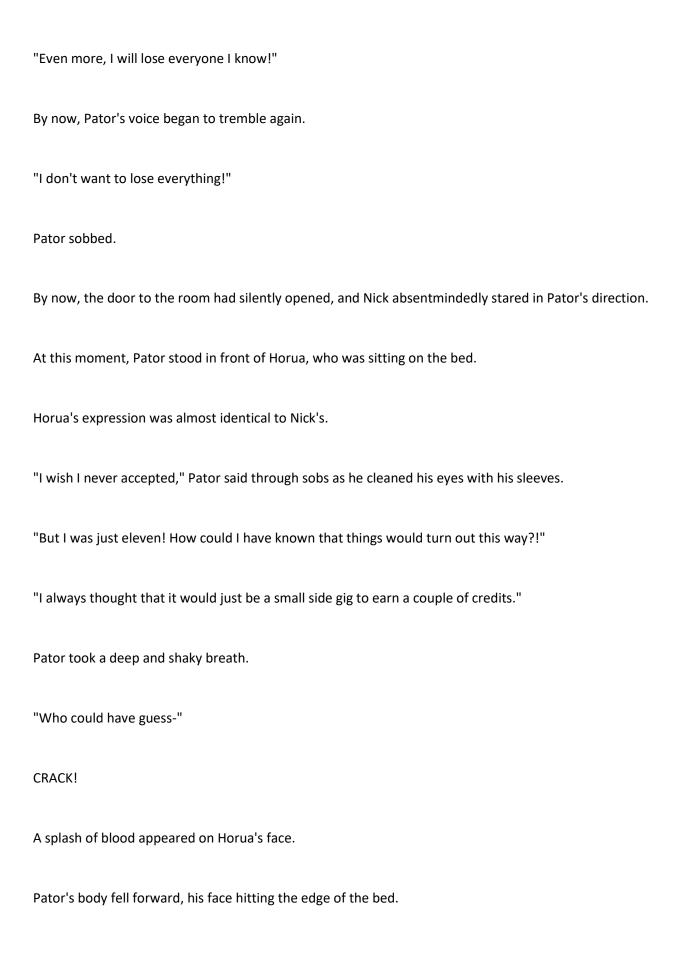
## The Sun 91

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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."



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.

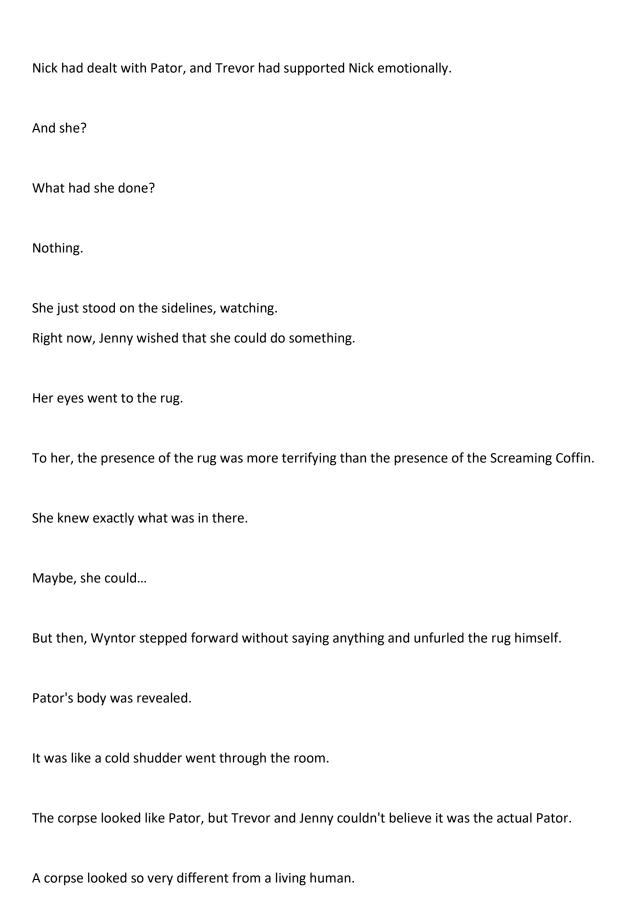
After entering the warehouse, Nick closed the door behind him and walked up to the Screaming Coffin's Containment Unit.
He hadn't seen anyone in the warehouse so far.
However, he also didn't have the brainpower or motivation to think about where everyone could be.
He just wanted to be done with this 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.

