

## **Hammer God 192**

### Chapter 192 How to Train

"Why?" Theodor asked with annoyance.

"They pay better. At least, that's what the Beast Tamer lady said," Kyle answered.

"If you want to join the war this early, I might as well blow up right now," Theodor said with a snort.

Kyle rolled his eyes. "Can you stop threatening my life?"

"You just said you want to kill yourself. What's the difference between you and me when it comes to threatening your life?"

"You could've just said no," Kyle commented.

"Then you would be pestering me with questions about why."

Kyle remained silent for a bit.

"Okay, sure. Probably," he said before sighing in annoyance. "It's just... getting all of this money is going to take forever. Can't I just search for ore in the wilderness?"

"That is an option," Theodor said, "but I would advise against it."

"Why?" Kyle asked.

"See?" Theodor asked with an annoyed snort. "If I don't tell you why, you will keep pestering me."

"Yes, I already conceded that point," Kyle said with a groan.

"As for the reason," Theodor added, "it's because you need more experience. You joined a Fighter Guild not to earn money but to learn."

"Even if you had all the Tomes and advanced right now, all the other recruits would still beat you in power despite being inferior in basically all physical aspects."

"Adepts usually need several years to become Fighters, and that grants them experience. You haven't had any real combat training, and you desperately need that."

"You need to learn more techniques, and you have to get used to fighting humans."

"The stronger you become, the more human your enemies become."

Kyle sighed.

"Fine, gotta train, I guess," he said. "How am I supposed to do that without an instructor, though?"

Theodor snorted in disdain. "How do the other Fighters in the Guild train?"

"I dunno," Kyle answered.

"Then, go and find out. They also have to train. Why do I have to do all of the thinking for you?"

"Yes, yes! I'm going to do it," Kyle answered as he stood up from the floor.

Then, he left his room and entered the cafeteria.

When he saw Noah, he approached him and asked about how people trained.

"There are several ways," Noah answered. "There are free courses that cover things to look out for in missions. There are also paid courses with members who are willing to instruct others. You can also ask to spar with any of your brothers and sisters. There are also betting fights, which give some experience."

Earlier, Kyle didn't know what to do, and now, he had too many choices.

He thanked Noah and checked out the free courses.

'Three times per week,' Kyle read.

Then, he looked at the paid courses with individual instructors.

When he saw the prices, he had to take a deep breath.

'Expensive!' he thought. 'Even the cheapest one wants five Ether Pebbles per session, and this is held in a group!'

Eventually, Kyle decided to just ask some of the other members who were currently fighting in the hall.

He saw two people fighting, with a third one watching.

"Hey, you want another member? I need some training," Kyle asked the person watching the fight.

"Sure," the man with the spear said with pleasant surprise. "You are new, right?"

"Yeah, just joined," Kyle said.

"I was a Newbie six months ago myself," the man said with a smile. "How good are you at fighting humans?"

"Bad," Kyle answered.

The man raised an eyebrow. "Sure, I can go easy on you. You know about the rules?"

"No," Kyle answered.

The man explained the rules regarding sparring to Kyle, and he just nodded.

The rules were quite sensible and basic. Nothing surprising.

The two of them readied their weapons, and the man told Kyle to start.

Naturally, Kyle charged forward and used Air Current to attack the man.

The man looked at the Wind Ether with interest and amusement.

Then, he tapped his spear onto Kyle's hammer while jumping back.

The next moment, Kyle's eyes widened.

'What the fuck? My Wind Ether is gone!' he thought.

The man chuckled, and the next moment, Wind Ether gathered around his spear.

He was also using Air Current!

"I also have a Wind Affinity," he said. "Air Current is not going to work on me. I also know it. You have to use something else."

Kyle blinked a couple of times. "Why is it not working?"

The man raised an eyebrow. "Because I also know it."

"So?" Kyle asked.

"I'm just canceling it," the man said awkwardly, surprised about why Kyle was asking these questions.

"How?" Kyle asked.

"Is this some kind of joke?" the man asked, his mood worsening.

"What? No! I just wanna know how you did that!" Kyle quickly said.

The man looked at Kyle with skepticism as he crossed his arms.

"Are you telling me that you don't know about canceling?" he asked.

"No idea what canceling is," Kyle said.

Now, the man looked concerned.

"I know how Air Current works," the man said, pulling his spear out again.

The next moment, a tiny bit of Wind Ether appeared on its tip. "I know how your Ether has to move for it to work."

"So, if I simply inject a bit of discordant Wind Ether into your technique, it will collapse. It's like poisoning a big bucket of water with a drop of poison. The entire bucket becomes undrinkable, and you have to refill it."

"I only spend a drop of Ether, while you have to fill an entire bucket."

"Huh," Kyle answered. "Didn't know you could do that, but it makes sense."

The man looked with some discomfort at Kyle.

"Come on, let's continue. Use something else," he said.

Kyle nodded and charged forward.

This time, he just swung normally, but when the man saw that, he raised an eyebrow.

CLINK!

The man just slapped the hammer down with the butt of his spear.

The speed of that attack was so fast that Kyle had issues following it.

"Why are you striking without a technique?" the man asked with annoyance. "You're not making use of half of your power, which is your strengthened mind."

Kyle scratched the back of his head.

"I don't know any other techniques."

By now, the man looked annoyed.

"Are you serious?" he asked.

"I am," Kyle answered.

"How did you pass the tryouts?" the man asked with skepticism.

"I am good against beasts," Kyle answered.

The man just looked at Kyle with confusion, annoyance, and concern.

"You have to be really good at fighting beasts if Noah let you pass with such horrible combat skills. If I didn't know Noah, I would think that you were a benefactor of nepotism."