

The Sun 69

Chapter 69 – Right Thing

A minute later, the body of a young man was thrown onto the corpse pile by Nick.

"Alright, I'm done," Nick said as he released a sigh.

The leading guard nodded. "You want to keep the corpses, right?" he asked.

Nick wordlessly nodded.

"Alright, we'll put them on the hearse and calculate the price back in the outpost," he said.

Nick nodded again as he walked past them.

When Nick exited the corridor, he looked back.

He saw one of the guards putting one of the corpses on the shoulders of the other guard, but Nick wasn't consciously taking note of that.

Right now, Nick's thoughts were completely elsewhere.

'I did the right thing, right?' Nick thought.

'The Riker Strikers are a horrible gang that rape and kill people all the time without contributing anything.'

'The Hub brings a lot of jobs and keeps the gangs in check.'

'The Peddlers are the reason why there are so many people in the Dregs in the first place since they bring in a huge portion of the food.'

'The Insurance Gang gives people a way to protect their belongings from others.'

'All of them contribute to the Dregs.'

'But the Riker Strikers don't contribute anything.'

'They just steal, rob, rape, and murder.'

At that moment, one of the guards walked past Nick with one of the corpses on his shoulders.

Nick didn't look at the corpse, but he felt like the corpse was looking at him with its widely opened and dead eyes.

Nick's mind replayed the things he had seen inside the corridor.

Screaming people.

Terrified people.

And yet, Nick only felt like he had gotten rid of some pests.

They obviously were people, but Nick only viewed them as roaches or rats.

In a way, these "people" were even worse than rats and roaches since those could actually be eaten.

Nick felt like he was supposed to feel more.

They were still humans, right?

Wasn't he supposed to feel something while killing humans?

At that point, Nick was reminded of the first time he had killed someone.

When Nick was just 13, he had been close to starving, and due to sheer luck, he somehow managed to kill a rat.

When Nick had just taken his first bite, a gruff and tall woman pushed him away and grabbed the rat.

At that moment, Nick had been filled with panic, and he had used all his power to push the woman when she had turned her back to him.

Surprisingly, the woman had been sent flying, and she landed on a very rusty grate, which broke.

A moment later, she screamed in terror as she fell into the sewers.

The young Nick just looked with terror at the hole in the ground.

He didn't dare to look into it.

He only heard the sounds of many smaller things also falling into the water and the woman's screams becoming shriller and hoarser.

Soon, the screams vanished, and a minute later, a rat walked out of the hole.

"Thanks," the rat said with a smirk as it stopped in front of Nick. "You can have this body as a reward. If you ever need food, you can just throw another person into the sewers."

And then, the rat just collapsed.

The following days had been the most horrible of Nick's life.

Sleeping had become extremely difficult.

Eating had become difficult.

Working had become difficult.

Living had become difficult.

Nick had been haunted by his memories of that day for weeks.

Yet, in a certain way, the memories had helped him.

Nick had feared confronting the memories so much that he had become active during every waking moment.

He feared the silence that allowed him to think and did everything to avoid it.

This resulted in Nick's body becoming stronger and in him getting more money by working more.

And eventually, Nick had learned to live with everything.

Finally, when Nick had finished his third assassination mission from the Hub, he had made his peace with that event.

Nick had never been a fan of killing, but he needed money to survive and to build a future, which was why he had accepted these missions.

It was something that he simply had to do and get through.

Beggars literally couldn't be choosers.

"Sir, we're done."

Nick was pulled out of his memories as one of the guards called him.

He turned to the entrance of the alleyway and saw the hearse completely filled.

The next moment, Nick threw one last glance at the entrance of the corridor.

'I did the right thing,' he told himself in his mind.

After shaking his head to regain his bearings, Nick went to the hearse.

"Let's return," he said.

"Of course, sir," the leading guard said.

By now, the second guard had joined the third guard in pulling the hearse since it had become quite a bit heavier.

The four of them traveled through the Dregs in absolute silence.

They didn't speak, and nothing in their vicinity made any noise.

It was almost like they were traveling through a ruin.

Eventually, they entered the Outer City.

More people appeared on the streets, but when they saw the hearse, they just held their noses and avoided walking near the hearse.

A couple minutes later, the four of them arrived at the outpost of the guards.

The hearse was parked outside the entrance while the four of them entered.

Nick was led into a separate office, and the leading guard took out several sheets of paper.

After reading all the sheets of paper and explaining them to Nick, the guard gave Nick a couple of them to sign.

Nick signed all of them, and the guard put them away.

"And that's all. Thank you, sir," the guard said with a polite smile.

Nick nodded and stood up. "Thank you as well."

"No thanks necessary. Just doing my job."

Nick nodded again and left the office.

"Please, bring back the hearse by tomorrow," the leading guard shouted before Nick closed the door.

After exiting the outpost, Nick looked at the hearse filled with bodies.

Some seconds later, he wordlessly took hold of the hearse and began to pull.

