

## **Hammer God 179**

### Chapter 179 Missions

The hall broke out into laughter.

Almost every time, there was some Newbie who thought he was hot shit, and most of the time, they were Shouters.

Shouters tended to be big and boastful. Otherwise, they wouldn't have chosen to become Shouters in the first place.

They were the center of attention, and they had the most dangerous job.

This gave them a lot of Momentum, confidence, and ambition.

And every time they were confronted with the dwarf's horrible language skills, their demeanor deflated.

It was hilarious every single time.

'He's not a Fighter,' Kyle realized. 'As far as I can see, he is just a regular dwarf.'

'But with their powerful bodies, dwarfs could be amazing Shouters.'

'His physical power is probably even higher than the Chief's.'

As expected, Dylan's enthusiasm deflated.

His grand entrance had been ruined.

Kyle also had to chuckle when he saw that.

For some reason, Dylan's eyes immediately homed in on Kyle, and he glared at him.

"Is something funny happening?" Dylan asked with narrowed eyes.

"Why are you going for me?" Kyle asked. "I'm not the only one that laughed."

Dylan jumped up and landed in front of Kyle.

"The others are stronger than me. They are allowed to laugh at me."

Dylan leaned closer to Kyle.

"You're not."

"Dude, have you seen yourself?" Kyle asked. "Yes, you're stronger than me. So what? It's still hilarious how you essentially ran into a wall."

Dylan narrowed his eyes even more. "You should respect people more powerful than you."

"You mean just how you respected the Shouter just now?" Kyle asked with a smirk.

"I acknowledged that he was stronger than me," Dylan argued.

"And I acknowledge that you were stronger than me," Kyle answered.

Dylan gritted his teeth as he glared at Kyle with hatred.

"Dude, you're not the Chief. Your Momentum is barely scratching the itch I've had on my butt for the past hour," Kyle answered.

"Can we get back to the onboarding process?" Noah asked with annoyance at that point.

Dylan glared at Kyle before snorting.

The Fighters still laughed.

Usually, the hall wasn't as packed as today, but everyone had heard that there would be Newbies joining today.

It was always entertaining to watch the Newbies.

"Alright," Noah said. "Back to business."

Noah led the four of them down to the cafeteria.

"After you guys leave my care, you will be joining the free agents. As free agents, you are free to pick your missions. Most missions can't be completed on your own, and you will require help."

"You are allowed to ask other Guilds for help, but you must register them when you accept the mission. You can't accept a mission and then add someone afterward."

"After some time, if you find some people you'd like to work with permanently, you can register as a team. As a registered team, you get access to more missions, and based on your skills, you also get missions assigned to you."

"You can read all about the rules of forming a team in the rulebook you will receive later."

Noah led everyone to a huge board with tens of papers nailed to it.

"These are the free missions. Any free agent may accept them."

Kyle quickly read through the missions.

'Solve the murder of the farmer in Hillscape? What the fuck? I'm not a detective! And the reward is only 20 Ether Pebbles?!

'Search for Winterfire forces in the twilight forest? 50 fucking Ether Stones?!

'Protect Lady Whiskers (cat) on her evening stroll? One Ether Pebble!'

'These missions are all shit!'

'Some of them are unsolvable. Some of them pay nothing. And some of them are straight-up death sentences!'

'Winterfire forces? Dude, that's the Kingdom the Skysand Kingdom is at war with! Getting involved in the biggest conflict in the world as an Initial Fighter does not sound like a good idea!'

"As you can see," Noah said. "All the missions are horrible."

"That's because all of the good missions immediately get taken as soon as they are posted."

Then, Noah looked at the beautiful woman standing behind the bar and nodded.

The clerk smiled and nodded before pulling a piece of paper out from below the counter.

As soon as she pulled out the paper, the entire atmosphere in the cafeteria changed.

It became tense and silent.

Noah gently pushed the Newbies away from the board.

The clerk walked over to the board, and her steps echoed throughout the entire cafeteria.

She stopped in front of the board and pulled out a pin.

She slowly held the paper up to the board.

BANG!

Then, she immediately rammed the pin into the board before quickly running back to her counter.

BANG!

It was like an explosion went off as over ten people leaped from their seats to charge at the board.

They all climbed over each other, pushing the others back.

Then, everything stopped as one of them touched the pin of the paper.

The others sneered in annoyance and disgust before walking back to their seats, while the victor smiled with confidence.

He pulled the pin out and read through the paper.

"Ugh," he commented. "It's the landlady again."

"Jim, you want it?" the man shouted at a random guy.

Jim just sighed. "What does she want this time?"

"One of her tenants has rats."

"How much?"

"Five Pebbles."

Jim sighed again before standing up. "Sure, I'll take it."

The first guy walked away, which meant that the mission was up for grabs again.

However, nobody jumped to their feet anymore.

The client was a regular, and she always wanted them to do annoying but simple shit for barely any pay.

Jim was the only one who accepted these kinds of missions.

"This will be you in three months," Noah commented to the Newbies.

'These maniacs jumped over each other for this mission without even knowing what it is about,' Kyle thought. 'They're really desperate.'

At that moment, somebody kicked open the door to the cafeteria.

Kyle looked over and saw somebody familiar.

Luke.

The guard at the gate.

"Boys!" he shouted, holding up a paper. "We got a promotion!"

"Any takers?"

Most of the people grimaced and looked away from Luke.