

Hammer God 237

Chapter 237 Michael

"That's nonsense!" one of the Shouters shouted. "We all literally just got here from Starkhold!"

"This must be a mistake," the coach said with a serious tone. "There was no way for them to be members of the Cult of Final Fate!"

"How can you know?" the leading guard asked. "Are you with them every single second of every day?"

"Literally, yes!" the coach said. "I never let them leave my sight during the tournament phase!"

"Is that so?" the leading guard asked with an interested voice.

The coach nodded.

"Then, you are also under arrest for suspicion of cooperating with the Cult of Final Fate!"

The coach's entire body shook in rage.

"Under who's authority?" he asked.

"My authority," a voice came from the outside.

The voice came from one of the higher-ranking officers.

The coach looked outside, and for just a second, his Momentum activated.

His Momentum was impossibly powerful!

'When it comes to fighting humans, he is probably even better than Wyveria,' Kyle thought as he took a deep breath.

However, the officer just calmly looked at the coach.

Kyle could tell that the officer was a Royal Knight and not a weak one.

"How can we prove our innocence?" the coach asked neutrally.

"Your two Fighters fit the picture of two agents from the Cult of Final Fate, who have recently caused tremendous chaos in the surroundings," the officer said. "We are going to investigate, and if they are truly innocent, they will be let go."

"How long is that going to take?" the coach asked.

"I can't tell you. If it's quick, they will be released by the end of the day. If it's slow, it might take several days," the officer explained.

"We are here for a tournament fight, which will be held at noon tomorrow," the coach said. "Can you finish the investigation by then?"

"I will do my best," the officer answered, "but if we are not done by then, I can't allow two suspects to participate. Many people will be watching the battle, and if they are part of the Cult of Final Fate, they could cause tremendous damage to the gathered people."

The coach clenched his teeth in frustration and rage.

"I am going to report this to the tournament organizers," he said before stepping out of the wagon.

"You are free to do so... AFTER we have finished our investigation," the officer said.

The coach didn't answer.

He knew that the investigation wouldn't be done by tomorrow.

Just as he had feared, the enemy team had played dirty.

The proof of their innocence was undeniable, which meant that none of them would be sentenced, but that was never the enemy's goal anyway.

It was just to weaken the team.

By capturing the two Shouters, the enemy team essentially crippled their lineup.

Their three Sorcerers were still extremely powerful, but without some backup, the Sorcerers would become helpless.

Two Assassins would shut down all three Sorcerers.

"Michael," the coach said, and the arrogant dick from earlier saluted, "you are responsible for the team in my absence."

"Yes, sir!" Michael answered.

The next moment, the two Shouters peacefully walked out of the wagon, and the guards escorted the coach and the two Shouters to jail.

The other guards finished their inspection but didn't find any illegal goods.

Naturally, Kyle's team also received a couple of questions, but those hadn't been issues.

The Dwarves had proof that they were members of the Stark Brotherhood and that they were on a mission.

Some minutes later, the guards left the carriage.

As the wagon entered the beautiful beach city, the mood worsened.

"Turns out your coach was right," Kyle commented. "Luckily, he commissioned us."

Michael didn't answer and just looked at the two other Sorcerers.

"What are your orders, captain?" one of the Sorcerers asked.

"Continue as planned," Michael answered. "We are going to enter the fight."

Then, the other Sorcerer looked at the Dwarves.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Are you questioning orders?" Michael asked with a threatening tone.

"Never!" the Sorcerer answered. "I only request the reason behind the order!"

Michael furrowed his brows.

"The reason is that we don't have another choice. We can't abandon the entire tournament because of this incident. We've fought for almost two years to get where we are, and I will not go home without giving the battle a chance."

"Understood," the Sorcerer said before falling silent.

The Dwarves didn't say anything while the Sorcerers came up with a couple of plans.

Eventually, the wagon stopped near a luxurious hotel, and everyone exited.

They checked into the hotel and entered the penthouse, which was huge and luxurious.

'Damn, this gotta be expensive as fuck,' Kyle thought as he looked at the artificial waterfalls in the room.

"You!"

Kyle turned around and saw Michael looking at him with a serious expression.

"The spearman and the one wielding the rapiers will be joining our team tomorrow," he said.

Kyle took a deep breath through his teeth. "I would advise against that."

"Your advice has not been requested," Michael said with annoyance.

At that point, Kyle was put in front of a choice.

He looked at the others to see what they thought.

Horatio smiled helplessly.

Tracy looked at Michael with annoyance.

Falk also looked a bit insulted.

Bormine threw a meaningful glance at Kyle.

'He's been quite a pain in the ass to deal with,' Kyle thought. 'Registering Falk for the tournament would disqualify the team since he is an Early Fighter, not an Initial Fighter.'

'I could insist on telling him, essentially saving his arrogant ass, but I could also just keep quiet. I mean, he told me that he doesn't want my advice.'

'What to do... what to do...'

"Are you absolutely sure that you do not want any advice?" Kyle asked with a meaningful tone. "Any damages that are incurred will not be my responsibility."

Michael gritted his teeth in frustration.

Oftentimes, people were more complex than one thought.

At this moment, Michael was having an internal battle.

Their coach had taught them to give orders with confidence since nobody follows a weak leader.

However, deep inside, Michael was nervous.

He barely knew anything about the Dwarves.

Sure, he was the team captain of the Exploding Aegis, but he only commanded them during battle.

Everything outside the battle was managed by the coach.

Michael hadn't been in this position before.

During battle, nobody could question orders since time was of utmost importance.

Kyle just looked at Michael, waiting for an answer.

Michael stayed silent for a while.

Then, he gave his answer.