

The Sun 91

Chapter 91 – Doing the Deed

As Nick closed the door behind him, he heard Pator's voice coming from the living room.

Nick hadn't entered loudly, which meant that Pator hadn't noticed that Nick was now with him in the small apartment.

"I just don't know, Horua."

Pator's voice sounded tense and troubled.

"I just don't know what to do."

"I've been stuck in this horrible position where I have to choose between two horrible things."

"Do I keep reporting these things and do more damage to Master Wyntor, or do I come clean and lose all of my qualifications?"

Nick slowly and silently walked through the hallway.

"If I tell Master Wyntor what's been going on for three years, I will be severely punished, thrown out of the household, and I will get all my belongings confiscated."

"No one would want to hire me anymore since something like this is the worst thing you can do as a servant."

"And with no job, I will be thrown out of the Inner City."

"And then, I will be thrown into the Dregs."

"Even more, I will lose everyone I know!"

By now, Pator's voice began to tremble again.

"I don't want to lose everything!"

Pator sobbed.

By now, the door to the room had silently opened, and Nick absentmindedly stared in Pator's direction.

At this moment, Pator stood in front of Horua, who was sitting on the bed.

Horua's expression was almost identical to Nick's.

"I wish I never accepted," Pator said through sobs as he cleaned his eyes with his sleeves.

"But I was just eleven! How could I have known that things would turn out this way?!"

"I always thought that it would just be a small side gig to earn a couple of credits."

Pator took a deep and shaky breath.

"Who could have guess-"

CRACK!

A splash of blood appeared on Horua's face.

Pator's body fell forward, his face hitting the edge of the bed.

The back of his head was completely smashed in, parts of his brain having scattered across the room.

Nick stood behind Pator's corpse, his right hand covered in blood and brain matter.

Nick looked down at Pator's body.

Then, he slowly bowed down and grabbed Pator's neck.

Crk! Crk! Crk!

When Pator's neck stopped resisting getting pushed around, Nick stood up again.

For just a couple of seconds, Nick looked at Pator.

His eyes were opened wide.

His mouth hung open.

A pool of red was rapidly growing beneath him.

Nick just watched for a bit.

Then, Nick walked to the side and grabbed a roll of one of many paper towels.

Pator had bought a bunch of these to deal with Horua's messes. Leaving the room every single time to get something to clean was unnecessary.

Nick unrolled the roll until he had a huge ball of paper towels in his hands.

Then, he shoved the ball into Pator's opened skull.

After grabbing some more, he put them into Pator's mouth and nose since they were also bleeding.

A second later, he took one of several bags and pulled it over Pator's head, fastening it with some straps.

Nick lifted the corpse and put it on one of the rugs inside the room.

This was quite an expensive room, which was why they even had something as luxurious as rugs.

Lastly, Nick rolled the rug with the body in it up before putting it to the side of the room.

With the body dealt with, Nick went on to absentmindedly clean the floor of Horua's room.

It took several minutes and many, many towels, but eventually, Nick got everything.

After inspecting the room thoroughly, Nick stood in the middle of the room.

He glanced at Horua.

That was when he saw the big splatter of blood on Horua's face, which had dripped down on his fresh clothing by now.

A kind smile appeared on Nick's face.

"Oh, let me get that for you," he said in a caring tone as he pulled more paper towels off the roll.

After carefully cleaning Horua's face, Nick changed his clothes as well.

When Nick saw Horua all clean and fresh, he nodded in satisfaction.

"Sorry, but I can't stay right now," he said as he bowed down to lift the rug. "I have to work."

Nick put the rug over his shoulder and slowly retreated from Horua's room.

After carefully closing the doors, Nick's smile vanished again, replaced by blankness.

Absentmindedly, Nick walked down the staircase.

When Nick exited the staircase, the clerk from earlier noticed him, and he had to blink a couple of times in shock.

"Nick, you can't just take our rug with you!" he shouted as he ran towards Nick.

"Bill me for it," Nick said with a neutral voice without turning around. "I need it for something."

The clerk was shocked and grabbed the side of his head in confusion and frustration.

"You can't just..."

He trailed off as he saw Nick just casually walking out of the hotel, not paying the clerk any attention.

For a couple of seconds, the clerk just watched Nick cross the road and enter the warehouse on the other side.

In the end, the clerk went back into the hotel to ask his supervisor about what to do.

After entering the warehouse, Nick closed the door behind him and walked up to the Screaming Coffin's Containment Unit.

He hadn't seen anyone in the warehouse so far.

However, he also didn't have the brainpower or motivation to think about where everyone could be.

He just wanted to be done with this matter and continue his life.

Nick opened the employee door of the Screaming Coffin's Containment Unit and stepped inside.

Inside the Containment Unit, Jenny, Trevor, and Wyntor turned to look at Nick.

Nick's eyes regained focus as he blinked a couple of times in surprise.

"Oh, didn't know you guys were still in here," Nick said with a bit of surprise. "I thought you would have gone home."

When the three of them heard Nick's casual tone, they felt like they had been stabbed in the chest.

Chapter 92 – Drinks

For several seconds, nobody said anything.

Nick just raised an eyebrow. "Man, the atmosphere in here is gloomy. Did someone die?"

Jenny's expression became more worried.

Trevor took a deep breath.

Wyntor looked at the ground with furrowed brows.

"No, we're here to support you, boss!" Trevor said with a smile as he stepped forward.

"Support me?" Nick repeated in surprise. "With what?"

Trevor reached Nick and grabbed hold of the carpet, lifting it off Nick's shoulder. "With this, of course!" he said with a bright and casual smile.

"You can leave this here. We're going to deal with the rest of this matter. Why don't you go back to Horua? He probably needs you right now."

Nick just looked at Trevor with surprise.

It felt strange.

The way Trevor was acting felt unfamiliar to Nick.

Trevor was acting like nothing was wrong and was talking to Nick like it was just any other day.

For some reason, Nick felt his insides shake, and he took a deep breath.

"Don't worry!" Jenny spoke loudly from behind Trevor. "We're going to take care of things here. You just go have a nice day, okay?"

Nick also looked at Jenny with a slightly confused look.

"You did well, Nick," Wyntor said, trying to portray a warm voice but failing. "We'll deal with everything else. Take the rest of the day off."

Nick looked between the three people with uncertainty.

He was not used to being treated like this.

Usually, he was the one that had to deal with the worst things.

And when he felt regret and pain, nobody was usually there to talk to him.

