

## Hammer God 210

### Chapter 210 Unfair Power

"That's... strong," Kyle commented.

The Chief just nodded wordlessly.

"I knew she was strong, but I didn't know she was that strong," Theodor commented. "Something must have happened in my absence."

"Have you ever met the Duchess?" Kyle asked.

"No," Theodor and the Chief said at the same time.

'Huh, if she is that strong...'

Kyle remembered how he got to this world.

Overseer.

He was supposed to become some kind of Overseer.

'Is she the Overseer?'

'Am I supposed to take her job?'

Kyle gulped nervously.

'I hope I'm wrong.'

By now, the Greater Ice Demon had been reduced to chunks of ice, which were freezing the surrounding forest.

There were no more claws or dragon heads.

It was clear that the battle was over.

"They won, right?" Kyle asked, pointing at the distant battlefield.

"Yes, but not without casualties," the Chief answered.

Kyle's eyes widened. "Someone died?" he asked.

"A casualty refers to a person being unable to continue battling," the Chief said. "It does not necessarily mean that a person has died."

"Did somebody die?" Kyle asked.

"No," the Chief said, "but the Shouter received one of the Greater Ice Demon's attacks to protect the Archer."

"Bonk?" Kyle asked. "How is he?"

"Bad," the Chief said. "His entire body is frozen. They are trying to save him at this moment."

Kyle's heart rate shot through the roof.

"Can they save him?" Kyle asked.

At that moment, the Chief furrowed his brows, and Kyle could tell that this was not part of his disguise.

This was genuine.

The Chief was seeing something he didn't like.

"Yes, he will survive," the Chief said with genuine annoyance, "That is all I'm going to say about this topic. Do not ask me again."

Kyle wasn't sure why the Chief's mood had changed this much so suddenly.

Wasn't it good that Bonk was saved?

At that moment, Kyle also felt a wave of disgust coming from Theodor.

"Disgusting! Abhorrent!" Theodor thundered.

"Why? What happened?" Kyle asked.

The Chief furrowed his brows and jumped back into the city.

"Isn't it obvious?" Theodor asked with annoyance. "Bonk is a dwarf. Dwarves are like beasts. They heal quickly when they consume Ether-rich meat. If he gets meat from someone or something in the Third Realm, he will recover relatively quickly."

"Okay," Kyle said, "but why is that- oh... Ooooohh."

Theodor snorted.

Kyle wasn't sure how to feel about that.

Naturally, there was no Monster close to the battlefield.

"I presume it was the Demon Master?" Kyle asked.

"Is there anyone else in the Third Realm present?" Theodor asked with annoyance.

"I guess not," Kyle said as he looked to the north.

'Guess they force-fed the Demon Master's corpse to Bonk. I get why the two of them aren't the biggest fans of that.'

'Cannibalism, huh? Not what I expected to happen in fantasy land. Sounds more like something that should happen in post-apocalyptic land.'

By now, several people had gathered on the city's wall.

Naturally, the Greater Ice Demon had been quite noticeable, and they were looking to the north with worry.

Everyone looked towards the north in worry for several minutes, whispering to each other.

Eventually, the Ace Team walked out of the forest and looked at the city.

Kyle saw Bonk shivering quite a bit.

The next moment, a person with golden armor jumped down from the city and landed in front of the Ace Team.

Based on the Ether Kyle could feel, this person was either a Peak Knight or an Initial Royal Knight.

He knew that person.

This was the military leader of the city and directly answered to the Count.

"Report!" the man shouted.

Wyveria stepped forward.

"Cult of Final Fate," Wyveria said. "They tried to summon a Devourer."

Most of the people didn't know what that meant. Besides, they were too far away to hear Wyveria anyway.

When the man heard that, he narrowed his eyes, and Kyle could feel the man's rage from far away.

"Why was I not informed?!" he shouted.

"Because we could deal with it," Wyveria said. "And we did. The Cult's presence has been eliminated from Starkhold's surroundings."

"This is not something a mere Fighter Guild can deal with!" the man shouted.

"And yet, we did," Wyveria said with a cold gaze.

The man clenched his fists.

"You have endangered Starkhold with your reckless actions!" the man shouted. "You are under arrest!"

At that moment, the city went into defensive mode.

Soldiers gathered on the walls and readied themselves for battle.

Kyle took a deep breath.

"They are not."

The military leader looked to the city's walls and glared at the Chief, who had just shouted.

"Are you resisting arrest?" he asked.

"Yes," the Chief said. "We are resisting arrest."

"Insolence!" the man shouted. "You are declaring war on the Skysand Kingdom!"

"No, we are not," the Chief said, "and do not try to make it seem like we are."

"As the Great Slayer, Karl Wendler, I am subject to the judgment of only Counts, Dukes, Advisors, the King, and the General. You are none of those."

"When the Count returns and deems me a criminal, I will cooperate."

"But until he returns, I will not be arrested by a mere guard captain!"

"You are beyond prosecution," the captain answered with an angry tone, "but they are not."

"They did all of this under my orders," the Chief said. "They had no choice in that matter."

The captain gritted his teeth and clenched his fists.

"So be it!" he shouted, walking away from the Ace Team. "When the Count returns, you will experience the power of the Skysand Kingdom!"

"Retreat!" he shouted at the soldiers.

The soldiers released sighs of relief.

They really didn't want to fight the Ace Team.

Kyle also released a sigh of relief.

'This is bad.'

But then, he looked at the retreating captain.

'Why is he so angry, though? I mean, yeah, I would also be angry if I just heard that I had a gun to my head.'

'But he is a bit too angry.'

'I wouldn't try to arrest the people who just saved my ass.'

"He will be gone by tomorrow," Theodor commented.

"Huh? Why?" Kyle asked.

"Wasn't the Cult's timing too perfect? That woman from the Ace Team said that the Count wasn't here and that it was confidential information."

"How did the Cult know about that?"

Kyle's eyes widened. "Are you sure?"

"95%," Theodor said.

"Then, we should tell the Chief," Kyle said.

"He is not stupid. He already knows."

"Then?" Kyle asked.

"Nothing," Theodor said. "The traitor holds a high position. It is not the Chief's position to prosecute him or stop him."

"So, he's just going to leave?" Kyle asked.

"Yes," Theodor said.

"But..." Kyle said as he looked down.

"You are free to stop him," Theodor said.

Kyle laughed bitterly.

This guy was a Peak Knight or Initial Royal Knight.

He could even fight Bonk evenly.

"This is so frustrating," Kyle said with a groan.

"Your lack of power is frustrating," Theodor said with a snort. "If you were stronger, you wouldn't feel frustrated right now."

Kyle wanted to counter.

Sadly, even though it was hard to accept...

Theodor was right.

He had entered fantasy land barely nine months ago.

He hadn't even had a full year of fighting experience.

He was young.

Plenty of excuses.

But that was just what they were, excuses.

Power didn't have reason.

It didn't need excuses.

A young tiger could kill an experienced rabbit.

Was that fight unfair?

The rabbit had worked so hard to get where it was, while the young tiger just so happened to be born with better genes.

It didn't matter.

There was no fairness.

There was only stronger and weaker.

'I hate this,' Kyle thought with a sigh.

'I hate that I'm not stronger.'

Then, Kyle quickly shook his head to regain his bearings.

'Well, just gotta work harder, you know?'

'Just gotta keep at it.'

Then, he walked back into the city.