

Hammer God 79

Chapter 79: Bread

'This sucks!' Kyle thought as he lay on the ground with yet more broken ribs.

The two of them had been going at it for hours now, and Kyle hadn't gotten a single hit in, except for that one hit with his hilt.

After that one hit, Nervon had become far more careful.

'You know, if I were on Earth, my entire body would be sore. I swear, I've never worked out so much in my life.'

'But, oh no, this is fucking fantasy land, and as long as I get fucking food or whatever, my body recovers to its peak condition.'

'There's no end.'

'If I didn't need to sleep or drink, my body could continue for-fucking-ever.'

"Can we stop for today?" Kyle asked after eating more meat.

"How dare you!" Theodor shouted at him. "He is willingly teaching you, and you are refusing an opportunity to grow!"

Meanwhile, Nervon narrowed his eyes. "Is this all you can achieve? Is this your limit?"

"Where's the Kyle that ripped the throat out of a Spitter with his bare teeth?"

"If you quit now, you might as well sign up to our Hunter Hall for the remainder of your life."

"Is that what you want? Do you want to be a mere hunter for all of your life?"

"Do you want to watch younger people than you surpass you as you stagnate into oblivion?"

Meanwhile...

"You are no inheritor of mine!" Theodor shouted at Kyle. "How did someone with such a weak will pass my trials?!"

Kyle was attacked on two fronts.

"Fucking fine!" Kyle shouted as he jumped to his feet.

Nervon just smirked. "That's the spirit!"

"We got a problem."

Kyle and Nervon looked to the side and saw Lancel.

He hadn't even noticed that Lancel had arrived in the clearing.

"Yes?" Nervon asked.

"There's another Tar Golem," Lancel said.

Nervon took a deep breath. "We'll be right there."

However, instead of leaving, Lancel just looked at Nervon.

"Are you sure you are in a condition to fight?" he asked.

"What other choice do I have?" Nervon said, pulling his weapons up.

Lancel hesitated for a bit. "Alright."

Kyle wasn't sure what Lancel was talking about and looked at Nervon.

He noticed that Nervon was breathing rather quickly, and his weapons were shaking slightly.

"He is not a half-dwarf like you," Theodor said with annoyance. "It takes normal humans like him hours to recover their Ether, and it takes days for them to recover from injuries."

At that moment, Kyle felt bad.

Nervon had been feeding Kyle one piece of meat after the other.

How did he even get all of that meat?

He probably hunted several beasts through the night and barely got a couple of hours of sleep.

Then, he kept beating the shit out of Kyle for hours without any food. He only drank from a bottle of water occasionally.

Meanwhile, Kyle was in top condition, and he wanted to give up.

'Stop being such a pussy!' Kyle shouted at himself in his mind. 'He's having it worse than you! Sure, he still has bones that are in one piece, but he's completely exhausted.'

"I'm going to do it," Kyle said.

"You are going to do what?" Nervon asked with narrowed eyes.

"I am going to attract the Tar Golem's attention," Kyle said.

The next moment, Nervon shoved Kyle to the side.

This was not a friendly shove but an aggressive one.

"Do not play with the lives of others!" Nervon shouted. "This is not about courage. This is not about you proving yourself. My job is not to attract the Tar Golem's attention but to protect the lives of my team!"

"You may play with your life however much you want, but I will not let you play with the lives of my team!" Nervon shouted.

Kyle was taken aback by the outburst.

There was genuine aggression behind this outburst.

This was different from all the times Nervon had hit him with his mace.

"You're right. I'm sorry," Kyle answered.

Nervon snorted and walked past Kyle.

Nervon looked at Lancel and nodded.

Then, the two of them ran into the forest, and Kyle ran after them.

Despite the tongue-lashing he had received just now, Kyle was still part of the team.

The three of them ran through the forest.

"We already know where it is. The others are keeping it at bay."

Kyle remembered the Tar Golem, and he knew that it was not a joke.

He also remembered that the last Tar Golem had come from a place close to the Great Anaconda's territory.

If Samson and the others took the risk to fight it by themselves...

'This one was probably on its way to the Great Anaconda.'

'If it gets there, the Great Anaconda will move and mess up the entire ecosystem. It might even attack the town!'

"Hey, Boss," Kyle whispered. "You know about golems. Can you tell me anything about Tar Golems?"

"Golems can be made of any kind of material," Theodor answered. "You could theoretically make a golem out of tar, but I can't imagine a reason why anyone would do that. It's not hard like rock, and it's not versatile like a fire or lightning golem."

"It's the worst of both worlds."

Kyle just furrowed his brows.

As they came closer, Kyle's sense of smell alerted him of the Tar Golem.

It smelled so insanely foul!

However, he just squinted his eyes and focused.

BANG!

They heard the distant sound of fighting.

Lancel seemingly vanished, and Nervon kept charging forward.

Kyle just followed after Nervon.

After some seconds, Kyle could finally see the Tar Golem.

It was around three meters high and had several tentacles.

"Is that supposed to be the golem?" Theodor asked with disgust.

"Yep," Kyle whispered.

"That is not a golem," Theodor answered with annoyance. "Calling that a golem is akin to calling a toddler a warrior."

"This is a failed amalgamation. This doesn't have any of the finesse or materials required to be a golem."

"This is something a failed graduate from a second-rate school would make."

"It's like somebody took the ingredients to make bread and threw them into the furnace without preparing them."

"Sure, it has everything required to be bread, but you can't call that bread."