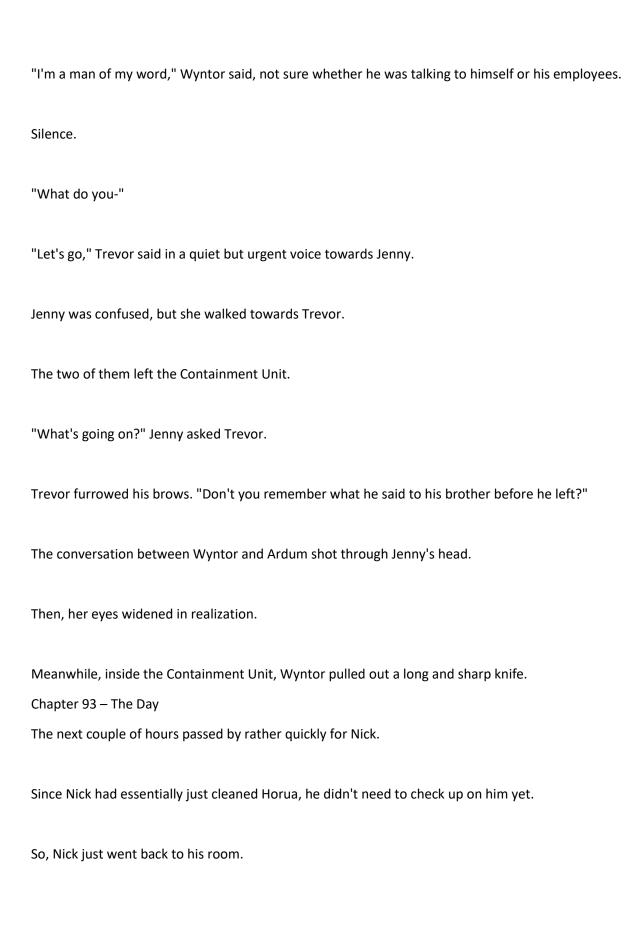
"No, we're here to support you, boss!" Trevor said with a smile as he stepped forward.
"Support me?" Nick repeated in surprise. "With what?"
Trevor reached Nick and grabbed hold of the carpet, lifting it off Nick's shoulder. "With this, of course!" he said with a bright and casual smile.
"You can leave 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.



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.





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.

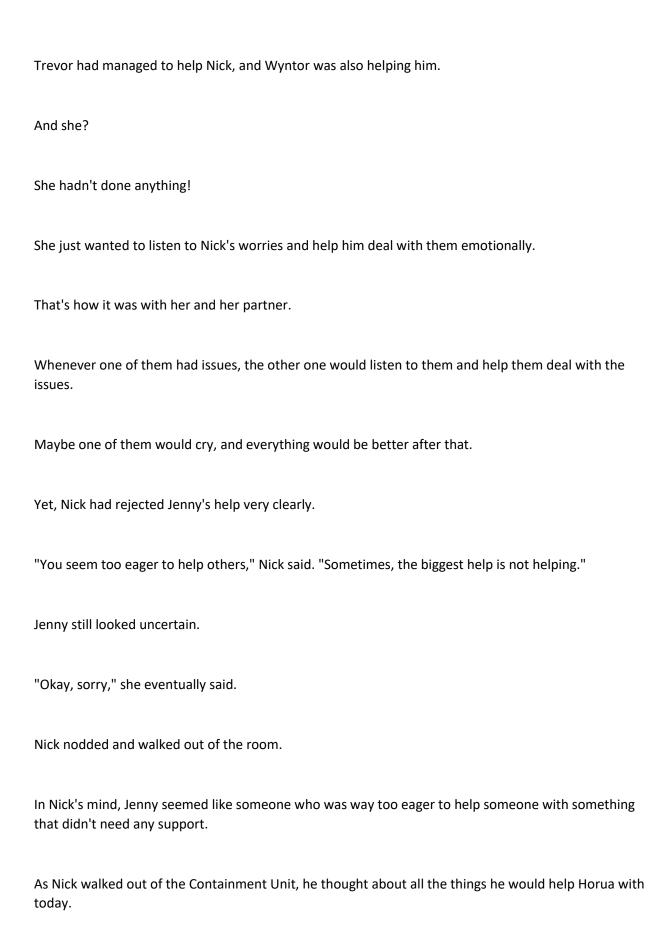


For the next hour, Nick instructed Marie about what to do, and she listened attentively. After making a timetable, she read it to Nick and asked him if it was okay. Nick nodded. She checked up on Horua every two hours and perfectly did everything that needed to be done. "Thank you, sir," Marie said with 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!'

