

## **Hammer God 212**

### Chapter 212 Paladins

"Nobody?" Kyle asked, standing in front of the mission board. "Really?"

"You can take it. We're busy," one of the men sitting on a bench said.

"I'm a follower of the Divine Light," another guy said. "I'm not getting involved with that."

"Nah, mate, this spells trouble. I'm not touching that mission with a stick."

"I'm fine with killing humans, but come on. Look at this!"

Kyle blinked a couple of times.

There was a mission on the mission board, and nobody was accepting it.

Sure, there were plenty of missions that weren't immediately taken, but those were either suicide missions or trash missions.

This was neither.

Kyle scratched the back of his head and read through the mission again.

"Execute the religious party of the Holy Sea."

"The leader is a Peak Servant, but she has three Initial Paladins as bodyguards."

"Reward: Ten Ether Stones and ten contribution points."

'Seems pretty good to me,' Kyle thought.

"You really shouldn't touch that," someone shouted. "The Holy Sea protects its members very well. Even if you succeed, you might become their target."

"I mean, yeah," Kyle answered, "but someone has to do it, right?"

"Trust me," the same guy said again. "Just leave it there and hope you don't get assigned to complete it."

Naturally, if some missions were not taken after a certain time, they were forcefully assigned to a member.

The missions had to be completed.

For trash missions, the poorest and laziest Fighter was chosen.

For suicide missions, a very strong Fighter was chosen so that it wouldn't become a suicide mission.

Sadly, the payment wasn't very good for these missions, which was why the strong Fighters hadn't accepted that mission in the first place.

'Most likely, if nobody takes this mission, an average team with five Early Fighters gets assigned,' Kyle thought.

He looked over to one of the men who had warned him.

His team was just right for the mission, and based on his expression and gloomy mood, he also knew that.

Kyle scratched the back of his head in thought.

'I wanted a mission with humans as enemies, but there's no way I can fight three Paladins at the same time. I need allies.'

'Sucks to not have an established team.'

'I should ask around if anyone is willing to accompany me.'

Kyle walked over to a couple of people and asked them.

"Sorry, I'm already in a team."

"I don't like this mission."

"Sorry, I'm out."

While Kyle was asking around, one person looked at him with hesitation from a distance.

"Don't," Wyveria told the person. "This mission is trouble."

"But someone has to do it, right?" Tracy asked.

"Yes," Wyveria said. "It will be Tungsten's team, most likely. They could use a workout once in a while."

Tracy looked at Tungsten, who glanced with worry at one of his teammates.

That teammate was a follower of the Divine Light, which meant he was part of the same religion as the religious party they were supposed to execute.

Most likely, that teammate would refuse to go on that mission and leave the Stark Brotherhood, leaving Tungsten's team with an open position.

Tracy looked back at Kyle, who was getting his sixth rejection by now.

"I'm going to do it," Tracy said.

"Fine," Wyveria said. "It's your choice."

Tracy left Wyveria's table and walked over to Kyle.

"Got an open spot?" she asked with a smile.

Kyle looked with surprise at her.

First, he was elated, but then, he furrowed his brows.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "Last time, you had some issues with killing people."

"That was almost nine months ago," Tracy answered. "You are not the only one who is growing."

Kyle scratched the side of his head.

"Well, if you're sure you can take it, I won't refuse you. Thanks!"

"No problem," Tracy answered.

"But I think we need more people," Kyle said.

Tracy just nodded.

"Maybe I can be of service," someone said from behind Kyle.

Kyle turned around and saw a peacefully smiling man.

"Horatio?" Kyle asked. "But you're already in a team."

"I left them just now," he said calmly.

"Why?" Kyle asked in surprise.

"Difference in work ethics," Horatio said.

Kyle knew Horatio's team.

They only took on really good missions, which meant they only accepted one to three missions per month.

Otherwise, they didn't do anything.

"Well, alright then," Kyle said. "Sure, I'll gladly accept you. You're fine with killing a couple of helpless Servants?"

With Servants, Kyle was referring to Priests in the First Realm.

"No problem," Horatio said with a smile.

"Sounds good," Kyle said. "Three people is already pretty good, but I want at least one more."

"Speaking of," he said. "Three of our four Newbies are here. Don't tell me Dylan is going to come next."

"No," Tracy said with annoyance. "I don't want him in our team."

Horatio nodded. "I do not believe he is a good fit. Besides, we already have a Shouter."

"Good," Kyle said with a smile.

"I was worried I had to go on a mission with that arrogant douchebag."

"Douchebag? What's that?" Tracy asked.



"An asshole, basically," Kyle answered.

A moment later, Kyle analyzed their capabilities.

'I can charge in and draw attention. Tracy can keep one of the Paladins busy. Horatio is also great at keeping people busy.'

'That would leave me with one Paladin and at least one Servant.'

Kyle frowned. 'Sadly, I'm not fast enough to kill the Servants while a Paladin is on my ass. This would just leave three individual fights, and it could go either way.'

'We need an Assassin.'

Kyle scratched his chin and thought of potential candidates.

"I have a good one," Kyle said. "I just hope he accepts. Come!"

The group walked to the training hall, and Kyle smiled when he saw his target training.

"Hey! You got a minute?" Kyle asked.

The man looked over. "Oh, Kyle! Have you been training?"

Kyle nodded. "We have a mission, and we would like you to join."

"Oh? What's it about?" the man asked.

"Who's that?" Tracy asked.

"That's Falk. I fought him nine months ago and had no chance. He was the one who told me to join one of the courses," Kyle said.

Falk was the one who had canceled Kyle's Air Current with his spear.

He had a Wind Affinity and counted as an Armor Piercer.

He might not be an Assassin, but he was quite fast.

Based on his skillset, he would be very good at handling a Paladin, which would allow Horatio to deal with the Servants.

Kyle told him the details of the mission.

"Sure, why not?" Falk answered. "But I want one more. These kinds of religious groups are always troublesome since they are backed by a Duchy."

Kyle sighed. "Sure, one more, then."

"I want to join," someone from behind Kyle said.

He turned around, and when he saw that person, his eyebrows rose, and a smile of surprise appeared on his face.