When he had killed that one woman, he hadn't talked to anyone for days, if not weeks.

When he had come into contact with the Nightmare in the sewers, he also had been alone.

When he had thrown Horua to the Dreamer, he also hadn't talked with anyone after.

Nick had expected that the same thing would be true today as well.

He would dump Pator's corpse in front of the Screaming Coffin, leave, stay in his room for a couple of hours, deal with Horua, stay in his room for a couple more hours, and then go to sleep.

And then, he would just return to work.

Like always.

But this time, Nick's three colleagues showed their support, and they would be dealing with the latter part of this event.

Even more, they were acting like nothing was wrong.

'They're acting like I didn't just kill a kid,' Nick thought as his insides shook.

'But am I not doing the same thing?'

Nick's gaze drifted towards the ground.

"Wanna go out for a drink later?"

Nick looked at Trevor.

"What?" he asked.

"Go out for a drink," Trevor said with a smirk. "I know this really good place that sells amazing drinks, and I feel like today is a good day for a couple of them."

Nick blinked a couple of times. "Drinks? Like water?"

"No, alcohol," Trevor answered with a laugh.

Nick had seen a couple of people drinking alcohol in the Dregs before, but it was more on the rare side since alcohol was so expensive.

He had only heard a couple of things about it, and he felt like it wasn't a good use of money.

"I really don't-"

"Oh, come on," Trevor said as he stepped forward to lightly hit Nick's shoulder. "Don't knock it till you try it! If you still don't like it after trying it, you can just stop drinking. Also, if it's that much of an issue, just view it as being polite to me."

"So, what do you say? You interested?" he asked with a smirk.

Nick just looked with a mix of absentmindedness and confusion at Trevor for a while.

Then, he just nodded without thinking about it.

"Great stuff!" Trevor said with a laugh, giving Nick's shoulder another hit. "I'll get you at three, okay?"

"Sure," Nick answered on instinct.

"Sounds great! Now, get out of here! You got some relaxing to do!" Trevor shouted as he pushed Nick towards the door.

Nick didn't resist, and before he knew it, he was outside the Screaming Coffin's Containment Unit.

The door behind him was closed, and he was alone.

For several seconds, Nick just looked forward, not focusing on anything.

Finally, he slowly walked forward toward his own room in the hotel.

Meanwhile, inside the Containment Unit, Trevor released a big breath he was holding and cleaned his head of some accumulated sweat.

After turning around, he saw Jenny and Wyntor looking at him.

"What?" Trevor asked. "I couldn't just leave the poor guy like this. He probably went through some rough shit today."

A smile appeared on Jenny's face. "Thank you," she said quietly.

At this moment, Jenny felt useless.

Nick had dealt with Pator, and Trevor had supported Nick emotionally.

And she?

What had she done?

Nothing.

She just stood on the sidelines, watching.

Right now, Jenny wished that she could do something.

Her eyes went to the rug.

To her, the presence of the rug was more terrifying than the presence of the Screaming Coffin.

She knew exactly what was in there.

Maybe, she could...

But then, Wyntor stepped forward without saying anything and unfurled the rug himself.

Pator's body was revealed.

It was like a cold shudder went through the room.

The corpse looked like Pator, but Trevor and Jenny couldn't believe it was the actual Pator.

A corpse looked so very different from a living human.

"I'm a man of my word," Wyntor said, not sure whether he was talking to himself or his employees.

Silence.

"What do you-"

"Let's go," Trevor said in a quiet but urgent voice towards Jenny.

Jenny was confused, but she walked towards Trevor.

The two of them left the Containment Unit.

"What's going on?" Jenny asked Trevor.

Trevor furrowed his brows. "Don't you remember what he said to his brother before he left?"

The conversation between Wyntor and Ardum shot through Jenny's head.

Then, her eyes widened in realization.

Meanwhile, inside the Containment Unit, Wyntor pulled out a long and sharp knife.

Chapter 93 – The Day

The next couple of hours passed by rather quickly for Nick.

Since Nick had essentially just cleaned Horua, he didn't need to check up on him yet.

So, Nick just went back to his room.

However, after just a couple of minutes, he became very agitated and left again.

For the next couple of hours, Nick just walked around the marketplace of the Outer City, buying a couple of things he was interested in.

Nick met quite a few people and talked with them animatedly.

Usually, Nick didn't start conversations with random strangers, but today, things were a bit different.

Nick was in the mood to talk to strangers and to strike up conversations everywhere.

Of course, some of the people felt weirded out, but Nick just ended the conversation quickly when he noticed that they were not into it.

Nick ate some great food, bought some great stuff, and had many interesting conversations.

When it was close to the time he was supposed to go out drinking with Trevor, he walked back to the hotel.

Nick had to check up on Horua again.

When Nick entered the room, he did a double take when he looked at the ground.

For just a second, he felt like he had seen Pator's corpse lying there.

Yet, the next instant, it was gone.

Nick quickly shook his head to regain his bearings and looked at Horua.

When he did, Nick had to sigh.

"Right," he said helplessly. "I haven't checked up on you in six hours. That's quite a long time."

Horua had already gone to the toilet, and some of his muscles were slightly shaking, which was a sign of his muscles cramping and straining.

For the next 30 minutes, Nick kept cleaning Horua and giving him a bath.

When Nick heard Horua's stomach growling, he could only sigh.

A moment later, Nick went to the warehouse and canceled his outing with Trevor.

He couldn't go like this.

He couldn't just leave Horua like this.

Horua needed him.

Trevor said that Nick could just hire someone, but Nick said that it was too troublesome and that he didn't trust a random stranger with Horua's health.

Horua's well-being was Nick's responsibility, and he would never run from it again.

In the end, Trevor could only relent.

Being too pushy with Nick might result in some discord between them.

Eventually, Nick returned to Horua with a soup and fed him.

After that, Nick massaged Horua's strained muscles some more.

For the next two hours, Nick just helped Horua with various things.

And then, he just waited.

Horua was clean, fed, and relaxed.

But soon, there would be something to do again.

For the next couple of hours, Nick just kept watching over Horua, making sure that he always had clean clothing, food, and relaxation.

Eventually, it was time for Horua to sleep, and Nick tucked him in.

After that, Nick went to his own room and tried to sleep.

It was difficult.

For over two hours, Nick just stared at the ceiling of his room without being able to fall asleep.

Then, he stood up and checked on Horua.

