

Hammer God 234

Chapter 234 Beatdown

Tracy was surprised when Kyle caught her staff, but the reason for that surprise was different than what one might expect.

She was not surprised that Kyle managed to grab it.

She was surprised that Kyle did it in the first place.

He had done that before in the past, and every single time, it ended badly for him.

An experienced Fighter like Tracy naturally knew that her weapon was prone to being grabbed by an enemy, and she had ways to deal with it.

Water Ether gathered around her staff, and she pushed forward.

This technique made her staff incredibly slippery.

In the past, Kyle had caught the staff with confidence, but moments later, it just slipped through his fingers, and Tracy had poked one of his eyes.

If she had been intent on killing him, she would have succeeded.

Tracy pushed her staff forward.

At that moment, a bit of Metal Ether appeared around Kyle's hand.

Tracy pushed.

But her staff didn't move.

"What?" she asked in shock.

Then, she pulled her staff back, but it didn't move again.

As an answer, she used more and more Water Ether, but it just didn't help.

Tracy had no idea what was going on.

Even Bonk would have difficulties holding the staff as long as he didn't try to crush it in his grip.

This wasn't about power.

Meanwhile, Kyle just grinned.

He had actually infused the surface of the staff with Metal Ether and forcefully refined its surface.

The surface of the staff essentially fused with Kyle's hand.

Without Remote Infusion, Kyle wouldn't have been able to do that.

The next moment, Kyle pulled the staff upward, lifting Tracy's body.

Tracy was now put in front of an ugly decision.

Lose the fight or lose the weapon, which essentially also just meant losing the fight.

However, Kyle made her choice for her.

BANG!

He rammed the staff into the ground like a hammer, using Tracy as the hammerhead.

"Ooohhh," Falk uttered with a wince.

That looked like it hurt.

Kyle lifted the staff up again and noticed that Tracy was still gripping it despite some of her bones being broken.

She hadn't lost the fight in her eyes.

"Oh, come on. It's over," Kyle said.

Tracy just looked at him.

"Tracy, this is not a fight. This is a spar. We both know the fight is over," Kyle said.

"It's not over," Tracy said.

Kyle took a deep breath.

He could ram her into the ground again.

He could tear her arms off.

He could swing her through the air.

But what was the point of that?

"Fine," Kyle said, letting go of the staff.

"I concede."

Tracy's eyes widened.

"What?" she asked.

"I concede. You won. Congratulations," Kyle said.

"You can't just give up," Tracy said.

"Of course I can," Kyle said. "I would rather not risk your life than win a mere sparring match. You win."

Tracy had won.

She had won against Kyle.

And yet, this didn't feel like a victory.

In fact, it felt like a loss.

A really bad loss.

Tracy gritted her teeth and clenched her fists in frustration.

Then, she took a deep breath.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I let myself go. It's my loss."

"It's fine," Kyle said. "We all have moments like this."

Tracy just sighed before walking back to the group.

"It was a good fight," Horatio said with a smile.

Tracy didn't answer.

Good fight?

What about that was good?

"I presume it's my turn now," Horatio said as he stepped forward, pulling out his sword.

Kyle actually properly readied his hammer this time.

Horatio was much harder to beat than Bormine and Tracy.

A moment later, Horatio summoned his True Body and charged forward.

Light Ether gathered around Horatio's weapon, and it vanished.

Then, he made a movement like he was passing his weapon to his other hand.

However, it was impossible to tell which hand actually held the weapon.

Sometimes, he even slightly opened one of his hands, but that was also just disorientation.

He was very good at letting his weapon fall for a tiny bit before catching it again.

It just looked like he was getting careless with his deception, but everything was actually meticulously planned.

Kyle had long since learned that it was impossible to find out in which hand Horatio held his weapon.

The only correct way was to assume he had two weapons.

As Horatio approached, Kyle lifted his hammer.

Kyle's eyes became intense, and a ton of Ether gathered around his hammer.

Horatio felt the air growing heavy as Kyle emanated an incredibly heavy pressure.

Horatio planned his attack, but when he looked into Kyle's eyes, he felt like he was only walking to his death.

The next moment, Kyle's expression became tense and filled with hatred as he struck down.

Several techniques were used in succession, and Kyle's hammer reached an incredible level of speed.

The eyes of the onlookers widened in shock.

This was too far!

If that hit Horatio, he would die!

This was an actually serious killing strike!

Horatio's mind stopped working as he saw the falling hammer.

Luckily, it seemed to have been launched too early.

Because of that, Horatio managed to stop his advance.

The hammer struck the ground.

BOOOOOOOM!

The surroundings exploded, and a thick cloud of Fire Ether appeared.

Horatio couldn't see anything while surrounded by the cloud of Fire Ether.

Due to the shock of the sudden strike, Horatio hadn't moved yet.

Suddenly, a huge hand broke through the cloud of Fire Ether and grabbed Horatio.

Due to the size difference, Horatio's entire torso fit right into Kyle's hand.

Kyle just squeezed a bit, and Horatio became helpless.

He was not nearly strong enough to break through the grip, and with his arms pinned against his torso, he also couldn't use enough strength to make his sword dangerous.

The next moment, Kyle lifted Horatio over his head.

"I caught him!" Kyle shouted, holding Horatio up.

Horatio was still shocked.

But then, he sighed and smiled bitterly.

"Okay, yes. You win," he said with a helpless chuckle.

Kyle just smiled and let go of Horatio.

The others sighed in relief.

For a second, they thought Horatio would die.

In truth, this fight had been all about intimidation.

Kyle had noticed that Horatio was very susceptible to intimidation.

He just needed to scare Horatio, and he would freeze for just a moment.

This was Horatio's biggest weakness.

"Alright, it's time for the main event!" Falk said as he stepped forward.

Kyle narrowed his eyes as he looked at Falk.

"This is not going to go as usual," he said.

"Oh, is it?" Falk asked.

The next moment, Falk pulled out his spear.

Then, a dense pressure of Ether scattered across the surroundings.

Everyone's eyes widened.

"Ah, fuck," Kyle said, realizing what was going on. "Fuck you. Can't you just let me have fun for once?"

Falk chuckled. "I did this just for you," he said. "You should remember that I am the one who has been part of the Stark Brotherhood for the longest out of everyone here."

"Is it so hard to believe that I would be the first Early Fighter?"

Yes, Falk had advanced.

He was now the only Early Fighter in the team.

"I hate you, Falk," Kyle said as he readied his hammer.

"I'll take that as a compliment," Falk said as he also readied his spear.

