

The Sun 81

Chapter 81 – Marketplace

"Everyone ready?" Wyntor asked.

Nick, Jenny, and Trevor nodded.

After talking with Nick some more, Wyntor had decided that the others also needed some equipment.

While they didn't have the money for the really good equipment, Wyntor was willing to give them an advance for their equipment. After all, it was important that his people stayed alive.

Because of that, no one was working with the Dreamer.

Right now, it was eight a.m., which meant it would be Nick's time to work with the Dreamer.

For the next couple of hours, Dark Dream would take a corporate trip to the Extractor market. After that, the normal shifts would start again.

At this moment, Wyntor stood in front of his employees, and Nick stood in front of Trevor and Jenny, facing Wyntor.

"Good! Then, let's go," Wyntor said with a friendly smile as he walked towards the exit of the warehouse.

The other three followed him with excited expressions.

Naturally, all three of them had already gathered quite a bit of wealth, and they were more than willing to buy something useful with that wealth.

As the four of them stepped onto the streets, they drew the gazes of all the present people.

Seeing three Zephyx Extractors walking around with their uniforms was quite eye-catching, but even more noticeable was Wyntor.

Wyntor wore a form-fitting suit with a mixture of grey, red, and dark purple colors.

Not everyone knew what this suit signified, but the few that did were shocked and surprised.

Naturally, as the CEO in a public place, Wyntor had to look the part, which was why he had put on his official suit for negotiations between companies.

The very few people who knew what this suit meant felt themselves lucky to see Wyntor.

Usually, people of the Outer City didn't have the luck to see one of the Melfion family's progeny.

The suit Wyntor was wearing showed everyone that he was part of the Melfion family, and the color scheme indicated his status.

The grey color of the suit represented the Melfion family personally.

The red color represented Kugelblitz, the biggest Zephyx Manufacturer of Crimson Fungus City.

And the darker purple represented Dark Dream.

This suit showed everyone that Wyntor was a possible heir to the Melfion family and that he had already made his own business.

Compared to Wyntor, the three Zephyx Extractors walking behind him only seemed like his bodyguards or servants.

Jenny and Trevor knew that Wyntor was part of the Melfion family, and right now, they felt a bit proud that they were one of the few people working for someone with such a high status.

Nick didn't pay a lot of attention to the people looking at them. His mind was fully occupied with thinking about all the things he would soon buy!

After a couple of minutes of walking, the group arrived in front of a big warehouse, even bigger than the one Dark Dream owned.

This warehouse was probably over a hundred meters long and nearly as wide.

In front of the warehouse stood a group of guards who inspected everyone who passed by them.

"This is the place," Wyntor said to his employees.

The three people looked at the warehouse with interest.

It seemed quite big but unassuming.

Wyntor walked forward, and his three employees followed him.

When the guards saw Wyntor's suit, they performed a short but respectful bow.

Wyntor answered with a nod.

One of them opened a small sliding door and gestured for the group to enter.

The other three gave a short "hi" before they also entered the warehouse.

The door closed behind them, and the group could finally see what the marketplace for Zephyx Extractors looked like.

It was busy!

"Wow," Nick uttered in surprise, "there are probably nearly a hundred people in here!"

"Yep," Wyntor said with a smile as he looked at the group. "Since Newbies are not allowed in the Inner City without explicit permission, they all have to buy their things here."

"But Wyntor, there are still so many people here," Nick said. "This is just one of the marketplaces, right? If there are already so many Extractors here, how many are there in the entire Outer City?"

Wyntor smirked. "In truth, this is the only marketplace for Extractors outside the Inner City."

The three looked with surprise at Wyntor.

The only one?

They had assumed that it was only one of several marketplaces since they hadn't even walked for two kilometers to get there.

Wyntor chuckled a bit. "It just so happens that the marketplace is very close to Dark Dream. It's just a coincidence."

"So, this is everyone?" Jenny asked from behind Nick.

Jenny and Trevor were not very comfortable in Wyntor's presence.

The first time they had met Wyntor, he had taught them about Dark Dream and gave them orders, and that single meeting already represented the majority of their time spent talking to Wyntor.

As the CEO, Wyntor had no official direct line of communication with the Zephyx Extractors.

He only talked to them as an HR representative, but even that way of communicating with them would vanish when they got an actual HR person.

If the two of them needed something from the company, they just had to talk to Nick, and Nick would talk to Wyntor if necessary.

"It's not everyone," Wyntor said. "It's about a third of all Newbies. Not all of the Newbies come here every week. Even more, Kugelblitz and Anatomy have permission to house their Newbies in the Inner City, and there are much better marketplaces there."

Naturally, all three of the Extractors knew Kugelblitz and Anatomy.

Kugelblitz was the biggest Zephyx Manufacturer of Crimson Fungus City, and their most famous Specter was the Crimson Fungus, which the city was named after.

The Crimson Fungus was the only level six Specter that had been captured and contained in Crimson Fungus City. The source of this content nov(el) bi((n))

As the only Zephyx Manufacturer with a level six Specter, Kugelblitz naturally was the de-facto leader of Crimson Fungus City.

However, there was also another very powerful and big Zephyx Manufacturer.

Anatomy.

Chapter 82 The Manufacturers

Anatomy didn't have a level six Specter, but they had a couple of level five Specters.

Even more, Anatomy was led by one of the former level six Zephyx Extractors of Kugelblitz.

For some reason, one of the five level six Zephyx Extractors had left Kugelblitz to join a talented and rapidly developing Zephyx Manufacturer and had become the Chief Zephyx Extractor there.

With Anatomy having a level six Zephyx Extractor of their own, they could attempt to capture a level six Specter, a Demon.

This gave them a shot at reaching Kugelblitz's level, but only if they actually managed to get one.

People from Kugelblitz or Anatomy didn't walk outside the Inner City, and they wouldn't find any of them in this marketplace.

"Although, they account for only 10% of Newbies," Wyntor said.

"Only 10%?" Nick asked. "But aren't they the two biggest Manufacturers?"

"They are the two most powerful, not the two biggest," Wyntor explained. "While size is an indicator of power, you also have to look at the quality of the Specters and the Extractors."

"For example, Kugelblitz barely has 130 Extractors, but only 30 of those are in the first and second level. The other 100 are level three, four, and five Extractors."

"Kugelblitz has almost 80% of all level four and five Extractors but less than 5% of all level one and two Extractors," Wyntor explained.

"Sounds like there is no way to topple Kugelblitz," Trevor commented with a chuckle.

"It's difficult," Wyntor said, "but if Anatomy manages to get a Demon, things might change."

The next moment, Wyntor looked at Trevor with a smirk, and Trevor felt a bit nervous. "Who knows?" Wyntor said. "If Anatomy gets a level six Specter, we might have a war on our hands."