After that, another two hours of staring at the ceiling followed.

Eventually, Nick gave up and just walked around outside.

There were not many people on the streets, and Nick felt quite relaxed.

It was interesting to look at the Outer City during nighttime.

When it was five a.m., Nick woke up Horua and gave him breakfast.

In the middle of breakfast, someone knocked on the door, and Nick opened it.

It was a girl about Nick's age, and she looked at Nick with a bright smile.

"Are you sir Nick?" she asked.

"I'm Nick," he answered in confusion.

"My name's Marie, and I'm Master Wyntor's new assistant! I'm looking forward to working with you!" Marie said with a chipper voice and a polite bow.

"Oh," Nick said in surprise. "Right. That makes sense."

"May I come in?" she asked.

"Sure," Nick said, letting her in.

Marie looked around and entered Horua's room. "This is Horua, correct?"

Nick nodded.

"May you teach me about taking care of him?"

"Eh, sure," Nick answered.

For the next hour, Nick instructed Marie about what to do, and she listened attentively.

After making a timetable, she read it to Nick and asked him if it was okay.

Nick nodded.

She checked up on Horua every two hours and perfectly did everything that needed to be done.

"Thank you, sir," Marie said with a sweet smile. "I will take care of things for now."

"Of course," Nick said with a smile. By now, he had gotten familiar with Marie, and he liked her quite a bit.

Nick left Horua's room and entered Dark Dream.

Nick could tell that Wyntor was already there since the big lock on his office had been opened.

Wyntor's working times were almost identical to Nick's.

If he didn't have a meeting, Wyntor was available from about six a.m. to four p.m.

He chose these times so that he would meet all of his employees at least once per day.

He would meet Nick and Trevor in the morning, and he would meet Nick and Jenny in the afternoon.

Nick didn't have anything to talk to Wyntor about right now, which was why he walked towards the Screaming Coffin.

'Oh, right!' Nick thought on his way. 'I forgot to feed the Screaming Coffin yesterday!'

Yet, when Nick entered the Containment Unit, he saw the coffin just lying there.

'Someone fed it already?'

That was when the image of Pator's body shot through Nick's mind.

'Right...'

'Not sure how long that will keep the coffin busy.'

'His body wasn't very big...'

Nevertheless, Nick left the Containment Unit and went to the Dreamer.

'Huh, seems like Trevor didn't take a day off,' Nick thought when he saw the sleeping Trevor in front of the Dreamer.

After a bit of talking, Trevor left, and Nick sat down.

Sleep didn't take long to arrive.

The Dreamer made sure of that.

Chapter 94 – Favor

Eventually, Nick was woken up by Jenny.

"Hey, how do you feel?" she asked.

Nick took about a second to process the words Jenny had just uttered.

"I dunno," he answered with slurred speech.

Jenny's expression became more worried.

"Is everything alright?" she asked.

"Yeah, sure," Nick said as he slowly stood up.

Suddenly, Nick felt like his head was killing him.

There was this droning and pressure in his head, and when he stood up, he felt like he was about to fall over.

Nick felt like his eyes were forced open by some kind of force, but there was nothing there.

Nick's heart beat quickly, and he realized that he was covered in sweat.

"You don't look good," Jenny said with worry.

"It's fine," Nick said with an unusually loud voice.

Jenny was taken aback by Nick's outburst.

"Sorry, sorry," Nick quickly said with an embarrassed smile. "That came out more aggressive than intended."

"It's just... forget it," Nick said as he walked towards the exit.

"You can tell me," Jenny said, looking as Nick passed by her.

"It's fine," Nick said with a dismissive wave.

"No, it's not," Jenny said with an urgent voice. "If there is anything I can do, tell me!"

Nick stopped walking and turned to look at her with a raised eyebrow.

Right now, Jenny looked urgent and almost desperate.

She looked like she really cared about this issue.

The muscles in Nick's face tensed up.

"Okay, if you really want to know..." Nick said.

Jenny listened intently.

"I feel like you're a bit too forward with your concern for me," Nick said neutrally. "Let my problems be my problems. We are colleagues. That's it."

Nick looked into Jenny's eyes.

Jenny felt more nervous when she heard Nick's cold voice.

That wasn't what she wanted to hear.

She wanted to help Nick with his issues.

Trevor had managed to help Nick, and Wyntor was also helping him.

And she?

She hadn't done anything!

She just wanted to listen to Nick's worries and help him deal with them emotionally.

That's how it was with her and her partner.

Whenever one of them had issues, the other one would listen to them and help them deal with the issues.

Maybe one of them would cry, and everything would be better after that.

Yet, Nick had rejected Jenny's help very clearly.

"You seem too eager to help others," Nick said. "Sometimes, the biggest help is not helping."

Jenny still looked uncertain.

"Okay, sorry," she eventually said.

Nick nodded and walked out of the room.

In Nick's mind, Jenny seemed like someone who was way too eager to help someone with something that didn't need any support.

As Nick walked out of the Containment Unit, he thought about all the things he would help Horua with today.

He had a lot of things to do, and Horua needed help with all of them.

"Nick, I need you real quick."

Nick looked to the side and saw Wyntor standing at the entrance to his office.

"Sure," Nick said, walking into Wyntor's office.

Wyntor sat down, and Nick closed the door.

The next moment, Wyntor took out a briefcase.

The briefcase was made of silver metal and wasn't very big, but Nick could see Wyntor's arm strain when he lifted it.

"Open it," Wyntor said as he pushed the briefcase to Nick.

Nick looked at the briefcase with a raised eyebrow and slowly opened it.

When it was fully opened, a silver sheen was reflected on Nick's face, and his eyes opened widely in shock.

In the briefcase were four silver braces, two for Nick's wrists and two for his legs.

The two braces for Nick's wrists also had long and rounded blades on them.

Except for the color, they looked almost exactly like the ones Nick had shown Wyntor yesterday.

"These are for me?" Nick asked.

Wyntor nodded wordlessly.

Nick slowly moved his hands forward and lifted one of them.

'Heavy!' Nick immediately thought.

One of the braces for his wrists weighed over 20 kilograms!

That was absolutely insane!

Yes, Nick was very strong, but casually carrying 20 kilograms on a wrist was still quite straining.

"I ordered them for you to be just right when you reach the Peak of the first level," Wyntor said. "It makes no sense to give you weapons for the Late first level just for them to become obsolete in a week or two."

"With some training, you should be able to walk around with them casually, and you can also use them relatively well."

