

Hammer God 377

Chapter 377 Points

Kyle just looked at the Vice-Guild Leader with a flat expression.

It was not a turtle.

It was a Fart.

'Fucking asshole,' Kyle thought.

The next moment, Kyle looked at the gigantic corpse.

Without the huge mountain on its back, the TORTOISE was only about ten meters high, which was a bit on the smaller side for a Monster.

Most Monsters were between 20 and 100 meters long.

Sure, the tortoise was around ten meters high, but it was longer.

Then, Kyle looked at the hole the tortoise had created in the actual mountain when Kyle had hit it for the first time.

It was a big crater, almost 50 meters wide and twenty meters deep.

When he saw that, he was reminded of the time he had seen that one big snake on the peninsula.

Theodor had said that Sulfur had punched it against the mountain behind it, breaking off part of the peak.

The mountain hadn't been that big.

Back then, Kyle couldn't have imagined having that much power.

How could someone break off the peak of a mountain with a punch?

And yet, when he looked at the huge crater in front of him...

Hadn't he done basically the same thing?

With a single strike, he had created this gigantic crater in the massive mountain.

Somehow, it didn't feel very special.

Yeah, he could do that.

So what?

He still had to keep his identity somewhat secret since there were a bunch of people who could kill him.

After looking at the crater for a bit, Kyle thought about his Methods.

Due to the limited time, he had only created two of them, and as expected, they could still use some improvement.

'Ignition needs a bit too much Ether, and as expected, the preparation time can be quite annoying. It also sucks that Bullet consumes Ignition to reach its full power.'

'If I could keep Ignition going, things would be much easier, but that's easier said than done.'

'Ignition is like a manual transmission car. If I slow down too much without pressing on the shift, the motor will die.'

'I need to rethink.'

'Additionally, I need to work on the long preparation time. This time, I had the time to get Ignition to its peak due to my slow opponent.'

'But what if my opponent is fast?'

'What if my opponent is ambushing me?'

'Sure, I can launch a level one Ignition, but a level one Ignition is just a bit better than a technique.'

'If my opponent keeps attacking, I won't be able to increase my speed.'

'Gotta work more on that.'

Kyle sighed.

'The stuff to improve never ends.'

"Your target has been eliminated," the Vice-Guild Leader said.

That was a subtle nudge to tell Kyle that they should get back.

"Yeah, sure. Let's go," Kyle answered.

The next moment, the two of them traveled back to the town and went to the plaza.

Nobody was surprised that Kyle managed to survive.

After all, he wouldn't have taken on an opponent that was too powerful.

Kyle just went over to Noah and the Chief, who just nodded at him.

"Is that everyone?" the Vice-Guild Leader asked the three of them.

Kyle looked at the Chief, who nodded again.

"Yep," Kyle said. "We're done."

The mood on the plaza became nervous.

Had they done it?

"We're going to add up the points," the Vice-Guild Leader said as he approached his colleagues.

All of them had a bunch of papers in their hands.

As they talked to each other, the members of the Stark Brotherhood looked at each other nervously.

Two of the three dangerous teams had gone before them, and after every round, the points were publicized.

Kyle glanced over at a couple of people near the edge of the plaza.

They were from their competition.

The weakest Four-Weapons Guild had also already gone through the competition.

In fact, they had been the first.

In total, there were around ten participants in the tournament, but most of them were just here to earn some money by killing beasts and to give their members some good training.

Most Guilds achieved something between 100 and 200 points.

Meanwhile, the Four-Weapons Guild had reached 435 points.

The Three-Weapons Guild with the smaller territory had already finished.

The Stark Brotherhood had viewed this team as one of their three rivals.

They had achieved 322 points.

It wasn't even close to the score of the Four-Weapons Guild.

Either they hadn't gone all out, or the Stark Brotherhood had overestimated them.

The Guild near the World Peak had also already gone.

They had achieved 452 points, beating out the Four-Weapons Guild.

This meant that a new Four-Weapons Guild would be crowned for certain.

It just wasn't clear which one it would be yet.

After a while, the Vice-Guild Leader walked over.

"The Stark Brotherhood is the new leader with 697 points," he announced without any dramatics.

When the members of the Stark Brotherhood heard the number, their eyes widened before exploding into cheers.

They had done it, and it hadn't even been close!

697 points!

Yet, some of the members immediately realized something.

Wyveria furrowed her brows.

She knew that the normal teams could only have collected something like 50 points, max.

The Ace Team was the strongest team, and they had contributed 65 points.

After some calculations and estimates, she came to a surprising conclusion.

Even while being generous, the most points she could reasonably justify were around 440, and that was a very optimistic and unrealistic estimate.

More realistically speaking, she estimated something like 410.

Yet, they had 697 points.

Where did the remaining 287 points come from?

Something was up.

Someone very powerful in their Guild kept secrets.

Either the Ace Team was no longer the strongest team, or...

Wyveria looked at the Chief.

The Chief had always felt extremely dangerous to Wyveria.

No matter how much she trained and grew, the Chief always felt extremely powerful.

"Everything will be explained in due time," Noah told Wyveria after he noticed her expression.

"The time to stay low has passed," Noah added.