

Hammer God 277

Chapter 277 Deepstone Mine

Team Sandstorm took on one difficult mission after the other.

They rarely accepted any mission that had enemies below the Late Second Realm.

The good thing about these difficult missions was that they were not as highly sought after as the easier ones.

Missions dealing with Initial and Early Second Realm enemies were the most sought-after.

The main reason for that was the regular addition of newbies.

Every three months, a new batch of newbies joined, and they all could only accept these missions.

Missions dealing with Mid Second Realm enemies were also relatively sought after due to the more advanced newbies.

However, Late Second Realm missions were rarely immediately taken.

The reason was simple.

People died.

This was a dangerous job, and of all the newbies, fewer than 25% reached the Mid Second Realm.

Then, there were also cases where more advanced Fighters left the Stark Brotherhood to join a Four-Weapons Guild.

Luckily, when that happened, the other Guild had to buy them out, handing the Stark Brotherhood at least one Ether Gem.

Of course, some Fighters also decided to join the army.

When that happened, the Stark Brotherhood was just shit out of luck.

According to the law, helping the kingdom was the highest priority. Because of that, stopping anyone from joining the army via any means was illegal.

Getting into the army was easy.

However, getting a good position in the army was difficult.

The Fighters who left the Stark Brotherhood for the army were veterans who immediately wanted to join a more elite squad or directly went to officer school.

These people were valuable, which was why they were rarely sent into extreme danger.

The group of soldiers Kyle had seen walking past him while going to Forthing's Hold had been one of these elite troops.

They were the backbone of the Skysand Kingdom.

Despite their relatively low Realm, team Sandstorm was already playing in the big leagues.

Teams who could take down a target in the Late Second Realm were rare.

In fact, there were only five of them, including the Ace Team.

Speaking of the Ace Team, they got another person in the Initial Third Realm now, which meant they had three in total.

With such a constellation, they could already try their hands on enemies in the Early Third Realm.

The second-best team, the Alpha Team, was comprised of the best Fighters outside the Ace Team.

Their entire team was filled with Peak Fighters, and they had already successfully hunted an Initial Monster.

The other three teams couldn't do that.

The third and fourth-best teams had some Peak Fighters but mostly Late Fighters.

They focused on enemies in the Peak Second Realm.

Then, there were three teams that could take on enemies in the Late Second Realm, and team Sandstorm was at the front due to just how many missions they completed.

At this moment, Kyle was talking with Wyveria in the cafeteria. She was still busy making the coach's life a living hell.

"We got a promotion!" Noah suddenly shouted as he walked into the cafeteria.

"Oh?" Kyle uttered as he looked over.

"Noah, what's it about?" Kyle shouted.

"Clearing a new mine," Noah said. "We lost a team of Initial and Early Fighters from one of our outposts."

'Yikes, a team wipe,' Kyle thought.

"Do we have any information?" Kyle asked.

"The mine was in constant use over the past decades," Noah said as he walked over to Kyle and Wyveria. "It was producing a good amount of Deepstone and is owned by the Millards."

"Deepstone?" Wyveria asked with furrowed brows. "That's a Rank C material. If there are Ore Fiends, they shouldn't be very powerful. A team of Initial Fighters should be able to deal with this."

"Is there anything else in there?"

Noah walked over and put the mission on the table. "We have no idea. Read it for yourself."

Kyle and Wyveria looked over, reading the mission.

"Nothing. Really?" Kyle asked. "What? Did every single miner just suddenly die?"

"That is exactly what happened," Noah said. "Not even a single one escaped."

"Crazy," Kyle commented. "Shit, anything could be down there."

"Well, it's your job to find out what's down there, assuming you're taking the promotion," Noah said.

At that moment, another person walked over and looked at the mission.

"You want this, Martin?" Kyle asked the newcomer.

Martin had short grey hair and looked at the mission with a steely gaze.

He was the leader of the Alpha Team.

"Risky," he said after some seconds.

"We got better things to do," Wyveria said. "Besides, Bonk is spending today with the dwarves. I don't want to interrupt him unless it's urgent."

Martin kept looking at the mission silently.

Then, he put the mission down and looked at Kyle. "10%."

"Sorry, I can get my balls crushed for less money by some desperate hooker," Kyle answered without hesitation.

"You are only going to scout," Martin answered. "10% is a lot. "

"You are not just hiring me," Kyle said. "You're hiring my entire team."

"I don't need your team. I only need you," Martin said.

"Phrasing," Kyle answered. "I'm not a free agent anymore. You can't just hire me, and I'm not going to send my team into the unknown for three fucking Ether Stones per person."

"Do it yourself!"

Martin just furrowed his brows. Although, that didn't say much. His brows were always furrowed.

He remained silent for a while.

"Anyway, you seem interested in it. So, I'm leaving it to you," Kyle said as he left the table.

Martin watched Kyle leave.

"15%."

"Deal!" Kyle shouted, immediately turning around.

Then, Kyle pointed at a small part in the mission description.

"That includes this!"

This part of the mission said that any ore that was produced as a result of killing an Ore Fiend would go to the team.

This part was also the only reason why Martin was interested in the mission, to begin with.

1.5 Ether Gems was not enough to really motivate the Alpha Team.

Naturally, the original mission didn't have such a high reward.

Originally, it only had 15 Ether Stones.

However, since an entire team died, the Guild demanded the reward to be tenfold.

Since the mine was worth much more, the Millards accepted.

"Naturally," Martin said, agreeing to the split of the ore.

Kyle smiled and offered his hand.

"Nice to do business with you."

Martin just looked at Kyle's extended hand before walking away.

"We leave in 30."