"However, they only show their real powers when your ability is active," Wyntor said.

The next moment, Wyntor turned around and looked away from Nick.

Almost immediately, the cuff in Nick's hands became very light.

Naturally, the cuff hadn't changed in weight. It was just Nick's ability activating.

Nick moved the cuff around a bit, and he liked the weight quite a lot.

It felt great!

Wyntor turned around again, and the cuff returned to being quite heavy.

"For now, you have to deal with the weight," Wyntor said, "but that should also help you get used to them."

Nick nodded. "How strong are they?"

"Your body will turn to ash before you have to worry about them," Wyntor said neutrally. "Your wrist will break into pieces before even a scratch appears on them."

Nick took a deep breath.

"How expensive were they?"

Wyntor released a sigh.

"A favor," Wyntor said.

"A favor?" Nick asked.

Wyntor nodded. "I didn't buy them for money but for a favor."

Nick gulped.

That probably meant that they were too expensive for the current Dark Dream.

Nick felt guilty and ashamed when he imagined how much Wyntor must have paid for his weapons.

He just wished that he could repay Wyntor.

Ironically, that was exactly what Wyntor thought while purchasing these weapons, but the other way around.

He just hoped that they could serve as a small repayment for what Nick had done for him. Updated from novelb1n.(c)om

"But I didn't sell that favor for cheap!" Wyntor said with a smirk.

Next, Wyntor stood up and grabbed something very heavy from below his desk.

BANG!

The entire table shook when Wyntor finally put another heavy briefcase on it.

This one was much bigger and obviously much heavier.

"I told you that I also want you to train in a weapon of my choosing."

"Well, here it is," he said, shoving the briefcase forward.

Chapter 95 – Burden

Nick looked at the heavy briefcase with shock.

That looked REALLY heavy!

Wyntor basically had to use all his power just to lift it onto the table!

The briefcase was about 150 centimeters long and nearly half a meter wide.

Nick wasn't sure what kind of weapon was in there.

A big sword?

A club?

A rifle?

Nick slowly moved his hand forward and opened the briefcase.

The next moment, Nick's eyes widened in shock.

Five very long and thin spears!

"They're throwing spears," Wyntor said.

"Throwing spears?" Nick asked.

Wyntor nodded. "Your ability doesn't increase the Zephyx in your body from what I have seen. It only increases your physical power."

"There are guns that use the Zephyx of an Extractor as a power source, which means a stronger Extractor can unleash a stronger blast with the gun."

"However, such a weapon wouldn't take advantage of your ability. The guns use Zephyx. You use muscle."

"Since you are already set on using your arms and legs as weapons, I thought that a ranged option would be a good addition."

"These kinds of throwing spears need a lot of power to be thrown, but their power is incredible."

"The force of a projectile is made up of mass and acceleration. Guns use little mass and lots of acceleration, while your throwing spears use a lot of mass and little acceleration."

"Well, little for the standards of a gun. When you throw a spear, it will still be quite fast."

Nick grabbed one of the spears and lifted it.

It probably weighed about 30 kilos!

That was extremely heavy for a throwing spear.

However, when one took into account that Nick would soon become a Peak Newbie and his ability, the weight made a lot of sense.

As a Peak Newbie, Nick would be about five times as powerful as an average male adult, and with his ability, it would turn into 25 times.

When scaled to the power of a normal male adult, one throwing spear would only weigh a bit more than one kilo.

Throwing a spear that weighed one kilo sounded reasonable for an adult male.

Nick could definitely throw a 30-kilo spear with quite a lot of speed.

What would that even look like?

It was probably akin to the shot of a harpoon!

If a human were hit by that...

Many possibilities shot through Nick's mind when he looked at the five spears.

"I'm not very good at aiming," Nick said.

"Well, you have to learn," Wyntor answered. "Everyone needs to train with their weapons, and you're not any different."

"Naturally, I already found a teacher for you. He's ready to start and just waits for the starting signal."

"When do you want your training to be every day?" Wyntor asked.

Nick's mind blanked for a bit, and Horua's image shot through his head.

"Can that wait for now?" Nick said. nove(l)bi(n.)com

Wyntor frowned and looked at Nick. "Why?"

"I need to take care of Horua," Nick said.

"I'll just hire a second servant," Wyntor answered.

Nick became uncomfortable.

"I don't know," Nick said.

Wyntor's expression became solemn.

"How long will this continue?" Wyntor asked with a serious voice.

"What do you mean?" Nick asked.

"How long until you finally let go and just accept some help," Wyntor said.

"Yes, the boy's current condition is your responsibility, but nothing you do now can fix that. No matter what you do, you can't change the past."

Nick looked like he had just been stabbed in the chest.

"Stop trying to fix the past with actions in the present. It won't work."

"The boy's safety and health is your main concern, correct? You want him to be clean and healthy, right?"

Nick nodded.

"And are you in any way better than a servant from my family in that?" Wyntor asked.

Nick became more nervous. "It's not the same."

Wyntor snorted. "The boy can't perceive anything anyway. It doesn't matter who takes care of him as long as everything is done correctly."

"You're my Chief Zephyx Extractor, Nick. I need you to be fully focused on the business. For what I'm paying you and with the future potential of Dark Dream, I could hire a Veteran."

"Nick, I need you on board with Dark Dream. You're not just a random employee that does their time and doesn't have to think about work after that."

"You're a chief officer of this company! Your payment and value are intrinsically connected to the business' success!" Wyntor explained.

"I just want to take care of him!" Nick suddenly shouted.

Silence.

Wyntor looked at him.

"Nick, it's not like you're not going to see him again," Wyntor said calmly. "You can visit him literally any time of the day. If you want to sit beside him while he's being fed, go ahead."

"I just can't use someone whose mind is occupied with taking care of a disabled person."

Nick gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

He felt like he was losing something important.

"I need some time to think about it," Nick said with a strained voice.

Wyntor frowned, but he didn't immediately answer.

"Fine," Wyntor said. "Important decisions need time to simmer."

"We'll talk again tomorrow morning. Come to my office before you work with the Dreamer."

Nick nodded before turning around.

"I think you forgot something," Wyntor said.

Nick turned back to look at Wyntor and saw him motioning to the two suitcases on the table.

"Oh, right," Nick said absentmindedly.

Nick put the weapons back into the suitcases and carried them out of Wyntor's office.

After the door closed, Wyntor released a sigh.