The three of them felt quite nervous.

A war between Manufacturers?

What would that even look like?

Would one of the Manufacturers free the Specters of another one to cause damage to them?

That would be horrifying!

"Anyway," Wyntor said, turning to the marketplace again. "We won't be meeting anyone from Kugelblitz or Anatomy here."

"You see the Extractors in the turquoise and red uniforms?" Wyntor asked.

"Speaking of," Nick said. "I was going to ask about that. Why do they not wear the official uniform for Zephyx Extractors?"

"It is the official one," Wyntor said. "It's the official one for their Manufacturer."

"Almost all Zephyx Manufacturers have uniforms of their own, which also count as the official ones for the city."

"If you want one, we need a level three Zephyx Extractor in Dark Dream. Then, I can commission one. Until then, you have to deal with the standard one."

Nick looked at his uniform.

Suddenly, the uniform didn't seem that impressive anymore.

"Anyway, the ones in the turquoise and red uniform are from Ghosty's Lab, which is the third biggest Zephyx Manufacturer in the city," Wyntor said. "They also have over 30% of all level one and level two Zephyx Extractors."

"In terms of quantity of Specters, they are number one in the city. They have a lot of Hatchlings, Adolescents, and Adults, but they also have a couple of Elders and even one Fanatic."

"Try not to antagonize the Extractors from Ghosty's Lab. If we have a conflict with them, we will go bankrupt before we know it," Wyntor said.

The three of them nodded as they looked at the Extractors with the turquoise and red uniforms.

There were about ten of them in here, which was lower than expected.

According to what Wyntor said, there should be over 30 of them here.

However, it also wasn't that surprising. Ghosty's Lab probably bought the majority of their gear in the Inner City and traded it between their people. They were big enough that they could do that easily.

"What about the others?" Nick asked.

Wyntor pointed to someone wearing a silver and red outfit.

"The people in the silver and red uniform belong to Gemini. Gemini used to be a relative nobody, but they recently managed to capture their first Elder, which officially puts them just behind Ghosty's Lab."

"However, the difference in power between Ghosty's Lab and Gemini is still massive. Ghosty's Lab has over three times as many employees, which even extends to level three and level four Extractors."

"Gemini is nothing compared to Ghosty's Lab, but they are still a Manufacturer with a level four Specter. So, don't try to start trouble with them."

The three of them nodded and waited for Wyntor to continue.

Next, Wyntor pointed to one of the Zephyx Extractors wearing a yellow and red uniform.

"These people are from Solace. They used to be Gemini's rivals, but they can no longer compete with Gemini since they don't have a level four Specter."

"I would also ask you not to antagonize them. Solace provides over 90% of all the artificial light that works against the Nightmare. Their most famous Specter, the Bright Candle, is the thing that illuminates our cheap Containment Unit, and it also provides the Arclights that we use from time to time."

"They also sell the more modest versions of the Containment Units. The two we own have both been built by them."

"If we suddenly have trouble with them, it will cost us a lot."

Next, Wyntor pointed at a group of people wearing grey and red uniforms.

"They are from the Spartans. It's a relatively new start-up Manufacturer made by three unhappy level three Extractors that used to work for Gemini. While they have three level three Extractors, they haven't managed to catch an Adult yet, but they definitely have the resources to do so."

"Most likely, they won't stay in business for much longer. If they manage to survive for a year, I would be very surprised," Wyntor explained neutrally.

Nick looked with surprise at Wyntor. "Why do you think so?"

Wyntor just smiled. nove(l)bi(n.)com

"They don't have someone that protects them from the bigger Manufacturers."

"Naturally, every additional Manufacturer means more competition and less money for the bigger Manufacturers. Because of that, the bigger Manufacturers put a lot of pressure on the smaller ones in an effort to drain them of resources."

"But you don't need to worry about Dark Dream," Wyntor said.

"Kugelblitz, Anatomy, Ghosty's Lab, Gemini, and Solace won't touch us as long as we don't initiate the hostilities."

The three of them could take a good guess as to why.

Wyntor's suit showed exactly why.

Chapter 83 Start-ups

After talking a bit more, the four of them walked further into the marketplace.

Wyntor knew the most about what Zephyx Extractors needed, and the three of them deferred to his judgment when it came to buying something.

As the three of them looked around, they noticed that most of the Extractors in the marketplace were from Gemini, Solace, and the Spartans.

Those three made up over 80% of all the Extractors that were present.

There were also a couple of Extractors from Ghosty's Lab, but most of them were, in fact, manning stalls instead of walking around and buying stuff.

Naturally, most of the sellers were also from the Manufacturers.

Creating equipment useful against Specters needed different kinds of specific Zephyx, and to get Zephyx, one needed a Specter. Because of that, most of the equipment was created by the different Manufacturers, and the equipment they didn't need, they sold in places like this.

With so many people in their company, Ghosty's Lab had an abundance of wares useful for Newbies and Johns.

However, there were also a couple of people with the standard uniform.

"What about the ones with the standard uniforms?" Jenny asked.

"Start-ups," Wyntor said emotionlessly. "They are like Dark Dream, except for one important difference."

"They don't have a Specter."

The three of them knew what Wyntor meant with that.

He meant that these companies were essentially worthless.

These Zephyx Extractors might have advanced in their levels and had even attained abilities, but they were Zephyx Extractors in name only.

After all, they weren't extracting Zephyx.

Without a Specter, a Zephyx Manufacturer practically didn't even exist.

There was no income.

There was no power gain.

There was nothing but a small group of people with a dream.

"Do none of them have a Specter?" Nick asked.

"Almost all," Wyntor answered. "If they actually manage to get one, the carrot and the stick will arrive."

"What's a carrot?" Nick asked.

Wyntor was taken out of his flow when he heard that question and slowly turned to Nick. "It's a vegetable. Something you want to eat."

"I know what a vegetable is," Nick said with a bit of annoyance.

Wyntor took a deep breath through his nose. "Anyway, it's a form of speech. It means giving someone a very enticing reward or offer while also threatening them with something horrifying if they don't follow and accept."

"If one of these companies manages to get a Specter, the first bigger Manufacturer that finds out will offer to purchase the Specter at a high premium while also offering all of the Zephyx Extractors jobs."

"The businessmen get the mountain of cash they were after, and the Extractors get the future they so desperately wanted."

"But if they don't accept, the Manufacturer will tell all the other Manufacturers that they are not willing to sell, at which point they will get suppressed into nothingness."

"Artificial light suddenly costs five times more. Containment Units cost an arm and a leg. Bigger businesses are not willing to do business with them. The guards start to watch all of their steps very, very closely. The banks have issues making payments. Their Zephyx only sells for very little money."

