Hammer God 185

Chapter 185 Shit Service

A group of five people heard the distant sounds of something scraping on metal and looked in the direction of the sound.

They were waiting right beside one of the mountains of Starkhold.

A moment later, Kyle came running out of the woods with the struggling chicken.

"Quick! Open the cage!" an older man dressed in a purple suit shouted.

Two of the men immediately opened a big metallic cage.

"In here!" the man shouted, pointing at the cage.

"Sure!" Kyle shouted, running to the cage.

Then, he lifted the chicken and chucked it right into the cage.

BANG!

The door was closed, and the chicken immediately tried to stand up but couldn't due to its broken bones.

The next moment, it shot thorns through the bars, and the men jumped to the side.

Yet, two of them were hit by some thorns, and they started to bleed.

"What did you do?! You didn't disarm it!" the merchant shouted at Kyle as he jumped into the dirt to protect himself from the rain of thorns.

"You didn't say I had to disarm it," Kyle commented calmly.

"It's to be expected! It's part of capturing a beast!" the merchant shouted, quickly scurrying behind Kyle.

Meanwhile, the chicken kept shooting thorns through the bars.

"Hey, you wanted a live Bristle Chicken, and I got you a live Bristle Chicken," Kyle said.

"This is not what I had in mind!" the merchant shouted.

"Yeah, well, sucks," Kyle said.

"Also, what's up with its legs? Why are they broken?!" the merchant asked.

"It would have stabbed me with its talons if I didn't do that," Kyle answered.

"You can't just damage my beast!" the merchant shouted. "Do you know how much the medical costs are going to be?! Also, it's so agitated that it won't lay eggs for months! Bristle Chickens only lay eggs when they feel safe!"

"You ruined the entire mission!" the merchant shouted angrily.

Kyle just looked at the merchant silently.

Then, he lifted the rooster's head and took a bite of its bloody flesh before chewing and slowly swallowing.

The merchant became quite intimidated when he saw that.

"Alright," Kyle spoke calmly. "If you're not happy with my service, open the door, and I will bring it back into the forest."

"What?! You can't just do that! I already paid!" the merchant shouted, still cowering behind Kyle.

"Yeah, well, sucks to be you then," Kyle said. "I'm a Fighter, not a hunter. If you want a properly captured beast, maybe you should've paid the hunters."

"You paid three Ether Stones for a service, and you got three Ether Stones worth of service."

"You can also just pay ten Ether Stones for the hunters."

The merchant grimaced.

Yes, the deal didn't go as smoothly as the merchant wanted, but it was still cheaper than paying the hunters.

The merchant needed to pay approximately 1.5 Ether Stones to calm the chicken down and to make it harmless, but 4.5 Ether Stones was still far less than ten Ether Stones.

"If you pay cheap, you get cheap. Pay stupid prices, get stupid prizes," Kyle said, making a stupid pun that nobody who didn't speak American understood.

The merchant just sneered.

"Fine," he grumbled. "Your mission is complete. I will report to the Stark Brotherhood later today."

"Thanks," Kyle said as he walked towards Starkhold.

The merchant was exposed again, and he looked at the angry chicken warily.

New thorns were already growing on its bark.

'How am I going to deal with this?!' the merchant thought nervously.

Kyle ate the remainder of the rooster before entering Starkhold again.

'Well, gotta wait for the guy to report anyway. Might as well get some sleep in.'

He went to his little room and fell onto the ground before falling asleep.

Of course, Theodor woke him up just two hours later to teach him more about smithing and mining.

"I get why you're teaching me about smithing, but why mining? I'm a Fighter, right?" Kyle asked.

"Imbecile, ore is not cheap, and if you don't know how to mine it, you will one day walk by a valuable piece of ore in the wilderness and look at it longingly without being able to harvest it!"

"You have to make use of every opportunity to its fullest!"

Kyle sighed.

"Sure thing, Boss."

Then, Theodor taught Kyle for a couple of hours.

After that, it was time for Kyle to check on his payment.

He walked down a random corridor and stopped in front of a door.

He wanted to knock, but he saw a little sheet placed on the door.

"I'm in the cafeteria," Kyle read aloud. "Sure."

Kyle walked over to the cafeteria, and he saw Noah talking to Dylan.

Dylan gestured to Kyle, and Noah turned to him.

"Ah, there you are," Noah said, walking over. "Your client has marked the mission as complete."

"Sounds good," Kyle said.

Noah looked at Kyle for a bit. "He was unsatisfied with your service and tried to argue for a lowering of the reward."

"Yeah, well, I gave him what he wanted," Kyle answered with a shrug.

"You did," Noah said. "Good job. Don't let these clients bother you. As long as you fulfill the mission, you are in the clear."

"It is important that our members do exactly what's on the mission. If he had asked for the beast to be delivered unharmed and disarmed, we would have doubled the price and would have given the mission to someone more experienced."

"Ah, that's good," Kyle answered. "I was almost nervous that I messed up."

"No, you did everything correctly," Noah said with a slight smile.

Then, he took out an Ether Stone and handed it to Kyle. "Here's your reward. The five Contribution Points have also been assigned to you."

Kyle nodded with a satisfied smile. "Thanks. By the way, I still need the Physical Tome and the Mental Tome. Can I also buy that with contribution points?"

"Ten points a piece," Noah said with a nod.

Kyle's eyes widened. "Ten points? That's super cheap!"

Noah chuckled a bit. "Benefits of being a member of the Stark Brotherhood. For the members, money is secondary. Contribution points are more important. If we didn't have those, half of our missions wouldn't be accepted by our members."

"I can understand that," Kyle said.

Noah nodded. "By the way, someone wants to talk to you," he said, gesturing to Tracy, who was looking at Kyle nervously.

"Oh?" Kyle uttered.