

Hammer God 273

Chapter 273 Aristocrat

For the next couple of days, the team got more familiar with each other's abilities.

While they were training with each other, one thing became clear.

Nobody could win against Sven.

His arrows were fast enough to hit Falk.

He was fast enough to evade Lily's golems, and as long as he could see Lily, one of his arrows would hit.

Naturally, Michael was completely helpless against the barrage of arrows.

And, well, Kyle didn't have a good time.

Sven could just keep jumping back while firing arrows.

Usually, classes had their strengths and weaknesses.

A Sniper could take down Sorcerers and Juggernauts.

Yet, Beast Tamers, Artificers, and Assassins were their weakness.

An Assassin was usually faster than a sniper, and their rapid movements made it easy for them to avoid the predictable projectiles.

Beast Tamers and Artificers would just use their powerful companions as shields.

How could some arrows kill a big and heavy beast or a massive golem? Sure, with enough arrows, they would get destroyed, but until that much time passed, the Sniper would already be rushed down by the other companions.

But in front of Sven, that didn't matter.

He was faster than everyone else on the team, and his offensive capabilities were comparable to Michael's.

One thing was clear.

Sven was beyond outstanding.

He was in a class of his own.

Sven was so incredibly powerful that Kyle even started to question something.

'Could he have killed the Icestone Fiend on his own?'

A fight between Sven and the Icestone Fiend wouldn't have been easy, but Kyle could imagine how it would go down.

Sven would use Sand Arrow to cover the Icestone Fiend with corrosive sand, which consumed the enemy's armor.

While the sand was weakening the enemy's defenses, he would avoid the attacks, and after some time, he would use Spike to kill the Icestone Demon.

It wouldn't be easy since the Icestone Fiend would keep rushing him down with superior speed.

Sven would definitely have to avoid several extremely dangerous and fast attacks.

But it was possible.

He had the speed to theoretically survive, and he had the power to kill the enemy.

'Could I kill the Icestone Fiend on my own?' Kyle thought.

Kyle imagined how the fight would have gone without his team.

The Icestone Fiend would have charged after him after slapping him away.

Kyle might be able to crush one of the claws, but he wouldn't be able to ready his hammer fast enough to block or dodge the next attack.

Most likely, one of the ice spears would hit his body, and he would die.

The chances of victory were less than 10%.

'As much as it pains me to say it, Sven is just better than me,' Kyle thought.

'At least, for now. As long as I keep going at it, I will find a way to close the gap.'

"Hey, Boss, do you have any idea how I can become even stronger?" Kyle asked.

"Your disguise's power or your actual power?" Theodor asked with annoyance.

"Eh," Kyle just said. "Not sure what you mean."

"You act like a Fighter," Theodor answered. "Do you want to be a stronger Fighter or a stronger Warrior?"

Kyle scratched the back of his head. "Isn't strength just strength?"

"Yes, it is," Theodor said. "What I am asking you is if you actually want to be stronger or if you just want to appear stronger in front of your little friends?"

"I actually want to be stronger," Kyle answered.

"Oh, really?" Theodor said with a snort. "To me, it seems like you're just frustrated that you can't win against that Knight. If you actually want to win against him, you just have to use your Soul. Your Ether will disrupt him, and you can catch up to him."

"I mean," Kyle said, "I can't really show that to others."

"That's not stopping your Knight friend," Theodor said.

"What do you mean?" Kyle asked.

"Idiot," Theodor said. "Studying weak techniques as a Knight? The amount of time needed to make any headway on that is so much that it would cannibalize your other training."

"If he were 40 to 60 years old, I would believe him, but he seems to have just reached his 20s. He can be as smart and intelligent as he wants, but without an improved mind, even the most intelligent genius will need over an entire year to use the most basic techniques."

"You're telling me that he convinced you that he learned all of these techniques by just looking at them for three hours a day? You're really a naïve idiot!"

Kyle's eyes widened. "He has an Aristocrat's Body?"

"Of course! I thought it was obvious!" Theodor answered with annoyance.

"Wait, couldn't he just have not undergone any rituals? Couldn't he just be a regular Warrior?" Kyle asked.

"His disguise exposes his true self," Theodor said. "You can fake being a Fighter as a Warrior, but you can't fake being a Knight. You can fake being more intelligent, but you can't fake having more Ether."

"During your fight against that Ore Fiend, he used more Ether than a normal Warrior could possibly have access to."

"If he had simply acted like a Fighter and used some complex techniques, I wouldn't have found out he has an Aristocrat's Body."

"But he just had to be a Knight."

Kyle blinked a couple of times.

"Then, why did he choose to act as a Knight?" Kyle asked.

"I have no idea," Theodor said. "It's dumb, and I would believe that a progeny of the Forthings would be educated enough to realize that."

"Maybe he just didn't want to be rejected by your little group of friends."

Kyle furrowed his brows.

'Could that be the case?' he thought. 'What if he chose to act as a Knight because I said that I want other classes in my team?'

'That... but why, though? Couldn't he have chosen any other team?'

'This is weird.'

'It doesn't really make sense.'

Kyle shrugged.

'Yeah, well, who cares? Turns out, Sven is even stronger than expected.'

'I don't see how that's a bad thing.'

'Good for him!'