

Hammer God 503

Chapter 503 Regret

"Daddy!" an excited girl shouted as she ran into the arms of her dirty and sweat-drenched father.

The father, a slightly older man, lifted the little girl up and carefully hugged her.

He looked like he didn't want to dirty his daughter with all the filth on his body.

A moment later, a male teenager also walked out of the wooden hut that was their home.

"Hey, Dad! How was work?" he asked with a smile, approaching the man.

The teenage son was already taller than the father by quite a bit. He was also covered in some impressive muscles and carried a long sword on his hip.

Considering the circumstances, the teenage son's athletic body wasn't surprising.

After all, the family lived in the middle of the woods, kilometers away from any other house.

"As always," the father answered with a tired smile.

The son just sighed. "Why are you still doing this to yourself? The money I get from the academy is enough for all of us."

The father just sighed. "Timmy, that money is for your future. How often do I have to tell you?"

The son just released an annoyed sigh.

His stubborn mule of a father just wouldn't move on this topic!

Timothy, Timmy, for short, worked so hard to give his family a better standard of living, but his parents refused to take any money from him.

"It's not like I'm using my savings," Timmy said. "This is extra income. Even if I give you a big chunk every month, my savings will still keep increasing."

The father just calmly but firmly shook his head. "Becoming powerful is expensive. You will need all of that in the future."

Timmy did his best not to snort.

He loved his father, but sometimes, his father talked like he knew everything about what it meant to become powerful.

But if he knew, why was he working himself to the bone as a contractor in a small mine?

"If you change your mind, just tell me," Timmy said after releasing a sigh and walking back into the house.

While he was walking into the house, a third person walked out.

It was an older lady with a very unassuming appearance.

She looked a bit like an older lady living down the street.

She wasn't beautiful, and it was evident that she hadn't been able to rely on her beauty in her youth.

Nevertheless, when she saw her husband, she smiled with contentment and happiness.

"Welcome back," she said with a smile.

When the man saw her smile, he looked to the side.

It was almost like he didn't dare to look at her. The wife approached her husband and pushed his head to look into her eyes.

"I said, welcome back, honey," she said softly.

"Thank you," the man said with a smile.

Smiling had been hard for him.

He didn't want to smile.

It didn't feel right.

As the man looked at his wife, he just stood there like a tree.

His body didn't move an inch.

His wife just smiled knowingly before she wrapped her arms around him.

The man continued standing there for several seconds before his arms slowly returned the hug.

Yet, his arms barely touched his wife's body.

It was like he was just acting like he was hugging her.

Although his hug was light like a spring breeze, her hug was tight and filled with love.

Moments later, they parted, and the wife led her husband back into the house.

When the man saw the food his wife had made, he looked away.

"You should keep that for yourself," he said. "I ate at work."

The wife just smiled. "Oh, that's sad. I put a lot of effort into the dinner. Don't you want to try, at least?"

She grabbed a plate of beautifully roasted beef and held it to him.

The man's arm slowly moved to the plate, and he carefully took the smallest slice before putting it into his mouth.

His eyes closed.

It tasted so good.

"It's amazing," he said with a weak smile, "but I already ate. I'm full. You can have all of it."

The wife just closed her eyes and sighed.

She had expected that this approach would be too drastic and wouldn't likely give a positive result.

Over the years, she had realized that her husband only truly ate a bit when she barely put any effort into the food.

As soon as the food looked appetizing, he said that he had eaten at work.

She knew why things were like this.

Her husband felt deeply ashamed of something.

There was something that ate at him deep inside.

Sometimes, she woke up during the night, her husband nowhere in sight.

Whenever that happened, she felt like she could hear him crying, but he was nowhere near the house.

The man went to his favorite chair in the corner, but before he reached it, he stopped.

Then, he looked out of the window, an expression of pain and regret on his face.

His wife noticed his expression, and for some reason, her insides shook.

Her husband never directly showed such an expression since he didn't want to worry her.

But now, the pain and regret on his face were open for the world to see.

It was just regret.

There was so much regret in him. The next moment, the man took a deep breath.

He turned to his wife, and a sad smile appeared on his face.

"I love you," he said.

For some reason, the wife had a terrifying premonition.

She felt like she was about to lose her husband.

Then, the man looked at his children with love and pride, tinged by sadness.

"I love you," he said.

The small girl and the teenager looked at their father in surprise.

Where was this suddenly coming from?

"Honey, what's going on?" the wife asked with worry.

The man took a deep breath and walked to the door.

"My past has come," he said.

"I'm sorry."

As the man opened the door, the surroundings outside changed.

It was late in the evening, and the trees were supposed to be dark and peaceful already.

And yet, at this moment, a blood-red light was illuminating the forest outside the hut, and they could also see how the trees were swaying in a terrifying wind.

The man opened the door.

Surprisingly, none of the terrifying winds damaged the house or entered it.

"Honey!" the wife shouted.

The man walked outside.

The door closed behind him.