"Working with the Specter will essentially become more expensive than not working with it, making the Specter a liability and essentially worthless to them. They will slowly be bleeding money until they either sell their Specter or go bankrupt."

When the three of them heard that, they took some deep breaths.

That made it impossible to make any money!

"Even if the leadership persists, the employees, including the Extractors, most likely won't. Even more, those Extractors will quickly receive several offers from the big Manufacturers."

"In the end, the leaders are left with a Specter and no people to work with it."

The three just thought about Wyntor's words for a bit.

Sure enough, creating a new Manufacturer was extremely difficult.

Luckily, they had Wyntor, who had the backing of the Melfion family, and the Melfion family owned a big part of Kugelblitz.

Nobody would want to offend someone like that without an incentive.

"Wyntor, you said most earlier," Nick said.

"Most what?" Wyntor asked.

"That most of the people with the normal uniform don't have a Specter. What about the others?"

"Well," Wyntor slowly said as his eyes landed on a small group of four people who were currently looking at a couple of items. "There is one other new Zephyx Manufacturer, but they are not that important."

The three of them noticed that Wyntor was purposefully being vague, but they could tell that they shouldn't ask him.

"In short," Wyntor added, "don't be rude to the people here, and they will also not be rude to you, most likely. There are always exceptions, but we will deal with those on a case-by-case basis."

"Of course!" Nick said with a nod.

The other two also nodded in affirmation.

Wyntor let out a little smile and turned forward. "Let's get to the Barriers first. Extractors without Barriers are essentially naked." nove(l)bi(n.)com

The three of them nodded and followed after Wyntor.

The four of them passed by a couple of stalls, which offered various items.

Nick saw many different magical items, and he also saw a couple of weapons.

There were only about 15 stalls in the entire marketplace, and over half of them were staffed by Extractors from Ghosty's Lab.

Most of the people who looked at the three Zephyx Extractors seemed apathetic and uncaring, but when they saw Wyntor in front of them, their attitude changed.

Instead of seeming cold, they seemed more neutral.

In practicality, there was no difference between the two attitudes. In both cases, the other person wouldn't interact with the group.

The only difference was the opinion the other person had of the group.

After a bit of walking, the four of them stopped in front of a rather big stall near the end of the marketplace.

Just like most of them, this one was manned by a girl wearing a turquoise and red uniform, showing that she was a Zephyx Extractor from Ghosty's Lab.

Surprisingly, there was an emblem with three small ghosts embroidered on her uniform.

This meant that she was a Veteran, a level three Extractor!

Chapter 84 Low Margins

There were four other people standing in front of the stall, and they were looking at the different round objects for sale.

Naturally, these round objects were Barriers.

Yet, the atmosphere in this stall was also a bit tense.

After all, who wouldn't be respectful in front of a Veteran?

One had to remember that Veterans already belonged to the top 20% of Extractors.

There were not even 200 Veterans in the entirety of Crimson Fungus City.

Every single Veteran was at least a hundred times as powerful as a normal person.

This meant that even the weakest Veteran could lift something weighing over eight tons above their head!

This young woman could grab any random person in here and literally tear them in two like they were a piece of paper!

She was also the only Veteran in the marketplace.

The other stalls from Ghosty's Lab were all manned by Johns, and most of the other stalls were manned by Newbies.

As for the customers, there were maybe one or two Johns present, and they were only here to help their younger colleagues find something good for their money.

This meant that this person was, by far, the most powerful one in the entire marketplace.

But that was to be expected.

After all, Barriers were the priciest items here since they represented a Zephyx Extractor's life.

The Veteran was probably carrying over ten million credits worth of wares with her.

The three Extractors from Dark Dream felt some pressure emanating from the young woman.

The Veteran wasn't aggressive or anything. It was simply the feeling someone weaker felt when they were in front of someone much stronger.

Wyntor just put on a friendly smile and walked up to the Veteran.

"Good morning, we're from Dark Dream, and we're interested in purchasing Barriers for our three Zephyx Extractors," Wyntor said.

"Dark Dream?" the Veteran repeated in confusion as she turned to Wyntor.

She had never heard of Dark Dream before.

But when she saw Wyntor's suit, her eyes lit up, and she understood.

'There might be some money here,' she thought.

"Of course," she answered with a polite smile. "If I may be so rude, what is your budget?"

Wyntor just chuckled. "No worries, we already know what we are looking for, and it should just be within our budget."

Nick and Trevor didn't notice it, but the Veteran's eyes very slightly hardened for just a split-second.

However, Jenny and Wyntor noticed.

"Great!" the Veteran said with a friendly tone. "What do you have in mind?"

"First, we want a Barrier with a two-to-one conversion rate that can block all physical attacks and almost all force attacks," Wyntor said.

The Veteran nodded. "What about mental attacks?"

"Not necessary," Wyntor answered.

"What about the form and color?" she asked.

"Color is not important, and I'm fine with a sphere or spheroid for form."

"What about the activation mechanism?" she asked.

"Manual," Wyntor answered.

The Veteran sighed unnoticeably.

The guy in front of her had perfectly dodged all the pitfalls and all the items that put a premium on the Barrier.

He was searching for something ugly and cumbersome but cheap and effective.

"Based on the specifications, I think 250,000 credits should be just right," Wyntor said before the Veteran could say anything.

The Veteran looked deeply into Wyntor's eyes.

About two seconds passed.

"Sure, we have just the perfect model for your specifications and budget," she said with a forced, polite smile.

Wyntor smiled back.

The next moment, the Veteran crouched to look under the stall, and a couple of seconds later, she put a grey and round plate on the counter.

In the center was a tiny gem with grey and bronze colors swirling inside of it.

The plate itself seemed basic and unnoticeable.

Compared to all the Barriers on display, it looked like junk.

Yet, when Nick saw it, he immediately fell in love.

It looked sturdy and reliable!

The next moment, Nick took out his bank card and took a deep breath.

250,000 credits.

That was around 70% of what he had saved up!

The next moment, Nick took another deep breath and put his card on the table.

When the Veteran saw Nick pulling out a bank card, she threw a smile at Wyntor. "It's rare to see an Extractor pay with their own credits for equipment."

Jenny and Trevor threw a look at Wyntor when they heard that.

Naturally, this was the Veteran's revenge for buying the stuff with low margins.

Yet, Wyntor just chuckled. "They get 10% of the Zephyx they extract as payment at a wholesale rate. They can afford to pay for their own equipment," he said.

When the Veteran heard that, her eyes widened in disbelief.

She didn't say anything.

10% of the Zephyx they extracted at a wholesale rate?!

