

## Hammer God 215

### Chapter 215 Dylan

"That's Dylan," Kyle whispered.

"Should I know that person?" Theodor asked with boredom.

"He's one of the people that joined the Guild with me. He is not part of the mission, and he just entered the hotel of the target," Kyle explained.

Theodor snorted. "Are you surprised? Traitors are everywhere. You should get used to this."

"You think he's warning the target?" Kyle asked.

"For once, I am going to interpret this question in a favorable way and assume that it was rhetorical," Theodor said with an annoyed snort.

Kyle went silent and looked at the bar.

'Yeah, why am I even asking?' he thought before sighing.

Thanks to Kyle's strengthened mind, many thoughts shot through his mind in an instant, analyzing the situation.

'Can't get to the others fast enough since they are at the ambush point, which is a couple of kilometers away. Dylan will be gone by then.'

'Since we know that something is going to happen, we could put the fault on Dylan, but I'm the only one who saw him. It's word-against-word.'

The next moment, Kyle narrowed his eyes.

He stood up, paid his tab, and left the city through the western exit.

Several minutes later, the cloaked figure walked out of the hotel and traveled to the western gate.

The cloaked figure walked through the gate and made its way towards the west.

Yet, just five minutes through the journey, the cloaked figure became slower.

Someone was standing in the middle of the road, and the cloaked figure knew exactly who that was.

However, the cloaked figure knew that it was not the target, which was why it continued.

"Why did you do this, Dylan?" Kyle asked.

The cloaked figure didn't react and just kept walking.

"Not going to answer?" Kyle asked as his eyes narrowed. "Fine, have it your way!"

The next moment, Wind Ether gathered around Kyle's hammer, and he struck the cloaked figure.

BANG!

The attack was blocked by something hard, but the cloak was blown away by the wind.

Sure enough, it was Dylan.

Dylan was pushed back a couple of meters, but he never lost his balance.

At this moment, Dylan was looking at Kyle with rage.

"Why?" Kyle asked again, slowly walking forward.

Several thoughts went through Dylan's mind, analyzing the situation.

"You're alone, aren't you?" Dylan asked.

Kyle didn't answer.

"Couldn't get the others in time?" he asked.

Then, Dylan laughed loudly. "For just a moment, I thought that I would be dead, but it's just you."

"The loser."

Dylan straightened his body with confidence and smirked.

"I'm from the Sandsuns," he said. "That's why."

"A rat," Kyle said.

Dylan narrowed his eyes in anger.

"I will not be called a rat by a pathetic weakling like you. You're the rat! You're the one scurrying from team to team, taking little chunks out of their rewards."

Kyle didn't show any outward reaction.

"Did you warn the target?" Kyle asked.

"Of course," Dylan answered. "They are going to post a mission for the Sandsuns, and when your team attacks the target, the Sandsuns will swoop in, kill a team of our competitors, and earn a good chunk of money on top."

Kyle took a deep breath.

"Sadly, your team will never know," Dylan said.

Then, Dylan grew to be 2.5 meters tall.

His shield and mace grew with him, creating an imposing armored giant.

"Look at you," Dylan said. "There is no Momentum on you. You do not know what you are doing, and yet, you think you can stop me on your own."

"With your armor, you can't even run away since you're so slow."

"I have no idea what goes on in your dwarf brain."

Kyle just evenly looked at Dylan.

The next moment, Dylan activated his own Momentum, and Kyle could feel the pressure.

Dylan was confident.

He had fought many people before.

Most likely, he was more experienced in battling other Fighters than everyone else in Kyle's team.

He was also more experienced than Kyle.

Dylan pulled his shield up and started to slowly step forward.

With his size and equipment, Dylan looked like a mountain.

He was stable.

He was a Shouter.

"I'm looking forward to killing you. You never deserved to join the Stark Brotherhood," Dylan said with a smirk.

Kyle readied his hammer as Wind Ether gathered around it.

Then, Kyle jumped forward.

He was not fast.

The hammer swung forward.

Dylan's shield also moved forward.

He would block Kyle's hammer, push it to the side, and kill Kyle with his mace.

But just to make sure...

The next moment, violet Ether gathered around Dylan's shield, creating an attractive force that pulled Kyle's hammer in.

Like this, there would be no tricks.

The shield of a Shouter was the last thing anybody on a battlefield wanted to hit.

Kyle's hammer didn't even attempt to change directions.

It directly went for the shield with surprising speed.

At that moment, Kyle's eyes narrowed with determination.

Suddenly, the Wind Ether vanished, and grey Ether appeared around the hammer.

The next moment, all the grey Ether moved to the hammer's pick.

Impact.

BOOOM!

Dylan expected a powerful strike, but when he actually felt the force of the strike, his eyes widened.

He knew that the attack would be strong, but this was way more than he had expected!

Of course, this was due to Ether Strike, which Kyle had practiced for several months by now.

Ether Strike doubled Kyle's attacking power.

In essence, his basic physical body had the power of an Initial Knight, but with Ether Strike, he could use the power of an Early Fighter.

Meanwhile, Dylan was still an Initial Fighter.

Dylan's shield was pushed into his chest, but that was still fine.

Shouters were supposed to receive attacks like that.

At most, he would be pushed back.

His defense would not be broken.

CRACK!

And then, a piece of metal broke through the shield.

Since the shield was already touching Dylan's chest, the pick immediately buried itself into Dylan's body.

If his size were normal, this attack would have destroyed his Center, but since he was so tall, it only hit his abdomen.

This was not a fatal wound...

But it wouldn't stay like that for long.