

Hammer God 34

Chapter 34: Sulfur

The next moment, the black crystal started to shake, and Kyle jumped away from it.

Then, the entire hall started to shake, and Kyle's instincts were going wild.

Danger!

This was the greatest feeling of danger he had ever felt!

Kyle anxiously looked around, but the door had already closed, and the gate behind him just had the appearance of a locked gate. It looked very much unopenable.

'Fuck it! I'm trying it anyway!' he thought as he charged the gate.

He put his entire body weight into it.

And the gate opened much easier than expected.

Kyle hadn't expected that, and he fell to his knees after opening it.

'The small door isn't oiled, but this one is oiled to perfection, huh?!" he thought in frustration and panic.

But then, Kyle's senses were assaulted with another unreasonably strong feeling of danger.

He looked forward into the pitch-black cave behind the gate.

Luckily, Kyle could see in the dark.

Kyle's eyes widened when he saw something gigantic rising up in front of him.

It was a long and thick rod of stone with a chain attached to it.

It had a diameter of two meters and was almost ten meters long.

Then, the stony rod turned, revealing a stony head with two shining red eyes.

That was when Kyle realized that the rod was only the neck of this thing.

The hill the rod rose from was actually its body.

The body had four gigantic legs with claws at their ends.

'Is that a fucking dragon?! Wait, it doesn't have wings. So, what is it? A stone dinosaur?'

The thing looked at Kyle, and he swore he could feel an unending sensation of hatred and anger washing over him.

Kyle slowly moved back into the hall.

"Sorry about that," Kyle whispered in Sandspeak.

The stone-dragon-dinosaur-thing was just wordlessly glaring at him.

Kyle carefully closed the big gate as he entered the gigantic hall again.

Then, he just looked at the gate, sweat running down his entire body.

'That was... quite scary,' he thought as he slowly turned around...

Just to be greeted by the huge black crystal, which had turned into a hulking golem that filled out almost a quarter of the huge hall.

'Right... that thing,' Kyle thought.

The only thing Kyle could do was sigh.

This thing felt just as dangerous as the weird stone-dragon outside.

"Alright, sure. Go ahead," he said as he walked forward. "Kill me. Can't speak Sandspeak well. Not much last words."

The huge golem silently looked at Kyle.

"I believe there is a misunderstanding, sir," the golem spoke with the tone of a textbook butler.

"Eeeehhh, that means I get to live?" Kyle asked, hope returning to his heart.

"No, sir," the golem answered politely.

Kyle's eyes widened.

Then, the entire hall started shaking.

"Ahahaha! I jest, good sir! Please excuse my silly joke. It's been ages since I talked to anyone!" the golem said politely.

Apparently, the shaking of the hall was just the golem laughing.

"Ah... ha ha. Yeah... good one," Kyle answered nervously.

"If I may introduce myself," the golem said with a small bow. "My name is Sulfur, and I am the administrator of this little abode. May I know how to address the good sir?"

"Eeehhh, Kyle," he answered.

"Welcome, eh Kyle," the golem spoke.

"No, it's just Kyle."

"Oh? Have I made a mistake? I am sure you said eeh Kyle," Sulfur said.

"Yeah, I was just-"

"Aaahaha! Sir Kyle, I was merely joking. I must apologize if my jokes are in poor taste, but it has simply been far too long!"

Kyle imagined the golem randomly squishing him with his massive fists while laughing.

"Ha ha... yeah... can I go now?" Kyle asked.

"Why, certainly!" Sulfur spoke before one of its gigantic fingers pointed at the gate. "The exit is right behind you!"

"Eh, yeah, sure. Eehh, bye," Kyle said as he opened the gate.

Just to be greeted by a big red eye staring at him through the gap of the gate.

The dragon was only inches away from the gate.

Kyle nodded. "I understand."

Then, he closed the gate again and just looked at it absentmindedly.

"Has Sir Kyle reconsidered?" Sulfur asked from behind Kyle.

'Stuck between a rock and a hard place.'

"I guess I did," Kyle answered, turning back to look at the hulking golem. "So, who's up?"

"Excuse me?" Sulfur asked in surprise.

"What up. What do I? Sorry, bad Sandspeak. New language. Understand well. Speak poor," Kyle answered.

"How curious," the golem spoke. "Where does the good sir come from?"

"America," Kyle answered.

"I have never heard of an America. Is that a new Kingdom?" the golem asked.

"Somewhat," Kyle answered vaguely.

"Well, if you need a refresher on Sandspeak, I am happy to oblige," the golem said.

'Language lessons were the last thing I expected to find here,' Kyle thought.

The golem bent down and opened one of its hands.

In the middle of its hand was a silver plate.

"Please, sir, touch the interface," Sulfur spoke.

Kyle looked nervously at the golem.

He really didn't want to approach.

'What other fucking option do I have?' Kyle thought with annoyance as he stepped forward.

He climbed onto the big hand and carefully touched the silver plate.

"Ouch, fucking hell!" he shouted as he felt like something was drilling into his head.

"The erudition-transfer might hurt if you are unutilized to it. I hope this didn't hurt an inordinate amount," Sulfur said.

"Fucking erudition-transfer?" Kyle said. "Why aren't you just calling it knowledge transfer?"

"Sir Kyle, it is actually called knowledge transfer. I just wanted to demonstrate your incipient mastery of Sandspeak by utilizing recherche words."

Kyle blinked a couple of times in surprise.

'Why the fuck do I know what incipient and recherche means? I wouldn't even know what that means in American. Although, I kind of do now? What...'

"We are speaking Sandspeak, right?" Kyle asked.

"We are," Sulfur answered. "I am aware that direct transfer of knowledge can hinder future erudition, but I believe it's not consequential if it involves something as minor as a language."

"You can stop with the fancy words," Kyle answered. "I get it. Yes, you beamed fancy words into my brain."

"So, why am I here? What do I have to do to get out of here? I have a job, you know. I kinda have to go back."