

Hammer God 47

Chapter 47 Fourth Trial

Kyle stumbled out of the room, still disoriented.

Everything in his vision was so clear that he felt like he took drugs... again.

His eyes randomly zoomed in on some stones in the wall, and all the details he saw overwhelmed him.

It was just too much to take in.

His mind was still spinning, and he looked around, perplexed.

'What the fuck just happened?' he thought as he put his hand to his head.

'I puked my guts out... literally... I think?'

As Kyle thought back to all the blood and guts he puked out, he became nervous.

'I'm still alive, right?'

He touched his body a bit and didn't feel anything wrong.

His skin was soft but resistant like leather.

His arms were muscular but malleable.

His dick-

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" he shouted as he put his hands in front of his dick to hide it.

"I fucking lost my clothing again! What the fuck happened to them this time?!"

He nervously looked around for clothing, but naturally, there were none.

Suddenly, the door he just walked out of opened again, and a set of clothing was thrown out.

"Show some dignity," the small golem said with annoyance before closing the door again.

"Dignity?!" Kyle shouted at the closed door. "You destroyed my clothes, and I'm naked now! How dignified can a naked man be?!"

Nevertheless, Kyle grabbed the new set of clothes and put them on.

As he touched the clothes, he realized that they were quite resilient.

They were soft, but no matter how much he tried, he couldn't even tear them.

After putting them on, Kyle looked at himself.

"Wow, look at this handsome fellow," he said with a smirk.

The clothes were completely black and reminded Kyle of the armor the Spartans of Earth used to wear.

The black plate had the shape of defined muscles, but compared to the Spartans' armor, the abs on his armor actually came from his real abs.

"A bit tight, though," Kyle said with a bit of annoyance as he tried to find a comfortable place for his dick.

Kyle grabbed his hammer-

"Whoa, whoa!" he shouted as he nearly tossed the hammer away.

He grabbed the hammer and regained balance.

With brows raised in surprise, Kyle held the hammer at its hilt with one hand.

It was... light.

He tossed the hammer up a bit, making it rotate once before catching it again.

"That really my hammer?" he asked no one in particular.

In an instant, all the functions of the hammer appeared in Kyle's mind.

"That was a rhetorical question!" Kyle shouted at his hammer.

Kyle ruffled his hair a bit in frustration before walking forward.

"Who cares anyway? Gotta go do this shitty ass trial, or I will become a stain on the ground," he grumbled.

"Oh, right," he said as he stopped, looking back.

He wanted to know how many doors led to this new hall.

How many choices were correct?

As he turned back, he counted seven doors.

'There were 15 doors earlier. Now, there are only seven.'

Kyle tried to find a pattern in the seven doors and found one surprisingly quickly.

'One for everything and six for the double enhancements. I guess Theodor only wants someone who follows the established paths or just goes with everything.'

'Three enhancements or only one enhancement seems to not be okay.'

'Wonder why that is.'

'I mean, I chose one of the correct options, but I'm not sure if it is THE correct one.'

Then, he shrugged.

'Eh, choice is already made. No point in thinking about past decisions. Just roll with it.'

Kyle stepped through the gate leading out of the small hall as he twirled his hammer between his fingers.

While he was strong enough to move his hammer with one hand, moving it with just his fingers was still a bit too much, but he just wanted to look cool for once in his life.

By now, all the nausea and disorientation had vanished, and Kyle just aimlessly looked forward as he stepped through the gate at the end of the hallway.

What greeted him was a big hall with two things.

One was another golem.

And the other thing was a fiercely burning pit of coal.

The pit of coal was around three meters wide, and the fire coming out of the pit was around two meters high and a bright yellow.

The fire illuminated the hall brightly, but for some reason, Kyle didn't think that it was too bright.

"Welcome, entrant number 69," the golem said.

"Nice," Kyle answered without thinking.

"Rephrase your question," the golem said.

"Huh?" Kyle answered, finally paying attention to the golem.

"Rephrase your question," the golem repeated.

"I didn't ask anything," Kyle said.

"Welcome to the fourth trial, entrant number 69," the golem repeated.

"Nice," Kyle said.

"Rephrase your-"

"Oh! That's what you meant!" Kyle interjected. "No, no. Just continue your pre-recorded voice line."

"Welcome to the fourth trial, entrant number 69," the golem said.

Kyle kept himself in check.

"In this trial, you have to understand the flame," the golem said, pointing at the fire. "When you have understood the flame, write the answer on the plate beside the door."

The golem pointed at a small plate hanging beside the big gate.

Kyle scratched his head in confusion as he looked at the plate.

"Eeehh, answer?" Kyle asked. "What's even the question?"

"You have to understand the flame," the golem said. "The flame will tell you the answer. You will not receive any help. If you inscribe the wrong answer into the plate, you will fail the trial."

Kyle just looked at the golem with squinted eyes.

"Eh... okay," he said in confusion before looking at the burning pit of coal.

He scratched the side of his head again.

'I don't get it.'

'This guy wants me to look at the flame and understand it? Like, what? Am I supposed to just paint a flame on the plate?'

Kyle just kept looking at the fire in confusion.

'What the fuck am I supposed to do?'

'How do I understand fire just by looking at it?'