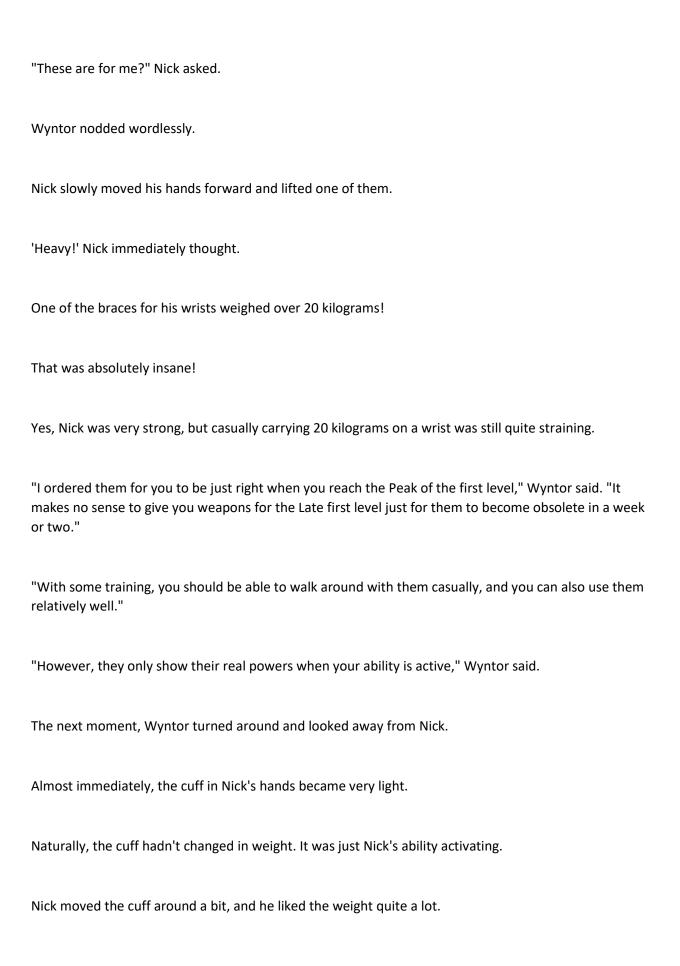








He had a lot of things to do, and Horua needed help with all of them.
"Nick, I need you real quick."
Nick looked to the side and saw Wyntor standing at the entrance to his office.
"Sure," Nick said, walking into Wyntor's office.
Wyntor sat down, and Nick closed the door.
The next moment, Wyntor took 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.



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 novelbln.(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!

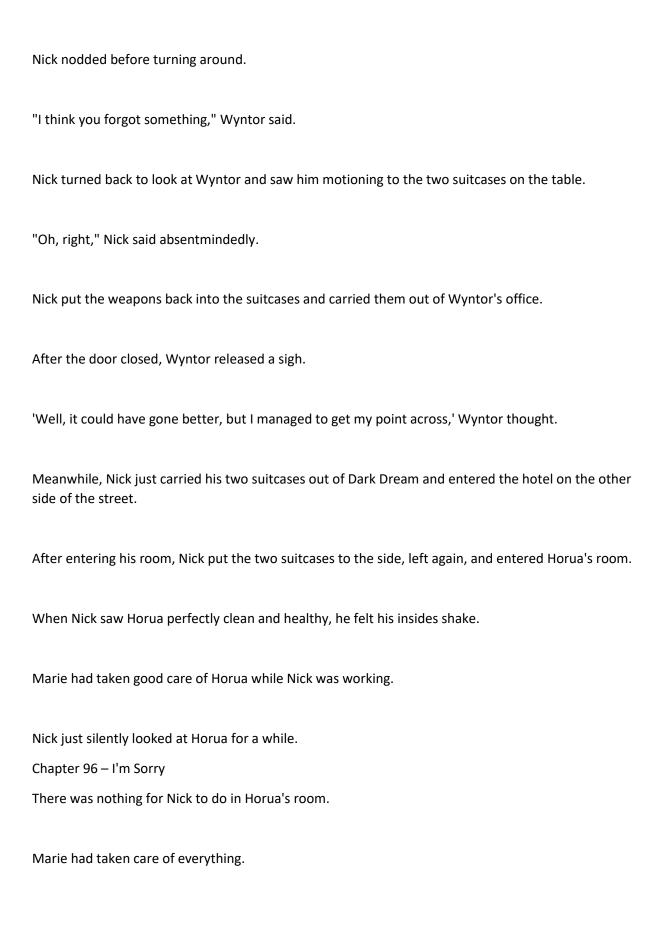
The briefcase was about 150 centimeters long and nearly half a meter wide.
Nick wasn't sure what kind of weapon was in there.
A big sword?
A club?
A rifle?
Nick slowly moved his hand forward and opened the briefcase.
The next moment, Nick's eyes widened in shock.
Five very long and thin spears!
"They're 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?



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."

