

The Sun 70

Chapter 70 – Sustainable Help

As Nick traveled through the Outer City, people kept avoiding him due to the hearse he was pulling.

A couple of minutes later, Nick arrived in front of Dark Dream's warehouse and entered through one of the big gates.

The sound of the rusty wheels echoed throughout the entire warehouse.

Just when Nick put the hearse down, the door to Wyntor's office opened.

It was barely five p.m., and Wyntor was still here.

When Wyntor saw the hearse with the leaking blood, he took a deep breath, but he didn't let Nick see it.

Even though Wyntor had been raised to become a ruthless businessman, seeing a small hill of corpses was still shocking to him.

Wyntor slowly walked over and stopped two meters away from the hearse as Nick stepped to the side.

"They are all members of the Riker Strikers?" Wyntor asked.

Nick nodded. "They were all staying in the headquarters, and they are all pretty muscular and big."

Wyntor absentmindedly nodded as he kept looking at the hill. "And you're sure Riker won't take revenge?"

"You were the one that assured me he wouldn't," Nick answered.

Wyntor took another deep breath.

"Right, sorry," he answered absentmindedly before looking away from the hearse.

"This is a good thing," Nick said, looking at Wyntor. "The Riker Strikers are a plague upon the Dregs."

"Nick," Wyntor said with a slightly annoyed tone. "Don't be disingenuous."

"We killed them for money. Nothing more and nothing less."

When Nick heard that, he narrowed his eyes. "Maybe that's true for you, but I genuinely care about the Dregs. If the Riker Strikers weren't such a massive nuisance, I would have never killed them."

"And then what?" Wyntor asked. "Yes, you wouldn't have killed anyone else, but that's only because not enough time has passed."

Nick wanted to protest, but he didn't interrupt Wyntor.

"You've searched for six weeks with no results, and you grew desperate. If the Riker Strikers didn't exist, you wouldn't have killed anyone."

"But what after another four weeks or another ten weeks?"

"When would you have become desperate and frustrated enough to kill people from another gang?" Wyntor asked.

"Wyntor, you're evaluating me with your standards," Nick answered. "I have killed people before, but only when it was necessary or when there was a good reason."

"I am richer than 95% of all people living in the Outer City, and I am well on my way as a Zephyx Extractor."

"Acting like I need to kill someone to survive while having this much wealth is something I can never accept," Nick explained.

"And yet, you just killed nine people," Wyntor countered.

"Because I finally have the power to make a difference," Nick answered with a dark voice. "I am finally rich and powerful enough to change the lives of others for the better."

"Wyntor, my goal is not to just become fat and rich but to improve the lives of the people around me," Nick argued.

"Since when?"

Nick furrowed his brows. "What do you mean since when?"

"Since when?" Wyntor repeated. "When we were on the search for the Dreamer, you told me that you just wanted to have a better life."

"You never said you wanted to improve the lives of the people around you."

Silence.

Surprisingly, Nick didn't immediately answer.

"Since when, huh?" Nick repeated as he looked up with furrowed brows.

Wyntor didn't interrupt Nick's thoughts.

Nick thought back to his three days of vacation with Horua.

Back then, Nick's goal hadn't been to improve the lives of other people.

When Nick had worked with the Dreamer, he also hadn't thought about the lives of others.

When Nick had been searching for the next Specter, he also hadn't thought about others.

'And yet, I feel like I want to change things,' Nick thought.

'I feel like I should do something to improve the general quality of life of the people in the Dregs.'

'When did that happen?'

Silence.

Eventually, Nick reached an answer, but he didn't like it.

'When I decided to kill the Riker Strikers,' Nick thought. 'That was when I made my choice.'

Nick looked down.

'Is Wyntor right? Am I just saying this because I want a justification?'

'I was growing frustrated, and when the frustration hit a high point, I suddenly found a solution to my frustration while also conveniently finding a moral justification.'

'What if I wouldn't have gained anything out of this? What if I weren't allowed to keep the corpses?'

'Would I still have done this?'

Silence.

Nick kept thinking.

'As things are now, no.'

'However, that's because of the price for killing them.'

'I want to help the people, but 5,000 credits to kill a person is just too high of a price.'

'If I wouldn't need to pay 5,000 credits for every person I kill, I genuinely believe I would kill the Riker Strikers to improve the Dregs.'

'Yes, I want to improve the lives of others!'

'I always lamented that so many powerful people didn't give a shit about improving the world and just kept consuming more and more to become fatter and fatter while we poor people suffered.'

'I always wanted to change things, but I never felt like I had the power.'

'But now, I am slowly attaining this power.'

'I refuse to become one of these people who forget their past struggles!'

'I refuse to have this mindset that, since I am now the one in power, I have a moral justification to do the same thing that has been done to me in the past to others!'

'I will improve the lives of others!'

The next moment, Nick narrowed his eyes and looked at the hearse.

'But it has to be sustainable. If I can't keep my power, I lose the power to help others.'

'The stronger I get, the more people I can help.'

'But it's important that I never lose this mindset!'

The next moment, Nick turned to Wyntor.

"Thanks, I needed that."

Wyntor just raised an eyebrow.

He wasn't quite sure what Nick meant.