

# Kill the Sun

## Chapter 26: Contained

"Wait here," Wyntor ordered with a curt and annoyed voice as he and Nick entered their warehouse.

The two guards waited in front of the building like two children who had just been yelled at, which wasn't inaccurate.

Naturally, after they had realized that they had just shoved one of the heirs of the Melfion family to the ground, they had immediately apologized profusely.

Wyntor had just acted very calmly but coldly and told them that they were going to be following them for a bit.

The two guards didn't protest.

As the door of the warehouse closed in front of them, the anxiety of the two guards exploded.

If Wyntor decided to get his family's lawyers involved, they could very well lose their jobs, if not worse!

Meanwhile, Nick and Wyntor walked over to the only Containment Unit they owned.

Nick waited in front of the entrance while Wyntor operated a console with many buttons to the side of the Containment Unit.

A moment later, a loud alarm came from the Containment Unit as red lights lit up everywhere.

The two of them weren't surprised.

This was the alarm of a Containment Unit being fully opened.

The cheapest Containment Units only had three ways to open them.

First, opening a tiny door to put handheld objects into it.

Second, opening a door for a human to get through.

Third, opening the big gate to put a Specter in.

But wait, the Dreamer was quite small.

Why couldn't Nick just carry it through the normal door?

Well, a Containment Unit was more than just a big cube of steel.

There were also several sensors, alarms, barriers, and defenses on it.

When a human passed through the door, the Containment Unit wouldn't care, but if a Specter tried to pass through it, all the defenses would activate.

Otherwise, small and sneaky Specters would be able to sneak out of the Containment Unit when people walked in and out of it.

So, when a Specter was put into a Containment Unit, one had to open the main gate, which also deactivated all of the defenses.

Naturally, more expensive Containment Units had more ways to open them, but this was just the cheapest variant.

After the big gate fully opened, Nick walked into the Containment Unit.

The gate slowly closed behind him again.

When it was fully closed, the artificial light appeared in the Containment Unit.

Normal artificial light didn't help against the Nightmare's influence, but Containment Units could use Zephyx to illuminate the inside.

More expensive Containment Units had special tunnels made of reflective glass, which would safely deliver sunlight into the Containment Unit, cutting down on the cost of lighting.

Sadly, their shitty Containment Unit didn't have such luxury.

They had to make do with using Zephyx to light the inside.

Luckily, they only needed to light the inside when a human was in there since Specters didn't need light.

When the light turned on, Nick dumped the Dreamer into the middle of the Containment Unit.

Due to the Zephyx Blocker, the Dreamer didn't move.

Nick looked at the motionless Dreamer for a couple of seconds until the normal door of the Containment Unit opened behind him.

Nick bent forward and grabbed the Zephyx Blocker.

After untangling it, Nick ran out of the Containment Unit, and Wyntor immediately closed the door.

Silence.

They had done it.

The Dreamer was inside of the Containment Unit!

Wyntor looked at the console beside the Containment Unit and checked its operating status.

A couple of minutes later, Wyntor nodded with a sigh of relief.

"Everything is operating normally."

"The Dreamer has been detected, and the defenses are ready to engage if it tries anything," Wyntor said. "We don't have to worry about it escaping."

Nick nodded while releasing a sigh of relief.

Finally, they had the Dreamer securely contained.

"Now," Wyntor said as his voice turned darker while turning to the exit of the warehouse. "Let's deal with those two."

"What do you have in mind?" Nick asked.

"An exchange," Wyntor said. "The guards are afraid of my background, and they are going to do anything to get my lawyers off their backs."

"Come," Wyntor said as he walked to the exit.

Nick just followed him.

The two of them found the two guards quickly, and Wyntor told them to follow him.

The guards just followed Wyntor while trying to apologize some more.

Eventually, the four of them reached a tall building with the symbol of a green carriage on it.

This was one of the biggest hospital chains in the world, and they operated in many cities.

The company owning these hospitals was a Zephyx Manufacturer primarily, but they had one of the few contained level six Specters.

The Contained Specter was a carriage that was called the Merchant.

When one threw corpses into the carriage, healing potions came out of the carriage, and a bit of Zephyx would be given off by the carriage.