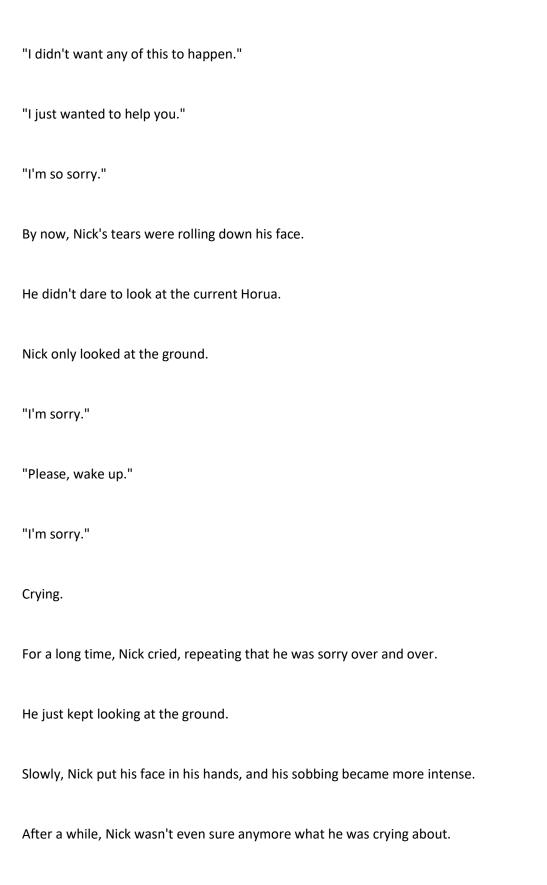


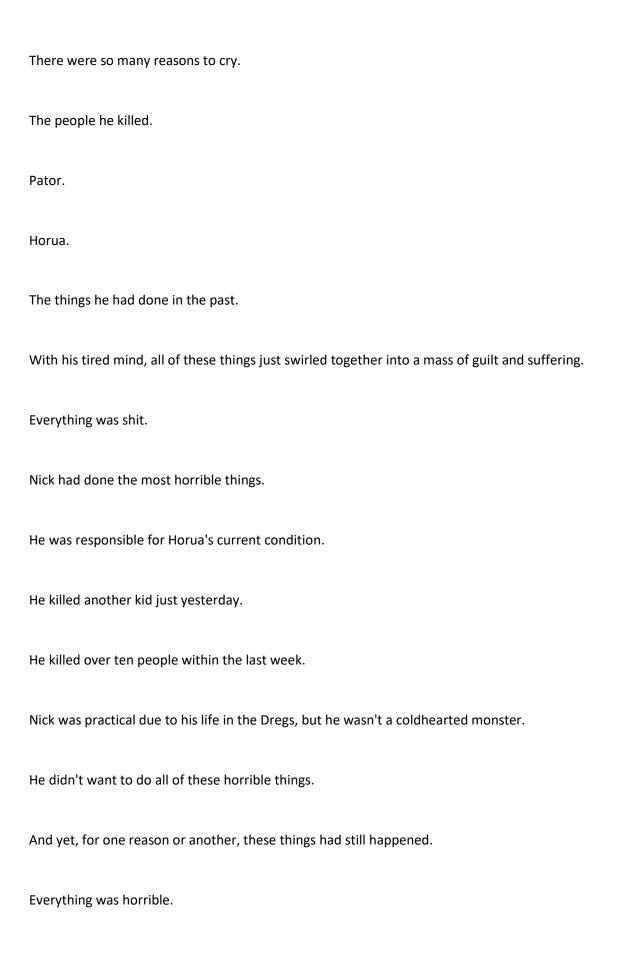






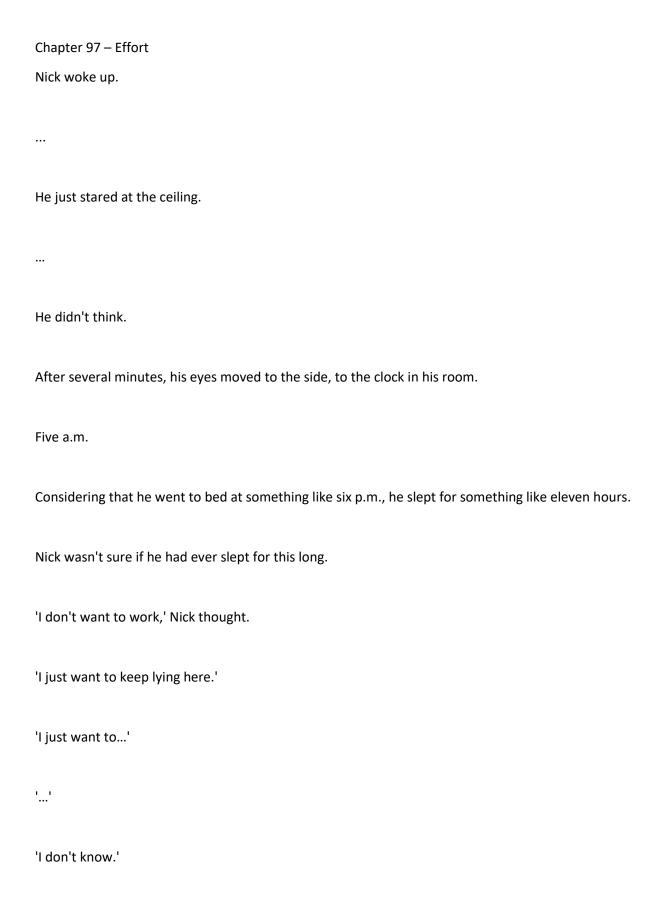






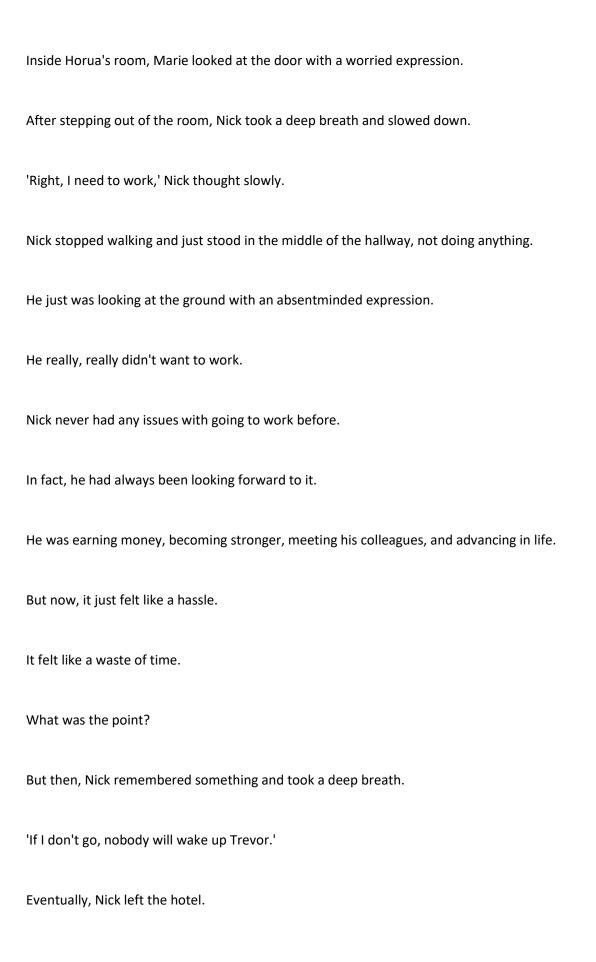
Yesterday was horrible.
Today was horrible.
Tomorrow would be horrible.
Why was he doing all of this?
Money?
Fame?
What was the point of any of this when he felt his insides consuming him in moments when he should feel calm and content?!
Eventually, Nick was pulled out of his thoughts by Horua needing 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.



'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.

