

Strongest Hammer God #Chapter 1 – Suppression - Read Strongest Hammer God Chapter 1 – Suppression Online - All Page - Novel Bin

Chapter 1: Chapter 1 – Suppression

"\$12,378.28, huh?" a young man said as he read a letter.

The man looked to be in his early twenties and had brown hair. The bags under his eyes made it seem like he hadn't had a good night's rest in a long time.

The next moment, the man threw the letter into a corner of his packed room.

The room was filled with sheets of paper, clutter, and packaging material.

"That's not enough!" the man shouted with suppressed rage and frustration. "Fucking shitty-ass customers!"

He felt like a mountain of proverbial pressure was pressing down on him, but he quickly shook his head to regain his bearings.

He hated feeling like this.

The man pulled out his phone, and when he saw the image of the lock screen, he had the urge to throw his phone in the corner as well.

Alas, despite the hefty paycheck, he really didn't have any money to spare. So, his phone was spared the same fate as the papers.

There was a good reason why he still lived in a cramped apartment with only a single room.

On the lock screen was the image of him and a beautiful woman smiling, and the man didn't seem nearly as tired and annoyed in the photo.

He opened his banking app, which greeted him with his name.

Kyle Freeman.

A very ironic last name, considering his current situation.

'Fucking name makes you laugh,' he thought. 'Imagine being called Freeman and getting fucked by all sides. Couldn't be me.'

When Kyle saw that the money was already in his account, he felt a surge of anxiety but just pushed it to the side.

Usually, people were happy when their monthly paycheck arrived.

But for Kyle, it was the worst day of the month.

Kyle made a new transaction and put in the amount of \$4,200 before authenticating again and completing the transaction.

The reason for the transaction stated alimony payments.

He was back to being in a deficit of only \$13,000.

Only was a very appropriate word right now since it had been much worse in the past months.

The next moment, he sent his rent.

Another \$2,000.

For a shitty apartment in the worst part of the city.

'Have to put the taxes to the side,' he thought as he transferred more money to another account, which wasn't in the minus.

'Bills, bills, bills,' he thought as his heart raced. 'Fucking hate payday. Good game, though.'

Finally, he was left with his disposable income.

About \$4,500.

That would allow him to live comfortably.

Sadly, things weren't that easy.

A couple of minutes later, someone knocked on his door.

Kyle gritted his fists with frustration and rage as his heart clenched with fear and nervousness.

"We know you're home, Kyle," someone said on the other side of the door.

'Ah, fuck,' he thought. 'Really? This soon? Can't give me one day of rest?'

Kyle walked over to the door and opened it.

As soon as he opened the door, he saw four men standing in front of him.

There were two tall and muscular ones wearing biker jackets, a thinner one with a lot of fake jewelry, and a normal-looking guy with a business shirt.

"We saw you got your paycheck," the man in the shirt said evenly before holding out his hand like he was expecting something.

"It's here," Kyle said, his voice sounding higher than he wanted. "I can get-"

"No need," the man in the shirt said as he motioned for the guy with the fake jewelry to walk into the apartment.

Kyle was roughly pushed to the side as the man stepped past him.

The man spotted the paper quickly and handed it to the man with the shirt.

"12k. Not a lot," he commented. "Why is it only 12k this month?"

"Well, the customers-"

"Are we not advertising enough for you?" the man asked, interrupting Kyle.

"No, that's not-"

"We ordered services in excess of \$7,000. With all the taxes, that should still net us a good \$5,000. I know your financial situation, Kyle, and it doesn't look good."

The man waved the paper around as he looked with a serious expression at Kyle.

"Mr. Hering fears that you might get cold feet."

When Mr. Hering's name fell, Kyle felt his heart shake and a nervous smile appeared on his face.

Mr. Hering was not someone that anyone should mess with.

"Mr. Hering sincerely hopes that your business succeeds," the man in the shirt added. "After all, he is a major investor."

"So, tell me. Why is it only 12k? What do you need to improve revenue?"

The man leaned forward and looked deeply into Kyle's eyes.

Kyle avoided the man's gaze and looked to the side.

"Well, you know..." he said with an uncomfortable smile as sweat ran down his face.

"Yes?" the man urged with a threatening tone.

"It's okay!" Kyle said with more energy. "It will improve next month!"

The man's brows furrowed. "No, you wanted to say something just now. Say it. I want to hear it."

"It wasn't important," Kyle answered.

"It's important to me," the man said with fake sincerity.

"Well," Kyle said, hesitating, "you know that I just had a divorce and that-"

"How is it our problem that you married a narcissistic gold digger?" the man interrupted with a reprimanding tone.

Kyle felt his insides shake as he gritted his teeth and fists in suppressed rage and frustration.

Yet, while his heart wanted him to explode with rage and frustration, his mind told him that this would be a very bad idea.

He really wanted to see this situation in a good light, but he couldn't do the impossible.

These people could do terrible things.

It was their job to do terrible things.

Exploding in rage would cost him his life.

