

Hammer God 103

Chapter 103: Talk With Samson

Kyle returned to Samson's Hunter Hall.

Everyone was already gone.

The tasks had already been distributed for the day, and the hunters wouldn't return until the afternoon.

'Well, I wasn't assigned to anything. Guess I just roam the wilderness and do whatever I can do to help,' Kyle thought.

He told the receptionist where he would be, and she just nodded without saying anything.

Ever since Kyle had returned, the receptionist was even more curt with him.

She was probably embarrassed that she showed Kyle her customer-face.

For the remainder of the day, Kyle just did some regular maintenance on the forest.

Dealing with Spitters.

Harvesting some materials from here and there.

Making sure that the plants were growing well.

A couple of hours later, he ran into Tarren, who greeted him.

Tarren was the vice-leader of Samson's Hunter Hall, and he just assigned some basic tasks to Kyle.

Kyle fulfilled all the basic tasks and returned to the Hunter Hall in the evening.

"Did everything go alright?" Samson asked when Kyle entered.

"Yeah, there are no consequences. I even got some free treatment," he answered.

"That's to be expected," Samson answered with a nod. "This guy wasn't supposed to be in our territory to begin with! If they hadn't released you, I would have caused quite an uproar."

"Thanks, Samson," Kyle said with a smile.

Samson put his hand on Kyle's shoulder and gestured to his office.

The two of them walked to Samson's office and sat down.

"Yes?" Kyle asked, not knowing why Samson wanted to talk to him alone. "Is this about my presence in the forest at night?"

Samson sighed and just shook his head. "No, it's not entirely related to the incident tonight."

"Not entirely?" Kyle asked.

"I was already thinking about this before today," Samson said.

"Thinking about what?"

Samson looked at Kyle with concern. "Are you sure you want to be a hunter?"

"No," Theodor said in Kyle's mind.

"I mean, why not?" Kyle asked. "I caused you quite some damage, and you took me in. This is the least I can do to repay you."

"Those are reasons why you are a hunter," Samson said. "Don't give me the reasons. Tell me what you want to do."

Kyle didn't answer immediately.

He promised Theodor that he would fulfill his dying wish.

Additionally, Kyle knew that he had an Aristocrat's Body.

Something like that was probably worth thousands of times more than what he owed Samson.

In a way, Kyle was far more indebted to Theodor than Samson.

Being a hunter was nice, but it wouldn't lead him to his goal.

'Also, I'm supposed to become some kind of Overseer or something, according to the contract I signed with Magic Bitch.'

Yet, when Kyle looked at Samson, he just couldn't give a straight answer.

Samson had been so nice to him.

Kyle would feel horrible if he just abandoned Samson.

After a while, Samson sighed.

"Hey, listen," Kyle answered, but Samson just lifted his hand to stop Kyle from continuing.

"I understand," Samson said.

Then, Samson released another sigh.

"Kyle, I don't think you are cut out to be a hunter," he said.

Kyle's eyes widened. "Why not? Am I too weak?"

"No, that's not it," Samson answered.

"Am I messing up the ecosystem?" Kyle asked.

"No, you're doing your job very well. You picked everything up even quicker than Fennek," Samson said.

"Then why?" Kyle asked.

"Kyle, you are an Adept now," Samson said. "You underwent a ritual for a Fighter and officially became an Adept."

"You are not like us. We are being hunters because we can't make anything of ourselves anymore."

"Nervon used to be a trainee in the military when he was younger, but he was lazy and didn't do his duties. Eventually, he joined me."

"Tarren wanted to become a charter for dangerous wildernesses, but he didn't make the cut and wasn't accepted. He later met some... bad influences but found his way to me eventually."

"Lancel used to be a scout, but he was dishonorably discharged because he said things the higher-ups didn't agree with."

Samson laughed. "I wanted to be a Knight, but I didn't make the cut. Then, I wanted to be a wildlife researcher, but I was already too old and behind on the studies."

"We four are the regular members, and we are all old people who have missed our opportunities in life."

"Fennek is only here for two years for his practical exam. After that, he will return to the Knight Academy and become an official Knight."

Samson sighed yet again.

"We are all normal humans. We never had the chance to undergo a ritual."

"You are not like us," Samson said with compassion. "You can make something of yourself. You can join any of the open Fighter's Guilds and learn more about the world."

"You are destined for greater things," Samson said with a smile.

Kyle's heart was racing.

He knew that he eventually had to leave due to Theodor...

But now that it was finally happening, it felt so surreal.

For some reason, this had a much heavier impact on his emotions than killing that assailant.

Samson took him in.

Samson and his family taught Kyle how to speak.

Samson gave him a job.

He gave him a home.

He gave him a role.

Samson had done so much for Kyle.

"I can't just abandon you," Kyle spoke quietly. "You've done so much for me."

Samson laughed lightly. "I got you out of prison because I expected compensation."

"And the other things?" Kyle asked.

"You needed the help, and I had help to spare," Samson said.

Kyle looked down and clenched his fists.

"What about Old Betty?" Kyle asked. "She was expensive, wasn't she?"

"Yes, but we'll recover," Samson said. "We are not that strapped for gold. Also, it's not like that debt doesn't exist anymore."

"If you are willing, you can repay me when you made something of your life."

"Having a real Fighter indebted to me in exchange for a Narvonian Worm is not such a bad deal," Samson said with a smile.

Kyle took a deep breath.

Yet, Samson just held his hand out, stopping him from speaking.

"You don't have to make the decision immediately. This concerns your future."

"Take a couple of days to think about it. I don't want to hear your decision within the next five days."

"In five days, you can tell me, okay?" Samson asked.

Kyle took another deep breath.

"Okay, thank you," he answered.

"No problem," Samson answered with a reassuring smile.