Naturally, the company made use of the healing medicine and created hospitals everywhere.

For profit, of course.

"One recovery bath and I will forget what happened. After all, I need one," Wyntor said as he shook his dislocated wrist a bit.

The two guards took deep breaths and looked at each other in horror.

"Sir Melfion, I'm not sure-"

"It's either you or your district that will pay for my treatment," Wyntor said, interrupting the guard. "Which one is it?"

The two guards retreated a bit and talked with each other in whispers.

They seemed to argue intensely.

It took nearly three minutes for them to return.

"We'll pay," one of them said with a sigh.

Wyntor nodded, and the four of them walked into the hospital.

When they walked to the receptionist, the receptionist tried her best to remain somewhat professional under the immense stench that assaulted her.

If she hadn't seen the two guards behind the two dirty visitors, she would have already called security to throw them out.

"Yes, how can I help you?" she asked with a forced smile.

"One full-body recovery bath and one cleansing bath. The two baths are paid separately," Wyntor said.

"Of course," the receptionist said, her professionalism now genuine.

After all, these were actual customers, apparently.

"That is 150 credits for the cleansing bath," she said.

The next moment, Wyntor took out a couple of notes and put them on the table.

The receptionist collected them with a polite smile and gave Wyntor a small orange token.

"And that will be 4,800 credits for the full-body recovery bath," she said.

Wyntor gestured to the guards.

One of the guards walked over and handed the receptionist a card.

The receptionist thanked him and put the card onto a plate of steel.

Then, she grabbed a small piece of something that looked like clay and wrote the number 4,800 on it.

The next moment, she put a small signature below the number, and she handed the piece of clay to the guard.

The guard released a shaky breath and signed it.

"Thank you," the receptionist said as she put the card on top of the piece of clay and put everything into a metal box.

A green light came out of the box.

A moment later, the receptionist took the card out and handed it to the guard.

At the same time, she took out the piece of clay, which had now been hardened, and put it under her table.

Sadly, there was no easy way to communicate with the bank directly.

Every week, the business would deliver the small pieces of clay to the banks and get the money.

The receptionist handed Wyntor a green ticket with several complicated black lines.

Wyntor looked at the two guards.

"We're done. You can leave."

"Thank you, sir," one of the guards said.

Then, the two guards left the hospital.

The next moment, Wyntor held out his ticket for the full-body recovery path to Nick.

"Have fun."

## **Chapter 27: A Bath**

Nick looked with surprise at Wyntor.

He had thought that Wyntor would maybe give his ticket to him, but when it actually happened, Nick was still surprised.

Nick felt bad accepting something so expensive.

"You just earned us a ton of money," Wyntor said, not looking at Nick. "Just take it."

Nick hesitated, but in the end, he just accepted it.

After all, he also didn't really want to die from his injuries, and despite his current demeanor, he was in quite a lot of pain.

When Nick took the ticket, Wyntor nodded. "Just follow the signs. I'll wait for you in three hours. That's usually how long these baths take. I've had my fair share of them in the past."

'He had his fair share of them?' Nick thought.

Nick doubted that Wyntor had taken a three-hour bath for every minor injury he had ever received, which meant that Wyntor had probably been heavily injured multiple times before.

"Sure, thank you, Wyntor," Nick said.

The next moment, a smile appeared on Wyntor's face. "Have fun," he said again as he walked through one of the doors.

Nick looked at the ticket in his hand with anxiety.

4,800 credits.

He held 4,800 credits in his hand right now.

The most money Nick had ever held in his hands had been 500 after he had finished a quite unsavory job.

4,800 credits was a lot!

Eventually, Nick looked around and found some signs hanging from the ceiling.

Nick's reading comprehension was still weak, but with enough time, he could understand what he was reading.

After wandering around for about three minutes, Nick finally found the entrance to the full-body recovery baths.

Nick slowly opened the door and looked into the room.

It had a couple of lockers and racks for clothing.

"Come in!" a woman shouted with a friendly tone.

Nick awkwardly walked into the room.

He had never been in such a place before.

When the woman in the room noticed Nick's appearance, a pained and apprehensive smile appeared on her face.

Nick just showed her his ticket.