Then, wouldn't she be earning over a million credits a month instead of the measly 200,000 credits she was earning right now?!

Instead of getting some satisfaction out of making Wyntor uncomfortable, the Veteran got annoyed.

"Understandable," she answered in a polite voice without putting much energy into it while grabbing Nick's card.

When Trevor and Jenny saw the Veteran's reaction, they realized that they were being paid very well.

If even a Veteran looked that surprised, they probably earned a lot of money!

This only increased their loyalty towards Wyntor and their thankfulness.

"Here you go," the Veteran said as she handed the card and the Barrier to Nick.

Nick just looked at the Barrier in wonder while Wyntor started to request another Barrier.

This one only had a one-to-one ratio, but it could also block most attacks.

In the end, the price was only 50,000 credits for that one, and it went to Jenny.

The next one was identical to the second one and went to Trevor.

Since Trevor was still pretty new, Wyntor paid for it.

Wyntor would simply dock Trevor's payments until he had cleared his debt.

"Thank you," Wyntor said politely.

"Sure," the Veteran answered, not even putting up an act of being friendly. Visit [no\(v\)eLb\(i\)n.com](http://no(v)eLb(i)n.com) for the best novel reading experience

Naturally, the Veteran was not very happy.

She hadn't even made 20,000 credits in commission from these trades.

The three Barriers they bought had extremely low-profit margins.

In the end, she could only sigh and continue waiting for other customers.

Chapter 85 Barriers

After leaving the stall behind, Wyntor pulled his three employees to the side and explained to them how they could activate and configure their Barriers.

Using these Barriers was very easy since there were only a couple of options to choose from.

"The Barriers you bought do not have AI chips, which means that there isn't much you can do with them," Wyntor said.

"AI-chips?" Nick asked in confusion.

Jenny and Trevor also didn't know what that meant.

"I'll tell you in detail when it becomes relevant," Wyntor said. "Advanced Barriers need AI chips, and they are the most expensive part of a Barrier. They regulate the size, strength, and attribute of a Barrier while also activating and deactivating it. You can view AI chips as an autonomous mind that controls your Barrier."

"Your Barriers don't have AI chips, which is why we managed to get good ones for a relatively low price. The drawback is that you have to activate them yourself," Wyntor said.

After a bit of fidgeting around, the three of them managed to activate their Barriers.

"I can't see it," Nick said after he put his activated Barrier into the pocket of his uniform.

"Watch," Wyntor said.

Then, Wyntor walked back a little...

And charged right at Nick.

Wyntor jumped and kicked forward.

Nick's eyes widened in wonder.

'Will the Barrier activate?'

BANG!

Sure enough, a bronze sphere appeared around Nick's body for just a second before vanishing again.

Wyntor was halted and fell onto his feet.

The next moment, Wyntor moved his arm through the space where the Barrier had just been.

But this time, it didn't activate.

"See that?" Wyntor asked. "The Barriers you bought are effective, but they have very simple activation triggers."

"If an object with high heat, extreme cold, high speed, or with a lot of force is about to pass through the Barrier, it activates."

"There are also a couple of other triggers, but those are the main ones."

"Sadly..."

The next moment, Wyntor slowly took out a silver knife.

Then, he slowly moved the knife past Nick's Barrier before rapidly striking forward.

Obviously, Wyntor stopped before he hit Nick.

Meanwhile, Nick, Trevor, and Jenny were surprised about what they had just seen.

Nick's Barrier hadn't activated, even though Wyntor had essentially stabbed towards Nick with a sharp knife!

"You see?" Wyntor asked as he pulled back. "If I slowly move past the Barrier's activation point, I can launch an attack from within its domain."

"If a sizable solid object occupies the space of the Barrier, it can't activate. The Barriers you guys bought don't have the ability to cut through strong objects."

"Of course, if you want to use a long weapon, like a spear, you also have to be careful that your spear doesn't stretch past your barrier."

The more the three of them heard about their Barriers, the more appalled they became.

They had paid so much money for that?!

"There are so many weaknesses!" Nick spoke loudly, almost shouting.

"It can't be helped," Wyntor said as he put his knife away. "That's the tradeoff, and I'm not even done telling you about them."

Nick took a deep breath.

"The standby mode of the Barrier drains a considerable amount of Zephyx," Wyntor said. "You should be feeling the drain by now."

Nick furrowed his brows and moved his arms a bit.

He felt a bit sluggish.

"I do feel a bit exhausted and sluggish," Nick said.

Wyntor nodded. "When the Barrier is on standby, it continually drains your Zephyx. Without any external help, a Zephyx Extractor needs about an hour to refill their Zephyx storage."

"As someone who has already advanced a couple of levels, the primary energy source is slowly transforming to become Zephyx. Food and water will become less relevant the more you advance, and most of your power will start coming from the Zephyx your body produces from the Prephyx in the atmosphere."

"Sadly, compared to Specters, humans can't split the Zephyx they produce from their bodies, making it impossible to harvest it. Trust me, humanity really, really tried."

"Anyway, the Zephyx your body uses to move and fight will be drained by the Barrier until you deactivate it, or you are critically low."

"Because of that, your Barrier has to stay deactivated for most of the time, and you have to activate it manually when you are about to enter battle," Wyntor explained.

The three of them were not big fans.

The Barriers sounded horrible.

"But don't underestimate the Barriers," Wyntor said. "That one Barrier you bought, Nick, should allow you to confidently win against the Dreamer."

Nick raised an eyebrow in surprise.

Really?

Wyntor nodded like he had just read Nick's thoughts. "If the Dreamer decides to attack you, your Barrier will activate, and the Dreamer will be stopped just a bit in front of you. At that point, it will simply be stationary in the air. At that point, you can just use a pipe or whatever to hit it and break some of its bones. Of course, if you had a weapon, it would be even better."

"Being able to resist a powerful attack is extremely useful and will many times turn the tide."

Nick thought about Wyntor's words, and he had to agree.

It would be like the Dreamer flew against a hard wall.

The next moment, the wall would disappear, and Nick could just kick the Dreamer's torso, caving in its chest.

Even though Nick's body was a bit weaker than the Dreamer's, a fully powered kick to the chest was still devastating to the Dreamer.

Additionally, the Barrier could probably block more than one attack.

Another alternative to the battle would be Nick just jumping on top of the Dreamer and encompassing it with his arms in an effort to suppress it.

Even more, Nick could also just run out of the Dreamer's Containment Unit without dying with the Barrier.

Nick's gaze moved to the pocket of his uniform that held the Barrier.

'That is actually way more useful than I thought.'

"Let's take a look at some weapons now," Wyntor said.

Chapter 86 Weapons

The three of them grew excited when they heard Wyntor talking about weapons.

