

## **Hammer God 75**

### Chapter 75: Meeting Samson

Kyle spent a couple of hours just walking around the town, looking at different things to buy.

Sadly, there wasn't a lot to buy.

This was a relatively small town, and it only sold the basics like food, water, furniture, and weapons.

There were a couple of shops specializing in Ether stuff, but Kyle had no idea what that was even about.

Naturally, Theodor kept complaining about random stuff, but Kyle just droned him out.

When Kyle saw the sun approaching the horizon, he sighed and walked over to Samson's Hunter Hall.

He really didn't look forward to this conversation.

Everyone thought that he was dead and he could just run away.

After all, his bracelet broke at some point during the trial. He didn't remember when, though.

But that just didn't feel right.

Samson had saved him and had taught him.

Leaving him like this just felt horrible.

Kyle slowly stepped through the Hunter Hall.

This time, there were several people there.

Samson was at the back, going through a couple of papers.

Fennek was narrating something to Tarren, who just nodded absentmindedly while organizing some animal parts.

Lancel had already gone home.

Nervon was nowhere to be seen.

When Kyle stepped in, everyone looked over.

As they looked at his expensive clothing and weapon, they knew that a big customer had arrived.

"Welcome back, sir," Lydia shouted with a smile.

She did that so that Samson knew that this was the person she had told him about.

Samson quickly stood up and approached Kyle with a smile.

"Welcome to Samson's Hunter Hall!" he said with a smile. "I am the owner of this place, Samson. I have been told that you wanted to speak to me."

Kyle had a nervous expression on his face.

"Yes, eh, can we talk in private?" he asked.

"Of course. Just follow me," Samson said as he led Kyle to the room reserved for negotiations.

Samson sat down, and Kyle sat opposite of him.

"So, what is it that you need?" Samson asked.

"Eh, this is a bit awkward," Kyle said.

Samson raised an eyebrow.

"Nobody recognized me when I entered."

Samson looked at Kyle with surprise. "Are you someone of renown?" he asked.

"Eh, no. I don't think anybody really knows me," Kyle said awkwardly as he scratched the back of his head.

Samson furrowed his brows.

"Yeah, I'm just gonna say it," Kyle said.

"Sorry for not showing up to work for like two or three weeks or something. I was kind of... preoccupied."

Samson furrowed his brows as he looked at Kyle.

"Is that a joke?" he asked, his chippy demeanor gone.

"No, no! I'm really sorry! I'm not just saying that!" Kyle quickly said in a defensive manner. "So... yeah... I think I changed a bit."

"By the way, if it wasn't clear, I'm Kyle," he added.

Samson's eyes widened as he looked at Kyle.

He seemed quite skeptical.

"How come nobody recognizes me?!" Kyle said with annoyance. "I expected an earful or some guards, but everyone thought I was some kind of client."

Samson still wasn't convinced.

"What did I say to Kyle when we first met?" he asked.

"How am I supposed to know that? I didn't speak Sandspeak back then," Kyle answered. "You just talked to the guard and then gave me some meat."

Then, Samson looked at Kyle's wrist. "Something is supposed to be there."

"You mean that bracelet the guards gave me?" Kyle asked. "Well..."

"It was cut off," Theodor told Kyle.

"It was cut off," Kyle echoed.

"Cut off?!" Samson shouted in shock. "How?"

It was very difficult to get rid of that.

After that, Theodor fed Kyle the lines he was supposed to say.

"Well, you see, I was digging on that hill. You know, the one on the way from the Great Anaconda's territory to the town? I wanted to earn some money to repay my debt more quickly."

"At some point, three masked figures attacked me, and I couldn't really resist them."

"They knocked me out and took me with them."

"I woke up in a cell, and the bracelet was already removed. I assumed they cut it off because... I mean... how else would they remove it?"

Samson's eyes narrowed. "Continue," he said with some authority.

"I talked to some other inmates, who told me that we are recruits for a quite advanced band of bandits or something. Although, that didn't make much sense. I mean, they said they were bandits, but everything was so... organized."

"Anyway, I was told that I was supposed to be fodder in some kind of mission, but before that happened, I broke out."

"How?" Samson asked.

"Remember the drill I had on me?" Kyle asked. "They didn't find it. I just drilled through one of the walls during the night."

"After breaking out, I tried to find my way out, but I just couldn't."

"Eventually, I entered a room with lots of lines on the ground, and I saw a guy there."

"As soon as the guy saw me, he knew that I was not part of the group, and he panicked."

"He begged for his life and said that he would do anything to keep his life."

"He told me that he would allow me to undergo a Fighter Ritual, free of charge."

"However, he also made me promise him that I had to break him out afterward."

"Since I didn't have a way out, I kind of just... accepted his offer."

"I underwent the ritual, and afterward, he showed me the way out."

"I had to carry that guy on my shoulders while we were fleeing from the other people."

"Luckily, my body was much stronger, and I managed to outrun them."



"I think I was lucky that none of the upper echelons were there that night. They probably had something to do."

"I ran through the forest for a while, and I only managed to find my way back today."

"So, yeah. That's what happened..."

Samson furrowed his brows.

"Where is that other person that escaped with you?"