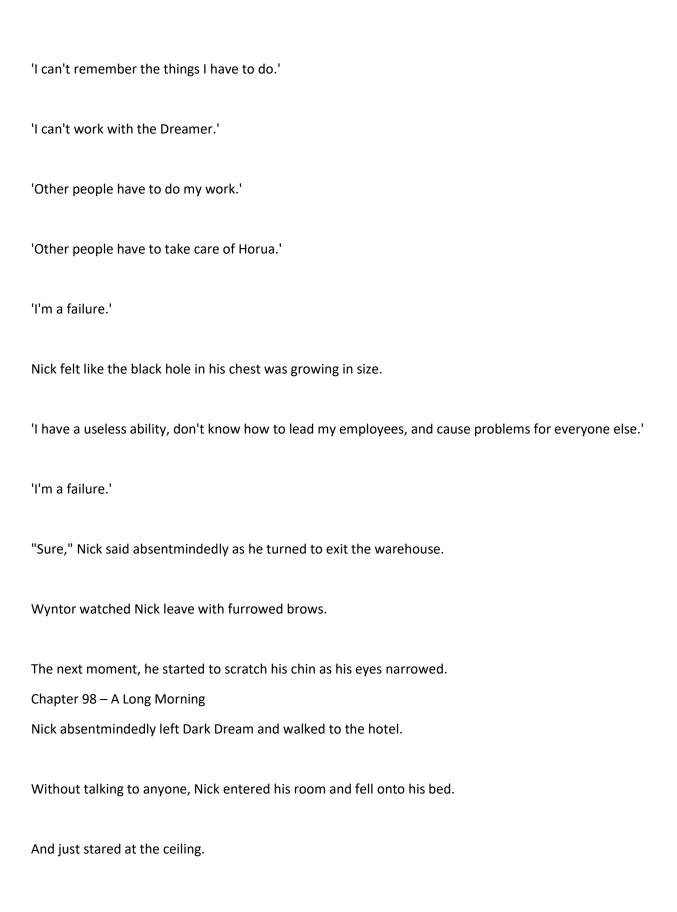




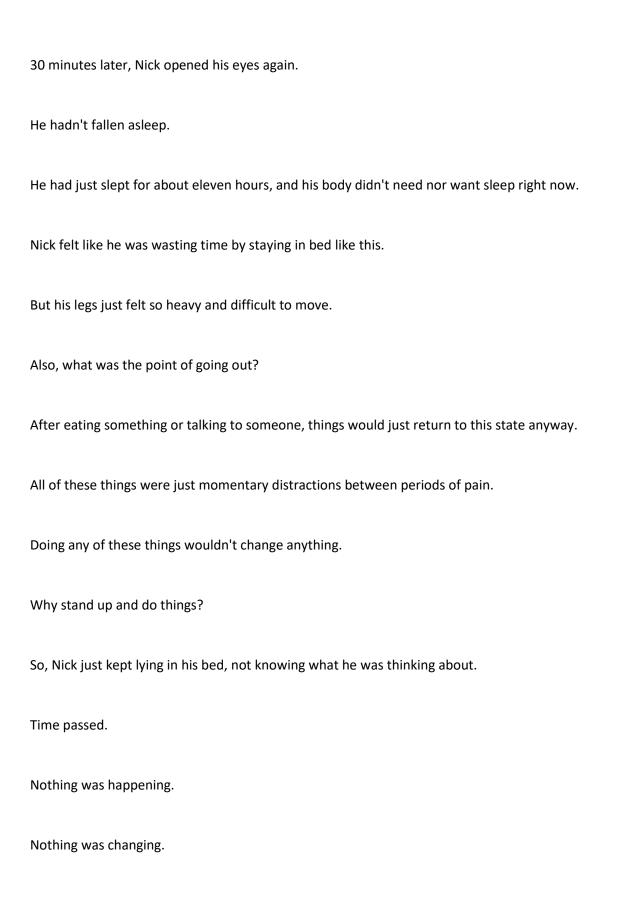
When the clerk greeted him, Nick just wordlessly waved, not even turning to look at him.
After entering the warehouse, Nick walked towards the Dreamer's Containment Unit.
"We were supposed to talk this morning."
Nick stopped and turned to his side.
Wyntor was looking at Nick from his office, the door 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 $no(v)eLb(i)n.com$ 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.





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.

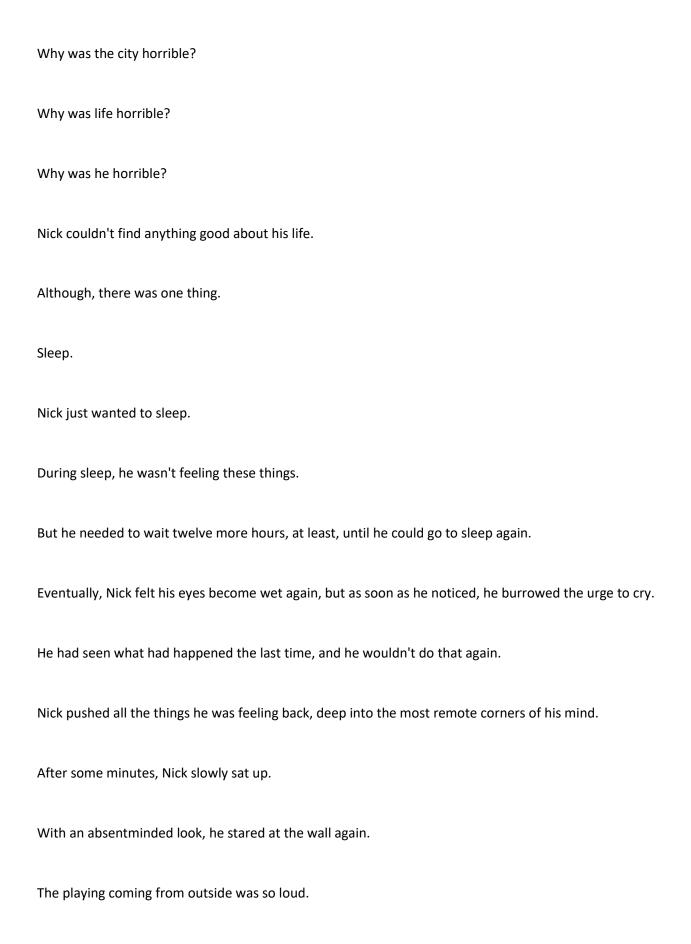


Nick noticed some trash on the ground.
It was annoying him.
