

Hammer God 236

Chapter 236 Janus' Hold

Over the next month, Kyle and Falk won and lost about equal amounts.

It seemed like it was a 50/50 between the two of them when they fought.

Due to his Stage advantage, Falk won most of his fights against the other members, but he still had some issues.

Kyle was the only one who regularly won against everyone.

After everyone trained for a month, the Dwarves accepted a seemingly easy mission.

They just needed to escort a tournament team of Initial Fighters and become their stand-ins.

"So, what's this about?" Kyle asked the seven people in front of him.

Five of them were relatively young and seemed to be around Kyle's age.

Two of them wore heavy armor and gigantic shields, while the other three all carried staffs and wore expensive robes.

This was the tournament team the Dwarves were supposed to escort.

Two Shouters and three Sorcerers.

The other two consisted of a battle-hardened Fighter and a beautiful young woman.

The battle-hardened Fighter was their coach, while the beautiful woman was their manager.

"Precaution," the coach said. "Our opposing team is known for fighting dirty."

"Okay," Kyle said, "but I still don't get it. I can tell that you are a Late Fighter, at least. I don't think we can deal with any issues that you can't deal with."

"You're not here for their safety," the coach said.

"But it said escorting," Kyle said.

"Yes, I know. I commissioned the mission," the coach said with some annoyance. "I put that in there so that we don't get a trash team. I don't want a team that just takes easy missions. I want a team that can actually complete a difficult mission."

Kyle scratched the side of his head. "Okay. So, you don't want us to escort you. You just want us to accompany you and act as stand-ins."

"That's what I said," the coach said.

Kyle looked at his team, which stood behind him.

Falk shrugged.

Bormine raised an eyebrow.

Horatio smiled.

Tracy just waited for Kyle's orders.

"Payment is payment," Kyle said. "Sure, we'll go on a trip with you."

"Please, fill out these forms with your information," the manager spoke politely, handing everyone a couple of sheets of paper.

Everyone read through them and filled in their information before handing them back.

"We're going right now," the coach said.

The team behind the coach gave a perfect salute, and they walked after the coach with discipline.

As they walked past the Dwarves, Kyle nodded, impressed.

'Their Momentum is crazy,' he thought as the two Shouters walked past him.

'They are incredibly experienced at fighting other humans. More experienced than anyone in our team.'

'But that's not really surprising.'

This was a team of Initial Second Realm people who were on their way to qualify for the Skysand Championship.

Right now, they were still in the regional phase of the tournament.

Over two years, every team would need to fight 20 different teams.

One had to remember that there were far more than 20 teams, but the tournament only had time for 20 fights for every team.

Tomorrow would be the 19th fight of this team.

With their current score, they would either become first or second, and it was basically a done deal that they would win against their next opponents.

Their next opponents were in the lower half of the scores, and they didn't even have a shot at qualifying.

If the fight happened, it would be a one-sided slaughter.

Because of that, the team was basically already seen as qualified for the championship.

However, if they lost, for some reason, they might lose their position to the current third-ranked team.

And that was exactly what the coach was nervous about.

The team they were going up against tomorrow was quite shady, and it was possible that they received some payment from the third-ranked team to mess with them.

The Dwarves followed the team, which was called the Exploding Aegis.

Everyone jumped onto a huge wagon, which was being pulled by two Mid Ferocious Beasts that looked like horses with natural armor.

Then, the wagon left the western gate of Starkhold, moving towards a city to the west of Starkhold.

The city was called Janus' Hold, and it was almost a full thousand kilometers to the west of Starkhold.

Janus' Hold was built on the shore of the Skysand Kingdom's second-biggest lake, and it was close to the southwestern edge of the Skysand Kingdom.

"Hey, you," Kyle whispered in the wagon.

One of the Sorcerers, a man with long, silver hair, furrowed his brows in annoyance.

"What?" he asked.

"Why did you ask the Stark Brotherhood?" Kyle asked. "The fight is in Janus' Hold, right? That's the turf of the Naga Covenant. They are a Four-Weapons Guild. Wouldn't it make more sense to ask them?"

The Sorcerer just looked at Kyle with annoyance.

"The third-ranked team in the tournament is called the Nagas. Do you need more information, or do you understand what I mean?" the guy asked with annoyance.

'Oh wow, we got another Theodor over here,' Kyle thought.

"I understand, but why choose the Stark Brotherhood? There are like four other Three-Weapons Guilds you could've commissioned," Kyle asked.

"Ask the coach," the Sorcerer said, looking away from Kyle with annoyance.

Kyle just rolled his eyes.

'Arrogant dick.'

Luckily, the wagon was big enough that Kyle could talk with his team without disturbing the others.

From time to time, he watched the scenery go by.

He saw a bunch of Skysand Streams, villages, and towns passing by.

'You know, traveling in such an extravagant carriage is nice. Don't have to worry about anything.'

The journey was smooth.

Just as expected, under the watchful eye of a powerful Late or Peak Fighter, nothing dared to attack them.

Eventually, Kyle saw a humongous, azure tower.

When he saw that tower, his eyes widened in shock.

'That thing is huuuuuge!'

"That's new," Theodor commented. "I remember Janus' Hold, but I don't remember it having such a massive study."

"Study?" Kyle coughed.

"It's where Sorcerers and Grand Sorcerers train. They research Spells in their studies. Judging by its appearance, I assume it belongs to a Mid, Late, or Peak Grand Sorcerer," Theodor explained.

"This most likely belongs to the current Duke of this area."

Then, Kyle saw a humongous city made of sand-yellow bricks.

It was several kilometers wide, and Kyle could smell the thick Water Ether in the air.

'Looks a bit Italian. At least, if I can trust Hollywood movies to be accurate.'

The wagon came closer to the city.

"Halt!" a powerful voice shouted.

The coach furrowed his brows and looked at the guard captain, who had stopped them.

"Yes?" the coach asked.

"You have been selected for a random inspection. Open your doors and your cargo," the captain said.

The coach narrowed his eyes in annoyance, but he had to comply.

A couple of guards walked into the wagon, and Kyle looked at them with a raised brow.

Kyle wanted to make a joke, but he decided against it.

The guards went to everyone in the carriage and checked their identities.

When they reached the two Shouters, the guards narrowed their eyes.

"You two are under arrest on suspicion of being part of the Cult of Final Fate," the guards spoke, pointing at the two Shouters.

'Oh boy, here we go,' Kyle thought. 'That coach guy was actually right.'