"What do you have left in savings?" Wyntor asked as he led them to the next stall.

"In total, about 80,000 credits," Nick said, "but I don't want to spend more than 50,000."

"60,000 credits," Jenny said.

"If I don't count the Barrier, about 30,000 credits," Trevor said with a bitter smile.

One had to remember that Wyntor had completely paid for Trevor's Barrier.

Wyntor nodded. "Let's try not to go above 50,000 credits per person then. Do you have any preferences for weapons?"

Nick had an uncertain expression. "I want to see what they have to offer first."

"I heard there is something called a gun," Jenny said.

Wyntor nodded. "Yes, they also sell guns."

"What are they, and how do they work?" Jenny asked.

"A gun is a small object that uses an explosion of power to accelerate a small object to such high speeds that the object gains enough force to severely injure someone," Wyntor explained.

"The guns we are going to look at are made of durable metals, and they use Zephyx as a power source. Very expensive guns for powerful Zephyx Extractors are fully made of materials created with Zephyx that shoot other kinds of Zephyx, but these are far beyond your current ability."

"Why do you want to know?" Wyntor asked after explaining everything.

"I heard that I can use guns from far away," Jenny said. "I don't like to admit it, but as a woman, I tend to be physically weaker than most men. Because of that, I want to use something that doesn't rely on my physical strength."

Wyntor nodded. "A rational choice. What about you, Trevor?"

"What do you suggest?" Trevor asked.

"You're pretty big," Wyntor said. "I'm not a fighter, but my instructor told me that when you have an advantage, you should do your best to make the advantage even bigger instead of trying to get everything else to the same level as your advantage."

"If someone is already faster than most people, it takes a significant amount of work to get their power and defense to the same level, and then, it might not be enough to defend from someone with a similar level of power."

"However, if that same person put the work into improving their speed even more, nearly nobody would be able to touch them, making the enemy's speed and power almost meaningless."

"Since you are already pretty big, I would suggest going for a weapon with a long reach. Something like a spear," Wyntor explained.

Trevor fell into thought and nodded a couple of times. "That sounds reasonable. I think I'll follow that advice."

The four of them quickly reached the stall, and Wyntor introduced them to a couple of weapons on display.

Nick could see all manner of weapons.

Swords, daggers, knives, sabers, spears, lances, axes, clubs, guns, bows, explosives, nets, tridents, traps, ropes, chains, whips, rods, everything!

Wyntor helped Trevor first, and the two of them looked at the spears, tridents, lances, and rods.

Since Zephyx Extractors were much more powerful than normal humans, ranged weapons weren't as overpowered anymore.

A normal gun that guards used would only get through Nick's skin, but his muscles would be able to block the bullet.

Nick would still bleed, but it wouldn't be a dangerous wound.

Even more, an Initial John would only receive a red ring of blood on the spot where the bullet hit them, and Mid Johns would only get a small bruise.

Peak Johns basically didn't care about normal guns anymore.

Because of that, melee weapons became quite relevant again.

Especially when the enemy was fast enough to get to someone before they could properly aim their gun at them.

After a bit of trying around, Trevor went for quite a peculiar weapon.

It was a mixture of a dagger and a spear.

In its base form, it looked like a dagger with a very wide hilt. However, the hilt was made of concentric cones of metal, and when they were extended, they would form the long hilt of a spear.

This allowed Trevor to use it as a dagger but also as a spear.

Sadly, it wasn't as useful as either of them in their respective modes.

The hilt was too heavy and thick for a dagger, and when expanded, the hilt was too thin and hollow to block a significantly powerful attack.

But Trevor still wanted it, and his reason was pretty solid.

Since Trevor was the chosen person for taking up the subtle missions, he needed a weapon that he could hide but also made use of his size.

In the end, Wyntor paid 60,000 credits for the spear, putting Trevor into a debt of 110,000 credits.

However, Wyntor believed in Trevor's ability to repay him, and he was willing to invest in him.

Naturally, Trevor was extremely thankful and promised Wyntor that he would repay him as soon as possible.

Next, Wyntor looked at the guns with Jenny.

There were many different kinds of guns.

Handguns, shotguns, rifles, sniper rifles, assault rifles...

After a lot of talking, Jenny decided to go for a sniper rifle.

Her reasoning was simple.

She wasn't good at fighting, and if she actually got into a fight, she would very likely lose and die.

Because of that, she didn't intend to get into a battle.

Instead, she would stay outside any conflict and support with brutal attacks from a great range.

Jenny never intended to fight someone on her own.

She would rely on Trevor and Nick to protect her while taking care of the most powerful enemies from afar.

In the end, Jenny spent 50,000 credits, and Wyntor also spent 50,000 credits.

But in exchange, Jenny got an amazing sniper rifle.

It was around 150 centimeters long, and it was pure black.

"You are expected to provide for your own teachers," Wyntor told Trevor and Jenny.

Both of them nodded without any complaint.

They had bought their weapons, but they also needed to learn how to use them.

Then, Wyntor looked at Nick, who was looking at the weapons.

"Made your choice yet?" Wyntor asked.

Nick looked uncomfortable.

"Yes, but..."

"You will think I'm dumb."

Chapter 87 Fist Weapon

"What did you choose?" Wyntor asked.

"Well," Nick said as he scratched the back of his head with an embarrassed smile. "I've always only fought with my fists and legs, you know? I feel like I'm already very used to them, and I don't really want to use anything else."

Wyntor raised an eyebrow.

"So, I'm interested in fist and leg weapons," Nick said.

"Hmm," Wyntor uttered as he thought about what Nick had just said. "I'm not sure if that's such a good idea."

"Why?" Nick asked.

"Your ability," Wyntor said, glancing around to make sure that nobody could hear them.

A moment later, Wyntor pulled Nick to the side so that nobody could listen in.

"You can only properly use your ability when nobody sees you," Wyntor whispered. "Fist weapons are great for extreme close range and grappling, but that makes your ability useless since the opponent can easily tell where you are when you are literally touching their body all over."

"I was thinking more along the lines of a spear or a rapier. Something that allows you to silently stab an enemy with a lot of power."

Nick looked a bit worried. "What about a fist weapon with a blade coming from it? Maybe one that can also retract?"

Wyntor frowned. "Why are you that set on a fist weapon?"

"I'm used to it," Nick said. "Also, I need to silently reach my opponent, right? I want something small that doesn't slow me down."

Wyntor still wasn't the biggest fan of Nick's suggestion. "I feel like you are wasting your biggest advantage. You have to remember that all Zephyx Extractors design their fighting style around their ability, and if you don't do that, you will be at a disadvantage against everyone. Additionally, Specters also focus on their abilities."

