

Strongest Hammer God

Chapter 17: Chapter 17 – Narvonian Worm

Samson praised Kyle and told him what he could do better.

Then, Samson grabbed the snake.

"Skin money," he said.

Kyle nodded.

Over the next ten minutes, Samson showed him how to skin the snake and also showed him the anatomy.

The venom sack and the gallbladder were put in a pouch, while the skin was put in a separate pouch.

Then, Samson stood up and walked away from the remainder of the corpse.

"Done?" Kyle asked.

"Done," Samson answered.

Then, Kyle pointed at the snake. "Food?"

Samson raised an eyebrow before scratching his chin in thought.

"Body Ether," he said.

'I know that word! Ether is what was in all of these job descriptions the Magic Lady handed me! Surprised that it's the same word in English. Or did she just use the native language?'

"Human Ether air good. Human eat animal Ether bad," Samson said.

"Human eat animal Ether. Human die," Samson said.

'What? Wait, so if a human eats an animal that has Ether, they just keel over and die?' Kyle thought.

Then, he remembered how the guard and Samson had looked at him when he ate that raw piece of meat in the prison.

"Herkin eat animal Ether alive. Human eat animal Ether die," Samson said.

"Herkin?" Kyle asked.

"Human wild. Small human."

'Is he talking about the dwarves that I read about in the world description?' Kyle thought.

"You Herkin-human?" Samson asked.

"Eeeehhh," Kyle answered eloquently. "Not know."

Samson scratched the side of his head in confusion.

"You eat," Samson said, pointing at the bloody corpse.

Now, it was Kyle's turn to scratch his head.

"Money?" he asked, pointing at the bloody corpse. "Ether money?"

'Ether has to be valuable if it's in every fucking job description.'

"Ether big money. Ether big big money," Samson repeated.

Then, he pointed at the corpse again. "Little Ether. Ether get money. No money."

'I think he's trying to say that the snake has so little Ether that extracting it costs more money than it would give.'

'And since normal humans can't eat it, there is no point in taking the meat.'

"Meat prison eat. Human no eat meat?" Kyle asked, remembering the fish he had eaten in prison.

"Normal meat. No Ether. Weak animal. Weak animal no Ether," Samson explained.

'Ah, I get it!' Kyle thought. 'So, there are weak animals that don't have any Ether, and they can be consumed by humans. However, animals with Ether are stronger, and those are inedible to normal humans.'

'But I can eat them.'

'The Predator's Being said that I can grow by eating meat. That's probably why I'm immune to the damage that animal Ether causes humans.'

'Hah! I knew this would be a good choice! Others probably have to pay a fortune to get their Ether, while I can just eat the trash that nobody wants to achieve the same effect!'

'Wake up, honey. New garbage compactor just dropped!'

Kyle smiled and grabbed the snake.

Then, he shoved it into his mouth and took a bite.

'It isn't bad, but it lacks the kick the Narvonian Worm had. I mean, the kick is still there, but it's incomparable,' Kyle thought as he ravenously consumed the snake.

Samson watched in surprise as Kyle finished the entire snake in barely five minutes.

That was like two kilos of meat!

"Done," Kyle said.

Samson looked at Kyle with a mix of disgust and respect.

That guy downed an entire snake in five minutes.

But he also ate bloody meat off the ground, which was a bit disgusting.

Samson and Kyle continued walking through the forest.

After half an hour, Samson indicated to stop walking.

Kyle had already picked up the rustling in the brush, and his eyes had locked on.

"Good animal," Samson said. "No kill."

"Understood," Kyle answered.

'Seems like we're not killing everything we come across.'

After another half hour of walking, the two of them reached a clearing.

It was about the same size as the clearing where Kyle had found the Narvonian Worm.

"Look," Samson said, pointing at the middle of the clearing.

Kyle looked at the thing Samson was pointing at, and his eyes widened.

In the middle of the clearing was a small stone, barely ten centimeters wide.

The stone had many small holes, and Kyle quickly made the connection in his head.

"Narvonian Worm," Kyle said.

Samson nodded with a smile. "Small Narvonian Worm."

'Oh, it's a little baby boy,' Kyle thought. 'Cute!'

Samson walked over to the small stone and pulled a pouch out.

He took out a small handful of metallic dust and sprinkled it over the tiny turtle shell.

Then, he grabbed some small pieces of meat from another pouch and put them in front of one of the holes.

Samson indicated Kyle to be silent.

After a couple of minutes, the tiny head of the Narvonian Worm came out of the hole.

It quickly grabbed one of the pieces and pulled it back into its shell.

'That's so adorable!' Kyle thought. 'To think that this thing will grow up to be a monster one day!'

A moment later, Samson very carefully dug a tiny hole beside the shell.

He dug down for about half a meter before skillfully inserting some kind of flexible rod.

A minute later, he pulled the rod out, and Kyle sneered when he saw what was on the end of the rod.

'Turtle shit!' Kyle thought, getting reminded of his shit blanket without his consent.

The two of them retreated from the clearing, and Samson took out a pestle and mortar.

He put the little turd in and added a couple more things before turning it into fine powder over the course of a couple of minutes.

Finally, he rubbed his finger over the little powder he had produced and smelled it.

Kyle just looked at Samson with disgust.

Then, Samson extended his finger to Kyle.

He really didn't want to, but Kyle also took a sniff.

Then, he blinked a couple of times.

'That actually smells pretty nice! What the fuck did he do to turn a literal turd into something that actually smells edible?!'

"Put food. Good. Little Ether yes," Samson said.

'Oh, so it's a spice that has a bit of Ether.'

Kyle remembered the hill of shit below the big Narvonian Worm.

'That's a lot of spice!'

Slowly, it dawned on Kyle how much damage he had done by killing the Narvonian Worm.

'That's probably a lot of money.'

'Oops.'