

Hammer God 327

Chapter 327 Royal Decree

Kyle was busy for the next couple of months.

He represented the Chief in different meetings with different organizations.

He went on missions with team Sandstorm.

He worked on his power.

He learned about metals.

Things were progressing rather smoothly.

But, of course, it wouldn't stay like this.

If it were that easy to become powerful, there would be far more people in the Third Realm.

Kyle was in relative safety.

As long as he didn't actively search for danger by accepting missions, he was not in any danger.

This was a luxury, and such luxuries came with a price.

On this day, Kyle, Noah, and the Chief were in the Chief's office.

Noah and Kyle were looking at a huge sheet of paper in the middle of the room.

The sheet of paper was exactly one meter long and wide.

Many different runes were near its edges, and plenty of authenticating markers were plastered all over it.

This document was about as official as it got.

If all of these signs didn't manage to show someone the importance of the document, the first two sentences would.

Royal Decree of His Majesty King Skysand.

On the Muster of Guild Forces to the Western Front.

Naturally, no one inside the room was happy about reading that.

The people of the Skysand Kingdom lived in relative peace, but the only reason why they could live in such peace was that other people were defending this peace.

Every day, people died on the battlefield between the two kingdoms.

Without these sacrifices, the people of the kingdom wouldn't have this peace.

The weak and poor didn't need to fight in the war because the strong and wealthy were doing so.

No normal people or people in the First Realm needed to fight for the kingdom.

That was because people in the Second and Third Realm did all of the fighting.

As a Three-Weapons Fighter Guild, the Stark Brotherhood was strong enough to contribute to the war.

Naturally, the Skysand Kingdom would make use of that.

The royal decree was filled with imposing and official language, but it all boiled down to a couple of simple instructions.

First, the Stark Brotherhood needed to send 20 people in the Mid Second Realm or stronger.

Second, the Stark Brotherhood needed to send everyone in the Third Realm.

Third, the Stark Brotherhood would be compensated adequately for their contributions.

Fourth, the individual Fighters would also be compensated personally, and it was forbidden for the Stark Brotherhood to use any means to acquire this compensation.

Fifth, the people had to be sent in teams of five. The teams would remain in their current configuration but would receive orders from the army.

Sixth, the minimum time of deployment was three months, but staying longer would increase rewards.

After reading through the decree once again, Kyle sighed.

"So, we have to send about half of our strongest people," he said.

Noah nodded. "This happens about once every three years. This is nothing new."

"How does that go, usually?" Kyle asked.

"It really depends," Noah answered. "Sometimes, almost all of them come back. Sometimes, only three people return."

Kyle sighed. "Which teams will we send?"

"The Ace Team has to be sent," Noah said. "They already have three people in the Third Realm. Might as well send the entire team."

"The Alpha Team recently got their first person in the Third Realm. If we also send them, we will have already sent one team of Fighters. Sadly, the Grandmasters don't count."

"That means we need to send three more teams."

Kyle thought about the teams of the Stark Brotherhood.

"That means only two teams that fulfill the criteria would be allowed to remain," Kyle said.

"Do you wish to keep team Sandstorm here?" the Chief asked.

Kyle looked at the Chief, who looked back.

After a bit, Kyle looked at the table.

His many conversations with Theodor shot through his head.

True battles.

Experience.

Power.

Danger.

Joining the war was incredibly dangerous.

Some people were bound to die.

Yet, the ones who managed to survive would come back stronger.

Kyle thought about the members of his team.

Selene aimed to become a Transcendent, and without true battles, she probably wouldn't manage to achieve her goal.

Lily would not be in a lot of danger since she would just send her golems. Additionally, she would gain valuable combat data by joining.

Michael and Falk...

For those two, joining the war might not be safe or helpful.

They would need to fight on the frontlines.

Even more, their goals might not be to reach the absolute top.

Sure, that was also not Lily's goal, but she also wouldn't be in as much mortal danger as everyone else.

Then, Kyle thought about the other eligible teams.

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Joining the war would be even worse for them.

The reward would be the only thing they would get.

Team Sandstorm would benefit more.

Kyle took a deep breath.

"Team Sandstorm is willing to deploy," Kyle said.

The Chief nodded. "Then, we need two more teams."

"I'm going to ask them," Kyle said, standing up. "I want to hear about their circumstances first."

Noah and the Chief looked at Kyle.

"Go ahead," the Chief said.

Kyle nodded and left the room.

Over the next minutes, he met with different people from the teams.

Nobody knew about the decree yet, which gave Kyle the opportunity to ask about the teams.

If they already knew about the decree, they would all spin tales about how they had three wives, 18 children, no money, and wouldn't be able to hurt a fly.

"Oh yeah, I would totally want some more excitement," one of the captains said with a laugh.

"Why? Not enough missions for you?" Kyle asked with a laugh of his own.

"Nah, we need more," the captain said before gesturing to two other people at the table. "Look at them. They're just sitting here! Don't you have anything to do?"

"You're supposed to get our missions, captain," one of them said.

"What about a longer mission?" Kyle interrupted.

"Longer?" the captain asked. "How long?"

"Like, some weeks. Maybe a month or two," Kyle said.

The captain looked at his members.

"Sure," one of them said. "As long as the pay is good."

Kyle nodded before standing up. "Thank you."

"You're already leaving?" the captain asked.

"Got stuff to do," Kyle said.

"Oh, okay. Have fun, then!"

Kyle left the table and sighed.

'Team Mountainwall will join us,' Kyle thought. 'They just don't know it yet.'

'Sure hope they won't hate me for this.'