'Well, it could have gone better, but I managed to get my point across,' Wyntor thought.

Meanwhile, Nick just carried his two suitcases out of Dark Dream and entered the hotel on the other side of the street.

After entering his room, Nick put the two suitcases to the side, left again, and entered Horua's room.

When Nick saw Horua perfectly clean and healthy, he felt his insides shake.

Marie had taken good care of Horua while Nick was working.

Nick just silently looked at Horua for a while.

Chapter 96 – I'm Sorry

There was nothing for Nick to do in Horua's room.

Marie had taken care of everything.

So, Nick just sat down beside Horua and started to talk.

"When will you wake up?" Nick asked, not looking at Horua.

Naturally, Horua didn't answer.

"You've been like that for over three months by now, and you show no sign of improvement."

No answer.

"You're going to turn twelve soon."

"Three months gone, just like that."

Nick sighed.

"But what am I supposed to do?"

"I didn't want it to end up this way."

"I wanted to give you a future."

"But, of course, I was an absolute idiot and forced you into something when you weren't ready yet."

"I can't believe that I actually asked a child to work with the Dreamer."

"If anyone else had done something like that, I would believe them to be cruel and stupid."

Nick sighed again.

"And yet, it was me."

"I was the one that did that."

Nick turned to look at Horua.

"And now, you're like this."

"Because of me."

Nick took a shaky breath.

"I honestly don't know what to do."

"What can I do to make this right?"

"I looked after you for three months, and I will continue looking after you until your condition turns for the better."

"But isn't there something else I can do?"

"Is there anything I can do on top of that?"

"Anything?"

"Should I bring you something?"

"Should I buy you something?"

Nick remained silent for a while.

"I don't know what to do, Horua," he said.

Silence.

Nick just sat beside Horua for several minutes, lost in thought.

Horua just kept staring forward with dead eyes.

"It feels like regret and guilt are eating me up from the inside, Horua," Nick said with a shaky voice.

"Whenever there is a quiet moment, the droning in my chest gets louder and louder until I get overwhelmed."

"I just want to make this right."

"I just want to help you."

"I know I fucked up, Horua, but I'm going to do everything in my power to help you!" Nick said with conviction as he turned to look at Horua.

"I'm going to make this right!"

"No matter what it costs!"

"No matter what it takes!"

Yet, Horua didn't look at Nick.

He just kept staring forward.

Seconds and minutes passed.

There was nothing for Nick to do since Horua didn't need anything right now.

Nick didn't have anything to do for his work as well.

To top it all off, the lack of sleep was making it harder for Nick to think clearly.

Time seemed to pass quickly for one second, then very slowly the next.

It was like time was coming in waves, and Nick's perception of it was warping.

Nick didn't know how long he sat beside Horua, but it wasn't long enough for Horua to need something again.

"I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, Horua," Nick whispered.

Tears formed in Nick's eyes as his breathing quickened.

"I'm so sorry."

"I fucked up, Horua."

"I'm sorry."

"I didn't want any of this to happen."

"I just wanted to help you."

"I'm so sorry."

By now, Nick's tears were rolling down his face.

He didn't dare to look at the current Horua.

Nick only looked at the ground.

"I'm sorry."

"Please, wake up."

"I'm sorry."

Crying.

For a long time, Nick cried, repeating that he was sorry over and over.

He just kept looking at the ground.

Slowly, Nick put his face in his hands, and his sobbing became more intense.

After a while, Nick wasn't even sure anymore what he was crying about.

There were so many reasons to cry.

The people he killed.

Pator.

Horua.

The things he had done in the past.

With his tired mind, all of these things just swirled together into a mass of guilt and suffering.

Everything was shit.

Nick had done the most horrible things.

He was responsible for Horua's current condition.

He killed another kid just yesterday.

He killed over ten people within the last week.

Nick was practical due to his life in the Dregs, but he wasn't a coldhearted monster.

He didn't want to do all of these horrible things.

And yet, for one reason or another, these things had still happened.

Everything was horrible.

Yesterday was horrible.

Today was horrible.

Tomorrow would be horrible.

Why was he doing all of this?

Money?

Fame?

What was the point of any of this when he felt his insides consuming him in moments when he should feel calm and content?!

Eventually, Nick was pulled out of his thoughts by Horua needing to get cleaned again.

In contrast to how Nick felt when he entered the room, he now didn't feel like helping Horua.

It was like the task was so difficult, challenging, and lengthy.

Nevertheless, Horua was his responsibility, and Nick cleaned Horua and changed his clothing.

When Nick was done, he just absentmindedly looked at Horua.

After crying for so long, how did Nick feel?

Like shit.

People said that crying helped in dealing with emotions, but Nick felt none of that right now.

He just felt hollow and horrible.

All the things he had to do felt like a daunting task that required a mountain of effort.

After looking at Horua silently for a while, Nick left to buy some food for the two of them.

When he was done feeding Horua, Nick put him to bed, even though it was still too early for Horua's bedtime.

'It's fine when he goes to bed a couple hours early one day,' Nick thought.

After putting Horua to sleep, Nick went to his own room and fell into his bed.

He didn't even change his clothing or drink anything.

He just didn't care anymore.

Nothing mattered anymore.

He just wanted his consciousness to vanish into the blissful oblivion of sleep.

Nick didn't move in his bed.

And just a couple of minutes later, Nick fell asleep.

Finally, Nick didn't have to face the world anymore.

Chapter 97 – Effort

Nick woke up.

...

He just stared at the ceiling.

...

He didn't think.

After several minutes, his eyes moved to the side, to the clock in his room.

Five a.m.

Considering that he went to bed at something like six p.m., he slept for something like eleven hours.

Nick wasn't sure if he had ever slept for this long.

'I don't want to work,' Nick thought.

'I just want to keep lying here.'

'I just want to...'

'...'

'I don't know.'

'I don't know what I want.'

The past day shot through Nick's mind.

As soon as Nick remembered what happened the last two days, his jaw clenched, and he felt a dark hole opening up in his chest.

Nick turned over and tried to distract his mind from yesterday's memories.

Suddenly, Nick shot up from his bed, his eyes wide.

"Horua!" he shouted.

Nick stood up and quickly changed his clothing.

After cleaning himself rapidly, Nick rushed out of his room and entered Horua's room.

When Nick saw Horua, his insides shook again.

Horua's muscles were tense, and the entire room was stinking of piss and shit.

Flies had already come into the room and were flying around Horua's shit-covered pants.

