

## **Hammer God 241**

### Chapter 241 Provocation

Kyle and the team waited in front of a gate.

From time to time, they heard the audience shouting or clapping loudly, but that was it.

"Feels kind of exciting," Kyle whispered to Tracy.

"I'm feeling nervous," Tracy answered.

"It's just a bunch of people," Kyle said. "Pretty sure you will forget they are there as soon as the battle starts."

While Kyle and Tracy were talking, the other three remained silent.

It was not difficult for Kyle to see why they were so silent.

They were nervous.

Yes, they had fought many battles in arenas before, but they had not been in a lot of life-and-death fights.

"Just chill," Kyle told Michael. "Just focus on casting your Spells. I'll give you plenty of space."

Michael didn't answer.

When Kyle saw that his words didn't help, he sighed.

"Listen, it's not your life that's in my hands. It's my life that's in your hands," Kyle said.

This made Michael look at Kyle.

"That doesn't sound correct," he said.

"But it is," Kyle casually answered. "I'm going to be charging right into the enemy team, and they will try to rush me down. I can buy you a couple of seconds before I die. Until then, your Spells should be ready."

Michael just furrowed his brows and looked at the ground.

In truth, Michael didn't really believe in Kyle.

He believed in Kyle's power, but he didn't think that Kyle would essentially throw his life away for them. After all, they didn't even know each other.

What Michael didn't know was that Kyle was also nervous deep inside.

After all, he didn't want to die.

But he had to do his job, and his job was very dangerous.

'Worst case scenario, I'll just show my Aristocrat's Body. Sure, that will make my future way more dangerous, but I can survive today, at least.'

Then, the gate slowly opened.

Conviction appeared in Michael's eyes, and he stepped forward.

The others all followed, and as soon as they walked into the light of day, the entire arena erupted in cheers.

Kyle looked around in awe.

'There are so many people!'

There were thousands of people in the audience, and they were all cheering for them.

'Crazy.'

He saw all kinds of people.

There were old ones and even children.

Then, Kyle looked forward and saw the other team.

The other team had been introduced before them, which was why they were already in the arena.

Kyle saw a tall and burly man with a spiked shield and a spear standing in front of the other four, which were thin and on the smaller side.

'Wow, two of them wear daggers,' Kyle thought. 'They really are scared of Michael and the other two.'

Daggers were fast and versatile, but they did not have a lot of penetrating power.

If Kyle had his armor, these Assassins would have a lot of difficulties dealing with him.

This was one of the reasons why Bormine used two rapiers.

Rapiers were a bit heavier and quite a bit longer than daggers, making them a bit slower, but they had far more penetration power.

'Ah, I see,' Kyle thought as he saw one of the Assassins carrying a single long sword. 'This guy is supposed to keep me at bay. He's running the Horatio build.'

The last Assassin didn't seem to have any weapons, but he wore a long black coat, which hid everything below his head.

'Wonder if that's a throwing weapons guy.'

Naturally, while Kyle looked at the enemy team, the enemy team also looked at them.

They all had steely gazes on their faces, and they seemed stalwart and strong.

For just a second, the two sides looked at each other.

Then, Kyle smirked knowingly.

The other team seemed to focus more on him.

'As expected, they are fucking terrified. Look at how frozen their postures are. Their bodies are taut and tense.'

Seeing their tensed bodies calmed Kyle down quite a bit.

They were trying to seem intimidating, but Kyle could see through their bluff.

'Ha! That's probably how I looked when I tried to seem intimidating in the past,' he thought with a chuckle.

"Look at how terrified they are," Kyle whispered to Tracy.

Tracy just nodded.

"Hey, Michael," Kyle whispered. "Just focus on your Spells. As long as you can keep your composure for the first two seconds of the battle, this thing will be easy."

Michael just furrowed his brows.

Michael had been in far more arena battles than Kyle, and he felt like Kyle's advice was coming from a place of inexperience and arrogance.

However, questioning his teammates just before the battle was a bad idea, which was why he just remained silent.

The next moment, the referee called both teams forward to the middle of the arena.

Kyle walked past two thick pillars holding the ceiling of the arena up.

Of course, these pillars could also be used by combatants to hide from the enemy.

A completely open field would be too favorable for ranged combatants.

The two teams met in the middle, and the referee explained the rules.

"This is a death match," the referee said. "The victor may decide the fate of the loser. Tournament protection does not apply. No gadgets or weapons that are not part of your primary kit. As per deathmatch rules, anyone found cheating will be immediately executed by me personally."

The referee named a couple more rules, and everyone just listened.

Of course, the two teams were more focused on each other than the referee.

For most of the time, Kyle just looked into the enemy Shouter's eyes.

Kyle moved his eyebrows up and down with a grin, making the Shouter narrow his eyes.

The next moment, one of the Assassins put his hand on the Shouter's shoulder to calm him down.

The Shouter just nodded before looking back at Kyle.

Kyle grinned and flicked his closed left fist before opening it.

Then, he mouthed some words.



"That's you."

The Shouter looked at Kyle with anger.

They were already stressed due to the upcoming fight, and Kyle's provocations certainly didn't help.

When people were stressed, it was much easier to anger them.

"To your starting positions!" the referee ordered, and the two teams split up again.

The arena was around a hundred meters wide, but the two teams started at a distance of 30 meters.

Kyle slowly pulled out his hammer while the other ones also prepared.

The entire time, Kyle was looking at the Shouter.

The crowd fell silent.

The referee lifted his arm.

"Ready?" he shouted.

Two seconds passed.

"Fight!"