

## Hammer God 206

### Chapter 206 Silvester

Kyle grew nervous.

"You imbecile!" Theodor shouted in Kyle's mind. "How could you let that slip?! This was the one thing you were supposed to keep secret!"

"He's going to realize that you're a danger! He's not your ally! He's your enemy!"

"He's going to kill you!"

Kyle took a deep breath.

Then, he looked at the Chief.

"I would prefer to be cremated," he said.

"I'm not going to kill you," the Chief said.

"He's lying!" Theodor shouted. "He wants to make you feel safe and harvest all the information I have!"

"So," Kyle slowly said, trying to ignore Theodor's paranoid meltdown. "How did you know?"

"I noticed your Aristocrat's Body the moment you walked into my office," the Chief said. "I investigated your identity in the following weeks, but I couldn't find any leads, which is rare."

"Most importantly, you are a half-dwarf. It's unheard of that anyone would give an Aristocrat's Body to a half-dwarf. No power in their right mind would spend that much money on a half-dwarf."

"That only leaves one alternative."

"Inheritance."

"But there are a couple of powerful people who have died without finding an inheritor. It could have been many," the Chief said, looking out of the window.

"That's when I took note of your hammer, or more precisely, your mining weapon."

"The Forthing Family has an exclusive right on those, but William Forthing only has a daughter. Additionally, he is very loyal, and he wouldn't have a run-in with a dwarf lady."

"His wife is also madly in love with him. Whenever I see them, I always see his wife looking at him with adoration and admiration. Even after decades of marriage, she still looks at him like she can't believe she's with him."

"Someone like that is not going to cheat."

"But if you are not from the Forthing Family but still have a mining weapon, it must come from the creator of the weapon."

"Lord Theodor."

"Yet, I couldn't be sure, which is why I used my Momentum to intimidate you. When people think they survived a dangerous situation, they let their guard down and are more likely to divulge information."

Kyle took a deep breath.

'Brah, this guy is scary! He's shit with people, but he is not stupid!'

"So, what happens now?" Kyle asked.

Silence.

"He's going to kill you!" Theodor shouted.

Kyle just rolled his eyes.

"You highlighted one of my flaws," the Chief said before turning around.

As he turned around, his hair color changed from black to a metallic grey.

His eyes started to change color to grey as well, and his eyebrows turned from bushy to thin but stalwart.

His bulky body became leaner, and the axe on his back changed shape as well.

The blade moved inward, and the axe turned into a long sword.

Kyle could only watch in shock as the Chief's entire appearance changed.

He was not middle-aged or rough anymore.

Instead, he looked like some kind of sword saint in his thirties.

From rough and dirty, he changed into smooth and clean.

From chaos to control.

"Silvester!" Theodor shouted with anger in Kyle's mind.

"Silvester?" Kyle repeated.

"Yes," the Chief said. "I look a lot like my father."

"Who's Silvester?" Kyle asked.

"The Champion of Skysand!" Theodor shouted with barely controlled anger.

"He's also known as the Champion of Skysand," the Chief answered. "He represents the mercenaries, Fighters, and Guilds."

"The General of Skysand represents the powerful people fighting for the Kingdom directly, while the Champion of Skysand represents the powerful free agents. Without my father, we wouldn't have Guilds. If it were up to the King, all Guilds would be incorporated into the Kingdom's forces."

Kyle could hear the respect in the Chief's voice.

"And he is also the only Transcendent in the world without an Aristocrat's Body."

Kyle blinked a couple of times.

"And why are you telling me all of this?" he asked.

"I thought it would be fair," the Chief said. "I know your secret. So, I gave you one of mine."

"Okay, cool," Kyle said. "I still don't know what is going to happen now, though."

The Chief closed his eyes for a moment, almost as if he was gathering his thoughts.

"My goal is to become a Transcendent," the Chief said.

"I gathered as much," Kyle said.

The Chief threw a glance at Kyle.

"Becoming a Transcendent is impossible without help," the Chief said. "Theoretically, it is possible, but not practically."

"You need resources. To gather resources, you need an organization. You need allies."

"That is why I created the Stark Brotherhood. The more powerful the Stark Brotherhood grows, the more resources and influence it accumulates."

"Eventually, I will be invited into the Court as an Advisor or Duke. The Stark Brotherhood will go under new management and will be incorporated into the Kingdom's forces."

"When I'm part of the Court, I can unveil my true identity, and my father can ask for the resources I require to become a Transcendent."

"Sure thing," Kyle interjected. "But I still don't know what's going to happen to me. I'm kind of on the edge here."

"I already told you that I'm not going to kill you," the Chief said. "You need to learn patience."

Surprisingly, when the Chief spoke, he sounded completely calm and controlled.

It was like Kyle's constant interjections and interruptions didn't bother him at all.

"I have an Aristocrat's Body," the Chief said.

"You have an Aristocrat's Body."

"I want to become a Transcendent."

"You want to become a Transcendent."

Kyle nodded.

"We both need an organization."

"This is my organization, and I will use it to join the Court."

"I have confidence in my power. I know that I am powerful enough to become a Transcendent."

Silence.

"But I do not have confidence in running an organization."

The Chief's eyes calmly looked into Kyle's eyes.

"Within six months, you have become familiar with everyone in the Guild. Why?"

"You are not powerful. In fact, you are very weak."

"You are not old and experienced."

"You have nothing of value to speak of."

"And yet, even the Ace Team asked you for advice for a mission."

"Explain to me how you achieved that," the Chief said.

Kyle just scratched the back of his head.

"Reputation, knowledge, and networking," he answered simply.

"Do I not also have all of these things?" the Chief asked.

"I mean, sure," Kyle said. "But you're an ass. People don't want to ask you for things."

"You seem more like a loner."

The Chief nodded slowly.

"My father said something similar."

"He said that I need to learn to work together with others. That is my biggest weakness."

"I want you to help me with that weakness."

Kyle blinked a couple of times. "You want me to teach you?"

"No," the Chief answered. "I have made my peace with the fact that I will never be able to gain the trust of those weaker than me."

"I want you to assume a diplomatic position between me and everyone else."

"I want you to be my representative."

Kyle's eyes widened.

'White-collar job! That's what I always wanted!'

Yet, Kyle just grimaced.

'But I don't want that anymore!'

'I like swinging my hammer!'