Hammer God 167

Chapter 167 Fighter Guild

Kyle climbed up the relatively steep road and approached the gate.

"What is your business in Starkhold?" one of the guards asked as he approached Kyle.

"I want to join the Fighter Guild," Kyle answered.

"Central plaza, near the left," the guard said. "Welcome to Starkhold."

"Thank you," Kyle answered.

These kinds of checks happened in nearly every city.

Of course, someone who wanted to do something horrible to Starkhold wouldn't state their intentions at the gate, but that was not the point.

The point was to let the citizens feel safer.

Additionally, when some scoundrel talked to a guard for a moment, they wouldn't feel as comfortable anymore. After all, they had a conversation with a guard, and that guard might remember them.

Kyle entered the city and looked around.

'Feels like this city comes straight out of some medieval movie or something,' he thought as he saw the peasants selling their wares in stalls.

There were some people with expensive clothing, but there were even more people wearing basic clothing.

Kyle walked along the main road and took note of the stalls.

'There are a lot of ore and stone vendors. Not surprising. I mean, this entire city is on top of four mountains. There's probably plenty of ore to go around.'

'Wonder where they're getting their food from. I didn't see any farms in the surroundings.'

Eventually, Kyle reached a big plaza with a fountain in the middle.

On top of the fountain was a statue of a stalwart man with a big axe.

"Do you know who that is?" Kyle whispered.

"Karl Wendler," Theodor answered.

"Is he powerful?" Kyle asked.

"I don't know."

Kyle furrowed his brows. "I thought you knew him."

"I don't."

"What?" Kyle asked.

"There's a plaque below the statue, imbecile," Theodor said.

"I saw that myself," Kyle grumbled.

"Why did you ask me then?" Theodor asked in annoyance.

'Oh my god. This fucking guy,' Kyle thought with a groan.

Kyle dropped the subject and turned to one of the bigger buildings in the plaza.

It was around five stories tall and made of black stone, creating quite a contrast to the light-grey buildings all around.

'Not conforming with the city's color scheme… aren't we special?' Kyle thought.

There was a big emblem above the entrance of the building.

A sword, a hammer, and an axe were on top of a shield, which had a spear, a halberd, and a lance crossing behind it.

"I would assume this is the Fighter Guild?" Kyle whispered.

"That's the status symbol of a Fighter Guild," Theodor said. "The more weapons there are in the symbol, the higher-ranked the guild and this specific location is."

"The shield symbolizes that this is a Fighter Guild. The number of weapons in front of the shield symbolizes the rank of the entire Fighter Guild. The number of weapons behind the shield symbolizes the rank of the building within said Fighter Guild."

"There are three levels to the weapons behind the shield. One weapon means it's a minor outpost. Two weapons mean it's a major outpost. Three weapons mean this is the headquarters of the entire Guild."

Kyle took note of the three weapons behind the shield.

'Headquarters, then.'

"The weapons on the front determine the rank of the entire Fighter Guild when compared to the other Fighter Guilds. There can be up to five weapons."

"Interesting," Kyle whispered back. "Since this has three weapons out of five, it means it's average, right?"

"That's not how it works," Theodor answered. "50% of all Fighter Guilds only have one weapon. 35% have two weapons. 10% have three weapons. The remainder has four weapons, except for the Chief Fighter Guild in Skysand City, which is the only one that is allowed to have five."

"Huh," Kyle uttered. "So, this Fighter Guild is almost in the top 10%?"

"Could be," Theodor said.

"Just out of curiosity, could I join a stronger Fighter Guild?" Kyle asked.

"No," Theodor asked. "The Chief Fighter Guild exclusively recruits Grandmasters. A four-weapon Fighter Guild mainly deals with the stronger half of Fighters. Three-weapon Fighter Guilds deal with normal Fighters. They rarely accept Adepts, but if a candidate shows promise, they will still accept them."

"I am uncertain if you will be accepted. Your experience in fighting humans is lackluster. You can try getting in, but don't be surprised if they reject you."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, Boss," Kyle whispered.

Kyle took a deep breath before approaching the building.

As he walked closer, he met eyes with a peculiar man.

'Is that a fucking Stetson hat?' Kyle thought.

The guy was wearing a long leather cloak with leather boots while leaning against a wall near the entrance.

As Kyle approached, the man glanced at him.

"Hi," Kyle said as he walked past the man.

The next moment, Kyle couldn't walk forward anymore as the side of a big halberd stopped his advance.

He just looked down in shock.

'I didn't even notice this thing appearing!'

Naturally, the man was the one stopping Kyle.

"Easy there, boy," the man said. "You are not part of our Guild. You can't just enter."

"Oh, sorry. I didn't know," Kyle said, taking a step back.

"Why are you here, boy?" the man asked evenly, looking Kyle up and down.

"I want to join," Kyle answered.

"A guppy wanting to swim with the sharks," the man said with a smirk. "Idiocy or bravery?"

"Both!" Kyle answered with conviction.

The man blinked in surprise.

"Not what I was expecting," the man commented. "Alright, color me intrigued."

'I fucking hate that phrase. Intrigued is not a fucking color,' Kyle thought.

"So, how can I join?" Kyle asked.

"Why don't you try impressing me first?" the man asked, still leaning against the wall.

"How?" Kyle asked.

"Who knows?" the man said with a smirk. "How about you move me from this wall?"

"Ah, I see," Kyle said. "You want me to attack you."

The man just chuckled.

Then, Kyle pulled out his hammer. "Is it fine if I use this?"

"By all means," the man said, crossing his arms.

"If I break something, do I have to pay for it?" Kyle asked.

"I will pay for it," the man answered.

Kyle smirked.

"Good."