

Hammer God 178

Chapter 178 Ace Team

"In short, don't steal from your brothers. Don't kill your brothers. Don't injure your brothers unless you have a good reason. Don't cause trouble to the Guild," Noah explained.

'Makes sense,' Kyle thought.

"Aside from that, you have to complete at least one mission per month if you want to stay in the Fighter Guild. This rule can be suspended if you are at a level of power where missions appropriate for your level are rare, but that won't be a problem for any of you."

At that moment, the five of them walked through a door and found themselves on the scaffolding of a huge hall.

Kyle looked down and saw a big bar or cafeteria.

A bunch of men and a rare few women were chatting and drinking on wooden benches.

'This entire hall smells like beer,' Kyle thought. 'Seems like beer also exists in fantasy land.'

"Greet your younger brothers and your younger sister!" Noah shouted into the hall.

All the people looked up at Noah.

"HEEEY!" they all shouted in unison, holding up their mugs before drinking from them.

The next moment, an athletic woman with red hair jumped up from the hall and jumped over the scaffolding, landing in front of Tracy.

The woman wore a skintight leather outfit, and two small axes hung from her belt.

"We're still doing the onboarding," Noah said to her.

"You don't know how to talk to women, Noah," the woman said. "We get new sisters so rarely. I'll take care of her. I won't let her fall victim to all of these scumbags down there."

Naturally, all of the members were powerful Fighters, and they could hear everything the woman said.

Yet, all of them acted like they hadn't heard a thing.

Tracy looked like a deer in headlights, not knowing what to do.

"Do you want to go with her?" Noah asked Tracy calmly.

Tracy looked carefully at the new arrival.

For some reason, this woman felt dangerous but also safe.

She felt like a lioness.

"I don't know," Tracy said. "I don't even know who she is."

"I'm Wyveria, and I'm the biggest sister of the Stark Brotherhood," Wyveria said. "I'm in the Ace Team."

"There are a lot of scumbags down there, and Noah won't teach you how to deal with them. He lacks experience with women," she said.

Noah just sighed in exhaustion.

"What's the Ace Team?" Kyle asked.

Wyveria threw a disgusted glance at Kyle.

'Dude, what's her problem? I just asked a regular question! Is this how it feels like to be on a college campus?' Kyle thought, remembering all these political videos surrounding American college campuses.

"The Ace Team is the strongest team," Noah answered. "Their members are all Peak Fighters, while the leader is an Initial Grandmaster. They are half of the reason why we are a three-weapon Guild."

"More like the entire reason," Wyveria said with a snort. "I don't know when the Chief got off his lazy ass the last time."

"Try not to be a bitch, Wyveria," Noah commented. "It's our motto, you remember?"

"The Chief is the ass. I'm just answering in kind," she shot back.

"So, you want to come with me?" Wyveria asked Tracy with a friendly voice.

'She really hates everyone with a penis,' Kyle thought, seeing the difference in treatment.

Tracy looked at Wyveria with uncertainty.

"It might be beneficial to you," Noah said. "Wyveria takes care of almost all the women in here."

Tracy looked at the gathered Fighters in the cafeteria below them.

Moments later, she made her decision.

"Thank you, but I can take care of myself," Tracy answered. "I don't want any special treatment just because I'm a woman."

'Oh, wow! We got an actual adult over here! Couldn't be me,' Kyle thought in surprise.

"It's your choice to make," Wyveria said casually. "My offer still stands. If you change your mind, just approach me."

Then, Wyveria threw one last disgusted glance at the male Newbies before leaping down to her group of women.

"Did I make a mistake?" Tracy whispered.

Noah shook his head. "Despite her temper, she is actually a good person. She won't make things difficult for you."

Tracy sighed in relief.

"How do I join the Ace Team?"

Everyone glanced at Dylan, who had just asked the question.

"Become a Peak Fighter first," Wyveria shouted from the cafeteria below.

Dylan looked down at her. "If I become a Peak Fighter, I can join?"

Wyveria chuckled. "You have a chance. The Ace Team already has a Shouter, and if you want to join us, you have to be better than our current Shouter."

"Who is your Shouter?" Dylan asked.

'Dude, and the Chief said I'm the one who can't keep my mouth shut,' Kyle thought. 'Look at this guy.'

Even though Kyle had just arrived, he already knew the answer.

His instincts had been highlighting one particular person in the cafeteria this entire time.

It was a thin and small man sitting alone, away from all of the others.

He wore simple linen clothing, and a small rusty buckler was on his back.

He looked like a regular nomad who just traveled from bar to bar.

And yet, Kyle's instincts told him one unmistakable thing.

This guy was outstanding.

His presence eclipsed everyone else in the cafeteria.

As Kyle saw the tiny frame of the man, he realized something.

'Is that a dwarf?' he thought. 'A Fighter dwarf?'

"It's him," Wyveria said, pointing at the Fighter dwarf.

Dylan narrowed his eyes as he looked at the dwarf.

Then, Dylan jumped over the railing and landed beside the dwarf.

The dwarf calmly put his mug back onto the table and looked at Dylan with a friendly smile.

"Right now, I am still weaker than you," Dylan said. "But with time, I will surpass you and become part of the Ace Team."

Kyle took a breath through gritted teeth.

'Yikes. You're jumping the gun a bit early, aren't you?' he thought.

The dwarf smiled in embarrassment as he looked at Dylan.

"Excuse. Not good Sandspeak."