Nick just looked at Wyntor with a worried expression, and Wyntor realized that this wasn't an expression of someone who was thinking about changing their choice but someone who was afraid of angering someone because of something they were about to say.

When Wyntor saw that, he only sighed.

"Fine," he said. "It's your decision anyway."

Nick released a sigh of relief.

"However," Wyntor added. "I still want you to get something else in case you change your mind in the future."

Nick only smiled happily. "Sure!"

Wyntor only massaged the bridge of his nose as the two of them walked back to the stall.

"Which one do you want?" Wyntor asked.

Nick went forward and grabbed a set of cuffs.

There were two long metallic bracers, which were supposed to go on the shin, and two bracers for Nick's wrists.

However, the bracers for Nick's wrists had an addition.

About 30 centimeters long and very wide blades came out of them.

In a way, the blades almost looked like equilateral triangles.

They were designed this way to make the blades stable and also able to block attacks. After all, it was normal to block or parry an attack with the back of one's hand.

In order to fit the arm better, the blades were also curved, encompassing the back of the hands.

When Wyntor saw the four cuffs, he raised an eyebrow. 'That's actually not that stupid.'

But when Wyntor saw the price, he frowned.

"Nick, you need better ones," Wyntor said.

Nick's eyes widened in surprise. "But these are already so expensive!"

"Nick, poor people can't afford to buy cheap."

Nick's brain froze as it tried to understand what Wyntor meant.

When Wyntor saw Nick's confusion, he sighed again.

"Think about how hard these blades are, and now, think about how strong you are with your ability."

"These blades are designed for Peak Newbies, and with your ability... you know..." Wyntor said, not revealing any sensitive information.

Nick looked at the blades, and he slowly realized what Wyntor meant.

"Oh, now I get it!" he shouted. "Since poor people don't have a lot of money, they have to buy cheap stuff, but the cheap stuff breaks very quickly, which forces them to buy more cheap stuff. If they had the money, they could buy something more expensive that doesn't break, which might even cost fewer credits in the long run!"

"Yes, Nick," Wyntor said. "That's what the phrase means."

"But I don't have the money for something better," Nick said. "Also, I don't think they sell better stuff here."

"It's fine," Wyntor said. "Since you now know what you want, I will get you what you need my own way. Give me one to three days, and you will get your weapons."

"They will be of much higher quality and will hold longer, but they will also be more expensive."

"For now, I'm going to pay for them since I trust that you will quickly pay me back," Wyntor said.

Nick didn't feel great accepting such a gift, but he also knew that this was probably the best way to go about it.

If Nick got into a fight with these blades and punched someone with them while his ability was active, they might break into pieces.

Nick would soon become a Peak Newbie, and when he reached that level, he would be about 25 times more powerful than a normal adult male with his ability active.

It would be like a rhinoceros wearing the blade on its horn and charging at a wall.

Due to his ability, Nick had to use equipment created for Mid Johns and stronger.

"Okay, thanks, Wyntor," Nick said.

Wyntor just nodded.

Then, Wyntor turned to Jenny and Trevor. "Do you still need something?"

"I don't think we have any money left," Trevor said with an embarrassed smile.

Wyntor nodded. "It was more of a rhetorical question."

Jenny and Trevor just chuckled politely.

"Then, let's go back," Wyntor said.

Wyntor turned around to-

"Hey, Winny."

Wyntor came face to face with an equally tall man with light-brown hair.

Surprisingly, the man's face looked very similar to Wyntor's, and his hair had the same color.

However, there were two distinct differences.

First, he was maybe two to five years older than Wyntor.

And second, he wore the official uniform for Zephyx Extractors, and it had two stars on it.

That meant he was a level two Extractor.

Chapter 88 Ardum

When Wyntor saw the man in front of him, his expression became very neutral and apathetic.

"What do you want, Ardum?" Wyntor asked evenly.

Ardum just smiled brightly. "Why, I want to talk to my little bro," Ardum said with an excited voice as he stretched his arm towards Wyntor's shoulder.

Wyntor took a step back, and Ardum's arm halted. "Don't want to give your big bro a hug?"

"No," Wyntor spoke apathetically.

Nick furrowed his brows while Trevor and Jenny seemed a bit uncomfortable.

One didn't need to know Wyntor very closely to see that he didn't want to talk to his big brother.

"There are other people around, Winny," Ardum said with a nice but strained voice. "We shouldn't make a scene."

"Like you are doing right now?"

Ardum frowned as he looked at the person who had just spoken up.

It was Nick.

"This is a family matter," Ardum said.

"We are on a company trip, which makes this a business matter," Nick said as he stepped forward to stand beside Wyntor. "If you need to talk to your brother, please do-"

"Who do you think you are?!" Ardum shouted, his polite demeanor completely gone. "As I've said, this is a matter between two members of the Melfion family! Keep yourself out of this, peasant!"

The power of Ardum's voice was very dominant, but Nick only narrowed his eyes.

"Nick, calm yourself," Wyntor said with a bit of annoyance.

An arrogant sneer appeared on Ardum's face.

"Don't talk with the garbageman," Wyntor added.

Nick blinked a couple of seconds in surprise.

Garbageman? That was a strange insult.

It was an insult, right?

It sounded more like a job.

A moment later, Nick felt the air around him vibrate and found that the cause was Ardum.

If looks could kill, Wyntor would have been torn into pieces already.

"What are you referring to?" Ardum asked threateningly.

"Don't ask questions you don't want the answer to," Wyntor answered coldly. "I'm referring to your great bargain, obviously."

Ardum snorted. "Jealousy is unfit of a potential heir to the Melfion family, Winny."

"Jealous? Of your literal pile of shit?" Wyntor asked with a snort. "You are probably barely breaking even with it. Any of my Hatchlings produce more Zephyx than your worthless Adolescent."

"You've always been a dreamer, Wyntor," Ardum said. "It seems like that hasn't changed."

Wyntor's eyes narrowed slightly as a gleam appeared in them.

At the same time, Nick, Jenny, and Trevor grew shocked.

The way Ardam had just spoken the word dreamer was very peculiar.

He had phrased it like he was referring to something very different.

'He knows,' Nick thought with furrowed brows.

While all the Zephyx Extractors of Dark Dream knew about the Dreamer, nobody outside of Dark Dream should know about it.

Wyntor had not made the details about the Dreamer public.

Nick immediately glanced at Jenny and Trevor.

When Jenny saw Nick's narrowed eyes, she rapidly shook her head.

Trevor just shook his head with a bitter smile.

"So, you've got some ears," Wyntor commented. "Maybe you should stop talking so much, or they might become deaf."

"What's the point?" Ardam said with a quick snort and chuckle. "I already know everything I need to know."

