

## Hammer God 384

### Chapter 384 The Beach Episode

Kyle looked around with confusion.

'Why? I don't get it,' he thought.

At this moment, the Crown Prince and all the representatives of the Fighter Guilds were on a beach northeast of the capital.

It was the strangest thing.

The gathered people had substantial political influence and represented powerful organizations.

And yet...

"I got a big one!" Naga shouted as she pulled on the gigantic metallic rod.

"Wow, look at how that rod is bending!" Wild shouted as she jumped over. "Do you need help?"

"No, all good!" Naga said as she pulled on the humongous fishing rod.

Kyle just blinked a couple of times.

'Fishing. They are fishing. On a beach. Dressed in bikinis. How are bikinis even a thing here?' he thought.

This was the way the Crown Prince had suggested celebrating Kyle's arrival.

"I can do it!" Naga shouted as her feet were slowly pulled towards the sea.

The others crowded around Naga, not daring to touch her fishing rod but still wanting to help.

"Naga, you're going to lose it!" the Crown Prince shouted like this was a national emergency.

"I can take it!" Naga shouted as her arms shook more.

The fishing rod seemed about ready to break.

Naga closed her eyes, and her expression became different.

'Huh, she's good,' Kyle thought. 'She looks like she's holding the urge to call for help back due to pride. She says that she can do it, but she looks like she wants to be saved.'

Naturally, all of that was just dumb acting.

She was an Early Grandmaster.

She could probably handle a fish.

Some seconds later, when the rod was about to break, Naga screamed.

The next moment, a strong hand took hold of the rod, steadyng it in a moment.

Naga looked at the rod with shock before looking at the person beside her.

The Crown Prince.

"Steady, this one's strong," the Crown Prince said.

"I-I know," Naga said. "I..."

"Hey, it's fine," the Crown Prince said. "We all need some help sometimes."

Naga furrowed her brows. "You're right. I should have realized my own weakness sooner."

"You're not weak," the Crown Prince said as he slowly pulled the rod back.

"I know!" Naga said with confidence. "I was just... phrasing it inaccurately."

The Crown Prince just smiled.

After some seconds, a huge fish was pulled out of the ocean.

It was a Peak Ferocious Beast, and as soon as it was pulled out, it started attacking.

"I'll take this one!" Tomb shouted with a bloodthirsty smile.

Fire gathered around her, and she shot towards the fish like a meteorite.

'Huh, kinda looks a bit like my technique,' Kyle thought.

At that moment, Kyle's brows furrowed as he looked at the ocean.

'Let go!' Kyle thought as he shook his own fishing rod a bit.

Several beasts had been interested in the bait on Kyle's fishing rod over the past couple of minutes, and Kyle was busy shooing them away.

He didn't want to fish.

He didn't want to be here.

The earlier they could leave, the better.

This was such a giant waste of time.

Moments later, the gigantic fish collapsed under Tomb's relentless attacks.

"Good job, Naga!" Shore said with a smile.

Sure, Tomb had killed the fish, but Naga had caught it.

"It wasn't me who did it," Naga said. "It was Larian."

Larian just smiled. "You were the one who caught it. Reeling the beasts in is the easy part. Getting them to bite is the hard part."

'Oh, fuck you!' Kyle thought with frustration as he shook his own rod even more. 'These fucking fish are crazy! Hard, my ass!'

"So, what do you want to do with your fish?" Tomb asked Naga.

Naga played with her hair in thought.

Then, she looked at Kyle, who seemed to be glowering into the ocean.

"Stark, you can have the fish," Naga shouted.

Everyone looked over at Kyle.

"Yeah, you should accept the offer, Stark," Wild said with a loud laugh. "You've been fishing for hours, and you haven't gotten a single bite!"

"Huh?" he asked with a distracted voice as he looked at the fish.

At that moment, the fishing rod in Kyle's hand shot out of his hand and vanished into the ocean.

The others looked with shock at Kyle.

"Pfft!" Naga sputtered as she couldn't help laughing.

Naturally, the others also quickly broke out into laughter.

Kyle couldn't get a fish for the entire day, but in the one moment he wasn't focused, a fish bit.

It was too funny.

"Don't be so mean to him!" Wild shouted with laughter. "He's only a Peak Fighter! We were all Peak Fighters once!"

This was another tactic the representatives used to isolate Kyle.

They acted like they were helping their newbie colleague, who was just a Peak Fighter.

This behavior was considered nice, social, and helpful.

However, Kyle had the same status as them, and when there was a serious situation, his words would lose a lot of their weight due to his status as the one who needed help.

Everything looked nice, friendly, and sociable on the surface, but every action was done with a dark and selfish purpose in mind.

"Well, guess that's it with fishing," Kyle said with a smile as he walked over. "Anyway, you said I can have that, right?"

Naga nodded.

"Thank you!" Kyle said as he tore a fin off the corpse.

Then, he bit into it, fishy blood running down his cheek and chest.

The others watched with fascination.

Kyle just turned to the others with a smile.

"Thanks! Tastes great!" he shouted.

At that moment, everyone's eyes narrowed just slightly.

For a while now, they hadn't been sure if Kyle knew what they were doing or if he was just very inexperienced.

But the way he had just looked at them casually while having a stream of fish blood running down his chest basically made it clear.

No adult was this inexperienced.

Kyle made it clear.

He didn't give a shit what they thought of him.

In fact, he would isolate himself even more than they would isolate him.

What effect did that achieve?

It eased the tension between the two sides.

After all, Kyle had essentially just said that he wasn't after the same thing they were after.

Meanwhile, Larian looked at Kyle with furrowed brows.

While Larian was quite experienced, he had five experienced representatives constantly trying to pull wool over his eyes.

When one person said something outrageous, it wasn't an issue, but when one's entire social group kept saying something outrageous, it might become believable.

Larian had been in this situation for over two decades.

It was normal.

Because of that, he couldn't see how unusual the representatives were acting around him.

It all just seemed normal.

That was why, when he saw Kyle's actions, he felt suspicious.

His feelings told him that Kyle didn't want to join the group, but he couldn't find a reason why.

This felt like a problem that needed to be fixed.

They were a team.

They needed to be able to work together.

Meanwhile, Kyle kept eating.

'Bro, this entire fucking beach thing is a waste of time. Let me just get back to training!' (Hey, admin here, bcs you guys couldnt cry harder about the farts, ive stopped them)