It might not cost him his literal life, but it would cost him everything.

He had already thought about going to the police, but what would that accomplish?

These guys were clean! At least, on the surface.

The most the police could do was to send a couple of patrols his way.

Meanwhile, the tires of his car would be slashed without any evidence.

He would lose all advertising for his business.

Mr. Hering would file a civil suit for diverse things, drowning him in lawyer fees.

And while all of this was happening, he would also have to deal with the criminal court since exposing these people meant admitting to participating in money laundering.

Kyle wanted nothing more than to punch these people who were keeping his life in a vice grip.

But he couldn't!

He was powerless!

"W-well," Kyle said, trying not to say anything stupid. "My divorce is... kind of... related to your money."

The man sneered before looking at the two tall guys blocking the entrance.

One of the tall guys stepped into the apartment, pushing Kyle back.

The others followed, and the other tall guy closed the door behind him.

The man in the shirt leaned into Kyle's face as he slowly waved the paper around.

"And how," he slowly spoke with a deep voice, "is your divorce related to this?"

"Th-the judge determined the alimony payment based on my income," Kyle said nervously, keeping a nervous smile on his lips, "and, you know, your money is officially part of my income. Without it, I would only need to pay less than \$1,500."

"I-if, you know, we could deduct another \$2,000 or even only \$1,500 from your share, I could survive and continue working."

The intense expression of the man vanished, replaced by a distant one.

Then, he threw a glance at one of the bigger men.

Kyle's heart almost stopped.

He pulled his arms up to defend his face.

"Argh!"

But the big guy just kned him in the torso.

Kyle fell over and lay on the floor.

While the guy had aimed for his stomach, he had actually hit his liver.

"Shouldn't have moved, idiot," the big guy said with a gruff voice before bending down and grabbing Kyle's hair.

He pulled Kyle up by his hair and forced him to stand.

Kyle's world was spinning, and his mind was assaulted by all kinds of horrible sensations.

The pain he felt was unreal.

There were not many worse places to hit than the liver.

However, it wasn't the pain that tormented Kyle but the fear.

What if this was life-threatening?

What if his liver ruptured?

What if some of his ribs broke?

He would need to pay even more bills to the hospital!

What then?!

The anxiety completely overwhelmed him, and in the next moment...

"Oh, fuck!" the big guy shouted in horror as a load of puke landed on his pants.

The next moment, Kyle's world spun even more as the big guy slapped him to the ground again.

The only thing Kyle heard was a high-pitched ringing in his left ear.

The big guy received a reprimanding glare from the guy in the shirt. "Sorry. I lost control."

"We'll talk about that later," the man said before looking at Kyle again.

The man went into a squat as he looked at Kyle. "Please, stand up. We should continue our conversation like civilized people."

Kyle didn't move.

He just couldn't hear the man due to his ringing ear.

The man waited for some seconds before sighing. "See? This makes things more difficult," he said as he looked at the big guy. "You have to be careful with such things. It won't help anybody if he can't continue the conversation."

"Sorry," the man repeated. "I will keep myself in check."

The man motioned for the other big guy to help Kyle up.

The other guy supported Kyle by the shoulder and held him up.

Kyle's head was still spinning, but he recovered some seconds later.

"-so that we don't have to do this again," Kyle heard the man finish.

"Huh?" Kyle asked as he instinctively moved away from the big man supporting him.

The man in the shirt seemed annoyed that he had to repeat himself. "I don't care what you do. I just want the profits to increase. I don't care if you have to steal your own credit cards for that to happen, but your profits have to increase."

"I'm not doing this because I enjoy it. I'm not doing this to torment you. I'm doing this to wake you up."

"Adversity creates power, Kyle. A piece of metal that didn't undergo sufficient tempering can't survive a battle."

"Take today as an opportunity to do better so that we don't have to do this again. Did you get me this time?" the man asked.

Kyle's anger exploded.

These fucking holier-than-thou, hypocritical, arrogant words pushed him over the edge!

The next moment, Kyle moved forward.

And for the first time in a long while, Kyle's heart won over his head.

His fist hit the arrogant snot right in the middle of his face.

BANG!

The man in the shirt fell backward, his nose bent at an unnatural angle.

The other three looked at the man with shock.

BANG!

Kyle fell to the side as the man who had supported him earlier elbowed the side of his head.

A human only had one pair of eyes, and one couldn't avoid attacks one couldn't sense.

The next moments were hazy for Kyle.

He saw two people holding him down.

He saw the man in the shirt angrily kicking him in the stomach.

But he didn't feel it.

It was like everything was a dream.

'Did I really do that?' Kyle thought during his dreamlike state.

He remembered how good it felt to punch that fucking arrogant ass in the mouth.

Or the nose.

'Whelp, guess that's it,' Kyle thought. 'It's over.'

'But now that I did it, I don't really regret it.'

'I did good today.'

'Fuck that guy!'

'Get someone else to be your fucking donkey!'

Kyle just didn't care anymore.

He punched the guy, and that was all that counted.

