

Hammer God 245

Chapter 245 Trusted

Kyle and Falk walked back into the hotel room, and the others looked over.

"Yo, everything's good!" Kyle said casually. "I calmed down."

Tracy smiled in relief, while Horatio also politely smiled.

Bormine didn't react. To him, this was not a big deal.

"So, Michael," Kyle said, seeing Michael approaching him. "I heard the news. Sucks."

Michael stopped in front of Kyle without saying anything.

Then, he bowed deeply, making Kyle blink in surprise.

"I want to deeply apologize for my arrogant attitude in the past," Michael said.

"No, no, it's fine, dude," Kyle said.

"Please, just let me say this," Michael answered.

"Okay..." Kyle answered awkwardly.

"I realize now that I have followed the wrong person and learned incorrect lessons," Michael spoke with seriousness. "Our coach was not who I thought he was."

"Yes, our coach has trained us very well. He made us powerful and taught us many things in regards to combat."

"But now, I realize all his other lessons were not ones I should have learned."

"In the army, following orders is absolute, but we are not in the army."

"Even more, as far as I know, you can also ask your superior about the orders as long as you are not in a combat scenario, and they will explain to you why they gave said order."

"Our coach never allowed us to question any of his orders, and when I became the leader in our coach's absence, I tried to do the same thing."

"That was wrong of me and put us in a bad situation. I know that I was wrong, and I want to learn from someone more competent. You."

Kyle felt a bit awkward.

More competent?

"I'm really not that great," Kyle said with an awkward smile. "I'm good at swinging my hammer, but I'm not good at ordering people around. I let everyone else do what they are good at during combat."

"Why?" Michael asked.

"Why?" Kyle repeated. "Because they know the best what they are good at."

"You trust them?" Michael asked.

Kyle nodded.

"What if that trust gets broken?" Michael asked.

"Then, it gets broken," Kyle answered. "Why extend trust to anyone if you think they are going to break it anyway? The others are not tools or weapons. They are my friends."

"I would rather fight an enemy with a bunch of friends at my side than a bunch of servants. I mean, what if I make a mistake? If I just have servants at my side, they will follow my incorrect orders, and things will go south. But with friends, they can pull me back to the right path."

"I mean, you saw how I almost lost control when that fuckface almost killed me. Seriously, I was about to tear that guy's head off. A bunch of servants would have just watched me, while my friends actually realized that I was about to make a mistake and stopped me before I did something horrible."

Michael looked at the other members, who just smiled.

"That wouldn't have happened in my team," Michael said.

"I mean, yeah," Kyle answered. "You guys are more professional and more disciplined. You probably don't lose control as easily as me."

"That's not what I meant," Michael said. "I meant that nobody would have stopped me if I were in your shoes."

"What? Why?" Kyle asked.

"Because I would have been banished from the team, and my position as leader would go to someone else. It is a shot to get a promotion," Michael said.

"That does not sound like a team," Kyle said.

"It isn't," Michael answered. "I can see that now after seeing how you five work together."

"You have a team. We don't."

"Good that you can see that. So, what's your plan?" Kyle asked.

"I plan on following you to Starkhold and looking around," Michael said. "I have quite a bit of experience, and I think I will be working as a free agent. I noticed that Starkhold doesn't have many Sorcerers, and I believe my skills will be in great demand. If you ever need help with something, just contact me."

Kyle scratched the side of his head. "Don't take this the wrong way. You're really strong and useful, and I'm sure that you will earn a bunch of money with your skill."

"But how are you going to actually get stronger? I mean, you can probably increase your Stage with the money, but don't you also need Spells? Can you just get them without joining any organization?"

"Do you not want me in Starkhold?" Michael asked.

"What? No! I'm glad that you're coming to Starkhold!" Kyle quickly answered.

"Then, why are you trying to convince me not to go to Starkhold?" Michael asked.

"Ehm," Kyle answered. "I mean, I just asked a question, you know?"

"Do you think I didn't think about all of these things before making my decision?" Michael asked.

"Yeah, okay," Kyle said. "You probably know what you're doing. You're right. Sorry about that."

"Kyle," Michael said, using his name for the first time. "This is why people are willing to follow you."

"Not sure what you mean," Kyle answered.

"You just admitted that you were wrong and apologized as if it weren't a big deal. Do you know how rarely people utter the words 'You're right'?"

"Even when people know in their minds that they are wrong, they rarely admit to it. Most of the time, they just stop talking about the issue. Many times, they switch the topic. Sometimes, they say that you misunderstood them and change their argument."

"Yeah," Kyle answered. "That also annoys me when people do that."

An image of Theodor appeared in Kyle's mind when he said that sentence.

"People like to follow you because they feel valued and trusted," Michael said. "At least, that's how it looks to me."

Kyle looked at his team. "Is that true?"

"Valued like dogshit on your boot," Falk said.

"Trusted like a knife in the back," Bormine added.

"Wow, thanks for the compliments," Kyle said with a chuckle.