

Hammer God 238

Chapter 238 A Team

"My plan is to send the spearman to deal with the enemy Juggernaut, and if they don't have one, send him to deal with the backline. The rapier Fighter will become an Assassin. The fight has to end quickly, and we need to put pressure on their team to give us time for our Spells," Michael explained.

In the end, Michael chose a middle way.

He didn't ask for advice, but he explained his reasoning and didn't immediately leave.

'So, he actually wants advice,' Kyle thought. 'Smart.'

"Falk, the one with the spear, is an Early Fighter," Kyle said.

Michael gritted his teeth in anger.

They had almost been disqualified!

"Why have we not been informed?!" he shouted.

"You have," Kyle said with a bit of annoyance. "Your coach has received our information."

"Why have you not told me?! You know that our coach can't be here!" Michael said.

"You're asking the wrong questions," Kyle answered. "The question is not why you haven't been informed by us. The question is why you haven't been informed by your coach."

"Are you saying our coach made a mistake?" Michael asked with anger.

"Yes," Kyle said. "I am saying just that."

The other two Sorcerers glared at Kyle.

"When a leader is busy, he must have somebody who takes over," Kyle said. "Your coach planned for the enemy's schemes, but he did not plan for his own absence."

Then, Kyle pointed at Horatio. "If anything happens to me, he takes over. He knows everything that I know, and the team is also trained to listen to his command."

"Where is your vice-coach?" Kyle asked.

"What a selfish policy," one of the Sorcerers shouted. "The team lives and dies with the captain, and the captain lives and dies with the team."

"Hey, hey, hey!" Falk said with annoyance as he stepped forward. "Did I hear that correctly just now? Selfish? How the fuck is that selfish?! What if the only way out of a situation is for the leader to sacrifice themselves?"

"Then, the captain made an error in judgment," the Sorcerer answered.

At that moment, Horatio coughed. "And the team should suffer because of their error?"

"We live and die together," the other Sorcerer stated.

Falk leaned against one of the luxurious pillars and pointed in a certain direction.

"Jail's that way," he said.

"Excuse me?" one of the Sorcerers asked.

"You live and die together," Falk answered. "The team suffers when the coach makes a mistake. Jail's that way. Join your coach in prison."

"That's different!" the Sorcerer shouted. "How is it different?" Falk asked with an arrogant smirk. "Your coach made a mistake, and he is suffering for it. According to your logic, you should also suffer from his mistakes. Yet, you keep staying here, in freedom."

"How very selfish of you," Falk said with a shit-eating grin.

At that moment, two of the Sorcerers pulled out their weapons in anger.

Falk just rolled his eyes.

"Go on," Bormine's cold and calm voice spoke slowly. "Three Sorcerers in a small room against four Assassins."

"You will be dead before you finish casting your first Spell."

The two Sorcerers looked at Michael for orders.

Michael had been surprisingly silent for a while.

Michael just looked at the Dwarves.

None of them showed any sign of nervousness.

"Keep your team in check," Michael said. "Their disrespectful comments fall back on your shoulders."

"No," Kyle answered.

Silence.

"Specify," Michael ordered with a dark voice.

"No," Kyle said slowly.

Michael grew enraged but tried to retain a calm exterior. "Was that an answer to my request, or did you just restate your answer?"

"Yes," Kyle said.

Silence.

"We don't have time for these games," Michael said. "I demand-"

"Or what?" Kyle interjected.

Michael gritted his teeth. "I demand that-"

"Or what?" Kyle asked again.

"Stop interr-"

"Or what?"

Michael looked like he was about to die of an aneurysm with his red face.

Then, Kyle slowly leaned into Michael's face.

"Or... what...?" he slowly repeated.

Silence.

"What are you going to do?"

"Are you going to kill us?"

"Are you going to complain?"

"Are you going to fight on your own?"

"What are the consequences if I don't do what you say?" Kyle asked with a threatening tone.

"I will file a complaint!" Michael said.

"Go ahead," Kyle answered.

Michael's body shook in endless fury.

"I'm not bluffing," he said.

"Me neither. Go... ahead!"

A couple of tense seconds passed.

"Now, now, let's all calm down," Horatio said with a bitter smile as he stepped between Kyle and Michael. "You don't want to lose the fight tomorrow, and we don't want to fail our mission, right?"

"We are all trying to reach the same goal."

"A fight between us will benefit no one but our enemies."

"Isn't mission success the most important thing?" Horatio asked Michael.

Michael glared at Horatio.

Then, he took a deep breath through his nose.

"It is the most important thing," he said, trying to calm down.

"Yes, and what's the first thing you need to achieve that goal?" Horatio asked. "Information. You need information. Where do you need to go? What do you need to do? What can you do? What can your team do?"

"I don't think I'm overstepping my expertise when I say that, as the captain of a team, you would not feel comfortable telling your members what to do without knowing what Spells they can cast, right?" Horatio asked Michael.

Michael nodded wordlessly.

"Isn't this the same scenario?" Horatio asked. "You don't know anything about us. You do not even know our names. How can you choose the correct member without knowing how we fight, what we are good at, or what we are bad at?"

Kyle just wordlessly stood to the side, doing his best not to smirk.

'Good cop, bad cop. Always works with troublesome clients,' he thought with amusement.

Kyle's bluntness was great for playing bad cop, while Horatio's friendly and diplomatic manner was great for playing good cop.

"I did not make a mistake," Michael suddenly said out of nowhere.

"I did," Kyle casually said. "I shouldn't have been so antagonistic. Sorry about that."

Michael's eyes widened, and he looked at the remaining members of the Dwarves.

Tracy and Falk chuckled, while Bormine and Horatio didn't even react.

What was going on?

Their leader had just made a mistake!

They were supposed to look at Kyle with disdain and question his leadership!

Also, didn't the leader of a Fighter squad get a bigger share of the rewards?

This was the perfect opportunity to dethrone Kyle and take the position for themselves!

Michael always had to be careful.

Whenever it looked like he made a mistake, the other members filed complaints.

Why wasn't this happening here?!

And why did Kyle casually admit to making a mistake?!

It was almost like it wasn't a big deal!

Then, Michael turned to his two teammates.

They still seemed ready to battle.

Their demeanor had not changed.

Yet, when he looked into their eyes, he saw it.

The mirth.

The arrogance.

They saw his weakness, and they would use it in an attempt to get his position!

"Hey," Kyle said, and Michael looked back.

"Are you sure you guys are a team?" Kyle asked.

"Of course we are," Michael answered immediately.

Kyle just looked at Michael with skepticism.

Michael didn't falter.

Yet, as he looked at the Dwarves, he felt a mix of anger and doubt.

Yes, they were a team!

In fact, they were an amazing team!

If they were not a good team, how could they have gotten so many points?!

But as he looked at Kyle's team, he became nervous.

There was no animosity.

Everyone seemed to be open to each other, and they were very casual.

There were no undercurrents of a hidden power struggle.

It was like everyone was happy with their positions.

Michael looked back at the other two Sorcerers.

Was this a team?