But it felt like such a momentous task to clean it up.
'I can't even clean up my own room,' Nick thought.
'It's bothering me, but instead of cleaning up, I just keep lying here.'
Silence.
'I'm a failure.'
'I'm a burden.'
'I'm a murderer.'
Silence.
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.

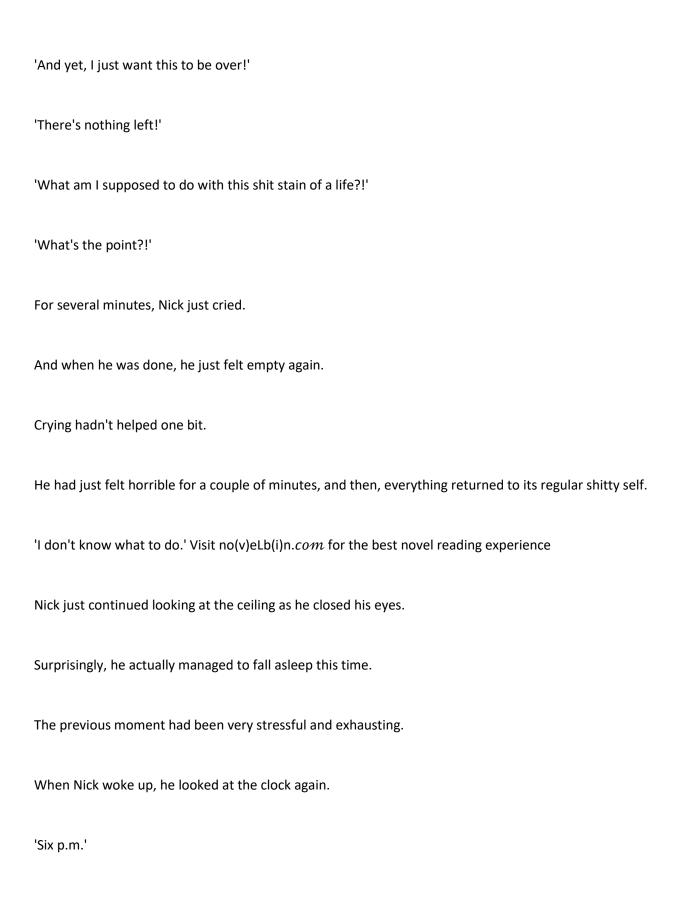
Eventually, Nick started to hear kids playing outside the hotel.
Compared to the Dregs, the Outer City had more children, and they were also happier.
It was normal for the kids to start playing between eight and nine a.m.
This meant that two to three hours had already passed.
Nick had wasted the entire 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!