"Are you angry?"

"Huh?" Kyle answered as his eyes regained focus.

"Are you angry?" the same voice repeated.

Kyle noticed that nobody was moving.

The four men were all frozen in different positions.

However, a new person had appeared in the room.

When Kyle saw the new person, his eyes widened.

'Damn, she looks good!' he thought.

In front of him was a tall, red-haired woman with what could only be described as a perfect face!

It was like she had been created by an AI to be as pleasing to the human eye as possible.

"Not anymore," Kyle answered absentmindedly.

A friendly smile appeared on the woman's face.

"Do you like your life?" she asked.

"No," Kyle answered absentmindedly again.

It was like he was compelled to answer.

"Do you hate that you can't fight four people on your own?" she asked.

"Eh, it never really popped into my head, but yeah, things would be easier if I could," he answered.

The smiling woman nodded.

"Do you want a job?" she asked.

Just like the last couple of minutes, Kyle blurted out the first thing that came to his mind.

"How's the pay?"

Chapter 2: Chapter 2 – Contract

"You are funny. Mr. Freeman," the woman said with a friendly smile, no hint of laughter on her face.

"Isn't that a normal question?" Kyle asked as he looked around.

The other four were really just standing there, doing nothing.

One of them was keeping his boot on Kyle's throat, but there was no weight behind it anymore.

Two others were watching while the man with the shirt was readying himself to deliver another kick to Kyle's torso.

Kyle awkwardly scooted out from beneath the boot as he kept looking around in confusion.

"The payment and duties of this job are not related to money," the woman spoke calmly, with a perfect voice.

This pulled Kyle out of his confusion, and he looked at the woman with raised brows.

"How is a job not related to money?" he asked. "I ain't living to work. I work to live."

"Have you not noticed that you are in an unusual situation right now, Mr. Freeman?" she spoke calmly. "Is money the only thing on your mind, even in a situation like this?"

"Of course!" Kyle answered immediately. "My entire life revolves around money!"

"If you accept the job, it won't anymore," the lady said.

"Ah, so the payment is good?" Kyle asked.

The lady didn't lose her composure.

Instead, she slowly snapped her fingers.

And the four other people in the room vanished.

"This is a free service," the lady said. "The people burdening you are no more."

Kyle blinked a couple of times in confusion.

"Eh, what?" he asked.

"They are gone," she said.

"In what way?"

"They are gone. They don't exist anymore," she explained.

Kyle had some difficulties wrapping his mind around that sentence.

Gone?

As in, dead?

But how?

Why?

'Am I dreaming?' Kyle thought.

"Are you questioning reality right now, Mr. Freeman?" the lady asked.

Kyle looked with surprise at the lady. "Was it that obvious?"

"It's a common reaction," she explained. "No, this is not a dream. If it were a dream, you could do things that you wouldn't usually be able to do. Why don't you try it?"

Kyle blinked a couple of times.

What did he really want to do right now?

He really wanted to punch that guy again, but he was gone.

So, instead, he wanted the guy to appear so that he could punch him again.

Sadly, nothing happened.

Kyle and the lady remained silent for a while.

Slowly, Kyle realized that he wasn't in a dream.

There was no chaos, and he could think with clarity.

"Okay, what's going on?" he asked.

"I am offering you a job," the lady repeated.

"Why? What qualifications do I have that you are coming into my apartment to ask me personally?" Kyle asked.

"A fitting heart," she answered.

"Ehm," Kyle slowly uttered. "That seems a bit strange. I mean, I'm not kicking any puppies, but I'm also not the most law-abiding citizen."

"I didn't say you had a good heart, Mr. Freeman," the lady answered. "I said you have a fitting one."

"Fitting to or for what?" Kyle asked.

"Fitting for the job," the lady answered.

"Are you doing this on purpose?" Kyle asked again. "You keep talking about the job without explaining anything. I need a little more information here, Magic Lady."

"Are you interested?" she asked.

Kyle almost wanted to groan in exasperation.

Why was talking to this woman so difficult?!

This was high school all over again!

"Sure, give me the details," Kyle said as he sat down on his bed, which lost all of its elasticity and felt like a brick.

"Ah," Kyle said before the lady could answer as he looked at his bed. "So, you froze time, not just people. Cool."

The lady just looked at Kyle with professional friendliness. "You seem to be taking the situation quite well."

Kyle just shrugged. "I have no more fucks to give. Too much shit happened today. I just want to go to bed and forget everything that happened, but I can't do that right now. So, yeah, shoot! Give me your alien, interdimensional, whatever bullshit."

Yet, a moment later, Kyle felt regret for his words and sighed. "Sorry, for that. It's not your fault. I shouldn't have been so rude. It's just... you know..."

The lady's demeanor hadn't changed in the slightest. "You should listen to your heart more, Mr. Freeman. Mind and soul are a team, not enemies."

"You seem to know a lot about me, Mrs. Magic," Kyle answered.

"I have to," she answered. "It is my job to find fitting employees."

