

Hammer God 169

Chapter 169 Tryouts

Kyle grew annoyed.

This was just like back when Mandrake talked about Momentum.

"Wait, is this about that Momentum thing?" Kyle asked.

"Yes, stop asking," Theodor answered.

Kyle didn't stop asking, but Theodor kept refusing to answer.

In the end, Kyle gave up.

'What the fuck is the point of keeping something like this secret? How can knowing something be bad for you? I don't get it!'

After a day of learning, Kyle went to sleep.

Naturally, Theodor wouldn't let him sleep in peace for too long, and Kyle was confronted with another lesson about smithing and mining.

Kyle bought some food and ate it, but it barely did anything for his hunger.

Sure, his body had something to digest, but there was barely any Ether in there.

Based on what Theodor had said, Kyle didn't need to eat beast meat to survive. Just like a normal human, Kyle regenerated his Ether by pulling it from the environment.

The hunger for beast meat he felt was essentially just a craving.

He needed it to advance, but he didn't need it to survive.

Normal food was good enough, as long as he ate a good amount of it.

'Still sucks, though,' Kyle thought. 'Imagine being hungry 24/7 despite eating.'

'Do beasts also feel like that?'

'Fucking evolution man. Plenty of fat people in America. They bloat up and suffer from insane health complications due to their overweight, but their instincts still tell them to keep eating.'

'Wonder if this is also like that.'

Kyle looked down at the fake abs of his armor, but he knew that he had real abs beneath the fake abs.

'Eh, maybe it's not so bad. Still hungry, though.'

When it was time to leave, Kyle left the inn and approached the Fighter Guild.

He saw three men and one woman standing beside the entrance, talking to each other.

"Are you also here for the tryouts?" one of them asked Kyle.

"Yep," Kyle said, approaching them.

"I haven't seen you before," another one said. "Did you pass another screening?"

"Screening?" Kyle asked. "I thought that would be today."

"Oh, no," the woman said. "Today are the tryouts. If you want to take part in the tryouts, you need to go through the screening first."

Kyle became nervous. "I didn't know. How do I pass this screening?"

"Have you not been inside the building?" one of the men asked with raised brows.

"No, that guy wouldn't let me in," Kyle said, pointing at the man leaning against the wall.

"Why not?" a man asked.

"He told me I'm not part of the Guild, and I can't just enter," Kyle said.

"What? That makes no sense," one of them said. "How are they going to get missions if only Guild members are allowed to enter? Does a farmer with a beast problem have to join the Guild first before they can ask the Guild to hunt their problematic beast?"

"That... is a good point," Kyle said.

"Go in," the woman said. "Maybe you can get screened before the tryouts start."

"Thanks!" Kyle shouted before quickly walking over to the entrance.

Yet, just when Kyle was about to enter, he was stopped by the man's halberd again.

"Dude, I don't have time for this," Kyle said with annoyance. "I need to get screened."

"Easy there, boy," the man said. "You are screened."

Kyle blinked a couple of times. "Huh?"

"Yes," the man answered. "I screened you. Just wait with the others."

Kyle grew suspicious. "Are you fucking with me again?"

The man snorted before pushing Kyle away with his halberd. "I'm not going to mess with the Guild's recruitment."

Kyle just threw a suspicious glance at the man before walking back to the group.

Yet, just when Kyle was on his way back to the group, the door of the Fighter Guild opened, and a tall man with a bushy beard walked out.

He had a huge shield and a long lance on his back.

"Newbies, assemble!" the man shouted.

The next moment, the group of five ran over to the man and stood at attention in front of him.

Kyle followed them and stood at the end, his stance not as impressive or practiced.

The man's eyes immediately focused on Kyle.

"Who are you? You're not part of the group," the man said.

"I'm Kyle Freeman," Kyle said before pointing at the man near the gate. "He told me he screened me."

The man furrowed his brows and looked at the man at the gate. "Is that true?"

The man at the gate just showed a thumbs-up.

"Alright," the man said, looking back at Kyle. "You can join."

Kyle released a sigh of relief.

"What's your level?" the man asked.

"Peak Adept," Kyle answered.

That immediately made all the other people look at Kyle.

"Peak Adept?" the examiner asked.

Kyle nodded.

Then, the examiner looked back at the man leaning against the wall. "Did you know about that?"

"No," the man answered. "I swear, he felt like an Initial Fighter."

The examiner looked a bit annoyed. "That's why you have guard duty, Luke. You always act without thinking."

"Hey, that's not my fault! You test him!" Luke answered.

The examiner snorted and approached Kyle.

Then, he put his hand on Kyle's armor and pushed.

Kyle took a step back.

"Push against me," the examiner said.

Kyle pushed forward, but the examiner's hand didn't move.

It was like there was a wall in front of Kyle.

"You can stop," the examiner said, pulling his hand back.

Then, the examiner crossed his arms and looked conflicted.

"My word, Luke is actually right for once," the examiner muttered.

"See? I told you!" Luke shouted from the wall.

"Are you sure you're a Peak Adept?" the examiner asked Kyle. "Your body is quite strong."

"I bathed in Silver's Fluid for a couple of days. That's probably it," Kyle answered, remembering Theodor's third trial.

Back then, he used natural resources to increase the power of his Aspects of Power.

"Bathed?" the examiner asked with raised brows.

The others also looked at Kyle in shock.

"Yeah," Kyle answered. "That's probably the reason."

The next moment, the mood changed.

"Are you the heir of some rich household?" the examiner asked.

"Nah," Kyle answered. "I barely have a couple of Ether Pebbles. Also, I don't think anyone of renown would have a child with a dwarf."

Theodor had told Kyle to mention that he was a half-dwarf, and this was the best way to mention it.

"Half-dwarf?" the examiner asked with even more shock.

This explained everything.

The mood changed again.

This time, the other contestants looked at Kyle with disdain.

A disgusting and stupid dwarf.

Yeah, no surprise his body was that strong.

Dwarves were only good for their physical powers.