

## **Hammer God 216**

### Chapter 216 Metal

Of course, Dylan was not a beginner, and despite the unexpected development, he immediately readied Repulsion.

With this technique, he could push Kyle away from him.

However, Dylan's expression turned horrified as he realized something.

Ether!

There was so much foreign Ether flooding into his body!

When a person managed to pierce another person with their weapon, they could channel their own Ether into the opponent's body.

This was essentially filling the opponent's body with energy they couldn't use, blocking their own energy.

Dylan quickly transformed his own Ether and fought back against the foreign Ether.

This was standard policy to get rid of foreign Ether.

Kyle was only a Peak Adept, and while Dylan would need to use more Ether to get rid of Kyle's Ether, Dylan also had way more Ether than him.

And yet...

'Why is there so much?!' Dylan thought in panic.

The amount of foreign Ether flooding his body was impossibly high for an Adept!

In fact, it was equivalent to all the Ether a Mid Fighter could use!

It almost equaled the amount of Ether a Peak Squire could use!

One had to remember that Fighters didn't have a normal Center.

They had a WEAKENED Center, while Knights and Squires had a STRENGTHENED Center.

The difference in Ether capacity was over tenfold!

More and more Fire Ether entered Dylan's body, and in an instant, Dylan used up all the Ether in his Center.

"No! Please-"

But then, Dylan's voice was cut short as the hammer kept pushing.

Dylan's body was lifted off the ground, and Kyle started spinning.

Dylan was stuck to the pick of the hammer, which kept pushing him forward.

Unending rage at the betrayal appeared in Kyle's eyes, and he ignited his Fire Ether.

Dylan's entire body ignited, fire streaming out of his pores.

"AAAAHHH!"

After another spin, Kyle swung overhead...

And slammed his hammer into the ground.

BOOOOOOOM!

The ground in front of Kyle exploded and burned chunks of flesh and metal scattered across the surroundings.

The smoke of the explosion lifted a couple of seconds ago, revealing Kyle standing there with his hammer over his shoulders.

Dylan had turned into burned chunks, which had scattered across the surrounding 30 meters.

If someone looked at this scene, they would think that someone had fallen victim to a Fire Sorcerer's Spell.

This level of destruction was not something an Adept could unleash.

"Rest in Pieces, rat," Kyle said. "Stop posing and run! Somebody must have heard the explosion!" Theodor shouted.

"Oh, yeah," Kyle said. "Gotta skedaddle!"

Kyle fled far away.

'Dylan had been more experienced and stronger than me,' Kyle thought. 'Well, he might be more experienced, but the strength part is only true as long as I don't take advantage of my Aristocrat's Body.'

When Kyle fought the other Fighters, he had to keep his Aristocrat's Body a secret, which was why he was only using as much Ether as was expected of him.

Yet, he actually had over ten times the amount of Ether as a Fighter, and a couple of techniques could be strengthened by the amount of Ether one used.

Kyle's mind was powerful enough to comprehend the complex and efficient Fighter techniques while also having the Ether storage of a Knight.

Because of that, even cheap techniques could unleash devastating power as long as they could be strengthened by using more Ether.

When the fight had started, Kyle had used one of his new Techniques, Pilebunker.

Pilebunker was a Metal Affinity technique that increased piercing power, and it was especially useful against things made of metal.

Like shields.

On top of that, Kyle's hammer was a mining weapon. It was literally designed to break metal.

No one in the Stark Brotherhood knew that Kyle could use Pilebunker.

The reason wasn't that Kyle wanted to keep it secret.

The reason was that using it in a sparring match would destroy the opponent's equipment, which would be expensive.

And Kyle would be the one who would have to pay for the repairs.

It was important to note that Kyle had two natural Affinities, wind and fire.

The Metal Affinity came from Theodor's ritual.

For several months, Kyle hadn't even been able to conjure Metal Ether.

But that was no longer the case.

The day he had managed to condense Metal Ether was when he had seen the fight between the Ace Team and the Cult of Final Fate.

He needed to grow stronger.

He wanted to grow stronger.

With this ambition came determination, and determination was necessary to create Metal Ether.

Metal represented decisive action.

Decisions were not made in haste, and they had to be thought through carefully.

Yet, when a decision was made, it had to be carried out to the end, no matter what.

There was an old saying that stated that a sword wasn't easily pulled out of its sheath, but when it was pulled out, it would not return to its sheath until it tasted blood. This was the mindset of someone with a Metal Affinity.

Wind was freedom and adaptability.

Fire was rage and intensity.

Metal was decisiveness and determination.

A couple of seconds after Kyle left, some guards reached the place.

This explosion was very noticeable.

When they arrived and saw all of the scattered parts, they immediately determined that someone had fallen victim to a Fire Sorcerer or some kind of Ferocious Beast.

At that moment, Kyle casually walked past them.

"Yikes, that looks bad," Kyle said.

The guards looked at Kyle.

"Be careful out there," the guard said. "From what we can see, this was also a Fighter."



"Shit, not sure if I want to enter that city then. The guy could be in there. I'm walking around it," Kyle said.

"It's your choice," the guard commented before focusing on the corpse again.

The guards didn't even suspect Kyle.

This was a Fighter, and he didn't feel strong or dangerous.

He might even just be an Adept.

Someone like that couldn't create such an explosion.

Weak Fighters simply didn't have the Ether capacity for something like that.

This was like looking at a body that was torn in two by a powerful force and seeing a delicate and small woman walking by.

That small woman couldn't tear a fully grown man in two.

Kyle walked past the guards and ran into the wilderness, avoiding the city.

The guards didn't pay him any mind.