

Hammer God 319

Chapter 319 Rude

The mood in the room turned sour. Well, sourer. It was already quite sour.

"Representative," the leading Sorcerer spoke with a serious tone. "Please, keep your escort in check. His words could be considered slander."

Kyle smiled sheepishly. "Excuse my partner," he said before turning to Bonk. "Bonk, this is not a scam. It is a trade."

"Trade is scam," Bonk said. "Too much Sorcerer. Never need Sorcerer."

Kyle carefully pulled the crumpled agreement out of Bonk's hands and looked at it.

"While I do not agree with your choice of words, you are right. Ten required commissions per week is a bit much," Kyle said.

The Sorcerers looked even angrier.

They had only received a quick apology for something this disrespectful.

"This agreement is already our final offer," the leading Sorcerer spoke. "As long as you agree, we will be working with you for the next year."

"Mind if I read through it?" Kyle asked.

"Go ahead," the leading Sorcerer spoke with a bit of annoyance in his tone.

Kyle carefully, deliberately, and very slowly read through the agreement.

"I'm sorry, but as the agreement stands, I can't accept it," Kyle said with a polite smile.

The Sorcerers had already expected something like this.

"We have already made concessions to expedite this negotiation," one of the Sorcerers said. "We know that this agreement is more than acceptable."

Kyle smoothened the paper and politely pushed it into the middle of the table again.

"I thank you for your efforts, but the Stark Brotherhood can't afford this," he said.

Then, he stood up.

"Do you need something, representative?" one of the Sorcerers asked with a raised brow as he watched Kyle standing up.

"No, I can find the door on my own," Kyle said.

"You are leaving?" the leading Sorcerer asked with genuine surprise.

"Yes," Kyle said. "You said this was your final offer, and we can't accept it. Since this is your final offer and we couldn't reach an agreement, there is no reason to prolong this negotiation."

The three Sorcerers narrowed their eyes.

One of the Sorcerers leaned into the leading Sorcerer and whispered something into his ear.

"Please, wait a moment," the leading Sorcerer said.

"Yes?" Kyle asked.

"I've just heard that we can drop the price by another 10%. Would you be willing to renegotiate?" the leading Sorcerer asked.

"Thank you for your efforts," Kyle said, "but the price is fine. That was not why we can't afford it. "

"Is there anything specific you'd like changed?" the leading Sorcerer asked.

"Well, as my partner so eloquently put it, the minimum commissions are too high," Kyle said. "We can afford hiring five Sorcerers per week for the original price, but we can't afford ten."

Kyle shrugged with a sheepish smile. "We simply don't need that many."

"Representative," the leading Sorcerer spoke carefully. "With all due respect, but the original fee without an agreement is 2.5 times higher. We are lowering the price considerably for you, but we also need to make some money."

"That's all well and good," Kyle said, "but we simply don't need that many. Just because we can afford five doesn't mean that we need five."

The Sorcerers grew noticeably annoyed.

Usually, during negotiations like this, both sides said that they couldn't afford more. Then, one side said that they could make some concessions before the other side agreed to concessions of their own.

Yet, Kyle was not budging.

This did not follow the rules of how negotiations were performed.

"Representative, we are willing to be flexible, but if you can't meet us halfway, we can't get to an agreement," the leading Sorcerer said.

"There is no halfway," Kyle said with a shrug. "I am standing on the edge of a cliff. If I meet you halfway, I will fall."

"We can afford five. This is not some kind of tactic or euphemism. We literally can only afford five. I can't suddenly afford six just because I want to."

The leading Sorcerer looked at Kyle with annoyance and skepticism. "The mighty Stark Brotherhood can't afford 25 Ether Stones per week?"

"I mean, we have the liquidity," Kyle said, "but we are both businesses. You can probably also afford giving us a hundred missions within the next week, but you wouldn't do that."

"After all, we all want to make a profit. With an agreement, both parties benefit."

Kyle sighed. "Sadly, as it stands now, we can't make a profit with this agreement."

The Sorcerers narrowed their eyes.

This stubborn mule was not moving an inch!

If they were more impulsive, the Sorcerers would have already thrown Kyle out just because of his disrespectful attitude and stubbornness.

However, these were experienced businesspeople, and they had their emotions under control.

The Sorcerers threw some glances at each other.

Soft tactics and negotiation didn't work.

This meant that they had to get a bit more direct.

They looked at Kyle with narrowed eyes.

Meanwhile, Kyle just acted like he didn't notice the shifting atmosphere.

"Representative," the leading Sorcerer said with a darker tone. "You might be unfamiliar with how business is conducted between Guilds. This does not only involve profits. Are you aware of that?"

"Our Guild represents a certain amount of soft power, and we treat our business partners very well. While the profits might not be the best, the soft power you gain is worth it."

The atmosphere became way heavier.

"Do you understand what I mean?" the leading Sorcerer asked very slowly.

The three Sorcerers were slowly releasing their Momentum in a threatening manner.

Kyle's mind was calm, but his instincts still screamed at him.

These were three Peak Sorcerers, and they had fought many people before.

"Rude!"

The flow of pressure in the room seemed to turn around as Bonk shouted with annoyance.

"Momentum is rude!" Bonk shouted as he pulled out his shield. "You battle?! You fight?!"

The Sorcerers became nervous, and their Momentum immediately pulled back.

"Representative! Control your partner!" the leading Sorcerer shouted.

"Bonk, calm down," Kyle said with a smile.

Bonk looked at the Sorcerers before putting his shield back.

The Sorcerers released deep breaths.

If Kyle had threatened them, they wouldn't be worried.

Even if Kyle were stronger than Bonk, they wouldn't be worried.

After all, Kyle was not dumb. He knew that he couldn't just kill the three of them.

But this dwarf?

This dwarf was an idiot!

He might actually attack!

'And that's why I have Bonk,' Kyle thought with satisfaction.