"Right this way, sir," she said with a forced smile as she gestured to one of the doors. "Do you prefer to undertake the cleansing bath with or without clothing?"

"Cleansing bath?" Nick asked. "I thought this is a full-body recovery bath."

The woman just smiled awkwardly. "Sir, it is customary to take a cleansing bath before undertaking a recovery bath. We need you to be clean for the recovery bath to work properly."

"Oh," Nick said. "I'd like to keep my clothing on, then."

"Of course, sir," the woman said as she opened one of the doors to the side. "Please, step inside."

Nick felt out of place, but he followed the woman's instructions.

The room Nick entered was quite small, and he could see five light blue baths.

"Please," the woman said as she gestured towards one of the baths.

Nick awkwardly stepped forward and slowly lowered his body into the bath.

The blue liquid, which didn't feel like water, got pushed out of the bath but was quickly drained.

SSSSSSSS!

The next moment, the water around Nick started to bubble and released sounds akin to boiling water.

It was quite loud.

At the side, the woman's eyes opened widely in shock.



"Wow," she involuntarily commented.

"Oh?" Nick uttered.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just surprised," the woman said. "I've never heard the cleansing bath become this loud before."

"This isn't normal?" Nick asked.

"No, it isn't," the woman said. "The cleansing bath is filled with a liquid that gets used up when it comes into contact with dangerous impurities. The more impurities it comes into contact with, the more liquid gets used up, and when the liquid gets used up, it makes this hissing noise."

"But it's never been this loud before."

"If I may ask, what happened?" she asked.

"I fell into the sewers," Nick said.

"Fell into..." the woman said before she trailed off.

She couldn't imagine falling into the sewers.

How would that even happen?

She had never even seen the sewers in her life.

Naturally, since the normal Outer City didn't have rusty metal grates as their flooring, the woman had never seen or smelled the sewers.

Because of that, she also had no idea just how dirty the sewers were.

However, when she saw Nick relaxing, she decided to stop asking questions.

Right now, except for his heavy injuries, Nick felt great.

"Your body has been cleansed," the woman said. "Do you prefer a quick cleansing shower for your head, or are you fine with taking a quick dive in the bath?"

"I'll take a quick dive," Nick said.

The woman nodded. "About a minute in total should be enough. You can take multiple dives, of course."

Nick nodded back, took a breath, and went underwater.

For the first time, he was actually happy to be submerged in liquid.

Nick couldn't describe just how great this felt.

After a minute, Nick surfaced again.

"Please, step out," the woman said.

Nick did just that, and when he could finally take a good look at his appearance, his eyes widened.

He had never been so clean before in his entire life!

All the stains in his clothing were gone, and his skin felt so smooth!

However, not everything was great.

Nick saw that his skin had started to swell in multiple places.

Apparently, his wounds were already starting to get infected and swollen.

A moment later, Nick heard a shocked gasp, and he turned to the woman.

"I'm sorry," she said with genuine worry and pity. "I'm so sorry."

Nick wasn't sure what she meant.

Since Nick was now clean, the woman could actually see Nick's injuries properly.

Broken bones, destroyed nails, and bleeding cuts all across his body.

It was like Nick had fallen down a staircase made of swords.

"Please, follow me," she said with a slightly urgent voice as she opened the next door.

Nick did just that.

In the next room, he saw 15 green baths, but compared to the previous baths, there were also several pieces of external equipment.

For example, there were breathing masks beside a couple of the baths.

Nick also saw that people were in four of the baths.

"Please, in here," the woman said as she gestured to one of the baths.

Nick walked over and slowly entered the bath.

As soon as he was fully submerged, he started to feel warm.

The next moment, a breathing mask was put on his face, and a hand gently pushed him into the bath.

It took some getting used to, but eventually, Nick managed to acclimate to staying below the surface.

The feeling the bath gave him was so great and warm that Nick felt himself drift away.

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

## **Chapter 28: Uniform**

Eventually, Nick woke up.

While everything had felt great, it was not so great that he would finish a whole night's sleep in the bath.

Nick wanted to scratch his nose but accidentally hit the breathing mask.

After that, he remembered where he was, and he quickly sat up in the bath.

The bath was filled with a liquid denser than water, which was why Nick didn't swim in it.