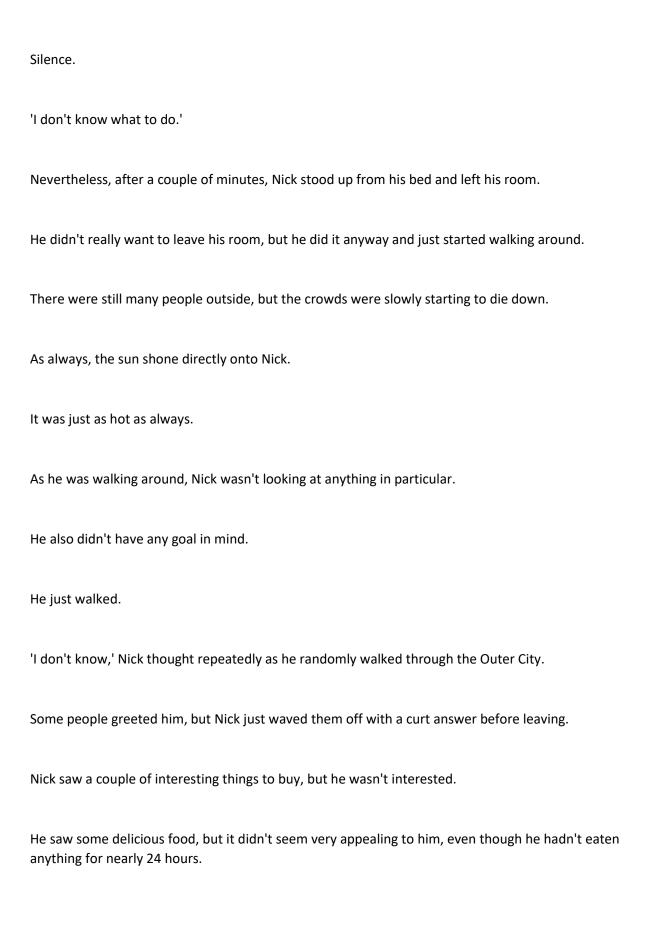














Eventually, Nick came back to his room, and a horrible night followed. Falling asleep was extremely difficult, but he also didn't want to do anything. There was nothing to do that interested Nick, but he also couldn't properly fall asleep. Nevertheless, time continued to pass, and eventually, Nick actually 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.

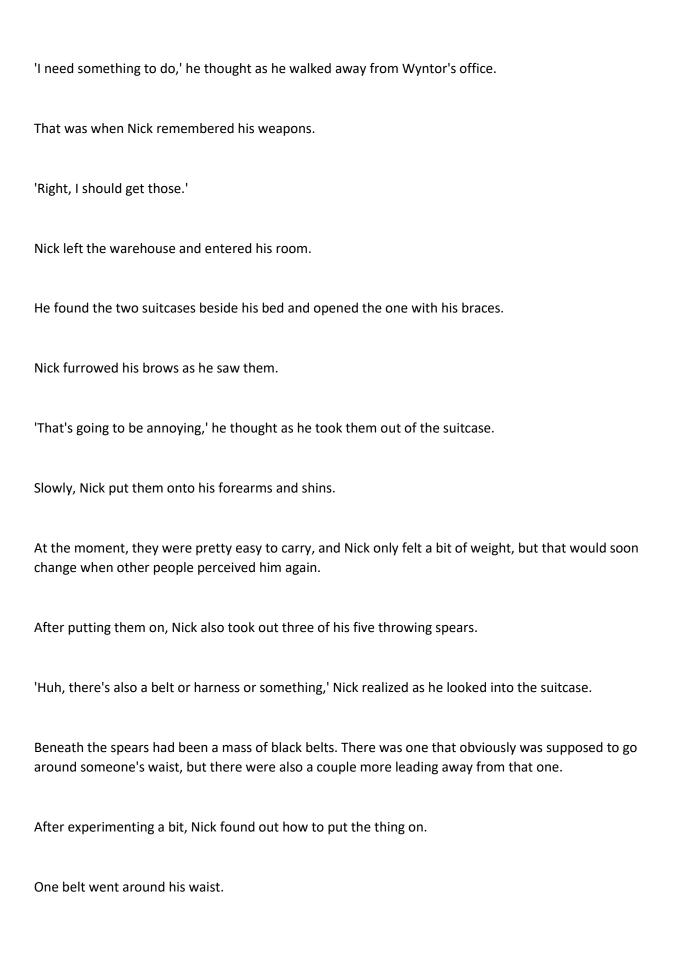
Nevertheless, Nick emptied it again and put it into Wyntor's office.

