

Hammer God 48

Chapter 48 Nemesis

Kyle just kept scratching his head.

He just couldn't make sense of what the golem said.

What answer?!

Kyle approached the pit of coals and looked at them.

Despite the brightly burning flame, he could see the pieces of coal clearly.

He looked at all the different pieces to find some kind of inscription or pattern.

But there was just nothing.

It was just coal.

Then, he focused on the fire.

It was burning...

Yep, that was fire.

He just kept staring at it, and after about a minute of looking at it, he confirmed yet again that it was fire.

'Is this some kind of school exam? Does the guy want me to write down a chemical formula or something?'

'I think fire was just oxidation, right? If I remember right, it's just heat being released when one thing turns into another thing. Something like that.'

Kyle still had no idea what the fuck the golem wanted from him.

As an experiment, Kyle grabbed his hammer and held it over the flames for a bit.

He held the hammer over the flames for around a minute before pulling it back.

The hammer's appearance didn't change.

Just out of curiosity, Kyle touched the tip of the hammer.

'Surprise, it's hot,' he thought as he caressed the hot head of the hammer.

'Yep, sure is fire,' he thought with a profound nod.

'The hammer's not very hot, though. One would think that holding a hammer over such a big flame for such a long time would heat it up a bit more.'

Kyle scratched the back of his head again before shrugging.

'Imma just try random shit and see if it works.'

Then, he bent down and grabbed one of the pieces of coal.

It was hot, but it wasn't too bad.

As Kyle moved the piece of coal around, he noticed that the black layer was coming off the piece, revealing an amber gem.

His brows raised in surprise and excitement as he looked into the amber gem.

Maybe the answer was in the gems?

Kyle looked at it for a while and found nothing.

Then, he sniffed it.

'Smells like fire.'

Finally, he licked it.

'Is this how fire tastes?' he thought in confusion. 'It tastes... like fire... I guess? Weird.'

After inspecting the gem for a minute, Kyle dumped it back into the pit before grabbing another piece.

He inspected that one as well and, once again, found jackshit.

He repeated the same thing many more times and never found anything of note.

The first pieces Kyle had grabbed and thrown back had already turned black again, and it became difficult to differentiate them from the ones he hadn't looked at yet.

After a while, Kyle just looked at the fire again.

'Are you really fire?' he thought. 'You don't seem very hot.'

Kyle extended his arm towards the fire.

His hand was getting hotter, and it was a bit uncomfortable.

It was like taking a shower that was just a bit too hot.

Eventually, Kyle's entire arm was inside the fire, and he watched with blinking eyes as his arm moved through the fire without issues.

'I was told there would be fire,' Kyle thought with furrowed brows. 'This is awfully cold for a fire. 0/10, can't even cook an egg with this.'

The next moment, Kyle jumped into the pit and stood near the edge of the flames.

'Bit hot here. It's like a California summer.'

Kyle started to sweat, but that was it.

One would expect to feel a bit hotter inside a burning pit of coal.

For a while, he just looked at the raging inferno in front of him.

It was quite scary to stand centimeters away from a two-meter-high flame.

"Huh?" Kyle uttered suddenly. "Was that a number?"

Just now, Kyle thought that he saw a small seven being formed by the flames.

He looked with more focus at the flames.

Nothing happened for several seconds.

"Ah! There's the seven again!" he shouted, pointing into the fire.

When he saw his arm extending into the flames, he pulled it back out of instinct.

'Dumbass!' he shouted at himself in his mind. 'Didn't your mom teach you not to play with fire?'

Kyle snickered.

'As if that whore can do anything but snort meth all day and earn money by sleeping with other junkies. I swear, that bitch would've set me on fire if someone paid her 500 bucks for it.'

'Lucky I wasn't sold to some weird cartel slave camp.'

A moment later, he focused on the fire again as he scratched his head again.

'This might be a dumb idea, but I'm kind of out of options.'

Then, he took a step into the flames.

'A bit toasty,' he thought. 'But bearable. It's like being in the middle of New Mexico's desert at noon.'

Kyle took another step forward, and his entire body was engulfed by the fire.

He started to sweat quite a bit, and his entire body got the sweats.

He scratched his arm and realized that he was still wearing his new set of clothing.

'Oh! It's not burning,' he thought as he looked at it.

'It also doesn't really feel damp. I thought this would be like that latex shit my crazy ex always forced me into.'

'No sweaty man balls this time, boys!'

'I mean, they still sweat, but they're not taking a bath.'

Kyle looked forward again and saw fire all around him.

It was not as bright as he had expected.

It also wasn't as hot.

"Ah! There- urgh," Kyle shouted before he breathed in the flames and started coughing.

'Stop it, idiot! This might be 0/10 fire, but it's still fire! Don't breathe in fire!'

Then, Kyle noticed that he was actually breathing normally through his nose.

'Correction: Don't breathe in fire through your mouth.'

He focused on the flames again, and sure enough, he started to see numbers flashing in the fire occasionally.

But then, Kyle started to sweat nervously as he saw something terrifying.

It was a plus.

Then, a minus.

A root!

When he saw an 18 to the power of 7, he became anxious.

'Oh no.'

'My nemesis.'

'Math.'