When Nick poked his head out, he saw one other person in the baths, but he didn't remember that one.

'The others probably already left.'

The next moment, Nick's eyes met with one of the employees, and the employee walked over.

It was a woman in a green uniform, but a different one from before.

After a bit, the employee reached Nick's bath. "Please, take off the mask."

Nick did just that, and the woman looked at Nick's face.

A moment later, she wrote something down on a clipboard. "Do you feel pain anywhere?" she asked neutrally.

Nick moved his shoulders and legs around a bit.

"No, everything feels great," Nick said with surprise.

"And your nose?" the woman asked.

Nick's eyes widened, and he quickly touched his nose.

When he noticed that his nose was also fully healed, he was quite surprised. "It's healed?" he asked in confusion.

The employee nodded. "The healing liquid doesn't need to be in direct contact with the injured area. It also seeps through your skin and travels across your body."

She wrote a bit more on the clipboard before turning the clipboard around and holding it to Nick. "Sign here, and you can go."

Nick slowly and carefully stood up.

Surprisingly, the liquid was falling off him without leaving any stains or making him wet.

The next moment, Nick took the clipboard into his hand and started to read.

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"Are there any problems?" the employee asked with a slightly impatient tone after over two minutes.

"Oh, no," Nick answered quickly. "I'm just not very good at reading."

The employee just rolled her eyes. "It basically just says that you feel healthy and that you want to leave."

Nick nodded. "Okay, but I still want to read it."

The employee got even more annoyed, but she didn't say anything.

After around three more minutes, Nick was finally done.

Luckily, there wasn't a lot written on the clipboard, and it wasn't nearly as hard to understand as the NDA Nick signed.

Eventually, Nick grabbed the pen on the clipboard and awkwardly signed.

He still wasn't used to writing.

Nick handed the clipboard back, and the employee quickly grabbed it.

"Have a nice day. You can go," she said curtly before walking away.

Nick just nodded and walked to the exit.

Luckily, there was a second door, which meant that he didn't need to pass through the room with the cleansing baths again.

Since Nick hadn't put any of his belongings away, he could directly leave.

While Nick was walking through the hospital, he looked around with interest.

His life was no longer in danger, which allowed him to appreciate the look of the hospital.

Everything seemed so... clean.

Nick had never seen anything this clean before.

It felt so alien to him.

Nick had lived in the Dregs for his entire life, and the Dregs were not the cleanest place.

When Nick reached the lobby, he only saw two people.

The receptionist and a boy.

The boy was standing at the side of the lobby with a stack of clothes in his hands, and he awkwardly looked around.

The boy was maybe 14 years old or something like that.

For a second, the eyes of Nick and the boy met.

The boy looked at Nick with anxiety and looked at his clothing.

Then, he looked towards the direction of the baths again.

"You searching for someone?" Nick asked.

The boy was surprised when Nick started a conversation.

"Yes, yes!" the boy answered nervously. "I'm supposed to deliver these clothes to someone called Nick."

Nick blinked twice. "That's me."

"Oh?" the boy uttered as he looked at Nick with surprise.

But then, his brows furrowed as he looked at Nick's clothing again.

"But your clothing isn't dirty," he said.

"I bathed in my clothing," Nick said. "I presume these clothes are from Wyntor?"

When the boy heard Nick say Wyntor's name, he sighed in relief. "Yes," he said.

The next moment, he held the clothes forward, and Nick took them.

Nick couldn't see all of the clothes since they were folded, but he could see quite a bit of red and black.

That was when Nick's eyes widened, and he subconsciously gripped the clothes tighter.

"Is that... Crimson Fungus City's official Zephyx Extractor uniform?" Nick asked in surprise.

The boy nodded with a smile. "Yes, sir."

At this moment, it really hit Nick.

He was a Zephyx Extractor!

Nick had seen a couple of Extractors walking around, and they had worn a uniform just like this one.

Crimson Fungus City required all Zephyx Extractors to wear this uniform, no matter to which company they belonged.

Extractors had to wear the uniform when they were on duty, but they were also encouraged to wear it in their spare time.

While it wasn't mandatory for Extractors to wear their uniforms in their free time, it had become the norm after many lawsuits.

