

Strongest Hammer God

Chapter 11: Chapter 11 – Old Betty

"Time for another nap," Kyle said as he lay on his back.

Right now, Kyle was in a small dugout he had made in the turtle's thick neck.

He had no idea how long he had been eating.

He just knew that he ate, slept, ate, slept, ate some more, and slept some more.

When Kyle had started eating properly, he realized with astonishment that he could eat without end.

He wasn't hungry anymore, but he felt a bit peckish.

It was like all of the times he sat in front of his desk, working on his shady business and just snacking.

Kyle had already made several gigantic holes in the corpse with his drill.

He must have already eaten several cubic meters of pure turtle meat.

And he loved every single bite of it.

The meat just didn't seem to get old at all!

Some occasional drops of blood fell on him, but he had stopped giving a fuck about those a long time ago.

He was already covered in crusty blood.

The blood felt more like water by now.

Nothing had attacked Kyle while he was eating.

Most likely, the turtle had been a fearsome predator in these parts, and nothing dared to come close to its shell.

'You know, fantasy land actually isn't all bad,' Kyle thought before drifting off into sleep.

An unknown period of time later, Kyle awoke again.

'I'm hungry,' he thought before continuing to eat.

'This is the life,' he thought as he kept chewing on the turtle. 'This is like a fat fuck's wet dream. An infinite stomach and infinite food.'

'Speaking of,' Kyle thought as he looked at this belly.

'I didn't gain any weight. In fact...'

Kyle's eyes widened in pleasant surprise as he saw his defined six-pack.

'Wow, I never had one of those! I mean, I do have muscles, but I could never see them!'

'Fuck, fantasy land is awesome! I get to look amazing by just eating a ton of meat!'

Kyle yawned a moment later.

'Is it sleepy time already?' he thought in confusion. 'Can't be, right? I just woke up a couple of minutes ago!'

Kyle yawned again in confusion, and his eyes started to close.

He tried to keep them open, but it was extremely difficult.

'Has it always been this misty in here?' Kyle thought as he saw mist all around him.

'Fuck!' he thought as his eyes shot open. 'This is sleeping gas!'

Kyle tried to shoot to his feet, but he could barely control his body and fell over.

His limbs felt so heavy, and he felt his eyes involuntarily rolling up into his skull as his eyelids closed.

His arms slowly moved before collapsing to the ground.

Kyle was out like a light.

"The Lilly Gas has been deployed," a tall man wearing a green suit of leather armor told to the people behind him.

Behind him was a team of ten people. Eight of them were holding big carts behind them. These eight people only wore basic clothing.

The other two wore the same armor as the first guy.

"Alright, guys!" a tall man with black hair shouted to the eight people with the carts. "Time to get to work!"

"Yes, sir!" the people shouted before moving their carts in front of the holes.

There were exactly eight holes on the ground level, which was the same number as the carts.

Everyone put on some masks made of wood that covered their faces.

Then, they walked inside.

Inside, they attached several ropes to the side of the shell before slowly descending.

"Guess she's shy today," one of them shouted. "Her head is usually outside the hole."

"Shut up and get to work, Barnaby!" another guy shouted. "This is not a fun game!"

Barnaby just rolled his eyes and went into the hole.

Several of the men took out metallic rods.

After fumbling with them for a bit, the rods started to emit a faint light.

"Ah, there she is," Barnaby commented as he saw the turtle's head about five meters below the surface.

"Sssh!" one of the others shushed Barnaby.

While the Lilly Gas should keep the turtle sedated, they didn't want to tempt fate.

These eight people were not fighters.

They were just regular workers.

Sure, their bodies were quite athletic, but they couldn't even hope to fight this thing.

That was the job of the three people with armor who were waiting outside.

"Wait a second," another guy said.

"Ssshh!" came a chorus of shushes.

"No, not ssshh!" the guy answered loudly before pointing down. "Look at it! I don't think it's sleeping."

The others looked down in shock.

This thing was awake?!

However, they quickly realized that wasn't the case.

When they saw the two gigantic wounds on its head, they immediately knew that it was dead.

And by the looks of things, it had been dead for an entire week, at least!

"Retreat!" one of them ordered. "This is something for the hunters! The thing that killed Old Betty might still be here!"

The workers quickly scrambled up their ropes before running out of the shell.

When the hunters saw that, they readied for battle.

Did Old Betty wake up?

"Old Betty's dead!" one of them shouted dramatically, falling to his knees in despair.

The others stopped and looked at the guy.

"Can you be serious for once in your life, Barnaby?!" one of them shouted.

"It's dead?" one of the hunters asked, alarmed.

He quickly looked to the other two hunters, who nodded in wordless communication.

The three of them had been a team for years, and they didn't need to talk to know what the other one was thinking.

One of them easily jumped on top of the turtle shell and pulled out a long green bow.

The other two readied their long polearms and walked into the shell.

They carefully looked into the hole, and when they didn't immediately see anything beside the corpse, they took out some things and attached them to their hands and feet.

These things were long spikes meant for climbing rock.

With their power, it wasn't hard to stab these claws into hard rock.

The two of them slowly descended as the hunter on top of the shell kept an eye on the surroundings.

When they reached the head, they looked closely at it.

The two of them shared a quick glance.

Whatever had killed this thing had to be very powerful.

These wounds were gigantic!

One of them kept his polearm ready, while the other one put his polearm away before taking out a sword.

The one with the sword descended first while the other one kept his back clear.

As they descended a bit more, they heard the faint sound of breathing.

One of them communicated to the other that he would investigate, and the other one nodded.

The man followed the sound of the breathing, ready for battle.

He slowly turned his head and looked at the place where the breathing came from.

A moment later, his body moved back in surprise, and the other one clenched his polearm more tightly.

The first guy just waved his arm to tell the other guy not to worry and to approach.

He did just that, and when he saw the origin of the breathing, he blinked a couple of times in surprise.

Inside a big hole in the turtle was a dirty, stinky, and grimy man.

He was sleeping.

One of them gestured downward.

They didn't know where this guy came from, but it was possible that there was something else down there.

Over the next three minutes, they checked everything inside the hole, including the shit pit.

Sadly, or luckily, they didn't find anything else.

"You think it was the human?" one of them asked in a whisper.

"Seems like it."

The first guy looked at all the huge holes in Old Betty's body.

"He must have one hell of an appetite," he commented.

"Must be half-dwarf," the other one answered.

The two of them climbed to take a look at Kyle again.

When the first guy saw how peacefully Kyle slept, he narrowed his eyes in anger.

"His coin purse better match his appetite. Narvonian Worms are worth a fortune," he said.

"He's naked, and we didn't find any clothes anywhere," the other one said. "I don't think he has any money."

"I believe we have a freeloader on our hands, but more importantly, are you sure it was him that killed it? He seems a bit... weak."

The second hunter narrowed his eyes and approached Kyle.

A moment later, he lightly squeezed Kyle's biceps.

"Early Squire," he said with surprise.

The other one opened his eyes in shock. "Early Squire? He couldn't have killed Old Betty, right?"

At that point, the first hunter noticed something lying beside Kyle.

He took it into his hand and showed it to his colleague.

"A mining rod?" the other guy asked.

The first guy turned the gem, and the drill turned on.

"Theoretically," he said before turning the drill off again, "you could kill Old Betty with this. It would just be very hard."

The two of them looked at Kyle again.

An Early Squire killed Old Betty with a fucking mining rod.

This guy must be a powerful warrior!

"Keep him sedated," the first hunter said. "I don't want him to wake up until we're back in the town. We don't know what this guy is capable of."

The other one nodded.