"Ah, you're a recruiter," Kyle said.

"You could call me a recruiter," she answered.

"Am I allowed to know the name of the client?" he asked.

"I must apologize, but I can't share that detail with you at the moment," she answered.

'Can't even tell me who she's working for,' Kyle thought. 'Mysterious.'

The next moment, a sheet of paper appeared in the woman's hands, and it floated over to Kyle.

Kyle just grabbed it out of the air, not caring about any of the supernatural bullshit that was happening right now.

He was just done.

Sure enough, it was an employment contract.

Yet, as Kyle read through it, he blinked several times in confusion.

"Enforcer Trainee," Kyle read. "That's the job title?"

The lady just nodded.

After reading through the contract, Kyle just held it to his side as he looked at the lady with a skeptical expression.

"Alright, to summarize," he said before coughing for dramatic effect. "I am supposed to enter different worlds that have magic and stuff, become some kind of Overseer, and then do whatever your client tells me to do. Is that correct?"

"That is correct," the lady answered.

"Shit, this sounds like one of these isekai animes that all the weebies watch nowadays," Kyle commented.

"Fiction involving world travel has been introduced to make the concept easier to digest when we scout people," the lady said.

"Mhm," Kyle answered. "You also made the Matrix?"

"We did," the lady answered.

Kyle just nodded a couple of times as if he had just heard something mundane about the weather.

"Okay," he added. "You can freeze time, right? That probably means you can do much more stuff, and the fact that you constantly say 'we' means there are more like you, right?"

The lady nodded.

"Why not ask them to become Overseer?" Kyle asked. "One of you guys could accomplish whatever I could do a million times faster. You could probably deal with hundreds of worlds or whatever within the time we have been talking."

"It's not that easy, Mr. Freeman," the lady answered. "There are certain complications that make it impossible."

"Okay," Kyle said, ending the topic. "What do you get out of this?"

"What do you mean?" the lady asked.

"What does your client get out of this?" Kyle repeated. "I've worked with tons of shady companies, and I know for a fact that a company will never give things out for free. There is always a return. If you are willing to get me out of this oppressive life and give me a brand new one with tons of things that all the weeps would jizz over, there must be something you want from me."

"Is your organization a non-profit?" Kyle asked.

The lady's smile changed ever so slightly.

Kyle wasn't sure, but he thought she looked a bit helpless.

"No," she answered.

"Alright," Kyle answered. "So, you believe there is something that I, some nobody from a non-magical world, can bring to you, people from a super magical world or whatever. It most definitely isn't my power or magic or whatever. It's also not my education since I only finished high school. You can get millions and billions of those."

"Tell me, what's the other side of the coin? I want to know what I am signing. This entire magic bullshit might turn into some eternal hell of mining for some kind of magic ore for thousands of years. That would be worse than my current life," Kyle said.

The lady waited a bit to answer. This was the first time she hesitated.

"If you manage to become an Overseer, we want you to act according to what we want. You can view it as you becoming a politician and us lobbying," she explained.

Kyle furrowed his brows.

What the lady said made sense, but his business instincts were telling him that it wasn't that simple.

"In the position of Overseer, would I have power over something you can't do?" Kyle asked.

The lady's smile turned a bit more strained.

"Not exactly," she answered.

"Then, what's stopping you from doing it?" Kyle asked. "The way you phrase it makes it sound like you could do these things with much less investment and more efficiency. What does your client have to gain out of scouting me?"

"Can they tell that I'm sure to become an Overseer? Can they see into the future and want to invest in me before I become powerful?"

The lady's smile became less pronounced.

"No," she answered, with a less friendly voice.

"Then, what the fuck?" Kyle asked. "Why are you not telling me? I feel like signing this will doom me to an eternity of something I will regret forever!"

"Do you want the job or not?" the lady asked flatly, her smile gone.

Kyle just looked at her with squinted eyes.

Well, he really wanted to, but this thing literally sounded too good to be true.

Something had to be wrong here.

Then, Kyle looked back at the contract.

"Is it possible to amend the contract?" Kyle asked.

The lady's smile returned. "Yes, if the contract is not to your liking, we can change it."

Kyle nodded.

Then, he turned the contract around and pointed at one clause.

"The Enforcer Trainee takes all actions committed as an order by the client onto their own conscience. The client assures that it will not make any illegal requests."

When the lady saw the clause Kyle highlighted, her smile became strained again. "I must apologize, but that clause can't be changed."

Kyle squinted his eyes at her some more.

"So, this is what it's all about," Kyle said.

The lady didn't answer.

"You want me to do legal but shady shit. If the magical space police are on your ass, I'm the guy taking the fall," Kyle added.

The lady still didn't answer.

"Why didn't you say so?" Kyle asked with a relieved voice, falling back on his bed. "I thought I would enter some kind of eternal hell. If it's just some shady shit I have to do, it's fine. Hell, I've been laundering money from stolen credit cards for over a year now, and I've been scamming the state out of taxes for years."

"Fine, I'll accept the job. Might as well become your thug."