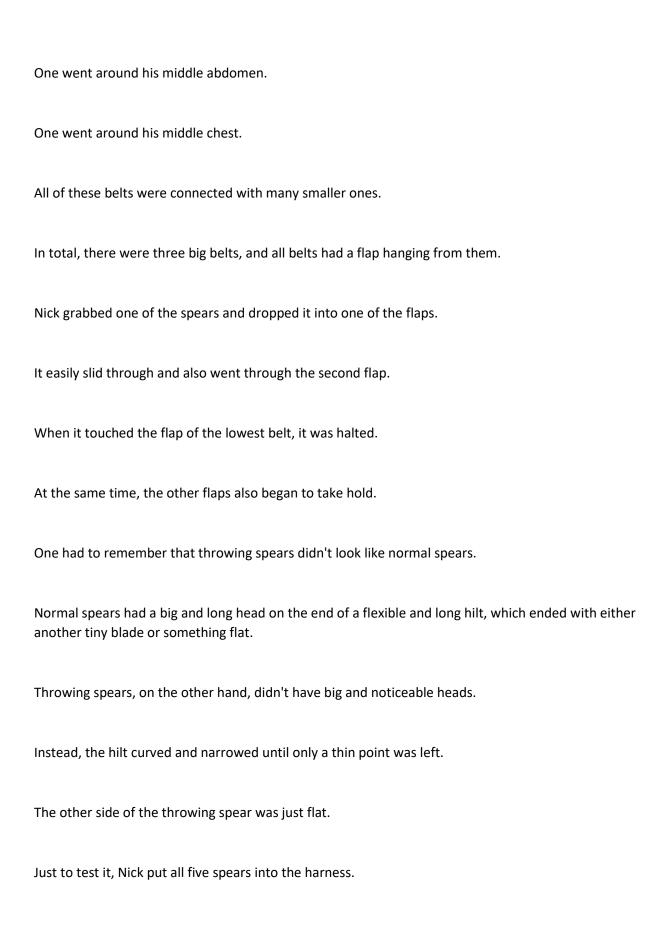
While Wyntor's office was locked when he wasn't there, Nick had a spare key to it and was allowed to enter.

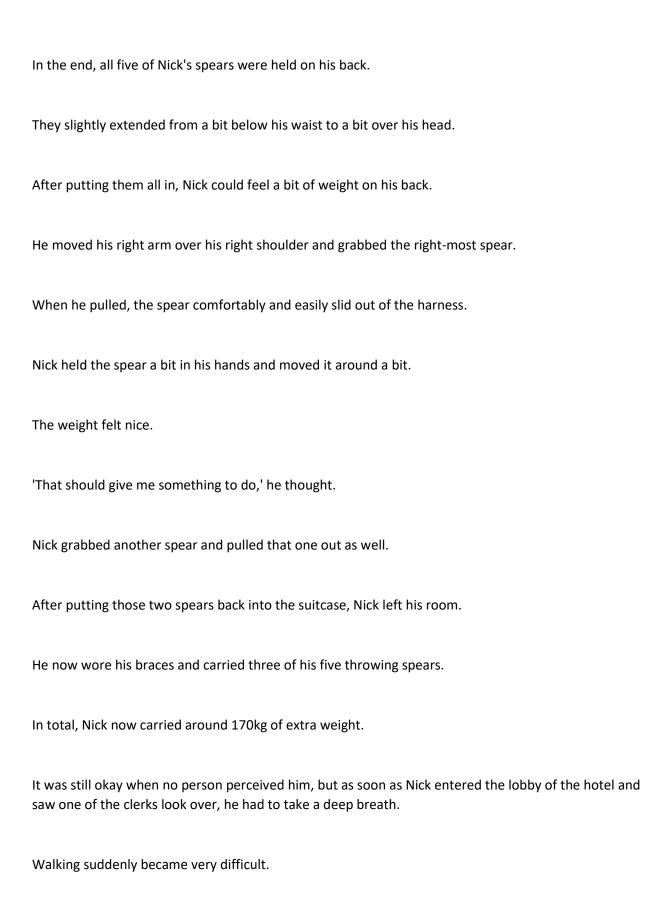
After putting everything away, Nick looked at the clock.

'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.







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.