

Hammer God 74

Chapter 74: Aura

After walking for almost an hour, Kyle finally saw the walls of Theodor's Rest.

"Oh, by the way," Kyle said as he remembered something. "Did you know about this city?"

"Foolish mortal, a lot of time has passed since my passing. Villages like this spring up and decay like leaves," Theodor answered arrogantly.

"Did you know this town is named after you?" Kyle asked.

"What? A town named after me?" Theodor asked in surprise.

"Yeah, it's called Theodor's Rest," Kyle said.

"Theodor's Rest?" Theodor repeated in confusion.

"What? Is that surprising?"

Theodor remained silent for a bit.

"I don't understand," Theodor mumbled to himself, but since he was inside Kyle's brain, he could still hear his mumbling.

"I vowed my vengeance. I told Hieronymus and his lackeys that I would burn their Kingdom to the ground."

"Why would they allow a city to be named after me?"

'Ah, now that it has your name in it, it's suddenly a city,' Kyle thought.

"Well, did you?" Kyle asked.

"I didn't have the means," Theodor answered.

"There you go," Kyle answered. "You said you would do it, but you didn't."

"Who knows? Maybe Hieronymus just thought you were throwing a tantrum since nothing ever came of it."

"Insolent mortal! I do not throw tantrums!" Theodor shouted.

"Riiight," Kyle answered with a smile.

"Do not believe that your insolence goes unnoticed!" Theodor shouted. "I have learned of your unusual way of mocking my greatness, and I will repay your insolence in time!"

Kyle rolled his eyes and approached the gates.

He had already eaten the leg before arriving here.

As the guards at the gates saw Kyle, they raised their brows.

Many people passed through the gates on a daily basis, but the guards took special note of Kyle.

That was because he was unlike the normal people.

He carried a massive hammer with him.

He had raven-black hair that glistened in the sun.

He was tall and muscular.

His black clothing was quite stylish, and even the simplest peasant could tell that it was made of expensive materials.

Lastly, his eyes had... a certain aura to them.

Naturally, this was the effect of having undergone a ritual.

People who had undergone a ritual had a special aura to them.

Even Fennek, the Squire in Samson's squad, had this special aura.

A ritual reconstructed one's body.

A ritual that enhanced the body gave the person an amazing physique.

A ritual that enhanced the Center created a certain shine in somebody's skin and hair.

When the Soul was enhanced, the eyes of the person almost seemed magical.

The only thing one couldn't see at first glance was when the mind was enhanced.

However, just talking to the person would very quickly expose that part as well.

Kyle essentially had all of these attributes due to his Aristocrat's Body.

As he passed through the gates, Kyle noticed that many people were looking at him.

Out of habit, he looked down at his pants.

'Still on,' he thought.

After walking for a while, Kyle got annoyed by all of the gazes.

He pulled his eyes open as wide as he could and focused them on one of the staring people.

The person felt uncomfortable, moved their head away, and continued walking.

Then, Kyle kept looking around him with his crazy stare, and all the people looked away.

"What are you doing?" Theodor asked in annoyance.

"They're annoying! I'm annoying them back!" Kyle grumbled.

The people looked over again when Kyle said something.

Who was he talking to?

"I'm not talking to myself!" Kyle shouted. "I'm talking to..."

The people looked at him in confusion and concern.

'Brah, I can't tell them that I'm talking to the voice inside my head! They will think I'm crazy!'

Some awkward seconds passed.

Then, Kyle quickly shuffled away under the concerned gazes of the onlookers.

'Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!' Kyle shouted at himself in his mind. 'Don't act crazy! You're not crazy! They're crazy!'

He suddenly stopped walking.

'Okay, don't think that again. Crazy people think like that, and you're not crazy!'

After walking for a while, Kyle arrived in front of Samson's Hunter Hall.

For a while, he just stood there.

His nervousness had returned.

Then, he took a deep breath.

'Well, here we go!'

He approached the Hunter Hall and opened it.

As he walked inside, he saw the administrator, Lydia, writing on something.

Lydia's head rose, and she looked at Kyle, who just smiled awkwardly.

The next moment, Lydia put on a friendly smile and approached him.

"Welcome to Samson's Hunter Hall! How may I assist you?" she asked in the friendliest tone Kyle had ever heard.

"Eeeehhhh," Kyle uttered as he remembered Lydia's constant annoyed expression he usually saw.

'Is that really Lydia?'

"Eh, yeah," Kyle said. "Is Samson here?"

"The Hall Master is currently out on duty. He will be back within a couple of hours. May I leave a message?" she asked with a smile.

Kyle felt uncomfortable.

'She doesn't recognize me?'

'Is it the clothing?' he thought.

"Yeah, uh, I'll just return later," Kyle said before leaving the Hunter Hall.

Lydia gave a polite farewell while Kyle left.

"Your stuttering is unbecoming of my inheritor," Theodor said with disdain. "I will teach you how to speak properly in the future."

"We're in a city," Kyle whispered. "I can't talk to you in public."

"Why do you care what these plebians think? They are beneath you," Theodor spoke arrogantly.

"Didn't you literally just say that I should learn how to speak properly? Why do you care what these people think?" Kyle grumbled.

"Foolish mortal. I do not care what these people think with their tiny minds. I want you to learn how to speak so that the people whose opinions actually matter will respect you."

"Besides, talking to oneself is common. When I need to gather my thoughts, I do the same thing. Nobody ever believed I was crazy."

Kyle suppressed his comment.

He could imagine Theodor shouting at himself in public.

'Yeah, sure,' Kyle thought. 'And I'm the Emperor.'