The lady's smile returned.

"Please, sign here," she said, pointing at the bottom.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3 – Arrival

"And here I am," Kyle said out loud as he looked at his new surroundings. "Still hard to believe that everything really happened."

Kyle was on top of a small hill, allowing him to look around the area.

Everywhere the eye could see, there was forest.

"But why did she have to dump me in a forest, though?" Kyle grumbled to himself. "And at dusk, no less."

After Kyle had signed the contract, the lady thanked him and told him to prepare himself.

In 48 hours, she would take him away.

The first thing that Kyle did after she left was to confirm that everything was real.

When he tried to come into contact with his "colleagues", he realized that he couldn't reach any of them, which was very strange.

Then, he walked to their office, which was usually filled with people.

This time, it also was filled with people, but it was filled with different kinds of people.

Clients that wanted to borrow money.

Apparently, no one was there to greet them, which was also very unusual.

After all, Mr. Hering put a lot of importance on customer relations.

For good or for bad.

Eventually, Kyle went home, and after he came back, he noticed a couple of unfamiliar pages.

These pages gave a general overview of a stereotypical fantasy world.

Although, besides humans, the only other intelligent humanoid race was dwarves.

No elves, beastkin, or whatever.

Just humans and dwarves.

'Bit lackluster, if you ask me,' Kyle thought. 'Coulda put more thought into that.'

Apparently, this world was all about knights, paladins, sorcerers, and stuff like that.

'Shit, this is like an actual movie. Am I really entering such a stereotypical world?'

As Kyle read on, he also learned a bit about the different powers.

'Wait a sec, this entire world is barely 5000 kilometers wide? On top of that, it's fucking flat!'

'How is an entire world with an entire civilization that small? This entire world is the size of North America, and there are probably also oceans, making the landmass a lot smaller.'

Kyle furrowed his brows.

'Or are there? Does a fantasy world have oceans?'

'Also, why do I keep calling it a fantasy world? I mean, it's real, right? So, is it not a fantasy world?'

Yet, no matter how much Kyle looked at the pages, he couldn't help thinking that this was a fantasy world.

Kyle just rubbed his head in frustration.

'How am I supposed to take this stuff seriously when people are going to talk to me in old English and keep talking about dragons and shit? What is this? Dungeons and Dragons?'

'Do I have to be careful of fucking mimics now and floating eyes with psychic powers?'

Kyle roughly threw the pages to the side.

'This is so fucking stupid.'

'Coulda just stayed here, you know? Get a real job and shit, not some scummy-ass dropship business.'

'There probably aren't even any real toilets there. What, am I going to wipe my ass with leaves, or does everyone walk around with a shitty ass?'

'How do the people smell in such a world? You don't smell sweaty-ass dwarves through a screen.'

Kyle's face scrunched up.

'This sucks,' he thought as he leaned back in his chair.

For a while, he just lamented his choice of accepting the job.

While he was doing so, he looked around his room.

Bills.

Legal fees.

Rent payments.

Finally, he thought about how it would be to get a real job.

Standing up every morning.

Getting dressed.

Driving to work.

Doing some mindless shit for four hours.

Lunchbreak.

Another four hours of mindless work.

A colleague who kept talking about his family, ignoring all non-verbal signs that the other party wasn't interested.

A colleague who constantly complained about other colleagues.

A boss who kept asking him to "prioritize work more".

Finally, a drive home just to earn a shitty paycheck that barely allowed him to survive in this meat grinder of a city.

He probably would even need to get a second job.

'On second thought,' Kyle thought as he retrieved the paper from the corner of the room. 'I'll take the magic bullshit.'

'Alright, two warring kingdoms with two small duchies. The duchies are not nearly as powerful as the kingdoms, but their leaders are extremely powerful.'

'The leaders of the two kingdoms and the two duchies are the strongest people in the world, but there are also a couple of legendary beings of unknown power.'

'The two kingdoms are warring. Family conflict through generations, yada yada, who gives a shit? I sure do love me some boring history lessons.'

Eventually, Kyle came to an interesting part.

'Ah, an overview of how powerful people are.'

'Seems like there are a couple of paths you can choose.'

'Knights fight physically and need to undergo... cultivation? What are they, plants? Do they need to cultivate some leaves?'

'You need to absorb the Ether of Heaven and Earth and become one with the world?' Kyle read as his eyebrow rose more and more.

After reading that sentence, Kyle leaned back in his chair.

"Seriously?" Kyle spoke out loud.

Then, he snorted. 'Might as well call it sunlight. Can't raise plants with Ether.'

'There are also Sorcerers. They absorb the Ether into their- seriously? More of that Ether shit? I thought Sorcerers grew more powerful by learning more complex Spells or whatever.'

Kyle sighed again as he kept reading.

'Clerics? Fuck that! I'm not even dignifying that with a read!' he thought as he skipped to the next page.

'Beast Tamers?' Kyle thought as he considered that for a moment.

He imagined himself riding a huge tiger.

