

Hammer God 38

Chapter 38: Don't Do Drugs

BANG!

Kyle hit the wall with the flat side of his hammer again and saw cracks forming all over it.

'Alright! I'm getting more comfortable with it!'

Then, he turned his hammer around and created a gigantic gash in it.

After experimenting with the hammer for a bit of an hour, he noticed that the flat side weakened the stone behind it, making it much easier for the pick to deal devastating damage.

'Pretty sure my kinetic is spread across a big chunk of the wall via some kind of fancy Ether Spell or whatever this hammer has.'

Kyle had noticed that he grew exhausted quite quickly while swinging the hammer.

Usually, one would be expected to feel exhausted after swinging such a huge thing, but that wasn't necessarily the case in fantasy land.

Kyle could run through the wilderness for hours on end without getting exhausted, but just a couple of swings with the hammer made him breathe heavily.

'It's just like the drill. Every single strike consumes my Ether since it's using my Ether in a way to weaken the wall.'

Kyle had also swung a couple of times while he was completely exhausted, and while his strength wasn't much lower, the effect was minuscule.

When he swung in that state, he also felt the impact of the swing since his Ether no longer counteracted the opposing force of the wall.

'I'm fucking starving,' Kyle thought. 'I've been mining all day, and I only had breakfast.'

"Is there some food around here?" Kyle asked the golem.

"Starvation is not a danger in the first trial," the golem answered.

Kyle looked with a sneer at the golem. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

"Starvation is not a danger in the first trial," the golem repeated.

"How is it not a danger?" Kyle asked with annoyance. "What am I supposed to eat? The fucking wall?!"

"The entrant may consume the wall," the golem answered.

Kyle blinked a couple of times.

"You what?" he asked.

"Rephrase your question, entrant number 69," the golem answered mechanically.

"You fucking what, mate?" he asked.

"Rephrase-"

"Forget it!" Kyle shouted before he looked at the wall with frustration.

Then, he struck the wall again and tore a big chunk out.

'Fucking eat the wall, he says! Fine! I'm gonna eat your fucking wall!'

Kyle grabbed a stone and threw it into his mouth before aggressively chewing on it.

The consistency was... special.

But then, Kyle's eyes widened.

'Why do I taste something sweet in between all the rubble?'

Kyle spat the stone out and looked at it.

'The yellow shimmer is gone. I need to investigate this! There might be food in there!'

He tore off a couple more chunks and cut them into smaller pieces.

"Aha!" he shouted as he saw a yellow vein between the stones.

He grabbed one of the stones and licked the yellow vein off it.

'Holy shit! This tastes like fucking honey!'

Kyle's exhaustion vanished surprisingly quickly as he licked the stones clean.

'This is amazing! This tastes almost as addicting as the Narvonian Worm! I love this!'

Kyle recovered quickly and felt full of energy.

"Alright, boys! Let's earn some money for our wives at home!" he shouted.

"Rephrase your-"

"It's nothing!" Kyle answered. "I was just talking to myself. Don't mind me."

The golem became silent again.

'This really is just like a bot or something. Sulfur was obviously intelligent, but this thing is just a dumb machine.'

'But it's still dangerous,' he thought as he looked at the golem's wide arms.

Kyle grabbed his hammer and swung it with all his force.

BOOOM!

A huge chunk of the wall turned into rubble before falling down.

"That's the good stuff!" Kyle shouted, feeling energized. "Keep it going, lads!"

Kyle hit the wall with the flat side of the hammer again, and the hole became deeper.

Luckily, rubble wasn't an issue.

While experimenting with his weapon earlier, Kyle noticed that the rubble vanished into thin air after a while.

Before swinging again, Kyle grabbed a handful of stones and put them into his mouth.

'Can't run out of energy,' he thought, justifying his Ether addiction.

BOOOM!

Another huge strike and the hole Kyle created was over a meter deep while being over two meters wide and high.

"Lass gu!" Kyle shouted with his filled mouth.

He spit out the old stones and grabbed new ones.

'Fuck, is this how it feels to take a bump of coke?!" he thought as he felt the irresistible urge to destroy stuff.

Luckily, there wasn't a lack of stuff to destroy here.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Kyle kept hitting the wall in a fervor.

'Being a blue-collar worker is awesome!'

"Make it bigger!"

"Make it wider!"

"We need space for swings, boys!"

Kyle moved into the hole and kept swinging.

"Fuck off! This is my territory!" he shouted as he cut through the ceiling that was slowly encroaching on him.

For several minutes, Kyle kept swinging through the wall in what appeared to be a drug-fueled haze.

The hole had already closed behind him, but Kyle kept going.

A moment later, he grabbed a long slab with lots of yellow powder on it.

"I learned it by watching you, Mom!" he shouted as he snorted the yellow powder of the slab.

"WHOOOOO!" Kyle shouted as he kept swinging.

"Fuck off!" Kyle shouted, destroying another encroaching wall while doing his best to resist the urge to drum his chest like an ape.

As Kyle broke another wall, he saw a skeleton with a mining weapon behind it.

BANG!

"Out of the way, loser!" Kyle shouted, turning the skeleton into powder with a swing of his hammer.
"This is winner country!"

A minute later, Kyle fell face-first into the wall in front of him as he stumbled over something.

He looked down and saw a bright yellow piece of ore beneath him.

His mouth watered as he saw that thing.

'This has to taste amazing!'

But then, he remembered the stupid machine at the entrance.

'Is that one of these wells?'

Kyle did his best to restrain himself.

"It's not time for lunch yet, lads! Food later, more coke now!" Kyle shouted before grabbing another mouthful of rocks.

"WHOOOO!" he shouted as he continued digging forward.