Guilt immediately overwhelmed Nick.

Horua was his responsibility, and once again, he had messed up.

Nick just silently started to clean Horua before feeding him breakfast.

"Good Morning, sir!"

Nick turned around and saw Marie entering Horua's room.

"Hi," Nick said.

Marie's nose moved a bit as she smelled the foul odor in the room, but her smile never vanished from her face.

"I'll take over for today," Marie said with a warm voice.

Nick turned away and gritted his teeth.

He could tell that the room was still stinking to the high heavens, and he knew that Marie smelled it.

'She probably thinks that I neglected Horua and that I am a horrible person,' Nick thought.

'And she would be right.'

"Of course," Nick said in a quiet voice before standing up. "I'll leave things to you."

"Is everything alright, sir?" Marie asked as Nick walked towards the door.

Instead of slowing down, Nick sped up a bit.

"No, everything's fine. Thanks for asking."

And the door closed behind him.

Inside Horua's room, Marie looked at the door with a worried expression.

After stepping out of the room, Nick took a deep breath and slowed down.

'Right, I need to work,' Nick thought slowly.

Nick stopped walking and just stood in the middle of the hallway, not doing anything.

He just was looking at the ground with an absentminded expression.

He really, really didn't want to work.

Nick never had any issues with going to work before.

In fact, he had always been looking forward to it.

He was earning money, becoming stronger, meeting his colleagues, and advancing in life.

But now, it just felt like a hassle.

It felt like a waste of time.

What was the point?

But then, Nick remembered something and took a deep breath.

'If I don't go, nobody will wake up Trevor.'

Eventually, Nick left the hotel.

When the clerk greeted him, Nick just wordlessly waved, not even turning to look at him.

After entering the warehouse, Nick walked towards the Dreamer's Containment Unit.

"We were supposed to talk this morning."

Nick stopped and turned to his side.

Wyntor was looking at Nick from his office, the door open.

That was when Nick remembered that he was supposed to talk with Wyntor about hiring a second assistant for Horua and his weapons.

This memory triggered another memory, which was the existence of Nick's weapons.

He was probably supposed to wear them to work.

Once more, Nick felt like a loser since he had disappointed yet another person.

When Nick thought about Horua, he specifically remembered his appearance from when he had found him this morning. Visit [no\(v\)eLb\(i\)n.com](http://no(v)eLb(i)n.com) for the best novel reading experience

He had been in a horrible shape.

A moment later, Nick remembered what he had to do for Horua every day.

It was so much work.

But it was his responsibility.

Horua was like this because of him.

Offloading his responsibility onto someone else felt like running away.

But it was just so much work.

Nick couldn't even get a good night's rest without risking Horua's health.

But it was his responsibility.

But it was so much work.

But he was at fault.

But he was also failing at taking care of Horua.

But...

But...

When Wyntor saw Nick just standing in front of the Dreamer's Containment Unit, not paying attention to anything, he raised an eyebrow.

Something was going on with Nick.

Nick wasn't usually this quiet and absentminded.

"Nick?" Wyntor asked, standing up from his chair and leaving his office.

Nick slowly turned to look at Wyntor.

He still didn't have an answer to the issue.

When Wyntor saw that Nick still didn't answer, he frowned.

"Go home for today."

"Huh?" Nick uttered as his eyes regained focus.

"You're obviously overwhelmed with the current situation," Wyntor said with a neutral voice. "I'll wake Trevor. You go home for today and relax."

"Marie is going to take care of Horua for today, and I will also get someone to take care of him for the night."

"You need a day to relax and calm down," Wyntor said.

Suddenly, Nick felt lost again.

A day of relaxation?

What was he supposed to do with that?

'Now, I can't even work with the Dreamer anymore.'

'I can't take care of Horua.'

'I can't remember the things I have to do.'

'I can't work with the Dreamer.'

'Other people have to do my work.'

'Other people have to take care of Horua.'

'I'm a failure.'

Nick felt like the black hole in his chest was growing in size.

'I have a useless ability, don't know how to lead my employees, and cause problems for everyone else.'

'I'm a failure.'

"Sure," Nick said absentmindedly as he turned to exit the warehouse.

Wyntor watched Nick leave with furrowed brows.

The next moment, he started to scratch his chin as his eyes narrowed.

Chapter 98 – A Long Morning

Nick absentmindedly left Dark Dream and walked to the hotel.

Without talking to anyone, Nick entered his room and fell onto his bed.

And just stared at the ceiling.

For several minutes.

Nick felt like he was thinking about something, but he had no idea what he was thinking about.

He just kept looking.

And thinking.

About ten minutes later, Nick turned to his side and looked at the wall.

He still wasn't sure what he was thinking about.

'I didn't want to work, and now, I don't have to work.'

Silence.

'I don't know.'

'I don't even know if I am happy that I don't have to work or not.'

'Now, I'm just lying here, doing nothing.'

Eventually, Nick closed his eyes.

'I don't care anymore.'

'I'll just go to sleep.'

Time passed.

30 minutes later, Nick opened his eyes again.

He hadn't fallen asleep.

He had just slept for about eleven hours, and his body didn't need nor want sleep right now.

Nick felt like he was wasting time by staying in bed like this.

But his legs just felt so heavy and difficult to move.

Also, what was the point of going out?

After eating something or talking to someone, things would just return to this state anyway.

All of these things were just momentary distractions between periods of pain.

Doing any of these things wouldn't change anything.

Why stand up and do things?

So, Nick just kept lying in his bed, not knowing what he was thinking about.

Time passed.

Nothing was happening.

Nothing was changing.

Nick noticed some trash on the ground.

It was annoying him.

But it felt like such a momentous task to clean it up.

'I can't even clean up my own room,' Nick thought.

'It's bothering me, but instead of cleaning up, I just keep lying here.'

Silence.

'I'm a failure.'

'I'm a burden.'

'I'm a murderer.'

Silence.

Nick's back bent, and he pulled his knees to his chest as he lay on the side.

He felt like his chest was tensing up.

'I'm pathetic.'

Time kept passing.

Nick's mood didn't improve.

Eventually, Nick had to go to the toilet and drank a bit of water.

After standing up, Nick didn't want to lie down anymore.

Instead, he just sat on his bed.

Minutes passed in which Nick was just looking at the ground.

Nick kept thinking about Horua and kept remembering that he didn't need to worry about him for the day.

There was nothing for him to do.