'That's pretty cool. My family has a dog.'

But then, Kyle remembered the dog shitting on the floor and his parents spending hours trying to teach it.

Additionally, Kyle just imagined an arrow shooting through his skull as he rode his tiger.

'Nah, mate. Ain't for me,' he thought as he kept reading.

'Priest? Fuck that! Miner? How is that a class that leads to power? Carpenter? Are you just naming blue-collar jobs now? What the fuck do you mean with you can make living wood golems as a carpenter?!'

'Shit, I thought this was some standard fantasy world, but there are actually carpenters and miners walking around with mechs?'

Kyle blinked a couple of times.

Kyle read through a couple more jobs, one crazier than the other.

'You can grow a plant army as a botanist?'

'You can create stone warriors as a sculptor?'

Eventually, Kyle finished the section about jobs.

There were so many of them.

'I don't wanna be a blue-collar worker! Sure, if it's for you, go for it! Everyone has to earn their living in some way, but I'm definitely not cut out for that!'

'I'm also not cut out for the military. So, Knight is off the table.'

'And Sorcerer? Brah, I've barely finished high school! Do I look like someone that likes studying?!'

'Why is there no IT Support job? Why can't I become super powerful as a merchant? Author? I like writing! Wrote a couple of fanfictions once!'

'Why is it only blue-collar jobs, nerds, or military?!'

'I mean, being an electrician is kind of related to IT, and it's a blue-collar job, but not even that is on there!'

Kyle frowned.

'Whatever!' he thought as he went to the last page.

His eyebrows rose in positive surprise as he saw the last page.

'Starting gift?' he read.

'Can only choose one, huh?'

'Spatial Bag... strong weapon... magic tome... teacher in a ring...'

'Oh? They also offer body augmentations, but there are only four of them.'

'Knight's body: Allows Ether to enter your body naturally.'

'Sorcerer's mind: Allows Ether to enter your mind naturally.'

'Artificer's soul: Allows Ether to freely flow throughout your body.'

When Kyle saw the last one, one of his brows rose.

'Predator's Being: Increased muscle density and allows growth by eating meat.'

Kyle looked at the other gifts.

All the stuff was neat, but he played enough video games to know the difference between something that scaled and something that didn't.

'I wonder, did they also make video games to prepare us for this shit? I mean, they made the Matrix and anime, apparently.'

Kyle shook his head and pointed his finger at the Predator's Being.

'Watch out, kids! New predator just dropped!'

Kyle grabbed a pen, put an x on the Predator's Being, and signed the page.

The next moment, all the pages vanished, and Kyle blinked a couple of times.

'Okay. Guess no more reading for me.'

For the next two days, Kyle binged tutorials on YouTube about how to survive in the wilderness and what to do if you got sent to the past.

Eventually, the lady returned and took him away.

She dumped him on that lonely hill, gave him a "good luck", and fucked off.

That was it.

And now, Kyle just looked at the forest.

One moment, he was in front of his desk, watching YouTube, and the next, he was here.

'Or did she dump me in the wilderness because I chose that predator thing?'

Kyle scratched the back of his head.

Then, he shrugged.

'Well, let's look around. Maybe I'll find a village or something nearby.'

'I hope I don't have to learn an entire new language.'

Chapter 4: Chapter 4 – Metal Stick

Kyle started to descend the hill.

He had no idea where he was, but there was no reason to just stay here.

"Fucking!" Kyle shouted as he stepped on something that immediately slid away, making him almost fall over.

He heard the thing he stepped on roll down the hill for a little while before stopping.

"Seriously?" he shouted in annoyance. "I just fucking got here, and I almost immediately ate shit!"

"Fucking hikers," he mumbled as he walked to the thing he stepped on. "Masochists, I tell you! Why do people do this voluntarily?"

Kyle reached the thing and looked at it.

"Huh," he said. "No wonder it didn't feel like a stone."

Kyle grabbed the grey object and moved it around in his hands.

"It's a helmet," he muttered.

Sure enough, Kyle held a grey helmet made of metal in his hand.

It was dirty, rusty, bent, and it had a hole near its right side.

"Guess somebody got an arrow to the head," Kyle commented as he looked at the hole.

Kyle just looked at the helmet for a while.

Looking at it felt... strange.

Someone died here.

That was... weird.

"Maybe it wasn't the best idea to accept the job," Kyle mumbled. "I don't really want to die, you know?"

Kyle just scratched the back of his head.

Then, he looked around.

"You know, in games, something is always constantly happening, and you can just quick travel to any place of interest," he mumbled to himself as he looked at the endless forest around the hill.

"But this is real."

As Kyle looked at the forest, he was overcome by a sense of regret.

'This entire idea sounds great on paper, but right now, this is no different from literally getting dropped in any random forest in America.'

'People think, oh great, I get to go to a funny fantasy land, but I haven't seen any of that yet. As far as I know, I've just been dumped in a random place in the US.'

'Getting dropped in a forest in a fantasy land? Sign me up! Getting dropped in a forest in the US? No, thank you.'

