

## **Hammer God 318**

### Chapter 318 Negotiations Start

Kyle looked at the town in front of him.

It was surrounded by huge trees, and there was an even bigger tree in the middle of the town.

The tree was almost a kilometer tall, which was crazy.

Kyle had been there several times before, and he knew this town very well.

The town was called Spirit Oak due to the tall tree in the middle, and it was around 200 kilometers southwest of Starkhold.

The town was on the edge of the Stark Brotherhood's territory, and it bordered two territories from two other Three-Weapons Guilds.

This was where the Ancient Bark Guild resided.

Every year, the Ancient Bark Guild would meet with the representatives of the three Guilds to decide which Guild would receive preferential treatment.

The surrounding 100 kilometers of territory almost entirely depended on the Ancient Bark Guild's goodwill.

The Stark Brotherhood had held the position for several years, but that could change.

"Are you ready?" Kyle asked his companion.

"No hurt Kyle!" Bonk shouted with a nod.

Naturally, as a representative of the Guild, Kyle's position was important.

Because of that, he had the freedom to ask for an escort.

If Kyle wanted, he could also have gone on his own, but he decided against it.

The reason was not that he felt endangered.

It was because Bonk had some unique uses.

If there was one thing glib-tongued officials and traders feared, it was a strong person who couldn't understand their fancy reasons.

"Then, let's go," Kyle said with a smile.

Over the last two weeks, Kyle had learned from Theodor personally about different things.

Additionally, Kyle had spent a lot of time talking to the Chief.

He wanted to know the Guild's actual situation, their priorities, and their future plans.

Surprisingly, the Stark Brotherhood was actually not that rich.

They were still earning money, but the profits were not very great.

The reason was growth.

The Guild invested a lot in their own growth.

One month ago, Kyle had had no idea how he should negotiate such a big contract.

But now, it seemed rather simple.

He knew what he wanted, and he knew what they had.

Kyle was prepared.

The two of them entered the town and approached the huge tree.

Surprisingly, there was a door inside the tree.

"State your business," the guard in front of the entrance said.

"I am the representative from the Stark Brotherhood," Kyle said politely before gesturing to Bonk. "He is my escort."

"Hi," Bonk said with a smile. The guard noticed that Bonk was a dwarf and furrowed his brows.

"Please, wait here while I inform the Guild Master."

"Of course," Kyle said with a smile.

The next moment, the guard walked into the tree.

Minutes passed.

'They are letting us wait to put pressure on us,' Kyle thought. 'They want to appear like they don't really care about our offer. Most likely, they will say that the offers of the others were too high and that they don't think that we can outbid them.'

"Why wait?" Bonk asked with a bit of annoyance. "I thought important."

Kyle did his best to keep his smirk suppressed.

"Give them some time," Kyle said. "These things take time."

"But why wait?" Bonk asked. "Is small way. Should quick."

"Guild annoying."

Bonk usually wasn't like this.

In fact, Bonk was a very patient person.

However, Kyle had told Bonk to be impatient beforehand.

Kyle told him to complain and whine.

So, Bonk was complaining and whining.

The next moment, the door opened, and the guard gestured for them to come in.

"Please, follow me," he said.

Bonk snorted and walked in.

"Excuse my friend," Kyle said politely as he walked after Bonk.

The guard threw an annoyed glance at Bonk.

Bonk stopped and looked at the guard. "You slow. Move fast!"

Then, Bonk continued walking as the guard narrowed his eyes at Bonk without saying anything.

Fucking dwarves!

Kyle and Bonk walked through the tree, which had been hollowed out to make space for the Ancient Bark Guild.

Surprisingly, the tree was still alive.

After a while, they reached a big meeting room in the middle of the tree.

Three people were already present.

All three of them were Sorcerers, and they were the administrative team of the Guild.

The Guild Master would not take part in the meeting.

Since the Stark Brotherhood didn't send their Guild Master, they also wouldn't.

The negotiations were already off to a horrible start.

"Welcome, representative," the Sorcerer in the middle spoke politely.

Yet, he didn't stand up.

There was one chair on Kyle's side, which was obviously reserved for him.

However, Bonk just walked forward and took the chair for himself.

"Thank you. I'm happy to be here," Kyle said politely as he walked to Bonk.

"This is my chair. You can stand beside me," Kyle said.

"Oh! Sorry!" Bonk said, standing up quickly.

The Sorcerers noticed several things.



In their mind, it looked like this dwarf was quite stupid, angry, and entitled.

Yet, as soon as the representative talked to him, the dwarf became very subservient.

Kyle sat down in his chair and looked at the Sorcerers.

"Why no chair? Why Bonk stand?" Bonk asked with annoyance.

Kyle showed a polite smile. "Could we please get another chair for my escort?"

The leading Sorcerer furrowed his brows. "We were not expecting two people."

"I must apologize for the inconvenience," Kyle said.

Silence.

Both sides were polite but remained firm.

Etiquette dictated that Kyle said that it was fine and that his escort could stand.

But he didn't do that.

One of the Sorcerers stood up, left the room, and came back with a chair.

He put the chair close to Kyle, and Bonk sat down without saying anything.

Naturally, the Sorcerer was already annoyed.

"Why don't we get to the topic?" the main Sorcerer asked.

"Of course," Kyle answered. "Did you already receive offers from the other Guilds?"

"We did," the primary Sorcerer said as he pushed a couple of sheets of paper over the table.

Kyle extended his hand to the sheets, but Bonk grabbed them before he could.

He didn't hold them with a lot of care, and the sheets received a couple of tears.

Bonk's face grimaced with annoyance as he looked at the complex agreement.

The Sorcerers were already quite annoyed by Bonk, but they didn't let it show.

"Why many missions?" Bonk asked with annoyance. "Too much Sorcerers!"

"This is insurance," Kyle answered with a friendly tone. "Every Sorcerer costs money. They are giving us a low price, but in return, they want us to request a minimum number of Sorcerers."

"Bonk no understand," Bonk said. "Agreement is stupid!"

"Agreement is scam!"