

## **Hammer God 188**

### Chapter 188: Drama Queen

Tracy landed on top of the downed man and held her staff to his throat.

She was breathing heavily, but that was not due to exertion.

'Kinda funny to see a big man being so afraid of a tiny woman,' Kyle thought as he looked at Tracy's tiny form.

She still had the same proportions and looked like an athletic adult.

But she was just very small.

'Pocket woman.'

Kyle jogged over.

"Please! I have two daughters! I'm only doing this to take care of them! They will starve without me! Please! Don't kill me! Please!" the man begged.

"You're not denying it?!" Tracy shouted with gritted teeth.

"No! I'm a bandit! I'm a bad man, but I'm doing this out of necessity!" he begged.

Tracy's staff shook.

They were supposed to kill the bandits.

That was their mission.

"Please! Mercy!" the man shouted.

"Hey, bro," Kyle shouted, and the man nervously looked over.

"What level are you?" Kyle asked.

"Mid human," the man said.

'Yep, checks out,' Kyle thought.

Earlier, his instincts had sent a confusing feeling to him.

It felt like there was food, but that it was also not food.

Kyle just thought that it was probably a weaker human, and he had been right.

"Alright," Kyle said. "Assuming you have a family, why are you not working as a hunter?"

"Huh?" the man asked.

"Answer the question," Kyle said.

"The Hunter Guild is not recruiting people as weak as me," the man answered.

"Why do you have to join a Hunter Guild to become a hunter?" Kyle asked.

"H-how else am I going to be a hunter?" he asked.

"Just go out and kill beasts. It's not against the law," Kyle said.

"I-I didn't know that!" the man said.

'Bullshit. If even I know about that, a guy born here should also know.'

"Alright, you're pretty tough and strong. Why are you not working in a mine?" Kyle asked.

"A mine?" the man asked in confusion.

"Yeah, there have to be some mines around here. You might not earn a lot, but with your strength, it should be more than enough to support a normal family," Kyle said.

"Actually, scrap that," Kyle said. "Why don't you help carry stuff in Gelden?"

"Why don't you join a caravan as a carrier?"

"How about becoming an apprentice of a trade? Carpenter, lumberjack, stone mason."

"You have a strong body. Why are you not doing that?" Kyle asked.

The man looked shocked.

"I will! I will!" he said. "If you let me go, I will do any of that!"

"You didn't answer my question," Kyle said. "I asked why you were not already doing that."

The man breathed heavily. "I... I..."

"He's a lying sack of shit," Kyle told Tracy.

"I'm not lying! I have a family!" the man shouted in rage.

"Either you don't have a family, or you have one and you're just a shit father. I get being a criminal when you're alone, but if other people depend on you, you can't do that."

"Kill him," Kyle said casually.

"No, please! Please!" the man shouted while looking at Tracy.

Tracy's hand shook.

"Are you sure he's lying?" she asked.

Kyle shrugged. "95%," he said, "but what does it matter anyway? We have a mission. He could be supporting 200 orphans, and that wouldn't change anything."

The man kept begging while Tracy kept hesitating.

'Dude, just do it,' Kyle thought while rolling his eyes.

"Okay, how about this?" Kyle asked. "You finish him, and I finish all the other ones."

Tracy gritted her teeth as she glared at the helpless man.

The next moment, she clenched her eyes shut and turned her head to the side.

The man's eyes widened in horror.

"No! Ple-"

CRKSH!

The man's throat collapsed under the staff's pressure.

That was when Tracy jumped to the side, looking away.

The man kept gurgling.

"You gotta deal with the head," Kyle said. "Otherwise, he's just going to suffocate."

Tracy's body shook, and she looked at the squirming man, who was holding his throat.

BANG!

Then, she used her staff and hit the man's head, his brains splattering across the floor.

"There we go," Kyle said. "Good job."

"Shut up!" Tracy shouted at Kyle. "You're not helping! I just killed a person!"

"Yeah, as I've said, good job!" Kyle said with a grin.

"Killing a person is not a good job! It's never a good job!" Tracy shouted.

Kyle just sighed. "Whatever, let's deal with the remainder."

"You deal with it!" Tracy said with stressed annoyance. "That was the deal."

"I will, but I'm not fast enough. They will just outrun me. You take them out, and I will deal the final blow," Kyle said.

Tracy gritted her teeth. "You deal with them! It's no longer my problem! I will no longer kill anyone ever again!"

'Drama queen,' Kyle thought with an eye roll.

"And how am I supposed to do that?" Kyle asked.

"I don't know! Just get rid of your armor so that you're faster or something," Tracy said with a snort.

Kyle sighed. "Sure, can you at least take care of it so that it doesn't get stolen or eaten or whatever?"

"Sure," Tracy said, looking away, her body still shaking.

Then, Kyle slowly took off his armor, revealing the black suit beneath.

He put the armor in front of Tracy's feet before looking at his hammer.

'Eh, this also slows me down. They're only bandits.'

Kyle also put his hammer in front of Tracy before stretching his body.

"Ah, this feels good!" Kyle said.

"You smell," Tracy said with annoyance.

"Okay, you're being a bit too much of a bitch right now. Could you tone it down a notch?" Kyle asked.

"I just killed a man! Sorry if I'm stressed! This was your idea!" she shouted sarcastically.

'Oh my fucking god. Just be silent, Kyle. Just let her be angry. I'm already looking forward to dealing with these bandits just so that I can get away from her.'

'I swear, this is why husbands work late all the time.'

"Alright, be back soon!" Kyle shouted before charging away.

Tracy just snorted.