'And yet, it's the same fucking thing. I gotta look for food, water, warmth, and shelter. At least, that's what all the survivalist YouTube videos told me to do, and I guess it makes sense.'

Kyle pulled a survival knife out of his jeans pocket.

He wasn't allowed to take anything with him except for his clothing and stuff that fit in his pocket.

Originally, he had an entire backpack with survival gear with him, but the magic lady said no.

The reason?

'You don't need that,' Kyle grumbled.

Kyle shook his head to regain his bearings.

"Who cares? No point in crying over spilled milk!"

Then, he grabbed the helmet and pulled it over his head.

"Armor time," he said to himself. "Wonder if there's more."

Kyle decided to look around the hill some more to look for equipment.

And after some minutes...

"Oh?" Kyle uttered as he saw something mildly shining lying on the ground.

'Is that a gem?' Kyle thought as he looked at it.

He tried to pull the gem out, but he could tell that it was attached to something buried beneath it.

'More loot!' Kyle thought as he grabbed his survival knife to move the earth to the side.

'It's attached to a long piece of metal. Don't tell me this is a sword!' Kyle thought with excitement.

He put his hand around the long piece of metal and pulled.

The earth gave way, and Kyle pulled something out.

It was a ten-centimeter-long metal stick with a dull gem at its head.

However, there was something attached to it.

Kyle's expression turned into a mix of surprise and disgust.

There was a skeletal hand attached to the metal stick.

"Ew," Kyle uttered as he looked at the skeletal hand that had basically grown onto the metallic stick.

The only things Kyle felt were surprise and disgust.

"That's disgusting, dude," Kyle said as he pulled the sticky skeleton hand off the metallic stick.

After pulling the hand off, Kyle unceremoniously threw it over his shoulder and inspected the metallic stick.

It was just a stick with a gem at the end.

"You know, when somebody says that someone has a stick up their ass, that's the kind of stick I would imagine. I mean, having a stick up your ass basically means you're pompous, right? So, wouldn't you put jewelry and ornaments on that stick you shove up your ass? Makes sense, right?" Kyle kept commenting to no one in particular.

"Either this is a rich person's dildo or some kind of magic wand. By the way the skeleton was desperately grasping the thing, I would think it's a dildo, but logic tells me that it's a magic wand."

"Fucking magic wands. Sounds ridiculous if I say it out loud," Kyle grumbled. "Feel like I'm a fat larper wearing skinny elf clothes."

Kyle cleaned the metallic stick by rolling it through some grass before pointing it at the foot of the hill.

Nothing happened.

Except...

"Fuck!" Kyle said as he pulled the metal stick away from his arm.

A light bit of blood was flowing out of his wrist, and he looked more closely at the metal stick.

While one end had the gem, the other side narrowed into a spiky tip.

When he pointed the stick at the foot of the hill, he accidentally put the sharp tip on his wrist.

'When did I get my last tetanus shot?' Kyle thought as he looked at his dirty and slightly bloody wrist.

'Wait, magic lady said that diseases are like a thing specifically on Earth, right? Do I still need to worry about tetanus?'

'Probably not.'

Kyle looked at the sharp tip a bit more and lightly moved his thumb over it...

Which also promptly started bleeding.

"The fuck?" Kyle said. "How fucking sharp is that thing?!"

Suddenly, Kyle got an idea.

He took out his survival knife and poked it with the metal stick.

The sound of metal getting scratched assaulted Kyle's ears.

It was quite loud.

When Kyle saw the result, he blinked a couple of times in surprise.

While the new cut in the knife's blade wasn't deep, it was definitely noticeable.

Then, Kyle struck the metal rod with the edge of the knife.

BANG!

Nothing happened.

The metal stick still looked great.

Kyle looked at his survival knife with furrowed brows.

'This thing cost 200 bucks! I don't think I got scammed.'

"Huh," Kyle commented. "Guess that's what she meant with I don't need anything."

'Most likely, everything I can get from Earth is shit here.'

'Oooooor,' Kyle thought as he looked at the place where the metal stick had been.

'This corpse is just loaded.'

"Body, you're my buddy, right?" Kyle said with a sweet smile. "You won't mind me looking through your stuff real quick, right?"

And Kyle started digging.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5 – Fantasy Land

A shower of different human bones rolled down the hill.

"Fucking Beggar!" Kyle shouted after the bones.

Kyle watched as the bones rolled down the hill and snorted before looking back at the big hole he had dug.

For a while, he lamented the time he had invested in digging up valuables.

There was literally nothing else!

The metal stick was the only thing the skeleton owned.

Finally, Kyle looked back at the forest beneath the hill.

Then, he sighed. 'Well, can't postpone this adventure shit anymore. Guess I gotta enter the scary fantasy forest,' he thought.

Kyle put his survival knife back in its sheathe and carried the metal stick in his hand.

The metal stick seemed to be quite a bit stronger and sharper than the knife.

