

# STRONGEST HAMMER GOD

## Chapter 1 – Suppression

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"\$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 kneed 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?"