

Hammer God 88

Chapter 88: Destruction

The two of them trained for another hour, and then, it was time to get to work.

While Kyle was still full of energy, Nervon was a bit exhausted.

He didn't have the luxury of a dwarf's body.

He needed to regain Ether the normal way, which was by absorbing it slowly from the environment.

Kyle could also do that, but he could supplement his recovery with meat.

"Nervon, you're with Lancel today," Samson said. "I want you to patrol around the Great Anaconda's territory."

"I thought I was supposed to take care of Kyle," Nervon commented.

"The Tar Golem incident takes priority," Samson said. "I need two strong hunters I can trust, and you two make a good team."

"Fine," Nervon answered.

"Kyle, you're with me," Samson said.

Kyle nodded.

Samson gave a couple more orders, and the two of them set off.

Over the next hours, Samson taught Kyle more about the wildlife.

It was important that Kyle knew where their money was coming from.

After some hours, Kyle stopped.

"There are Spitters," he said.

Samson looked with surprise at Kyle.

He hadn't sensed any Spitters yet.

But then, he heard some rustling in the distance.

He wasn't yet sure what kind of animal made that rustling, but it did sound a bit like Spitters.

"Can I?" Kyle asked. "I'm hungry."

Samson furrowed his brows.

"Are you confident?" he asked.

Kyle nodded. "Yeah, I killed quite a few of them already."

Samson took a deep breath.

"Well, alright. But be careful."

Kyle just grinned and started to charge forward.

He made a lot of noise, and Samson just looked at his careless movements with uncertainty.

The rustling in the distance became more frantic.

The Spitters had heard Kyle, and they knew that food had arrived.

Samson followed after Kyle, making sure that nothing happened to him.

Suddenly, one of the Spitters jumped over a bush, a fireball ready.

BANG!

But Kyle's hammer just completely obliterated it.

Samson's eyes widened when he saw the Spitter's body hitting one of the trees.

Yeah, that thing was definitely dead.

The next moment, Kyle quickly put his hammer on a clasp on his back and charged at the other Spitters with bare hands.

Samson grew nervous again.

The Spitters, realizing that one of them was dead, quickly turned around to flee.

But Kyle had anticipated that.

He remembered how they fled the last time.

Without having to carry his hammer, Kyle was quite a bit faster, and he jumped forward, grabbing the back leg of one of them.

Panic appeared on the Spitter's face as it felt itself being lifted by an irresistible force.

Kyle pulled the Spitter up as he ran after another one.

Then, he swung the first Spitter at the other.

CRACK!

However, the leg in his hands broke, and the body just weirdly flopped around in Kyle's grip.

'Whoops!' Kyle thought.

He saw the other Spitter running away.

Kyle smirked and grabbed the Spitter's torso, holding it up like a rock.

Then, he threw it forward with all of his power.

BANG!

"STRIKE!" Kyle shouted, seeing the two bodies colliding.

The two Spitters scrambled to their legs, but they were quite disoriented.

Kyle had already taken out his hammer again, and he quickly squished them with a single strike.

'Two wolves with one hammer! Way better than two birds with one stone!' Kyle thought with a smile.

He heard some more rustling in the distance.

'Well, three out of four. Pretty good,' Kyle thought.

Samson appeared behind Kyle, looking at him in shock.

"I let one escape," Kyle said. "But hey, I got three. Pretty good, right?"

"Eh, yeah, sure," Samson said, looking at the dead Spitters.

This was very, very different from how corpses in the wild usually looked.

When Lancel killed a Spitter, it only had an arrow sticking out.

When Tarren, Samson, or Fennek killed one, there were just some cuts in the corpse's neck.

When Nervon killed one, the corpse almost looked like it was sleeping since there were barely any outside injuries.

But these corpses...

The first Spitter Kyle had killed was completely contorted, and blood was leaking out of countless lacerations that the broken bones had created.

The other two corpses exploded like blood bags, covering their surroundings in organs and blood.

This was violent.

This was not how hunters killed wildlife.

Samson glanced at Kyle, who just smiled brightly.

Samson only looked at Kyle with concern.

'He is not normal,' Samson thought. 'Even an experienced hunter would furrow their brows at so much blood and gore.'

The next moment, Samson sighed.

"The pelts are useless in such a condition," he said.

Kyle's smile vanished, replaced by an expression of shock.

He looked at the corpses.

Then, he smiled sheepishly. "Whoops. Sorry! I got a bit lost."

Samson just sighed and shook his head. "Try to keep their pelts intact. If you have to destroy something, destroy their heads. Try to keep the body somewhat intact, okay?"

"Sure thing, Boss!" Kyle said.

"Remove their fangs and claws," Samson said. "They're still worth something. You may do whatever you want with the remainder."

Kyle nodded and went to work.

After harvesting the claws and fangs, he started to eat them.

Samson looked at Kyle in disgust as he saw him eating the bloody organs from the ground.

'Well, he is half-dwarf,' Samson thought.

In these moments, Samson could really see Kyle's dwarf heritage.

"You know," Kyle said after consuming the first corpse within a matter of minutes. "These used to taste better."

"You're stronger," Samson answered. "I would expect that the taste of the meat is equivalent to its Ether content."

"Huh," Kyle commented before biting into the second corpse.

'That fish tasted way better,' Kyle thought, remembering the delicious fish he had eaten this morning.

'But it costs me an arm and a leg to get one,' Kyle thought, chuckling at his own joke.

Samson just saw Kyle snickering while chewing a bloody liver.

'I'm not sure if being a hunter is the right thing for Kyle,' Samson thought with concern.