'You know, if I were still on Earth, I would be angry at the guy who sold me the knife. Fucking 200 bucks down the drain!'

Right now, Kyle wore the damaged helmet and walked down the hill at a brisk pace while carrying the metal stick in his hand.

After some minutes, Kyle reached the bottom of the hill and came into contact with the first fantasy tree in a fantasy world.

Kyle touched it.

"Treeeee," he said, slowly moving his hand over the bark.

It didn't feel strange.

It was just like any other tree.

Kyle pulled his hand away and looked at it.

'And just as dirty and grimy as any other tree,' he thought with a disgusted face.

'You would think that fantasy worlds are all clean and sparkly and nice, but no, it has to be just as shit as the real world.'

'At least the air feels nice.'

For a bit, Kyle looked at the branches.

"Should I get an actual stick? You gotta have a stick when you walk through the wilderness," he commented.

"Sure, why not?" he said after a shrug.

Kyle grabbed a big branch and pulled.

Yet, instead of the branch being pulled down, he was being pulled up.

"Huh," Kyle commented as he noticed that he had just accidentally performed a pullup with only a single arm.

"That's new," he said. "Preeeeetty sure I couldn't do that on Earth. Also, that branch is really hard. It barely even shook."

"Wait, I'm still in my body, right?" Kyle commented as he let go of the branch.

He touched his face.

'Doesn't feel different,' he thought.

Then, he looked at the ground.

'Ground also doesn't seem closer than usual. Still a six-foot giant! Would suck if I became a manlet. Imagine entering a fantasy world and becoming a non-dwarf dwarf. Couldn't be me.'

"However," he uttered as he pulled himself up again. "That's definitely different."

Kyle performed many slow pushups with one arm.

However, after about 20 of them, his arm started to hurt a bit, and he stopped.

'I ain't doing sports in a fucking forest.'

'Could really use a drink right about now.'

Kyle looked around and just saw trees everywhere.

'Whelp, no reason to stay here. Gotta get me some food and water. Water shouldn't be difficult. I mean, these trees are all leafy and shit. Rain is probably quite common here. Quite hard not to have water when it literally falls from the sky.'

A moment later, Kyle chose a random direction and just kept walking.

More trees.

Even more trees.

'The only fantastical thing I've seen so far is the stick and my newly acquired athleticism. Becoming this strong without any training is probably the most magical thing I've seen since magic lady dropped me off in bumfuck nowhere.'

Suddenly, Kyle heard some rustling to his right.

He looked over but didn't see anything moving.

And yet, for some reason, he heard very quiet rustling coming from there.

'Dangerous or not?' Kyle thought. 'Food or no food?'

He just kept looking at the bush with an evaluating, raised eyebrow.

Kyle took a step closer.

The rustling became a slight bit louder for a moment before becoming much quieter.

Kyle felt strange.

When he heard that rustling, his nose unconsciously sniffed the air, and he started to feel a bit excited.

Something inside of him was telling him that this was not danger but food.

'My predator senses are tingling,' Kyle thought.

Kyle slowly moved into a jumping position, and he could basically feel the nervous vibration coming from the bush.

He slowly took a step forward.

Nothing happened.

He took another step forward.

The rustling intensified, and Kyle jumped forward.

He fell through the bush but caught himself with his hands.

He couldn't see the prey or where it was moving to, but he could feel where the rapid rustling was coming from.

'You're not getting away!' Kyle thought as he sprinted after the fleeing prey.

He easily cleared three meters with just his first step, but he didn't notice since he was too preoccupied with chasing after his food.

A moment later, he tried to grab the fleeing animal again, but he flew over it.

The prey changed directions, and Kyle continued following it.

'Fucker's smaller than expected!'

Kyle became more careful as he followed his prey.

It wasn't very fast, and he didn't need to run.

His eyes almost perfectly followed the prey's path.

To him, it was completely obvious where it was, even though he couldn't see it at all.

It was no different from knowing where a fly was by hearing its annoying buzzing, except it was way finer.

Kyle grabbed the ground, but his target evaded to the left.

Next, he swooped his arm from side to side.

BANG!

And finally hit something!

The prey fell to the side, and Kyle's other arm immediately slammed down.

"Got it!" Kyle said with pride.

He could feel the prey wriggling in his hand, and he slowly pulled his hand up to look at it.

When he saw what he had in his hands, his eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"A fucking hamster? Really?" he said.

Sure enough, he had an orange and white hamster in his hand.

'Can these useless shits even survive in the wild?' he thought.

'Fantasy land, my ass! First animal I see is a shitty-ass hamster.'

The next moment, Kyle heard something hard and massive, moving to his right.

He turned his head and looked over.

There was a big green boulder with plenty of rough plates.

Near the bottom of the boulder was a big black hole, and something was slowly coming out of it.

It was a massive green and scaly head with a terrifyingly thick and jagged jaw.

'Huh, it's a snapping turtle,' Kyle thought as he watched a head come out of the boulder that was wider than he was tall. 'A really big one.'

'Fantasy land... figures.'