

Hammer God 98

Chapter 98: Crazy Ex

"Just hold still," Kyle said.

The assailant didn't move.

"Yes, just like that," Kyle said slowly, his fake voice vanishing.

The assailant's eyes shot open.

BANG!

Then, a huge pick buried into his upper chest, just where his Center was.

The pick destroyed the Center.

"There we go," Kyle said casually. "Shouldn't have been an asshole."

The assailant's eyes bulged, and veins appeared all over his forehead.

The next moment, Kyle sat down in front of him.

Without a Center, the guy couldn't use Ether anymore.

This meant he couldn't recover anymore.

Moments later, all the closed wounds started to bleed again.

These powerful bodies needed Ether to function.

Taking their Ether away was like taking their oxygen away.

Kyle watched as the assailant succumbed to his injury over the next minute.

Finally, he died.

Kyle just silently looked at the corpse.

He just kept looking at it without saying anything.

Silence.

The forest was silent again.

"Hey, Theodor," Kyle said.

"What?" Theodor asked.

"Am I supposed to feel bad?" he asked.

"Most people would feel bad after killing somebody," Theodor said.

Silence.

"But I don't," Kyle said. "This doesn't feel any different from killing a random Spitter."

"That's because there is no difference," Theodor said. "Humans are just special beasts."

"Hm," Kyle uttered.

Silence.

"You know, I thought I would feel some kind of horrible guilt after killing someone."

Silence.

"But I don't..."

"It's like... nothing happened."

"Then," Theodor said, "you are like me."

"In what way?" Kyle asked.

"When I killed my first human, I also didn't feel anything. It was just routine. They attacked me, and my familiar killed them."

"Familiar?" Kyle asked.

"It's an Artificer's most powerful creation," Theodor said. "Back then, I was very weak, and my Familiar was just a big ball with two arms. The only thing it could do was clap."

"But it clapped with a lot of force."

"My familiar clapped, and the attacker's head turned into a meat plate."

"After looking at the corpse for a bit, I just snorted and walked away. I didn't like that guy. He deserved to die."

"Hm," Kyle uttered.

'Did this guy deserve to die?' he thought, looking at the mutilated corpse.

'I mean, yeah. He tried to kill me. This was basically self-defense.'

'Although, I guess this might not count as self-defense on Earth. I mean, the guy was basically helpless on the ground. He was no longer a threat.'

Silence.

'But I still don't feel bad.'

'Yeah, fuck that guy! Fucker tried to kill me! I don't like it when people try to kill me!'

Kyle poked the lifeless head of the assailant.

After poking it a bit, Kyle looked at his blood-covered finger.

"Ew," he said, wiping the blood on the grass.

Then, he just looked at the corpse in confusion as he casually scratched the side of his head.

'Dude, I think something's wrong with me or something. Normal people are supposed to get PTSD or something from that shit, right?'

'But this just doesn't feel like a big deal.'

Kyle was reminded of Magic Lady, who told him that he had a fitting mindset.

As an answer, Kyle had said that he was not a nice guy.

As her answer, she said that she didn't say he had a good mindset. She said he had a fitting one.

At the same time, Kyle was reminded of the many arguments he had with his ex.

"You're always so cold!"

"You're always so detached!"

"Why don't you listen to me?!"

"Don't you see in how much pain I am?! How can you be so calm?!"

"You're a robot!"

'I mean, yeah, my ex was definitely crazy, but maybe I'm also crazy.'

'What if I'm my crazy ex's crazy ex?'

'Is it normal to watch your wife cut herself without feeling anything?'

Kyle just scratched the side of his head.

'Probably not. But it just didn't seem to be my concern. She caused all of her own issues, and I refused to be her emotional punching bag.'

'She was just doing that shit to get a reaction out of me, and giving her a reaction would just affirm her and tell her that she did the right thing.'

'So, I didn't.'

Kyle looked at the corpse for a bit longer.

"Eh, I'm getting bored," Kyle said, standing up.

That's when he felt some pain in his chest.

"Oh yeah, right, arrows," he said, looking down. "Guess I should leave them in as evidence. I won't die from them, right?"

"No," Theodor answered. "This is dangerous for a normal human, but you're not a normal human."

'Hah, funny phrasing,' Kyle thought.

Then, Kyle just shrugged.

"Well, who cares? So what if I don't feel anything? Just means killing stuff will be easier in the future," he said.

Then, he unfurled one of the big sacks on his belt and stuffed the corpse inside.

'Don't want this guy to drench me in blood. That's disgusting!'

Finally, Kyle walked back to town.

It was still very early in the morning, and the sun hadn't come up yet.

After Kyle arrived near the town, it was about to become dawn.

'Oh, right! Nervon.'

Kyle changed directions and walked towards a clearing close to the town.

Nervon was just arriving, and Kyle waved to him.

Nervon looked over, and when he saw the arrows in Kyle's body, his eyes narrowed.

He rapidly ran over to Kyle and looked at his wounds.

"What happened?!" he shouted.

"I was in the forest this morning," Kyle said. "Found a guy. Guy asked me if the Baron had new orders. I said I didn't know no Baron. Guy got angry and tried to kill me. Dude was quite strong. Late Fighter archer."

Nervon's mind was going wild.

"Where is he?!" Nervon asked.

Kyle lifted his sack.

"In here."

Nervon looked at the sack, which looked much heavier after knowing what was inside.

"Why didn't you tell the guards?!" Nervon asked.

"I mean, I just came back. I thought I should ask you first before doing anything I shouldn't."

Nervon narrowed his eyes and stayed silent for a while.

"Show me the corpse."