

## **Hammer God 193**

### **Chapter 193 Make Kyle Strong!**

"Sorry," Kyle said. "I'm here to fix my weaknesses."

The man sighed. "That's an admirable quality, but I'm not doing this out of charity. We are fighting to become stronger. If I fight you, it's gonna be months or years before you are strong enough to give me any experience."

"Go and take part in the free courses and go with one of the cheapest paid ones," the man said.

"I get it," Kyle answered, losing his motivation to fight. "Do I have to be careful with them? Are there good or bad ones?"

"There are," the man said, "but at your skill level, even the worst one is going to teach you a lot. In order to become an instructor, you have to know at least 40 techniques, be a Mid Fighter or stronger, and need to prove that you know what you're doing."

"Wyveria is handling the testing of the instructors, and she's brutal with her judgment. If she doesn't think you're good enough, you can't be an official instructor anymore."

"Have you met Wyveria?" the man asked.

"I did," Kyle said.

"Then, you know what I mean," he said.

Kyle could imagine Wyveria being extremely strict with the instructors.

She was unofficially leading the Ace Team, and her requirements were probably crazy high.

"Okay," Kyle answered. "So, just go with the cheapest one, I guess."

The man nodded. "Or you could ask Wyveria," he said with a joking tone.

He could already imagine how Wyveria would answer.

She was not very fond of most members.

"Oh yeah. I could also ask her," Kyle said.

"That was a joke," the man said. "If you want to have your pride stripped from you in front of the entire Guild, you're free to ask her."

Kyle just smiled awkwardly.

"Anyway, thank you. I will look for a course," he said.

"Hope this works out for you," the man answered.

Despite the man's advice, Kyle still decided to ask Wyveria.

When he reached the cafeteria, he saw her admonishing a team of Fighters.

According to her words, they fled from a mission, and she was not happy about that.

The Fighters just took the abuse without answering.

Kyle waited until Wyveria was done and approached her.

"Wyveria?" he asked quietly as she walked past him.

"What?" she asked with an annoyed tone.

"You're the one responsible for all the instructors, right?" he asked.

"Is there a complaint?" she asked.

"No! No! It's just that I'm new, and I am horrendous at fighting other humans. Can I-"

"You're not getting any price cuts," Wyveria answered, interrupting Kyle.

"No! I just want to know who you would recommend," he quickly answered.

Wyveria looked at Kyle with a bit of annoyance.

Usually, she would shoot someone like that down brutally and quickly.

However, Bonk considered Kyle his friend, and she didn't want to cause Bonk undue stress.

"How bad are you exactly?" she asked.

Kyle smiled bitterly. "Probably the worst one who has ever passed."

Wyveria furrowed her brows. "That's quite a statement. Any instructor is good enough in your case. Just go with the cheapest one. The cheaper the services are, the more they cater to inexperienced people."

"Okay, thank you," Kyle said, walking away.

Wyveria looked at Kyle with furrowed brows.

"Wait a second," she said.

"Yes?" Kyle asked, turning around.

"I still think you should go with the cheapest instructor, but if you are really as bad as you say, that won't be enough. At this rate, you will not close the gap. It will just remain the same."

Then, Wyveria gestured to Bonk. "You can also ask him to help you."

"Bonk?" Kyle asked in surprise as he looked over.

"Bonk!" Bonk shouted from the table.

Kyle seemed nervous.

Sure, Bonk was strong, but could he teach him?

Wyveria saw Kyle's doubts and grew annoyed. Well, more annoyed than usual.

"Bonk is the Ace Team's Shouter," she said. "He can teach anyone in this building about fighting."

"Well, okay. Thank you," Kyle said.

Then, he walked over to Bonk, who grew excited when he saw Kyle approaching.

"Bonk?" Kyle asked.

"Yes?" Bonk asked back.

"You, teach me, fight? I, weak," Kyle said.

"You bad fight?" Bonk asked in surprise.

"I strong beasts. I weak humans. Need fight humans. Need learn," Kyle said, being reminded of the time he learned Sandspeak from Samson.

"Yes!" Bonk shouted as he stood up. "Kyle fight Bonk! Bonk make Kyle strong! Bonk help Kyle!"

"Thank you, Bonk," Kyle said.

The way Bonk was excited to help him reminded Kyle of when Samson helped him.

Bonk excitedly walked over to Wyveria. "Bonk train Kyle!"

"Okay," Wyveria answered.

Since Wyveria was the unofficial leader of the Ace Team, she had to know where her team was at any given moment in case of emergencies.

Bonk and Kyle walked towards the exit of the Guild, and Kyle looked back with concern.

"Bonk, train place not here," he said, pointing back at the Guild.

"Other train place," Bonk said. "Train hall weak. Bonk destroy. Bonk forbidden."

'Oh, that makes sense,' Kyle thought.

"Okay."

The two of them left the Guild and walked out of Starkhold.

Eventually, Bonk stopped beside one of the mountains and looked at Kyle.

"Bonk teach!" Bonk shouted with excitement. "Attack Bonk!"

"Bonk, careful," Kyle said nervously as he took out his hammer. "Kyle weak. Kyle break."

"Bonk know," Bonk answered.

For a moment, Kyle just looked at Bonk.



Bonk was maybe 150 centimeters tall and had brown hair.

With his cheap and hole-ridden clothing, he looked a bit like a beggar.

His old and rusty shield didn't help with that image.

Kyle didn't feel any threat coming from Bonk.

It was almost like a regular beggar stood in front of him.

Yet, this couldn't be further from the truth.

Kyle knew that Bonk was the only Grandmaster in the Stark Brotherhood besides the Chief.

Even more, he was a dwarf.

It was more than clear that Bonk hadn't gone through the Fighter Ritual.

His mind was not strengthened, which meant he wasn't technically a Grandmaster.

He was kind of a Grand Dwarf or something.

But that just meant that his body was that much stronger.

One careless move from Bonk...

Kyle gulped.