

## Hammer God 425

### Chapter 425 Oh no! Assassins!

'Well, that was a waste of money and time,' Kyle thought as he walked out of the brothel.

'I should've known that my body was too powerful and that nothing would've come of it.'

'Can't go vanilla because you gotta be careful or you will explode her.'

'Can't get a blow job because the suction is too weak. Not even the addition of teeth made a difference.'

'Can't get a hand job because her grip strength is non-existent. It literally feels like someone blowing air on your dick from across the room. Frustration is the best word to describe it.'

Just remembering the entire ordeal made Kyle cringe.

It was so awkward.

She was genuinely trying her best, but she just didn't have the means.

"Let's try this. Let's try that. Maybe if you just. Maybe..."

Kyle sighed.

'Glad that diseases are not a thing here. I don't want Aristocrat's AIDS.'

'At least I know now that I need a strong woman to get my dick wet.'

Kyle just aimlessly walked around the city.

Nothing excited him, no matter what he looked at or tried.

Everything was just missing that certain factor that made things exciting.

Nothing that normal people did to kill the time gave Kyle any kind of positive emotion.

It was all just blank.

He could as well look at a wall.

The more time Kyle spent in the city, the more he wanted to get back to work on his power.

'Isn't rest important? I mean, people need to take breaks, right?'

He scratched the back of his head.

'Work all day. Work all night. Work on your power. Plan your future. Make Methods. Learn Fragments. Earn Money. Work, work, work...'

'And yet, why does it not feel like work?'

'I like earning money. It might not be fun to make new Methods or look at Fragments, but the reward is worth the investment. It's kinda like trying to kill a really hard boss in a video game. You try and try. You get frustrated over and over. But when that boss is finally dead, it feels amazing.'

Kyle sighed.

'Yeah, well, I guess it's time to go back and do what I'm always doing.'

'Growing stronger.'

Kyle left the city and walked back to his home.

Once more, he sensed someone on his property.

After turning that guy to ash, Kyle focused on his Methods.

'I shouldn't go overboard this time. I just need to change my existing Methods a bit to make them more efficient. Since I'm going to learn more Fragments after, I would need to make more Methods anyway.'

So, Kyle started refining his Methods.

Sadly, he only had two weeks before he got interrupted.

Kyle felt the Ether near the entrance to his home being displaced ever so slightly.

If his Soul hadn't been so powerful, he wouldn't have felt it.

'Oh, that's quite some control this guy has,' Kyle thought. 'This has to be someone in the Third Realm.'

Kyle started to grow a bit excited.

A fight!

As the foreign Ether reached the wall of ore, Kyle used his control to open the door.

The person in front of the door watched in shock at the opening door.

Was he spotted?

"You gonna enter?" Kyle transmitted his voice to the man.

It was not difficult to create sonic waves with Ether over a great distance.

One just had to have a bit of control over Ether.

The person's eyes narrowed as he looked at the open door.

Yet, he didn't enter.

"What are you waiting for?" Kyle asked. "Aren't you here to assassinate me?"

The man didn't react.

From what Kyle could see, the man was a Mid Grandmaster.

Of course, since killing someone in their home was legally frowned upon, he had completely changed his appearance and didn't wear any identifying markers.

However, no one with such power was unknown.

There were only four possible identities this person could have as a Mid Grandmaster.

High-ranking member in the army.

Noble.

High-ranking member in one of the Four or Five-Weapons Guilds.

Personal super secret servant of an Advisor.

"Why are you still waiting outside?" Kyle asked, transmitting his voice again. "Either you enter because you think you can kill me, or you run away because you think you were spotted. Why are you just standing in front of my door?"

The man furrowed his brows.

Yet, he still didn't move.

"Oh, I get it!" Kyle said. "You're there to lure me out, right? Your friends are probably waiting somewhere."

The man's eyes narrowed.

Then, the man carefully took a couple of steps back.

Mission failed. They'll get him next time.

"Wait!" Kyle shouted. "I'm coming out!"

The man stopped with furrowed brows.

What was going on?

Was this some kind of trick?

Then, one of the doors inside the Inheritance Crypt opened, and Kyle walked out.

This time, he carried his hammer on his shoulder.

However, the man didn't even take note of the hammer since he was completely distracted by Kyle's armor.

Over the past weeks, Kyle had experimented with the green speck, and he had found out that the effect of weight was quite negligible. Kyle had found out that he could create a huge and imposing suit of Rank A Materials and could still move at quite a lot of speed.

His green speck would be under more stress, lowering the times he could accelerate and decelerate in a short amount of time by around two.

However, sometimes, this was a worthy tradeoff.

Right now, Kyle wore a set of thick and humongous black armor that made his head seem comically small. It almost looked like he was a knight or marine from one of the many sci-fi games, shows, and movies that featured a set of highly powered futuristic armor.

Luckily, he wore a helmet, which solved the problem of his small head.

As Kyle took a couple of steps forward, the man grew more nervous.

This guy felt way too dangerous!

"Here I am!" Kyle shouted casually, waving at nothing.

At least, it looked like there was nothing.

Yet, a lot of Darkness Ether was surrounding this spot.

The man watched nervously as Kyle walked out of his home, looking around.

"Oh gee, I don't feel so good," he said, "I sure hope there are no assassins around."

The man just watched.