"I also know about your second Specter," Ardam said. "To think that you would have the luck to get your hands on a Possession Specter."

Immediately, the atmosphere became even tenser.

Nick's eyes widened, and he immediately became worried and suspicious.

And then, Nick noticed something.

Ardum's hand had slightly twitched just now.

Nick had only noticed the hand because he stood beside Wyntor.

'That's a signal!' Nick realized.

Nick knew that the signal wasn't for Wyntor or for him.

There were no Extractors around Ardum, and Jenny couldn't have seen it since Wyntor's body was between her eyes and Ardum's hand.

However...

Nick turned to look at Trevor...

Who quickly looked away from Ardum's hand!

The next moment, Trevor looked into Nick's eyes and noticed that Nick had noticed.

Trevor's face turned white.

"Oops," Ardum said with a smirk.

Then, he turned to look at Trevor openly.

"Shouldn't have asked for so much money," he said with an evil smirk.

Jenny gasped and stepped away from Trevor.

Nick narrowed his eyes.

Trevor had been a bit suspicious since the start.

Trevor's interview had been too smooth, and Trevor had seemed way too perfect for the role.

It was almost like Trevor was a born Zephyx Extractor.

He had a powerful will, was extremely good with people, was tall and powerful, and, most of all, he was intelligent and cunning.

Trevor was just too good at everything.

It was almost impossible not to hire him.

Trevor looked with a shocked face at Ardum.

It was almost like he couldn't believe what he had just heard.

It was like he had been thrown into a nightmare.

"I told you," Wyntor said evenly to Ardum. "You should stop talking before your ears become deaf."

"Expect Pator's head in the mail tomorrow."

Everyone immediately turned to look at Wyntor.

Pator?

Why Pator?

Pator wasn't even here!

Ardum's eyes also opened widely. "What?" he asked.

"You think your schemes work against me? Please!" Wyntor said with a disgusted sneer. "You always thought yourself to be so intelligent and above everyone else, and to be fair, you are very intelligent."

"But you are also way too arrogant and confident. Just like an adrenaline junky, you want to give your enemy hints but don't want them to realize that the hints are actually hints."

Ardum suddenly started laughing.

"Oh, Winny, you're always acting like you have the world in your pocket."

Then, Ardum turned around, and his expression darkened.

"I just hope, as your brother, that it doesn't one day swallow you."

At that moment, the atmosphere changed again, but this time, it wasn't due to the four people of Dark Dream.

Instead, some of the onlookers had narrowed their eyes at Ardum with displeasure.

Apparently, what he had just said was not something they liked to hear.

However, Wyntor didn't answer and waited for Ardum to walk away.

"Are you willing to do it?" Wyntor asked.

"Huh?" Nick asked back.

"Kill Pator," Wyntor added coldly.

Silence.

Chapter 89 Pator

"Kill Pator?" Nick repeated in shock. "Why?"

"Because he's Ardum's spy," Wyntor said coldly without turning to look at Nick.

"How do you know?" Nick asked.

Wyntor looked around and saw several people looking at them.

"Let's talk outside," he said, leading his group out of the huge warehouse.

The three of them followed Wyntor in shock.

After leaving the warehouse, they walked back to Dark Dream in silence.

Nobody dared to speak up.

Pator?

A spy?

The little boy?

Pator was maybe 14 years old.

Pator had been nice to everyone, and he had always happily supported them.

How could he be a spy?

Which 14-year-old actually had the guts to work as a double agent in something as sensitive as Zephyx manufacturing?

The walk back to Dark Dream felt like it went on for an eternity.

Eventually, the four of them walked through Dark Dream's doors.

"Welcome back! How was shopping?" an excited Pator asked.

"Pretty good," Wyntor answered neutrally. "We got some good deals."

"Pator, could you deal with Horua for a bit longer? I need Nick and the others for a bit," Wyntor added.

"No problem!" Pator answered before standing up and walking out of the warehouse.

However, before Pator reached the door, he stopped to look at Jenny.

"Is something wrong, Jenny?" he asked.

"What?" Jenny answered, shocked, like she had just been woken up from a daydream. "No, nothing's wrong!"

Pator looked a bit worried. "Don't let things get to your head, okay?" he said.

"S-sure," Jenny answered.

Pator smiled brightly, nodded, and walked out of the warehouse.

When the door closed, Jenny released a shaky breath, and a terrified look appeared in her eyes.

Thinking about the young and cheerful boy dying was too difficult to bear.

"Follow me," Wyntor said evenly as he walked to the Containment Unit holding the Screaming Coffin.

The three of them nervously followed Wyntor.

Wyntor typed on the console of the Containment Unit a bit before opening the employee door.

"Come in," Wyntor said as he entered the Containment Unit.

Jenny and Trevor took deep breaths.

They had no idea what was in there, but they knew it had to be a Specter.

Coming face to face with a new Specter was always terrifying.

"Don't worry," Nick said. "It's basically harmless. The Dreamer is way worse."

Trevor and Jenny just looked at each other before entering.

After the four of them entered, the employee door closed, and they all saw the Screaming Coffin.

Trevor and Jenny just looked at it in shock.

It was just a coffin?

Was that it?

Right now, the Screaming Coffin was just lying on the ground, doing nothing.

"Jenny, what do you know about it?" Wyntor asked without looking at her.

Jenny looked with uncertainty at Wyntor. "You said it eats corpses."

Wyntor nodded. "Trevor, what do you know about it?"

"That it screams a lot," he said, realization appearing in his eyes.

Nick and Jenny hadn't realized it yet.

Wyntor turned to look at his three employees.

"I told all of you different details about the Screaming Coffin," he said.

"Nick knows everything since he caught it and works with it."

"Trevor knows that it screams a lot."

"Jenny knows that it eats corpses."

"And Pator knows that it's a Possession Specter."

"None of you are privy to the details I told the other ones, and you also have barely any time to meet during the day to exchange information. Additionally, I told all of you to not share your information with anyone but Nick."

"Ardum said that he knows that I have a Possession Specter, and only Pator knew that."

"Therefore, Pator is the spy."

Silence.

The three of them had troubled expressions on their faces.

However, it was just too difficult to believe that such a young kid was capable of such a massive feat of deception.

Whether they wanted to or not, Jenny's and Trevor's eyes landed on Nick.

Nick also knew everything about the Screaming Coffin.

He could have also leaked it.

Nick took a deep breath.

Naturally, he had noticed the others' expressions, and he knew what they were thinking.

"It's not Nick," Wyntor said.

Trevor and Jenny felt called out and ashamed.

After all, Nick was their boss.

Yet...

"Nick is too dumb and honest to be a spy," Wyntor said.

