

Hammer God 254

Chapter 254 Suggestions

Kyle told Wyveria about everything that had happened.

During the retelling, her demeanor didn't change.

"Is that snake still inside Janus' Hold's prison?" she asked with a serious tone.

"Yeah, probably," Kyle said. "If you want to kill him, go ahead. He's already on the kill list."

Wyveria nodded when she heard that the coach was on the kill list. This meant that the Guild would deal with any legal fallout.

"I'm going to do just that," she said.

"Wait a second," Kyle said. "Aren't you going to wait?"

"Why should I wait when I have him in a place from where he can't escape?" she asked with annoyance.

"It's tournament season," Kyle said. "You know, teams have an extended legal protection."

"I don't care," Wyveria said with anger.

"Are you sure?" Kyle asked.

At that moment, Wyveria's Momentum activated, and she glared at Kyle. "Are you going to stop me?"

The others looked over carefully.

Wyveria was scary when she was angry.

"I'm trying to," Kyle said. "Not sure if I will succeed, though."

"What's your problem?!" Falk shouted from this table as he violently stood up. "Our friends just died, and you want to protect their killer?!"

Kyle ignored Falk for a moment.

Meanwhile, Wyveria invaded Kyle's space and glared at him. "And how are you going to stop me?"

"Killing a guy is one thing," Kyle said. "Killing a guy that's running a top-eight team is something else. At least ask the Chief first. If he's fine with it, go ahead."

"Why should I ask the Chief if I'm allowed to kill a snake that killed our brothers and sisters?" Wyveria asked with a cold voice.

"Because he's the one who has to deal with the fallout," Kyle said. "You can still kill him after the tournament season. He lost two of his most talented Sorcerers anyway. They might even leave the tournament within the next couple of days."

"And then what?" Wyveria asked angrily. "Right now, he's in prison. I can easily find him. When he leaves the tournament, he could be anywhere."

Kyle rolled his eyes. "He's a Peak Fighter. Those are not exactly common. Additionally, he will probably just make a new team."

Wyveria looked with disgust at Kyle.

"Falk was right," she said. "Look at you. Two of your teammates have died, and you seem like you don't care."

Kyle groaned. "That again? I already told like three people that there's no point in feeling bad about something I can't change. I tried my best, okay? Yeah, it sucks, but what can I do about it? What's feeling bad going to change? They are still dead."

Wyveria snorted. "I shouldn't have allowed Tracy to join your team."

Kyle tried to remain calm, but that comment riled him up a bit. "She was an adult. It was her choice."

"I am only giving you advice. I can't tell you what to do. You're an adult. You couldn't tell Tracy what she could do. She was also an adult."

Wyveria sneered. "Right, you can't tell me what to do."

Wyveria snorted and stormed to the door of the cafeteria.

Kyle sighed.

"Are you really going to make the dead a problem of the living?" he asked.

Wyveria stopped and turned around.

Then, she approached Kyle and grabbed him by the throat.

"What did you just say?! I'm making problems?!" she shouted.

At that point, Bonk carefully approached, nervously looking at Kyle and Wyveria.

"No fight," he said.

Wyveria didn't look at Bonk. "Kyle protect murderer. Tracy, Bormine, dead," she said.

"Murderer?" Bonk asked. "Why protect?"

"Ask!" Wyveria said, throwing Kyle to the ground.

Earlier, Kyle hadn't been able to talk due to her grip on his throat.

He rubbed his throat and stood up.

"Why protect?" Bonk asked with an innocent voice.

"Rule protection," Kyle answered. "Kill murderer. Friends in trouble."

The others watched nervously.

Bonk looked at the ground.

Then, he stepped between Kyle and Wyveria.

"No make trouble," Bonk said to Wyveria.

Wyveria gritted her teeth.

Bonk had chosen Kyle's side?!

"Why?!" she asked.

Bonk put his hand on Wyveria's shoulder.

He was probably the only male in the entire Guild who could get away with that.

"Friend dead. Heart hurt," Bonk said in pain.

"More friend alive," Bonk said. "No more hurt."

"Why?!" Wyveria shouted. "Why are you on his side?! That guy killed Tracy!"

"Kyle kill Tracy?" Bonk asked.

"No!" Wyveria shouted in frustration. "Murderer kill Tracy! I kill murderer!"

Bonk sighed in relief.

"Will kill Murderer make trouble?" Bonk asked.

Wyveria gritted her teeth.

"Yes," she answered.

"Then, no," Bonk said. "No cause trouble."

Just when Wyveria wanted to shout again, Bonk motioned for her to calm down.

Surprisingly, Wyveria became silent.

"Bonk know," he said. "Bonk know hurt."

"Many guard make dwarf pain. Guard bad. Guard wrong."

Bonk looked at the ground. "Bonk no help. Bonk hurt."

"But when Bonk help, all dwarf pain. It hurt. It hard."

Wyveria looked at Bonk with frustration. "You ignore dwarf pain?"

"No, no, no," Bonk said.

"Bonk make guard pain. What word? Silent? Hidden?"

"Secret," Kyle said.

"Yes, secret," Bonk said. "Bonk hurt guard secret. No kill. Hurt. Make regret. Guard scared. One guard scared, many guard scared. Many guard scared, no dwarf hurt."

"That works," Kyle said. "As long as the guy can still run his team, the legal ramifications shouldn't be that bad."

Wyveria didn't say anything.

"I got a couple of good ideas," Kyle said with a smirk.

If there was one thing people on Earth were good at, it was causing trouble for other people without violence.

Oftentimes, people in these situations wished they were dead.

"Nail letters with death threats to this guy's team members. They will be too scared to fight."

"Put their wagon on fire."

"Kill their wagon beast."

"Steal their equipment."

"Spread rumors about them."

"Send wrong information to the guards so that they detain him."

"Steal his money."

"Go to his family and put their house on fire."

"Kill their pets."

"Gather information and deliver it to their opposing teams."

"Throw a horse head at their wagon."

"Lure a beast to them."

"Paint the symbol of the Cult of Final Fate on their wagon in blood."

"Tell the local gangs that the coach is selling slaves."

"Cause a legal dispute between him and his neighbor."

"Kill his friends outside the team."

"Steal a technique of his, give it to a random Fighter, and tell the Guilds that he sold it."

"Tell his wife you are his affair partner."

"Tell everyone he was dishonorably discharged from the military."

"Hide contraband in his wagon."

"Ask a painter to draw some porn of him fucking a beast and spread it across his town."

"Kick his teammates without killing them."

"Destroy his Momentum."

"Destroy his team's Momentum."

"Close his bank account."

"Put his phone number- nevermind."

"E-mail- forget it."

"Yeah, that's all I can think of for now," Kyle said.

Silence.

Everyone in the cafeteria just looked in shock and horror at Kyle.