

## **Hammer God 218**

### **Chapter 218 Ambush**

The two of them returned back to the team, and Bormine vouched for Kyle.

"What did he tell you?" Falk asked.

"You don't want to know," Bormine answered.

The others felt helpless.

"Why not?" Falk asked.

"Don't ask," Bormine said.

"Can you assure us that Kyle's information is accurate?" Horatio asked.

"Yes," Bormine answered.

"Would you bet your life on it?" Falk asked.

"I am already doing that," Bormine said. "If his information isn't accurate, we will die."

Silence.

"So, we go with Kyle's plan?" Horatio asked.

"Yes," Bormine said.

Horatio closed his eyes before nodding.

"Then, it is decided. We will ambush the Sandsuns before attacking the party," Horatio said.

Falk was not very happy, while Tracy nodded with conviction.

Falk didn't want to attack, but he was outvoted four-to-one.

When it was three-to-two, there was still room for discussion, but not when it was four-to-one.

In the end, Falk could only sigh. "Well, hope you're right."

"Anyway," Kyle said. "I'm going to sleep."

"Sleep?" Falk asked. "Oh, right! You're still an Adept! I forgot about that!"

Tracy chuckled a bit. "Happy sleep, Kyle," she said like she was talking to a child.

"He needs his sleep," Bormine said in a serious tone.

"Right, our little baby boy needs his sleep, or he will get cranky," Falk added with a smirk.

Kyle just rolled his eyes. "Laugh it up."

Most of them proceeded to chuckle.

"That was sarcasm," Kyle said.

"Go, we don't want you to yawn during the battle," Bormine commented neutrally.

Kyle rolled his eyes again before walking a couple of meters away to sleep on the ground.

Three hours later, Kyle woke up again.

While he still needed sleep, as a Peak Adept, he didn't need a lot.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Falk said when he saw Kyle walking back.

"You want some pancakes for breakfast?" Tracy asked with a chuckle.

"How do you know what pancakes are?" Kyle asked.

"Our cook made them many times," Tracy said.

"Her cook, she says," Falk said with a snort. "Little princess has a cook."

"Hey! I'm not little!" Tracy shouted with annoyance.

"That's the word you had issues with?" Falk asked with a loud laugh.

And just like that, Tracy became the butt of the jokes.

A couple more hours passed, and the mood slowly turned serious.

The religious party should arrive soon.

And eventually, they did.

Everyone saw a wagon being pulled by a couple of workers.

The three Servants sat on top of the wagon, chatting away and praying, while the three Paladins flanked the wagon.

The group of Fighters stayed hidden behind one of the lava pillars and didn't move.

Kyle's nose sniffed several times, trying to detect the Sandsuns.

For now, he wasn't smelling them.

He could smell the Servants, which smelled of incense and cleanliness.

He could also smell the workers, which just smelled like hard work.

The Paladins smelled like incense and metal.

"They could be in the wagon," Bormine whispered. "That's bad."

"Told you that's a bad idea," Falk said.

"Kyle?" Horatio asked.

"They're not in the wagon," Kyle said.

"How do you know?" Bormine asked.

"Trade secret," Kyle answered. "You trusted me yesterday. Just trust me again."

Everyone looked at Kyle.

"Fine," Bormine said.

"I trust Kyle," Tracy said.

Horatio didn't say anything. He just smiled and looked back at the group.

"I swear, if I die, I will haunt you forever!" Falk said with exasperation.

Kyle couldn't smell anything but incense coming from the wagon.

Sure, theoretically, they could have lit a bunch of incense sticks to hide the smell of the Fighters.

But why would they do that?

They knew that their enemies were Fighters, not a bunch of dogs.

Which human searched for enemies with their nose?

The party passed by the group.

Time passed.

A minute passed.

Three minutes passed.

The wagon was rather slow since it was being pulled by a bunch of mortals.

The group became nervous.

The Sandsuns hadn't appeared yet.

What if they were in the wagon?

Or, even worse, what if they were even better at hiding their traces than them?

Falk released a sigh of relief.



At least he didn't have to fight anymore.

"Whelp, mission failure," Falk commented. "Nothing to see here."

"I found them!" Kyle said with urgency.

"What? How?!" Falk asked.

Kyle pointed to the other side of the road.

"They're there!" Kyle whispered with urgency. "They'll be here in five seconds!"

Falk gritted his teeth.

"Mission start!" Horatio said. "Ready for battle!"

Within an instant, the four of them all turned into miniature humans, barely a meter tall.

Kyle felt a bit awkward standing between them.

'Is this how schoolteachers feel?' he thought, looking at the small humans around him.

All four of them were agility-based Fighters, which was why they all had small True Bodies.

"They're not powerful," Kyle whispered. "Be sneaky about it."

The others nodded.

A moment later, the others also sensed the group sent by the Sandsuns.

Three Initial Fighters.

All of them Archers.

If they staged an ambush, it would be devastating.

But in a direct battle...

'This will be quick,' Kyle thought.

BANG!

Kyle's four teammates all charged out from behind the pillar at full speed and jumped over the street.

"AMBUSH!" one of the Fighters shouted loudly.

The religious party stopped moving and looked back, seeing the vanishing shadows of Horatio's team.

"Glory to the Holy Sea!" Servant Matthew shouted.

The Paladins echoed the shout and charged forward.

Priests were amazing at using their Ether to heal injuries and recover someone else's Ether.

To top it all off, some of them also knew Spells that could enhance another person's attributes.

Sadly, these Spells took some seconds to cast, and they didn't have seconds.

Because of that, the Paladins charged out without any Enhancement Spells on them.

"Fall back!" Servant Matthew suddenly shouted.

The Paladins stopped and turned around.

BOOOOOOOM!

A gigantic hammer smashed into the wagon, throwing it off the road.

The Servants on top of the wagon were thrown off and fell to the ground.

They were not warriors.

The Paladins saw what was going on and acted immediately.

"Hello, bye!" Kyle shouted to the wagon before running away.

One of the Paladins charged to the wagon to defend the Servants, while the other two Paladins charged after Kyle.

While fleeing, Kyle looked back at the two Paladins.

'Of course they're faster than me.'