There was nothing that he wanted to do.

As time passed, Nick's emotions became louder, and he wanted to let them out.

Sadly, he couldn't let out his rage, or the entire room would break.

And when he remembered how he felt after crying yesterday, he also didn't dare to cry.

If he had simply kept all of his emotions inside, he wouldn't be feeling like shit right now.

Crying had been a mistake, and he wouldn't commit the same mistake again.

So, Nick was just stuck with his current emotions.

And they just kept festering inside of him with no way out.

Eventually, Nick started to hear kids playing outside the hotel.

Compared to the Dregs, the Outer City had more children, and they were also happier.

It was normal for the kids to start playing between eight and nine a.m.

This meant that two to three hours had already passed.

Nick had wasted the entire morning just staring at the wall and the ceiling.

And nothing had improved.

He felt just as horrible as in the morning.

As the playing of the kids grew louder, Nick's feelings started to change.

He became angry.

Here he was, feeling horrible pain and guilt, and outside, kids were happily playing while adults were happily going about their lives.

The bright light from outside seemed to burn the proverbial darkness in the room.

Nick clenched his fists in rage.

It was so unfair!

He was feeling so horrible, while others felt so good!

He hated it!

He just wanted everyone to shut up!

He just wanted everyone else to feel the same pain he was feeling!

And yet, Nick knew that he wouldn't truly do anything like this, which made him feel even worse.

He wasn't being a nice person right now, but he also wasn't decisive enough to be a bad one.

It was just a shitty middle ground.

Being in this room sucked!

Being outside sucked!

Being awake sucked!

No matter what he did or where he went, it didn't matter!

It was all the same anyway!

Nick curled up on the bed as he violently grabbed his head.

Why was everything horrible?

Why was his job horrible?

Why was the city horrible?

Why was life horrible?

Why was he horrible?

Nick couldn't find anything good about his life.

Although, there was one thing.

Sleep.

Nick just wanted to sleep.

During sleep, he wasn't feeling these things.

But he needed to wait twelve more hours, at least, until he could go to sleep again.

Eventually, Nick felt his eyes become wet again, but as soon as he noticed, he burrowed the urge to cry.

He had seen what had happened the last time, and he wouldn't do that again.

Nick pushed all the things he was feeling back, deep into the most remote corners of his mind.

After some minutes, Nick slowly sat up.

With an absentminded look, he stared at the wall again.

The playing coming from outside was so loud.

He felt like his entire world was shaking.

Nick's heart rate and his breathing sped up.

'Things can't keep on going like this.'

Now, Nick knew what he was thinking about.

Sweat started to break out across Nick's body.

His eyes focused on the wall.

His lips trembled.

The playing from outside was so loud but distant.

His room felt so grey and devoid of meaning.

Nick gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

"I..." Nick said slowly.

Nick felt like his heart was banging in his ears.

"I..."

"I wish..."

Chapter 99 – Something to Do

"I wish..."

"I wish..."

Nick's body began to shudder as his jaw tightened.

His breathing was rapid, and he tried his best to say the Sentence.

"I..."

"I..."

Nick gritted his teeth.

And then, Nick's body lost all strength, and he fell back onto the bed.

"I can't do it!"

At that moment, Nick began to cry loudly.

'I just can't do it!'

'How pathetic am I that I can't even kill myself?!'

'How pathetic am I that I even want to kill myself?!'

'I always saw the people that said the Sentence as weaklings, even if I didn't want to admit it.'

'I knew that I was stronger than them.'

'And yet, I just want this to be over!'

'There's nothing left!'

'What am I supposed to do with this shit stain of a life?!'

'What's the point?!'

For several minutes, Nick just cried.

And when he was done, he just felt empty again.

Crying hadn't helped one bit.

He had just felt horrible for a couple of minutes, and then, everything returned to its regular shitty self.

'I don't know what to do.' Visit [no\(v\)eLb\(i\)n.com](http://no(v)eLb(i)n.com) for the best novel reading experience

Nick just continued looking at the ceiling as he closed his eyes.

Surprisingly, he actually managed to fall asleep this time.

The previous moment had been very stressful and exhausting.

When Nick woke up, he looked at the clock again.

'Six p.m.'

Silence.

'I don't know what to do.'

Nevertheless, after a couple of minutes, Nick stood up from his bed and left his room.

He didn't really want to leave his room, but he did it anyway and just started walking around.

There were still many people outside, but the crowds were slowly starting to die down.

As always, the sun shone directly onto Nick.

It was just as hot as always.

As he was walking around, Nick wasn't looking at anything in particular.

He also didn't have any goal in mind.

He just walked.

'I don't know,' Nick thought repeatedly as he randomly walked through the Outer City.

Some people greeted him, but Nick just waved them off with a curt answer before leaving.

Nick saw a couple of interesting things to buy, but he wasn't interested.

He saw some delicious food, but it didn't seem very appealing to him, even though he hadn't eaten anything for nearly 24 hours.

He just kept walking around.

"Sir, please wait a moment!"

Nick stopped as two guards appeared in front of him.

"Huh?" Nick uttered in absentminded confusion.

"Please, show us your Inner City ID," one of the guards spoke politely.

"Inner City ID? I don't have one of those," he said.

The guards frowned. "Then, we can't let you proceed."

"Huh?" Nick uttered again as he looked around.

At this moment, Nick stood in front of a humongous gate that was illuminated by many small bits of Arclight.

It was one of the gates to the Inner City.

Nick had no idea how he had gotten here.

'Guess I walked.'

"Sure," Nick said absentmindedly as he turned around to leave.

The guards just looked at him with a bit of confusion.

Eventually, Nick came back to his room, and a horrible night followed.

Falling asleep was extremely difficult, but he also didn't want to do anything.

There was nothing to do that interested Nick, but he also couldn't properly fall asleep.

Nevertheless, time continued to pass, and eventually, Nick actually managed to fall asleep again.

Sadly, the sleep wasn't very long since he had slept so much today already.

Nick woke up at three a.m. and left his room.

He would need to work in three hours anyway, which was why he went directly to Dark Dream.

Naturally, only Trevor was here during this time, but he was currently busy working with the Dreamer.

'I need something to do,' Nick thought as he looked around.

'I can't kill myself, and I also can't deal with these problems.'

'Life is still shit, but it seems like I'm stuck living it.'

'Next best thing is to ignore the pointlessness of everything and just do something.'

'The more time passes, the closer I am to death.'

