

Hammer God 30

Chapter 30: Mom and Dad

"What is wrong with you?!"

Samson's voice echoed throughout the entire hut, making Fennek and Lancel wince despite not being at the receiving end of it.

"So what if he fought a Spitter? He killed Old Betty. If he can kill Old Betty, he can kill a Spitter," Nervon answered in annoyance.

"It's his fourth freaking day!" Samson shouted back. "He doesn't know how to fight! He only killed Old Betty due to dumb luck!"

"But he didn't need any luck in this fight!" Nervon shouted back. "He killed it all on his own! The only thing I did was to stop it from running away!"

"You almost killed him!" Samson shouted back.

"He has his armor. We both know the Spitter can't pierce that," Nervon answered.

"And what about his head?!" Samson shouted back. "If the Spitter hit his head, he would be dead!"

"Then he just wouldn't be strong enough to repay his debt anyway!" Nervon shouted. "Old Betty was worth a fortune, and we both know that it's almost impossible for him to ever repay that! Old Betty is the origin of 40% of our entire revenue!"

"Is that why you did this?!" Samson asked. "You're angry because he made us lose money?!"

"How dare you insinuate that?!" Nervon shouted, hitting the table with his fist before pointing in Samson's face. "You know exactly that I'm not like that! You gave me a second chance, and I'm willing to give Kyle a second chance as well! But he has to actually put in the effort!"

"Enough of these stupid handouts! Kyle is a hunter! He's a warrior! He showed me as much when he crushed the Spitter's eyes and tore its neck from its head!"

Fennek winced when he heard that description.

"Nervon, you can't just throw a pup into the wild and expect it to survive! They need to learn!" Samson shouted back.

"An eagle chick that never dares to take the plunge from its nest will starve!" Nervon countered. "If you want to give him an actual shot, you must give him the opportunity to make mistakes! Coddle him, and he will forever remain a chick!"

"It's his fourth day!" Samson shouted very slowly. "His fourth freaking day!"

"He's a half-dwarf!" Nervon shouted back, pointing at Kyle with his open hand. "Dwarves learn to fight during their childhood! They have to fight beasts when they are barely eight years old!"

"Look at this guy! He's most likely already in his 20s! That's bad enough of a handicap as it is! If you want to give him the opportunity to actually make something of himself, you must push him!"

Nervon hit the table in anger again.

"You are ruining his future by coddling him!"

"Nervon! I have trained all of you except for Fennek! I know how to train inexperienced people, and I'm telling you, literally throwing them to the wolves is negligent and stupid!"

"We are not animals! We do not throw our children to fight beasts and count our losses when 90% of them die a gruesome death! We are humans! We teach our children until they grow up and can undertake risks of their own volition!"

"He's not a child!" Nervon shouted back. "He's twenty-something! He doesn't have the luxury of childhood anymore! He wasted that privilege on King knows what! Now he's in deep shit and needs to grow a spine! He needs to be an adult and make some hard choices!"

"He's not an adult!" Samson shouted, shooting up from his chair. "Four days ago, he didn't even know what a city was! Physically, he might be an adult, but mentally, he is a child! He needs to learn like a child before he can be an adult!"

"Compared to you, I have children, and I know how you have to raise them!"

'Mom, Dad, can you stop fighting?' Kyle thought. 'Seriously, this is my childhood all over again.'

'This reminds me how much I hate my meth-addicted-ass mother and my druglord father.'

The two of them kept shouting at each other, and Kyle grew more annoyed.

'Well, compared to back then, I'm not a helpless child anymore!'

"Shut the fuck up!" Kyle shouted in English as he stepped between the two.

Samson looked sternly at Kyle while Nervon looked at him neutrally.

"I need to contribute!" Kyle told Samson while standing beside Nervon. "I need to learn more just faster! I don't have time! I need to earn! I am adult! I make choice!"

Kyle pointed at Samson. "You are businessman! I am investment! I need return!"

"Let me return. Let me earn. Let me grow. Please."

Samson took a deep breath in annoyance and frustration.

"He nearly killed you, Kyle," Samson said, his voice calmer than before. "I can't just let that slide."

"It was necessary," Kyle answered. "I live in dream. I get without work. I take without give."

"I need get off ass and work!"

"Learn more just faster!"

"Earn more just faster!"

"Grow more just faster!"

The horrendous grammatical misunderstanding made Samson feel like he was watching a comedy-drama from the outside.

Samson sighed.

This entire thing was ridiculous.

"You're right," Samson told Kyle. "Maybe my perspective as a father has warped my judgment."

"You're right. I am a businessman. I took you out of prison to give you a second chance, but I am also looking for returns for my investment."

"You are an adult, and you can make your own decisions," Samson said.

Then, Samson turned to Nervon. "Since he is fine with what you did, I will let this slide, but I don't want something like this to happen again."

"What if he wants it to happen again?" Nervon asked.

"Kyle is an adult," Samson said. "His risks are his to take. If he agrees to risk his life, he is free to do so, but do not force him into something he doesn't want. Unless it's related to work and relatively safe. I don't want to see a repeat of today's incident! Do you understand?"

"I can work with that," Nervon said with a nod.

Kyle sighed in relief.

"After your introductory period," Samson said, "you will be working with Nervon from now on."

"If he thinks he can train you better, he can show me."

Nervon snorted.

"Fine by me. You'll see. I'll make a fine warrior out of him."