**Hammer God 78**

Chapter 78: You Got Me

Kyle stood up.

'Nervon is really strong,' he thought. 'I can deal with tons of Spitters, and I even killed that one big Ore Fiend, but I don't think I can win against him.'

Kyle finally realized that he could actually go all out against Nervon.

"I'm going to be serious now," Kyle said.

Nervon just smirked. "Then, I will also be serious."

Kyle looked at Nervon, trying to find a way to hit him.

Striking from the side didn't work very well.

So, he lifted his hammer high and swung from top to bottom.

BOOOM!

The hammer hit the ground while Nervon just casually took one step to the side.

Then, he held his shield in front of him and took a massive step forward.

Kyle saw the shield approaching him, and his instincts kicked in.

He immediately jumped to the side, avoiding the shield.

Nervon had an expression of positive surprise on his face.

He hadn't expected that Kyle could avoid that.

Most people froze when their attack failed, and the enemy launched a counterattack.

Nervon could see that, while Kyle was uneducated in combat, he was not inexperienced.

'This guy must have gone through some rough battles in the last weeks,' Nervon thought.

After dodging, Kyle quickly pulled his hammer back.

BANG!

But Nervon stepped on the hilt of the hammer.

Kyle's grip on his hammer was broken by an irresistible force.

The next moment, Nervon approached with his shield again.

Kyle evaded-

BANG!

Yet, just when Kyle stepped to the side, Nervon's mace came out from behind the shield and hit him in the chest.

Kyle lost all the breath in his lungs and was thrown several meters away.

He rolled a couple of times but managed to regain his foothold.

"Oho, not bad," Nervon said. "You should have difficulties breathing right now, but you still regained control. This doesn't seem to be something new for you."

Yes, Kyle essentially couldn't breathe right now, but just like Nervon said, this had happened before.

His battles against the scaly Spitters and the Ore Fiends had given him the ability to recover very quickly, even while injured.

As Kyle thought back to the time Nervon stepped on the hilt of his hammer, physics class from high school invaded his mind without consent.

'Lever principle,' Kyle thought. 'The fulcrum or whatever it's called was at the head of the hammer, which was on the ground. If I wanted to lift the hammer, I would need to lift the heavy head and Nervon while being on the bad side of a lever.'

'If I could grab the head while he was standing on the hilt, it would be no issue to lift it.'

Kyle was sure that he had confused a couple of principles, but he didn't really give a shit.

That was how it worked in his mind.

Fuck language and words!

He was making his own words and gave them their own meaning!

The next moment, Nervon slid the hammer back to Kyle.

"This is not about winning. This is about teaching you," he said.

Kyle took a deep breath and lifted his hammer.

"Try again," Nervon said.

That was when Kyle got an idea.

He held his hammer down and ran forward.

When he reached Nervon, he swung upwards.

BANG!

Nervon moved to the side and punched the head of the hammer to the other side with his shield.

Then, he charged forward with his mace...

Just to be greeted by a hilt that quickly became bigger in his vision.

Kyle had expected the hammer to be parried to the side.

Because of that, he didn't resist the force but used it.

The head of the hammer spun.

Kyle let go of the hammer and changed his grip, essentially holding the wrong way around.

Finally, he used the head of his hammer as a "fulcrum" and swung the hilt at Nervon's face.

When Nervon saw the hilt, his battle instincts kicked in as well.

He gritted his teeth.

BANG!

And headbutted the side of the hilt.

Splatters of blood came from Nervon's forehead, but he didn't stop.

With gritted teeth, Nervon stepped forward and drove his mace into Kyle's chest with all of his power.

CRACK!

Some of Kyle's ribs broke, and he was thrown back.

This time, he didn't immediately stand up.

While Kyle was on the ground, Nervon touched the wound on his forehead and looked at his blood-covered fingers.

He furrowed his brows.

Then, he cleaned his fingers on his green armor.

"Not bad," Nervon said. "I believe I owe you a beer."

Kyle had difficulties breathing while lying on the ground.

That strike had been devastating.

"Come on, don't be a pantsy," Nervon shouted. "Yes, some of your ribs are probably broken, but you should get used to that."

"You are half-dwarf. You can recover quickly with just a bit of meat."

"If you want to make use of that, you have to get used to being injured a lot."

Nervon walked over to his belongings and pulled out some meat from his bag.

Then, he approached Kyle and handed it to him.

"I hunted a bit yesterday. Don't want to cut the day short because you're too injured," he said with a smirk.

Kyle looked at the meat.

'You know, I was excited for the training.'

'I'm not sure if I'm excited anymore.'

The pain he felt in his chest was quite brutal.

"He's not bad as a teacher for a mere mortal," Theodor said. "For now, his teachings will suffice, but his knowledge is limited to the First Realm."

'Of course you would like somebody who beats the shit out of me,' Kyle grumbled in his mind.

Kyle ate the meat, and his broken bones healed in a matter of seconds.

All the pain was gone.

He took a deep breath and stood up again.

"Ready for the next round?" Nervon asked.

Kyle just sighed.

'Well, no pain, no gain, I guess.'

Kyle lifted his hammer again before charging at Nervon.