At that point, Nick saw the Screaming Coffin's Containment Unit.

'Right, I should check if everything is okay with it.'

Nick walked over to the Containment Unit and checked the Zephyx storage.

'Only seven grams,' Nick thought. 'I guess someone emptied it yesterday.'

After changing the storage, Nick went into the Screaming Coffin's Containment Unit.

When Nick saw the Screaming Coffin shuffling about near the walls, he showed no reaction.

His eyes remained as neutral and lifeless as earlier.

"I guess Pator wasn't a lot to eat for you," Nick commented without any amusement.

Nick's voice sounded harsher than anticipated, but he didn't care enough to rectify it.

What was he supposed to do anyway? Apologize to the Screaming Coffin?

"Guess you need some food," Nick said.

When Nick thought about what he had to do to feed it, he became a bit uncertain for a moment.

He would need to go out and kill someone.

And yet, the more Nick thought about it, the less he cared.

Nick went through two horrible shit days, and he honestly couldn't give less of a shit about some random rapist from the Dregs.

'I need something to do anyway.'

When Nick had spoken earlier, the Screaming Coffin had felt him, and it started to walk over to him.

When the Screaming Coffin reached Nick, it tried to bind him with its white bandages.

Nick sneered in disgust.

BANG!

And kicked it with a lot of force.

BOOOM!

The coffin hit the wall of the Containment Unit and fell to the ground, cracks and splinters visible on it.

Immediately, it retrieved its bandages and stopped moving.

Now, it looked like any other coffin again.

Naturally, Nick didn't feel any pity for the coffin.

Not only was it a Specter, but it didn't even have a proper consciousness.

After some seconds of watching, Nick left the Containment Unit to get some food for the Screaming Coffin.

Chapter 100 – Distraction

Nick came back less than an hour later and threw the corpse towards the Screaming Coffin.

This time, he had killed a guy who had been stalking the home of a young girl.

Nick hadn't bothered checking what the guy was doing exactly. He had just seen him creep around the home and look at the young girl through a crack in the wall while touching himself down below.

That was enough context for Nick, and he had killed him.

Killing this man felt different from all the other times in the sense that Nick actually felt something.

However, what he felt wasn't strong.

It was just that Nick's chest had tightened a bit as he did the deed.

Yet, the disgust and apathy he felt for that man outweighed the little bit of empathy he felt for him.

After Nick fed the Screaming Coffin, he walked out of the Containment Unit and checked up on the Dreamer's Containment Unit.

Based on the Zephyx inside the storage, Wyntor had probably emptied the Zephyx sometime yesterday.

Nevertheless, Nick emptied it again and put it into Wyntor's office.

While Wyntor's office was locked when he wasn't there, Nick had a spare key to it and was allowed to enter.

After putting everything away, Nick looked at the clock.

'4:27,' Nick thought. 'I still got about an hour before Wyntor arrives.'

Slowly, the dark hole inside Nick's chest seemed to intensify, and Nick became a bit nervous.

'I need something to do,' he thought as he walked away from Wyntor's office.

That was when Nick remembered his weapons.

'Right, I should get those.'

Nick left the warehouse and entered his room.

He found the two suitcases beside his bed and opened the one with his braces.

Nick furrowed his brows as he saw them.

'That's going to be annoying,' he thought as he took them out of the suitcase.

Slowly, Nick put them onto his forearms and shins.

At the moment, they were pretty easy to carry, and Nick only felt a bit of weight, but that would soon change when other people perceived him again.

After putting them on, Nick also took out three of his five throwing spears.

'Huh, there's also a belt or harness or something,' Nick realized as he looked into the suitcase.

Beneath the spears had been a mass of black belts. There was one that obviously was supposed to go around someone's waist, but there were also a couple more leading away from that one.

After experimenting a bit, Nick found out how to put the thing on.

One belt went around his waist.

One went around his middle abdomen.

One went around his middle chest.

All of these belts were connected with many smaller ones.

In total, there were three big belts, and all belts had a flap hanging from them.

Nick grabbed one of the spears and dropped it into one of the flaps.

It easily slid through and also went through the second flap.

When it touched the flap of the lowest belt, it was halted.

At the same time, the other flaps also began to take hold.

One had to remember that throwing spears didn't look like normal spears.

Normal spears had a big and long head on the end of a flexible and long hilt, which ended with either another tiny blade or something flat.

Throwing spears, on the other hand, didn't have big and noticeable heads.

Instead, the hilt curved and narrowed until only a thin point was left.

The other side of the throwing spear was just flat.

Just to test it, Nick put all five spears into the harness.

In the end, all five of Nick's spears were held on his back.

They slightly extended from a bit below his waist to a bit over his head.

After putting them all in, Nick could feel a bit of weight on his back.

He moved his right arm over his right shoulder and grabbed the right-most spear.

When he pulled, the spear comfortably and easily slid out of the harness.

Nick held the spear a bit in his hands and moved it around a bit.

The weight felt nice.

'That should give me something to do,' he thought.

Nick grabbed another spear and pulled that one out as well.

After putting those two spears back into the suitcase, Nick left his room.

He now wore his braces and carried three of his five throwing spears.

In total, Nick now carried around 170kg of extra weight.

It was still okay when no person perceived him, but as soon as Nick entered the lobby of the hotel and saw one of the clerks look over, he had to take a deep breath.

Walking suddenly became very difficult.

Standing was still okay, but Nick could feel his back straining quite a bit.

'I overestimated my strength,' Nick thought as he slowly turned around to walk up the stairs again.

The clerk just looked at the retreating Nick with confusion.

When he reached his room, Nick put two more of the throwing spears away, only carrying one with him.

That reduced his extra weight to "only" 110 kg.

That was still very heavy, but Nick could at least walk around.

Without his ability active, the extra weight on Nick's body was about equivalent to an average adult male carrying 30kg of stuff on his body.

It was definitely quite heavy, but walking around was still feasible.

'I have to get used to this anyway,' Nick thought as he slowly walked out of the hotel.

Without noticing, Nick hadn't thought about his problems for over ten minutes by now.

It seemed like distracting himself worked.

Well, until Nick arrived in the warehouse again and realized that he had to wait nearly an hour more.

Nick became fidgety as the silence returned.

'Might as well start,' Nick thought, annoyed with this constant black hole in his chest.

So, Nick pulled up his arms, assumed a makeshift fighting stance, and started to punch and kick the air.

He wanted to get a feel for his new weapons.