

## Hammer God 641

### Chapter 641 Home Gym

Some of the people in the hall commented on Kyle's performance, which surprised him a bit.

He had thought that the first guy had just told him that he did a good job since he had only been gone for a bit more than an hour, but apparently, his performance had been aired.

"Wait, does that happen with all of the Secondary Organizations?" he asked.

"No," a bulkier guy in the Primal Realm transmitted. "Most organizations don't dare to air their trials, tournaments, and so on that involve people from the Array of Stars. It can be quite humiliating, as we have seen."

"Huh, that's funny," Kyle said as he sat down on one of the chairs.

For the next couple of hours, he chatted with some of the people in the hall and learned a bit more about how things went.

Most of the transmissions were for territory battles to make the process as transparent as possible, but there were also some transmissions from different kinds of battles.

For example, at this moment, a True Crusher Disciple was going through several trials in some sort of inheritance.

Apparently, the emblem had a function that allowed someone to start a transmission, but due to privacy concerns, this function wasn't available when the Disciple was in the premises of another organization.

However, when it came to Wild Planets, everyone could start a transmission.

Of course, not every transmission was interesting, and some external employees regularly checked through all the feeds, only forwarding the most interesting ones to the main hall.

The main reason why there were these TVs and these transmissions was education.

If the person sending the transmission made a mistake and died, the watchers would learn from their mistake. If the person were successful in whatever they did, the watchers could see how and why they had succeeded.

'Kinda like a kitchen that has cooking shows running in the background,' Kyle thought.

Eventually, Kyle left the main hall again and went back to his room... if this thing could be called a room. Kinda weird to call a hill and a forest a room.

Kyle stood on top of his very own hill and looked through the database.

'My next assignment is in 50 years,' he thought. 'For now, I don't have access to any Law Wells, but that's mainly because I have to focus on my first Cluster anyway.'

The good thing about the Primal Realm was that Kyle didn't need to look at any Laws to advance.

Everything he needed was his brain and his legs. He had already looked through several tutorials on how to unlock his Clusters.

There wasn't a lot of information about the process, but that was mainly because sharing information on unlocking Clusters could be detrimental.

The reason was that everyone had their own way to unlock Clusters.

Some people said that they needed to violently push a ton of Energy through their Clusters. Yet, when other people tried that, they failed.

Some people said they needed to slowly massage their Clusters with Energy.

For some people, it was related to emotions.

According to the database, the process of unlocking Clusters was very individualized.

All the information essentially boiled down to one sentence.

"Do what feels right."

Kyle scratched the back of his head.

'Well, what feels right?'

Several seconds of silence passed.

Eventually, he just shrugged.

'Guess I will do the same thing I've always done.'

The next moment, Kyle took to the "sky".

Naturally, his room was not an entire world. It was just a room that looked like it was outdoors.

In truth, the blue sky above him was simply a projection on a ceiling.

When he reached the ceiling, it parted and let Kyle through.

After Kyle went through the hole, it closed below him, and he found himself in a big, empty hall.

This was his gym.

If he wanted some kind of training device, he could manifest it here.

There were several specialized machines for Seekers that strengthened certain parts of the body.

For example, there was a bullet-hell machine that would keep shooting attacks at the user with increasing intensity and speed to teach them the Fragment of Reflexes.

There were also some machines to train different Clusters, but they didn't always work since everyone's method of unlocking Clusters was so individualized.

The machines were stored in a central storage, and if someone needed one, the interface would tell the storage machine to teleport it to the room.

Kyle had access to hundreds of different kinds of machines, but he wasn't interested in any of them.

He was happy that his gym was completely empty.

The next moment, Kyle pulled out his hammer.

For just a moment, he felt its weight.

'After I became a Primal, the weight has lessened quite a bit. In fact, it feels just a slight bit light.'

'Yeah, well. Just gotta deal with it.'

Then, Kyle did the same thing he had always done.

He swung his hammer.

He swung it from left to right, from right to left, up, down, left, right, and so on.

After warming up, he also started to run around the room, unleashing several attacks while moving.

The hammer swung in beautiful arcs while creating devastating storms.

Luckily, his gym was powerful enough to even allow Peak True Crushers to train in, and those were Peak True Crushers who belonged to the Array of Stars.

The gym didn't even shake while Kyle trained.

After swinging for a while, Kyle got an idea and took out his communicator.

The next moment, several targets appeared in his training room.

Several huge cubes made of powerful metals.

Several fake beasts made of materials mimicking the feel of their bodies.

Several human targets. Some of them armed, some of them unarmed.

Kyle smirked as he charged towards one of the cubes.

He swung.

BANG!

His hammer hit the cube, which vibrated slightly.

At the same time, Kyle's entire body shook due to the counterforce.

Several of his blood vessels broke, while his bones cracked.

This thing was hard! Like, actually hard!

This was a Low Wisdom Fire Realm Rank Material!

He was like a toddler hitting a tank with a toy.

Naturally, Kyle's body recovered quite quickly, and he looked at the cube with interest.

Then, he struck it again.