

Hammer God 182

Chapter 182 Hesitation

Noah led the group to the cafeteria again and approached the barmaid.

"Show me the missions for the Newbies, please," he said.

The barmaid grabbed a couple of sheets of paper from below the counter and put them on top of it.

There were eight in total.

"These are your eight missions for this month," Noah said. "I'll leave it up to you to deal with them. You are free to work together or individually. The contribution points reward is also visible on these."

"Good luck," Noah said before leaving.

The four Newbies all looked at the missions.

'These are better than the ones posted on the board,' Kyle thought as he read through them.

"If there are no objections, I will take this one," Horatio said, slowly taking one of the papers.

This mission was about joining a trading caravan for a trip through the peninsula.

The estimated time for mission completion was one day. It paid 50 Ether Pebbles and three contribution points.

In terms of reward, it was in the lower middle.

"I've never been to the peninsula," Horatio said with a smile before turning to Kyle. "Is there anything I should pay attention to?"

"There are safe pathways that you have to take," Kyle said, "but I assume the caravan knows them. As long as you don't leave the safe pathways, nothing bad should happen."

"Be prepared for a lot of Skysand, though, but the caravan probably also has that covered."

"Should be easygoing. Maybe you have to fight a couple of Initial Ferocious Beasts, but you should be able to handle that."

"Thanks," Horatio said before registering the mission with the barmaid.

"If you ever need help with a mission, just ask," Horatio said to the other three.

"Sure thing," Kyle answered.

Then, Horatio left the building.

"This is mine," Dylan said, grabbing one of them.

Naturally, he wasn't as nice as Horatio.

This mission was about joining a mixed team for a local tournament.

These kinds of tournaments were fought in teams of five, and they very often came with lucrative prizes.

This team of four people was missing a Shouter for their lineup, and they decided to hire someone from the Stark Brotherhood.

The initial pay was pretty bad at only ten Ether Pebbles and one contribution point, but the Fighter would also receive 10% of the prize if they managed to win one.

It was clear that Dylan was confident that he could earn big.

That only left Tracy and Kyle.

Tracy looked at the missions with uncertainty.

She wasn't quite sure what to choose.

"You're pretty good at fighting humans, right?" Kyle asked.

"Huh? Oh, yeah," she answered.

"Why don't you take this one?" Kyle asked, pointing at a mission about dealing with a known bandit camp.

This mission had a hefty reward of 1.5 Ether Stones.

Tracy looked at the mission with trepidation.

"I'm not sure," she said.

"Why not?" Kyle asked.

"Well," she said, hesitating.

Then, she looked around and leaned in closer to Kyle.

"I've never killed a human before," she whispered quietly.

"Ah, I got it," Kyle answered. "I can see how that is problematic. Are you a pacifist?"

"No," she answered. "It's just... it was never necessary, but I know that I have to do it eventually. It just hasn't happened before, and that makes me a bit uneasy."

"Want me to accompany you?" Kyle asked. "I'm not great at fighting humans, but I've killed one before."

Tracy looked uncertain.

"You gotta do it eventually," Kyle commented. "People can also be assholes, not just beasts. What about if someone attacks you first? Inexperience can be your downfall in that case."

Kyle remembered what Theodor had taught him.

Theodor had sent Kyle into the wilderness in Forest Haven to get acclimated to danger and to gather experience.

Tracy remained silent for a while.

"Are you sure?" she asked. "Can you handle killing several people that are weaker than you? Bandits rarely have anyone in the Second Realm in their group. This will most likely be a group of weaker people who are desperate for money."

Kyle just shrugged. "I don't really see humans as different from beasts. They're a pest, and they have to be eradicated."

At that point, Kyle was reminded of the time he had killed the archer Adept, who had attacked him in the forest.

'People are supposed to feel bad when they kill a human, right? But I kinda didn't.'

'Dude, maybe I'm some kind of psychopath or something.'

'Well, who cares? Just means I don't have to deal with the grief and guilt.'

'Wonder if that was what Magic Lady meant by having the right mindset.'

'Speaking of, I still have that weird job to do. Still no idea what the fuck an Overseer is.'

Tracy looked at the mission.

"We would be doing something good by dealing with the bandits, right?" she asked.

"I mean, yeah. They're bandits," Kyle answered. "Sure, they probably have their reasons, but that doesn't justify robbing people."

Tracy kept looking at the mission. "But is robbing people deserving of death?"

"Eh, depends on your viewpoint," Kyle said. "If you were the one who got robbed, would you want them to die?"

"I don't know," Tracy answered.

Kyle rolled his eyes.

'What's with all of this wishy-washy shit? Just say yes or no,' he thought.

"Well, I'm going to take this one," Kyle said, grabbing another mission. "When I'm back, you can tell me if you want me to accompany you or not."

Tracy seemed to relax and released a sigh. "Thanks," she said.

"No problem," Kyle said, registering his mission with the barmaid. "See ya."

Then, Kyle walked out of the Guild while looking at the mission.

'I mean, I should be able to do it, but it will be annoying as fuck,' he thought.

He read through the mission again.

Kyle was tasked with capturing a specific Initial Ferocious Beast.

The beast was not part of a protected species, but the local Hunter Guild asked for too much money.

The Hunter Guilds had special privileges when it came to hunting, but they didn't own the wildlife.

These rights just protected their lands from being invaded by other registered hunters.

However, Kyle was not a registered hunter.

'The hunters are not going to like this, but oh well. Whatcha gonna do?'