

## Strongest Hammer God

### Chapter 13: Chapter 13 – Samson

Kyle lay on his bed, moving his legs back and forth in boredom.

'Man, how long do I have to wait? It's been like three days!'

After their conversation, the guard indicated that Kyle should just wait, and he did just that.

'At least the food isn't bad,' Kyle thought, thinking back to the beautifully seared fish with fresh vegetables. 'Way better than the food in jail.'

As if summoned, Kyle's stomach growled.

'But it's not nearly enough! I'm fucking starving!'

The next moment, Kyle heard the distant door to the prison's complex open, and he turned his head to look over.

After some more gibberish that he heard from a distance, Kyle saw the guard approaching with another man.

The man had long and rough black hair and wore green leather armor.

Kyle slowly got up from his bed and looked at the two expectantly.

"Herlen man zuli fentanyl," the man in green armor said.

'Did he just say fentanyl?' Kyle thought before shaking his head.

"I can't really understand you. I only speak American," Kyle said.

The man in green armor furrowed his brows before looking at the guard, who just shrugged.

The two exchanged some words before the guard went to the side of the wall.

The next moment, the glass vanished.

Kyle had seen that several times.

Apparently, this was some kind of magical forcefield.

The next moment, the man in green armor stepped inside and pulled something out of his bag.

He unwrapped the object, and Kyle saw a raw piece of meat.

Kyle's eyebrows rose in surprise, and he pointed at himself in confusion.

The man nodded.

Then, Kyle walked forward and carefully took hold of the meat.

His hunger immediately intensified, and he threw the piece of meat down his throat.

'That hits the spot!' Kyle thought as he felt something in the food that none of the prison food could give him.

Sure, the prison food was prepared extremely well, but it was missing that certain kick that the turtle meat had.

This piece of meat had that certain kick, and Kyle's hunger weakened significantly.

"Man, thank you. That really hit the spot," he said as he sat on his bed, satisfied.

The guard looked at Kyle with strong surprise.

The man in green armor just watched Kyle with furrowed brows.

Several seconds of silence passed.

"What?" Kyle asked.

The two just kept looking at him.

"Is something wrong?" Kyle asked.

The guard scratched his helmet in confusion as the man in the green armor raised his brows in interest.

Shortly after, the two men had a long conversation inside Kyle's cell.

Kyle just listened awkwardly, feeling a bit ignored.

After a while, the guard left, leaving the two of them in the cell.

The man in green armor looked at Kyle.

Then, over the course of several painful and awkward minutes, the man in green armor managed to convey his intentions.

'He's getting me out of prison, but in exchange, I have to work for him,' Kyle thought.

He didn't immediately answer and just looked at the man.

'This guy looks strong,' Kyle thought. 'He's wearing this big suit of leather armor, and he has several weapons on his person. He also feels kind of intimidating.'

Kyle remembered the question of whether or not he was strong the guard had asked him.

'Ah, fuck. I'm being drafted,' Kyle thought.

The man could tell what Kyle was thinking.

The man took out a pen and paper from his backpack and started to draw something over the course of a couple of minutes.

Eventually, he handed the paper over to Kyle.

'Man, he's good at drawing as well!' Kyle thought as he looked at the amazing sketches.

The paper indicated that Kyle had three options through several illustrations.

Option one: Work in a mine for five years.

Option two: stay here for 15 years.

Option three: Battle monsters. That last one didn't have any time indication. It probably depended on Kyle's performance.

'Ah, so it's not the army. It's just a group of monster hunters. I love Monster Hunter! I played the shit out of that!'

But when Kyle thought back to the terrifying image of the approaching turtle worm, he became intimidated again.

'It's much more fun when it's a videogame,' he thought.

He looked back at the paper.

'But five fucking years of manual labor or fifteen fucking years of doing jack shit. I'm already getting antsy after being here for a couple of days. How bad will it be when I've been here for years?'

Kyle blinked a couple of times.

'I mean, this is fantasy land, right? Am I not supposed to fight against monsters and save princesses from dragons with a human fetish?'

Kyle scratched the back of his head.

'Also, I am technically already employed. Magic Lady told me to become an overseer or something like that, and I would assume that the Predator's Being she gifted me is related to that.'

'Magic Lady saved my life and gave me a new one.'

'Although, I still don't know what kind of shady shit they want me to do eventually.'

Finally, Kyle had a thought.

'Also, I need meat, and I think only the good meat can satisfy this ridiculous stomach of mine. This monster meat just hits different.'

'On top of that, my body is way stronger than when I arrived, and I didn't train at all. I probably need monster meat to become stronger.'

The more Kyle thought about it, the more appealing the Monster Hunter larping looked.

Finally, Kyle threw the paper to the side in exasperation before looking at the man and pointing at himself.

Then, he roleplayed fighting a big monster before nodding.

The man just looked at Kyle before wordlessly picking up the paper and pointing at the third option.

'Oh. I could've also done that,' Kyle thought.

Finally, Kyle nodded with conviction.

For the first time, the man actually smiled and offered his hand.

"Na Samson," he said.

Kyle pointed at the man. "Mer Samson?" he said, remembering the word for "you".

The man nodded.

"Na Kyle," Kyle answered.

Then, Kyle shook Samson's hand.