all the Specters on the map.

This map was amazing!

According to the map, the Spartans had ten Hatchlings and eight Adolescents.

There were also many empty Containment Units.

'Shouldn't they have an Adult?' Nick thought with furrowed brows as he looked through the map.

Surprisingly, Nick couldn't find a level three Specter anywhere on the map.

However, there was one Containment Unit completely painted in red.

Nick assumed that this was the Containment Unit for the Adult and that the team leader didn't have the authority to know any details.

Sadly, he couldn't be sure.

Nick pocketed the map and grabbed a couple more documents that seemed interesting.

He would take them with him so that Wyntor could look at them.

The next moment, Nick turned towards the Specter.

"I want to know what kind of Specter the red Containment Unit has," Nick said, pointing at the red spot on the map.

"After that, we're going to scout the surroundings and cause some chaos."

The Grey Room just scratched the wall once.

Nick nodded and turned into fog again before entering the light layer again.

Naturally, the Grey Room followed Nick.

While Nick was traveling towards the red Containment Unit, he kept looking at different rooms and offices.

About two minutes later, Nick and the Grey Room arrived above the red Containment Unit.

Compared to the Containment Unit housing the Grey Room, this one was actually one of the expensive ones.

Instead of only having a small window, the entire ceiling of this Containment Unit was made of glass.

This would usually allow people from the outside to see the entire Containment Unit, giving them valuable intel about the inside.

After all, what if there was a dangerous Specter in there that waited above the entrance to kill any Extractor that entered?

However, some Manufacturers didn't care about that functionality and simply shoved the Containment Units below a wall.

Dark Dream was one of these Manufacturers.

When Nick arrived above the Containment Unit, he looked inside.

And what he saw shocked him.

Nothing!

It was empty!

There was absolutely nothing inside the Containment Unit!

Not even fog, smoke, water, distortions, or whatever.

It was completely clear.

'Why is it empty?!'

'Where is their Adult?!'