What if an Extractor uses their ability? Would they be on duty or not?

What if someone tried to steal from them and got incinerated by the Extractor's ability?

Of course, the city didn't care about the fate of criminals, but they very much cared about the criminals' bodies and blood.

Even criminals brought in blood and money.

Zephyx Extractors are allowed to kill people from the Dregs with a good reason. Otherwise, they would need to pay a fine of about 5,000 credits.

Extractors are also allowed to kill people of the Outer City, but only when the person tried to physically assault them first.

Because of the many unnecessary deaths, the city encouraged the Extractors to wear their uniform when going out.

Even in their spare time.

'And now, I finally have my very own uniform,' Nick thought as he looked at the uniform in his hand.

'I'm now officially a Zephyx Extractor!'

## Chapter 29: Acquaintance

"Thanks," Nick said as he looked at the boy again.

"No problem!" the boy said with a polite smile. "I will be working under you for the foreseeable future, sir."

Nick blinked a couple of times in surprise. "You're working for me?"

The boy nodded. "Yes. I'm a steward apprentice in sir Wyntor's family, sir. I'm going to be working for the two of you for the next couple of months to gain experience. If there is anything you need, just tell me. Please, also tell me if there is anything I can improve."

Nick felt a bit strange being superior to someone else.

He hadn't led anyone before.

"Sure, what's your name?" Nick asked.

"Oh, excuse me!" the boy shouted nervously. "I forgot to introduce myself!"

"My name's Pator Tailor, sir. Please, refer to me as Pator."

Nick nodded. "Alright, Pator. You can call me Nick."

Pator looked quite surprised.

Calling the Chief Zephyx Extractor of a Zephyx Manufacturer by their first name?

"Okay, sure. Thank you," Pator said, not daring to call Nick by his name.

Nick nodded with a smile and walked out of the hospital, Pator following him.



"Where's Wyntor?" Nick asked as they walked towards the warehouse.

"Sir is currently in the family's estate. He told me that you do not need to work for a couple of days," Pator explained.

Nick furrowed his brows. "Why?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir," Pator said. "If I am not told the reason, it means it is not of my concern. However, sir has also said that someone will be telling you all the necessary things in the headquarters."

'Someone's going to tell me these things?' Nick thought with a raised eyebrow.

After walking for a bit, Nick arrived in front of the warehouse.

Whenever Nick saw the warehouse, he had to take a short moment to look at it.

It wasn't anything big or majestic, but it represented his future.

Nick just loved looking at it.

Eventually, Nick walked into the warehouse with Pator in tow.

As soon as Nick entered the warehouse, he immediately became wary.

At this moment, a cloaked figure was closely inspecting the console beside the Containment Unit of the Dreamer.

However, since Wyntor said that someone was waiting for Nick, he didn't immediately attack.

"Please, wait outside, Pator," the cloaked person said without turning around.

When he heard the voice, Pator realized who it was, and he quickly nodded. "Of course, sir."

The next moment, Pator walked out of the warehouse.

Meanwhile, Nick looked at the cloaked person with furrowed brows.

The voice was familiar, but he couldn't quite place it.

The cloaked person turned to Nick.

"How's reading practice going?" the person asked.

And then, Nick suddenly remembered where he had heard that voice from.

"Albert?" Nick asked in surprise.

The cloaked person, Albert, chuckled and removed the cloak, revealing his grey and black hair.

When Nick saw Albert's face, he smiled brightly.

"What are you doing here?" Nick asked as he walked closer.

"Wyntor told me what happened," Albert said. "He thought you might need a bit of guidance since this is your first Specter."

When Nick heard that, he released a sigh of relief.

Naturally, Nick had been quite nervous about the Dreamer.

How was he supposed to get Zephyx out of the Dreamer?

Nick had no idea.

Luckily, Albert was now here, making things much easier.

"Yes, I think I could use some help," Nick said.

Albert chuckled a bit and turned to the console.

"Everything looks fine," he said. "Prephyx levels are elevated, but that's to be expected since it is currently recovering. Zephyx levels are at zero, but that's also expected. The Dreamer is not a Specter that passively gives off Zephyx."

