

Hammer God 240

Chapter 240 Death Match

'One battle of five, three battles of threes, five battles of twos,' Kyle thought.

Before a fight, both teams received a list with the roles of the five chosen combatants of the other team, and they had to decide how they preferred to fight.

A single battle of five people versus five people.

Three battles of teams of three with pauses between the battles.

Five battles of teams of two with no pauses between the battles.

Like this, teams had different avenues to victory.

A team with Fighters and Knights would prefer drawn-out battles, which were the rapid-fire two-versus-twos.

Knights could quickly recover their Ether due to their strengthened Center, and their bodies gave them quick physical recovery.

Meanwhile, if a Sorcerer, Beast Master, Artificer, Conjurer, or someone like that got injured in battle one, they were almost useless in the next battles.

Sorcerers, for example, preferred quick team fights of five-versus-five.

They could unleash all of their destructive potential.

To achieve victory, a team had to specialize in two of these three kinds of fights due to how it was decided which one would take place.

Exploding Aegis specialized in three-versus-three and five-versus-five fights.

It was clear that their enemy was perfect for two-versus-two fights, but that didn't matter.

"As discussed," Kyle said.

Michael nodded.

Then, he marked the star column for the five-versus-five, marked the checkmark column for three-versus-three, and marked the x column for two-versus-two.

Star meant that they wanted this kind of battle the most.

Checkmark meant that they were fine with it.

An X meant that they did not want that.

Both teams had to use one of every column.

As long as any team put an x in one kind of fight, this fight would not happen.

80% of the time, the teams fought in the category they were fine with.

After filling out the form, Michael handed it back to the guard, who left.

"So, it's either going to be three-versus-three or five-versus-five," Kyle said.

Michael nodded. "It will be five-versus-five."

"Are you sure?" Kyle asked.

"We have enough time to recover our Ether between rounds," Michael said. "They won't fight us in the three-versus-three fights. At least, not with this lineup."

Kyle was not completely sure how the lineup of the two teams related to this specific case.

'Seems pretty even to me,' Kyle thought. 'In fact, if I were in their shoes, I would prefer the three-versus-three battles. But these are professionals. They do this for a living. He probably sees things I don't.'

Sure enough, after a couple of minutes, one of the guards walked in and told them that the teams had agreed on a five-versus-five match.

'As expected, he was right,' Kyle thought. 'Strange. I would think that three Assassins would win against three Sorcerers or two Sorcerers and a Juggernaut.'

After the message, everyone waited for a couple more minutes.

Then, the door opened again, and a powerful Fighter wearing expensive armor walked in.

Based on his aura, he had to be a Peak Fighter.

"Hello, my name is Helius, and I am going to be your referee for today," the Fighter spoke politely.

As the captain, Michael greeted him.

"The other team has requested a deathmatch. Do you accept?" Helius asked.

At that moment, the mood worsened dramatically.

It was possible to request a deathmatch, but both teams needed to agree. Otherwise, killing someone from the other team would have dire consequences.

But during a death match, everything was fair game.

Most of the time, requesting a death match was used as a psychological attack.

Nobody wanted to risk their lives without some big reward.

However, winning a death match wouldn't grant them more rewards or more renown.

They would just be allowed to survive.

So, there was no point in risking one's life.

Usually, deathmatches were requested by the stronger team to intimidate the weaker team.

If they refused, their ego and Momentum would take a hit, making it harder to fight with their full power.

Yet, if they accepted, they would most likely die.

"Idiots," Falk said with a snort.

Michael and the two Sorcerers threw annoyed glances at Falk.

"Dumbasses," Kyle said.

"Fools," Bormine said.

Michael furrowed his brows. "This is a good move, in my opinion. Why do you believe it's a bad one?" he asked.

"Michael, in how many deathmatches have you been?" Kyle asked.

"Two," Michael answered. "Both against teams who were overconfident and accepted our proposal."

"Have you ever accepted a death match against a team in which the enemy team initiated the request?" Kyle asked.

"No," Michael answered. "That almost always ends in tragedy."

Kyle smirked. "How often do you think they have been in deathmatches?"

"Maximum of two. Maybe one. Most likely zero," Michael answered. "They are not very good. "

The Dwarves looked at each other with confidence.

"Accept it," Kyle said.

The faces of the other two Sorcerers turned white in shock and horror.

Were they crazy?!

Michael also became quite nervous.

Deathmatches were always terrifying, even when fighting weaker teams.

"Booo!" Kyle shouted as he quickly turned to the two Sorcerers.

The bodies of the two Sorcerers jerked for a moment in terror.

At that point, the Dwarves just started to laugh.

Kyle gestured to the two, now angry, Sorcerers while looking at Michael. "Look at them. If we accept the deathmatch, this is how our enemy is going to feel."

Michael could see the logic in Kyle's words.

Then, he looked at the Dwarves.

The ones who were joining the battle seemed just as calm as the ones who weren't going to join.

"But isn't the same true for us?" Michael asked.

"Please," Kyle said with a roll of his eyes. "We are professional Fighters. We do all kinds of dangerous missions all the time. Deserters, bandits, wild beasts, crazy cults, murderers, and so on."

"We risk our lives constantly."

"In fact, we couldn't even use our full strength outside of a deathmatch."

At that moment, Kyle pulled off a small, round plate with runes on it from his chest. "This weird protective device that protects us from death literally weakens us. I can't catch an enemy weapon with my abdomen without being counted as dead."

"This weird one-time protective shield could also fire way too early, taking me out of the fight even though I could continue."

"In a deathmatch, we don't need all of these things."

"We can show our full power."

"If you want to win, accept it," Kyle said with a smirk. "When you enter the arena, watch their terrified little eyes."

Michael looked at the other two Sorcerers, who just looked back at him in fear.

Naturally, Michael was also terrified.

But then, he gritted his teeth.

"We accept," he told the referee.