

Hammer God 221

Chapter 221 End of Mission

Kyle heard some screams coming from the other side of the street.

Luckily, none of these screams belonged to Kyle's teammates.

"Are you alright?" Tracy asked, looking at Kyle with fear.

When she saw him, she felt horrible.

Kyle was missing almost his entire left arm, and half of his armor was destroyed.

"Eh, yeah, I guess," Kyle answered. "I'm still alive."

Tracy looked at Kyle with a pained expression.

She couldn't imagine how much pain Kyle had to be in right now.

Sure, she had also been injured before, but not to this extent.

"Does it hurt?" she asked.

"What a dumb question," Kyle answered with annoyance. "Of course it hurts! It hurts like a motherfucker!"

Tracy flinched back, and Kyle was immediately assaulted by a feeling of guilt.

"Sorry, that was uncalled for," he said. "I'm just a bit stressed from the fight. I shouldn't have taken it out on you."

"It's okay," Tracy answered. "I understand. Do you need anything?"

"Some meat would be nice, but I will also recover without it. I will just be quite hungry," Kyle said, waving his stump dismissively.

"Well," Falk said, giving Kyle a playful shove. "At least we succeeded in the mission. You were right on the money with all of your information."

The next moment, Horatio appeared in front of Kyle. "We are missing a Paladin. We killed one earlier, and we killed a second one just now. Where is the third?"

"Oh, I killed that one," Kyle said. "His corpse is in that direction."

The other three looked with surprise at Kyle.

"But weren't you chased by two?" Tracy asked.

"Yeah, and I killed one," Kyle said. "That's the other one."

"You killed one of them?" Falks asked in surprise.

Kyle groaned. "Yes, I just said that! How is it so hard to believe me?"

"I mean... you? As in, you, Kyle, killed one Paladin on a two-versus-one?" Falk asked.

Kyle showed Falk the middle finger.

"See that?" he asked. "There should still be some brain on it."

Falk looked with suspicion at Kyle. "I'm not sure if that's the reason you gave me the middle finger."

"Does it matter?" Kyle asked with a grin.

Falk laughed a bit. "It doesn't. Good job, Kyle! I almost feel bad for calling you weak back then."

"I was weak," Kyle said. "I just worked very hard within the last nine months."

"I can tell," Falk said.

"I'm going to get some meat," Tracy interjected.

"Oh, sure, thanks," Kyle answered. "Speaking of, I should get my hammer back."

At that moment, Bormine appeared on the street. "I dealt with everyone who was left."

Kyle just gave a thumbs-up as he walked back to the battlefield.

Falk followed Kyle to make sure that there were no surprises on the way.

When Falk saw the corpse of the Paladin, he nodded in appreciation.

That madman actually did it!

Kyle grabbed his hammer and lifted it over his shoulder with one arm.

His other arm was already recovering, but it would take another minute to fully regrow.

Then, he looked at the corroded scraps of his armor.

"Think those are still usable?" Kyle asked.

"Probably not," Falk answered.

However, that question wasn't directed at Falk.

"They're worthless," Theodor answered. "They have been denatured by Light Ether. Take their weapons and armor and just sell them. You can buy materials for a new set of armor with that."

Kyle nodded and approached the Paladin's corpse.

His armor was still in perfect condition, which made it more valuable.

The only broken part was the helmet.

Over the next minutes, Kyle undressed the Paladin, leaving a naked corpse behind.

Then, he grabbed the Paladin's sword as well and attached it to his back with his Soul.

"That's some good loot," Falk commented. "Just hard to sell."

"I have my ways," Kyle answered as he made his way back to the street.

When the two of them arrived on the street, Kyle noticed the corpse of a Peak beast and a smiling Tracy.

"Thank you!" Kyle said with a grateful smile.

"It's the least I could do," Tracy answered.

Kyle sat down and started to consume the beast while everyone else started to gather the belongings of the religious party.

Everyone decided that they would get to keep the loot of the people they had killed while they would share the contents of the wagon.

After a couple of minutes, the group left the street again.

They didn't want to be surprised by a random caravan.

After all, they looked like textbook bandits right now.

Technically, what they had done was against the law.

The religious party was allowed to spread its belief in the Kingdom, which meant they were not criminals.

Usually, the Skysand Kingdom also allowed the religious parties do their thing.

Unless the religious parties were a bit too successful or too zealous, in which case the Skysand Kingdom would covertly tell a Fighter Guild to get rid of them.

The Divine Duchy would complain about the death of their party, and the Skysand Kingdom would act outraged and tell them that they would find the culprits.

Then, they would blame a random group of bandits that had been captured for unrelated crimes and execute them.

Of course, the Divine Duchy was suspicious, but there wasn't much they could do.

They couldn't investigate all of this themselves.

Sure, they had the option to send an investigative party, but that wouldn't do much.

It was important to note that, due to the distance and the war, the Divine Duchy would hear about the death of its religious party in months.

By then, almost nobody here would remember anything about the incident.

"What about the Sandsuns?" Falk asked as everyone traveled back. "Wouldn't they know that it was us?"

"Yep," Kyle answered, "but it's word against word. They could have also used this opportunity to kill the religious party and blame us. They would get a shitload of cash while also throwing a competitor under the bus."

"Bus?" Falk asked.

"Wagon," Kyle answered. "Sure, the Divine Duchy might believe them and search for us, but they can't officially hunt us. Not sure if it's worth the risk of losing more Paladins and creating an international incident just for some revenge."

Falk thought about that for a bit before shrugging. "You're probably right."