"I already took a look at it earlier, and I have to say, you really went to town on this one," Albert said with a chuckle. "The poor thing is so beat up that it doesn't even want to move right now. It didn't even move when I poked it."

Nick looked with a worried look at Albert. "It's not dying, right?"

"Oh, nah, you don't need to worry about that. It's quite hard to kill a Specter. To kill it, you would need to destroy the core in its head or shred its torso to pieces. Injuries that would kill humans just put Specters in a sort of stasis or hibernation, and as long as they are not isolated from Prephyx, they will recover quite rapidly," Albert explained.

Nick nodded in relief.

He didn't know what he would have done if the Dreamer died after all that had happened.

"Everything looks good," Albert said once more as he lightly slapped the console.

Then, he turned to Nick. "Wanna go get Zephyx out of it right now?"

Nick raised an eyebrow. "Wyntor said that the Dreamer is too injured to be worked with and that it will take a couple of days."

Albert's smile widened. "He's right."

Then, Albert took a small bottle out of one of his pockets and waved it around a bit. "But he doesn't know I have this."

"What's that?" Nick asked as he looked at the bottle with interest.

"The stuff you've been bathing in," Albert said, "Just a lot stronger."

Nick remembered the green bath as he looked at the green liquid.

"Wait, you're using that on the Dreamer?" Nick asked.

"Why not?" Albert asked with a grin.

"Well, what if something happens?" Nick asked.

Albert just snorted. "What's supposed to happen? Nick, I'm a level four Extractor. I can kill the Dreamer with a casual kick."

Nick scratched the back of his head.

Sure, Albert was powerful, but Nick still felt that it was a bit weird to heal a Specter with expensive medicine.

"I mean, sure, if you want to," Nick said with a shrug.

Albert's smile widened, and he mischievously moved his eyebrows up and down.

Then, Albert pressed a button on the console, and a moment later, the personnel door to the Containment Unit opened.

Albert walked in without hesitation, and Nick followed him nervously.

## Chapter 30: Negotiation

The lights in the Containment Unit had already been turned on.

Every second the lights were on was expensive, but it was a necessary expenditure.

After all, they couldn't work with the Specter in the dark.

When Nick entered the Containment Unit, he saw a black shadow in the corner of the room.

The Dreamer was lying in the most distant corner, unmoving.

"Alright, princess," Albert said loudly as he walked towards the Dreamer. "Enough moping around."

The Dreamer didn't move.

Albert opened the small bottle and very carefully removed one drop of liquid with his finger.

Then, he just wiped his finger on the Dreamer's head and moved back a bit.

A moment later, the Dreamer's body twitched, and then, its body began to smoke.

Nick saw how the Dreamer's eyes were regrowing at a visible speed.

On top of that, its broken wings and ribs were moving back into place with cracking sounds.

Around a minute later, the Dreamer had fully recovered.

Even though Nick knew that he was safe behind Albert, he still felt a bit nervous.

After all, this was a Specter.

The Dreamer slowly opened its eyes and looked around the Containment Unit.

Then, its eyes fell on Nick.

DING! DING! DING! DING!

Suddenly, a loud alarm sounded in the room.

Nick knew what this alarm meant.

The alarm sounded when a sharp spike in Prephyx levels inside the Containment Unit was measured.

A sudden spike in Prephyx levels meant that the Specter was preparing an attack.

Apparently, the Dreamer wasn't the biggest fan of Nick.

An instant later, the Dreamer shot to its feet and charged at Nick.

"Hol' up, missy!"

BANG!

Albert's left hand opened and grabbed the Dreamer's head in a fluid motion.

The Dreamer flapped around and used its talons to stab Albert's torso.

DING!

Yet, when the Dreamer's talons hit Albert's torso, a metallic sound reverberated throughout the room, and Albert wasn't injured in the slightest.

DING! DING! DING!

The Dreamer used several more attacks, but no matter what it did, Albert wasn't injured in the slightest.

Albert didn't even move.

After about 30 seconds, the Dreamer gave up.

Obviously, this man right in front of it was far more powerful than it was.

"There we go," Albert said as he put the Dreamer down again. "Now, can we have a normal conversation?"

The Dreamer just glared at the distant Nick.