Nick awkwardly scratched the back of his head.

He wasn't that dumb.

"Nick is either the best manipulator in the entire world or no manipulator at all," Wyntor said. "Trust me, I put Nick through so many tests that it is basically impossible for him to be a spy."

Nick's eyes widened. "Tests? There were no tests!"

"Questions about things we both already know the answer to. If you keep lying and someone inquires further, you have to keep lying, and you have to keep this web of complicated lies coherent and logical. By continually asking you about details, you would eventually slip up if you were lying."

"Asking you to explain things while in a very emotional situation. Lying takes a lot of brainpower, and faking emotions also does. Doing both at once is extremely difficult."

"I also kept questioning your morals and why you believe in what you believe in."

"I've been testing you for months, Nick," Wyntor said. "And I am quite certain that I can trust you with my life."

Nick felt too shocked to respond immediately.

"That sounds unrealistic," Nick said.

Wyntor just snorted. "These things have been drilled into my head ever since I was just five. By now, it's unrealistic not to do it to everyone I meet."

"But you didn't realize that Pator was a spy?" Nick asked.

A moment later, Nick felt bad.

That was not an appropriate comment.

However, Wyntor just sighed.

"The signs were there," Wyntor said before looking at the Screaming Coffin absentmindedly.

"I guess I just ignored them since he's been my servant for the last two years."

"He was the only one I could openly talk to in that oppressive mansion."

Silence.

Chapter 90 What's One More?

"Who's going to do it?" Wyntor asked, just looking at the Screaming Coffin.

It was almost like he was looking at an actual coffin.

"I can do it."

Everyone turned to look at Trevor.

"You hired me for these kinds of missions anyway," Trevor said with a sigh.

Naturally, as someone from the Dregs, Trevor had gone through a lot of shit in his life, but killing someone was still something he had never done before.

But now, he was willing to actually go through with it.

Even more, his target was a 14-year-old.

Jenny looked at Trevor and felt quite bad.

Jenny already felt guilty since she had suspected Trevor of being a traitor earlier, and Trevor volunteering to kill a kid definitely didn't help.

"That's not your job," Nick said with a sigh.

"Dealing with employees is my job," he added.

Then, Nick looked at the ground with an almost apathetic expression.

"Additionally, Pator isn't the first person I killed," he whispered.

Jenny took a deep breath.

She had heard that Nick might have already killed someone, but it was still difficult to combine the concept of a murderer with her image of Nick in her mind.

Nick was such a happy-go-lucky guy, and he was willing to go through a lot of effort for his employees.

He was honest, friendly, nice, and almost playful.

Yet, he had also killed several people before.

The contrast was just too stark.

"Are you sure?" Trevor asked with a concerned expression as he came closer to Nick.

Nick wordlessly nodded as he raised his head to look at Trevor.

Or, more accurately, look through him.

"Of course," Nick said with a neutral tone as his unfocused eyes stared through Trevor.

It was almost like Nick was looking at nothing and talking to no one.

Trevor felt a cold shudder run down his back as he saw Nick's expression.

When Jenny saw Nick's expression, she could finally combine the concepts of a murderer with Nick in her mind.

She couldn't imagine Nick killing anyone earlier, but she could imagine Nick lifelessly strangling the life out of someone while wearing that expression.

It was so apathetic, disjointed, and distant.

It was almost like Nick had been replaced with a puppet.

"Okay," Trevor said, managing to keep his voice stable. "Then, I'll leave it up to you."

Nick just nodded.

Near the coffin, Wyntor took a deep breath.

He had turned to look at Nick just now, and he had also seen his expression.

'He doesn't deserve this,' Wyntor thought. 'He's completely dissociating.'

'Is that really someone I want to trust my employees with?'

Wyntor just turned away again, a thoughtful expression on his face.

'I don't really have a choice. Additionally, he's trustworthy.'

'Maybe dissociating like this won't ruin his positive outlook on life.'

Wyntor sighed again, and his head lowered.

'I'm pathetic,' Wyntor thought with a bitter smile.

'I just wanted to test their loyalty and deal with Pator myself. After all, I was the one that brought Pator.'

Wyntor's fists clenched.

'But I can't do it.'

'I just can't do it.'

Wyntor turned around and looked at Nick.

Nick just mindlessly nodded towards Wyntor.

When he saw Nick's dissociated expression again, Wyntor felt like he was the most despicable scum on Earth.

He saw what effect killing people had on Nick.

And yet, he also knew that Nick could handle it.

Nick had already killed so many people.

What was one more?

What difference did it make?

Did Wyntor really need to worry so much about whether it was bad or not to send Nick to kill Pator?

Wyntor tried to reason with his emotions, but it didn't help.

'In the end, I'm running from my own weakness,' Wyntor thought.

Wyntor nodded toward Nick with a neutral expression, his inner conflict not visible on his face.

'I can't solve this issue, which is why I send Nick to deal with it for me.'

Nick turned around and opened the employee door of the Screaming Coffin's Containment Unit.

At that moment, Wyntor remembered the conversation he had with Nick after Horua had declined to work with the Dreamer.

'This is his responsibility, huh?' Wyntor thought, feeling disgusted with his own hypocrisy.

'I told him to deal with his problems and his responsibilities.'

'But here I am, putting my responsibilities on his shoulders.'

'I'm sorry, Nick,' Wyntor thought as he turned back to look at the coffin.

'I'll repay you in the future.'

Jenny and Trevor watched Nick leave with sympathetic expressions.

Trevor wanted to do it himself, but he just couldn't bring himself to speak up.

Nick looked so young.

He was just 16 years old.

Meanwhile, Trevor was over 20.

In Trevor's mind, it was like one kid killing another kid.

If something like this had to be done, then it should be done by an adult.

And yet...

Trevor sighed.

He just couldn't do it.

He just couldn't.

Meanwhile, Jenny just felt bad for Nick.

Nick was her boss, and things like these were his responsibility.

She knew all of that, but she still felt sorry for him.

After Nick left, no one said a word for a long time.

Jenny and Trevor also didn't want to leave.

They felt like they should wait here for Nick's return.

While they couldn't take care of Nick's troubles, they could, at least, show that they were standing with him.

Meanwhile, Nick left Dark Dream with a blank expression on his face.

Like a machine, Nick crossed the road and walked into the hotel.

"Welcome back, Nick!" a receptionist shouted.

Nick just nodded as he entered the staircase.

After climbing the stairs, Nick walked up to Horua's room.

Right now, Pator should be dealing with Horua.

Based on the time, Horua's clothes and the bedding needed to be changed since breakfast had happened just an hour or so ago.

For just a moment, Nick stopped in front of the door.

Then, he put his hand on it, opened it, and walked inside.