

Hammer God 252

Chapter 252 Angry

Kyle took a deep breath.

"I know that you're angry, but-"

"Angry?!" Falk interrupted Kyle. "I feel like shit because two of my best friends just died!"

"Yes, angry," Kyle said, "but we-"

"This is not anger!" Falk shouted. "This is righteous indignation! I am furious with the unfairness, and I can't take the thought of never hearing Tracy's or Bormine's voices again!"

"They were our comrades, for fuck's sake!"

"Okay, okay," Kyle said. "Can you please stop interrupting me?"

Falk's eyes widened with fury as his arms shook.

Then, his entire demeanor turned cold.

"Fine, speak," he said with a dark tone.

"I know you're angry," Kyle said, "but we can't just rush into this stuff without a plan. Yes, I also want revenge, but what's the point if it endangers our lives as well? Would Bormine and Tracy want us to take revenge for them at the cost of our own lives?"

An expression of disgust appeared on Falk's face as he looked at Kyle. "No," he spoke slowly.

"There you go," Kyle said in a tone that suggested they were in agreement. "So, why take revenge like this? We can just report it to the Chief, and he will deal with everything."

Silence.

"That's it?" Falk asked.

"Yeah, I thought we agreed on that," Kyle said.

"Do you not want to take revenge? Do you not want to tear this traitorous asshole apart with your own hands for killing our friends?!" Falk asked.

"Of course I want revenge," Kyle said with an exasperated sigh, "but what's the point if we don't have the means? Tracy and Bormine are already dead. Not much we can do about that."

Falk shook his head in disbelief as he looked at Kyle. "Do you even hear yourself?"

"They died ten minutes ago!"

"You talk like they've died months ago!"

"Why are you so calm?"

"Why are you not angry?"

Kyle sighed. "What's the point of anger? It's a shit situation, and the best thing you can do in such a situation is to just accept it and focus on the important stuff."

Falk just looked in shock at Kyle.

"Important stuff?" he asked. "Is this not important?"

"No, not really," Kyle said, scratching the back of his head. "I mean, they're already dead. I can't resurrect the dead."

Falk just kept looking at Kyle for several seconds.

"Are you serious?" he asked.

Kyle furrowed his brows in annoyance. "Yes, I explained myself like five times already."

Falk closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

Several seconds of silence passed.

"This day, man..." Falk said, his voice shaky. "This fucking day."

Kyle saw some tears gathering in Falk's eyes and felt a bit bad.

"Yeah, I know," he said. "It sucks."

Falk just shook his head and took off one of the sacks he was carrying.

Then, he grabbed the melting pieces of ice and put them into the sack.

"What are you doing?" Kyle asked.

"Gathering my comrade's remains," Falk said with a weak voice.

"The ice will melt pretty soon," Kyle said. "Is your sack waterproof?"

Kyle wanted to tell Falk that he should use a bottle or a bucket to transport Bormine, but he thought that comment would be a bit inappropriate.

Falk just dropped the sack and remained silent for a while.

"But..." he said slowly. "What am I supposed to tell Bormine's sister? I can't just return without his remains. She needs something to mourn."

'Bormine had a sister?' Kyle thought.

"Take his remaining rapier," Kyle said.

Falk looked over and slowly pulled out the rapier from the ground.

For several seconds, he just looked at the rapier.

Kyle just awkwardly scratched the back of his head and walked over to Tracy's corpse.

"I'm going to carry-"

"No!" Falk shouted as a seemingly unending wave of hatred and anger exploded out of him.

Kyle took a step back. "Okay, okay! I won't! Geeze! I just wanted to help, dude."

Falk didn't say anything else and approached Tracy's corpse.

For a couple of seconds, he just looked at it before carefully and awkwardly lifting it.

As he looked at the headless corpse, tears threatened to burst out of his eyes.

"If you want to help, you can carry the attacker's corpse," Falk said with a neutral voice.

Kyle just shrugged, walked over to the Late Knight, and threw the corpse over his shoulder.

The corpse was quite heavy.

It seemed like the Late Knight had more weapons below his cloak, and he also wore some kind of light armor.

'Probably worth a fortune,' he thought.

"Are you ready to return?" Kyle asked Falk.

Falk just started running without saying anything.

"Guess that's a yes," Kyle said before looking at Michael. "Hop on."

Michael looked at Kyle with an uncertain expression before he climbed on Kyle's other shoulder.

Then, everyone ran towards Starkhold.

Sadly, Falk was much faster than Kyle and Michael, and he didn't seem interested in waiting for them.

"No worries," Kyle told Michael. "He's just angry. He will calm down."

Michael looked in Falk's direction.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yeah, happened before," Kyle said with a shrug, almost dropping the corpse accidentally.

Michael just remained silent.

Several minutes of silent travel passed.

"I think you did the right thing," Michael said.

"Huh?" Kyle asked.

"I think you did the right thing," he repeated.

"When? About what?" Kyle asked.

"I don't think your comrades would want you to run to your death just to take revenge for them," Michael said. "As a leader, you have to prioritize your living comrades over your fallen ones."

"Your comrade is angry at you, which will stop him from running to his death."

"You might have saved his life."

Kyle blinked a couple of times.

"Eh, yeah, sure," he said.

Kyle carefully scratched his head while running.

'Falk was angry with me? I mean, yeah, but it didn't seem worse than usual.'

'Did I do something wrong?'

'I told him that I understand that he's angry.'

'I was polite.'

'I validated his feelings.'

'I was not rude.'

'I didn't make any insensitive jokes or comments.'

'I was logical.'

'Isn't that how I'm supposed to act?'

'Did I make a mistake somewhere?'