It really didn't like Nick.

"Just ignore him for now," Albert said, moving to stand between the Dreamer and Nick.

The next moment, Albert squatted to be at eye level with the Dreamer.

Surprisingly, the Dreamer also looked into Albert's eyes.

There was no fear in its eyes.

"You're a Specter that feeds on mentality," Albert said. "You're not a Specter that feeds off blood, organs, bodies, death, or unfortunate circumstances."

"You feed on mentality, which means that you have gone through enough memories to understand what I am saying. I'm quite sure of it."

The Dreamer didn't show any reaction.

"I'm not sure if you realize your current circumstances. So, let me enlighten you."

"You have been captured, and you are inside a Containment Unit from a Zephyx Manufacturer."

The Dreamer showed no reaction.

"You are not going to break out. That's not going to happen. This is your new home indefinitely."

"However, if you manage to gain the trust of the company, we might be able to enter a cooperation in the future."

"At that point, you can leave the Containment Unit."

"But until then, you are stuck here, and I'm also quite sure that you know why we humans catch Specters, right?"

The Dreamer showed no reaction.

"We want Zephyx. The stuff you produce when you absorb all that energy from the atmosphere," Albert explained.

"As long as you give us Zephyx, your life won't be bad. We will even help you in becoming stronger."

"The stronger you become, the more Prephyx and Zephyx you contain, which leaves less Prephyx and Zephyx for all the Specters that are still roaming free. Increasing your power is also in our interest."

"Because of that, we will not be stealing all of your Zephyx. Only the majority. The precise amount is not up to me, but that's how it usually works."

"We give you food. You give us Zephyx. You become stronger. We get money."

"Understand?"

The Dreamer showed no reaction.

It just kept on looking forward.

"Alright," Albert said as he stood up again. "Let me give you a couple of hours to think. Now, my little friend over here will be doing most of the work. So, I don't want you to attack him."

The Dreamer moved slightly to the side so that it could look at Nick again.

Nick just looked back emotionlessly.

The next moment, Albert took out a little gadget from one of his pockets and looked at it.

"Man, it really doesn't like you," Albert said to Nick with a chuckle. "Specters aren't usually that angry when they get captured, you know?"

The gadget Albert had in his hand was a mobile Prephyx scanner. It had the same function as the alarm from earlier, but it was portable and had a higher sensitivity.

Just now, the Prephyx levels had been going up and down, almost like the Dreamer debated attacking Nick again.

"Now, listen here. One more thing," Albert said, pushing the Dreamer's head to look at him again.

"If you don't cooperate, we'll have to do the bargain bin method, and you don't want that."

Nick raised an eyebrow. 'Bargain bin method?'

The Dreamer looked at Albert again.

"Most Specters cooperate to some degree. Not all of them cooperate fully, but they, at least, consume stuff to continue growing, which produces Zephyx."

"But there are also the Specters that completely refuse to do anything. They believe that they can simply use up our money by forcing us to spend resources on keeping them contained without gaining anything from them."

"These Specters are not very popular with the Manufacturers, but there is still a way to get money out of them."

The next moment, Albert grabbed the tip of the Dreamer's right wing.

RIIIP!

And tore it off.

The Dreamer pulled its wing back, but it didn't seem like it was in pain.

Albert showed the Dreamer the part of the wing he had torn off.

Then, Albert took out a small box with a shredder on top.



Albert put the part of the Dreamer he had torn off onto the shredder, and the shredder immediately turned the part into tiny particles.

After that, the wires all over the box started to electrify, and a minute later, the particles in the box vanished.

Albert opened the box and showed it to the Dreamer.

"You get it?" Albert asked.

The Dreamer looked into the box.

Just now, it had felt a bit of Zephyx coming out of the box.

"That's the bargain bin method," Albert said. "We can tear about 70% of your body off without killing you. We shove that body into the mixer, get our Zephyx, and give you a week to recover."

Albert slowly stood up.

"Either you cooperate, or that's your future."

"It's your decision."

"We'll be back in about three hours."

After that, Albert walked out of the Containment Unit.

The Dreamer just looked at Nick.

Nick looked back, but he also left a couple of seconds later.

The Dreamer just kept looking at the door.