

## **Hammer God 379**

### Chapter 379 New Rules

A couple of days later, the Stark Brotherhood received the official guild symbol of a Four-Weapons Guild.

The entire Guild gathered in front of the main entrance to look at the four weapons behind the name of the Guild.

It was official.

They were a Four-Weapons Guild.

Of course, after looking at the sign for a while, everyone went back to work.

Their change in status didn't really change their day-to-day activities.

Their days were still filled with missions.

In fact, almost nothing changed.

Same missions.

Same clients.

Same targets.

Yet, quite a lot of things changed in the background.

For example, Kyle had it easier in his negotiations with other Guilds.

They seemed to be far easier to deal with, and they were far more willing to make concessions.

Additionally, bigger and more powerful organizations started to reach out to them.

One of them was the Beast Master Association.

According to them, the Four-Weapons Guilds all had contracts with them when it came to employing Beast Masters.

A month after the promotion, the Chief went to the capital of the Skysand Kingdom, Skysand City.

He was there to meet the King and the Advisors.

Being the leader of a Four-Weapons Guild was a position that came with significant power.

The leader of a Four-Weapons Guild had control over a force that could potentially destroy a major city of the Skysand Kingdom.

It was basically already a military force.

Because of that, the King talked to every leader of the Four-Weapons Guilds regularly.

Kyle wasn't there to watch the meeting since he hadn't been invited.

Sure, he was the Guild's representative, but this was the King the Guild was meeting.

A representative wasn't going to cut it.

Even the Skysand Guild had to send their actual leader, who was the Champion of Skysand.

The Chief came back with some pretty big changes and contracts.

One of these contracts involved Kyle.

"Seriously?" Kyle asked after he read the contract. "You think that's a good idea?"

"It doesn't matter if it's a good idea or not," the Chief answered. "It's your job. You have accepted the job."

Kyle looked at the sheets of paper in front of him.

One of them was a deed of residency, and another one was an emblem of passage.

Both of them were for the royal castle.

Kyle was supposed to live in the royal castle.

"And why exactly am I supposed to live in the castle again?" Kyle asked.

"Because you are the Guild's representative," the Chief said. "If the kingdom needs the Stark Brotherhood during an emergency, they can easily reach you. They can talk about all the details in person before ironing out any kind of official document we might need."

"As a Four-Weapons Guild, we need to be available to the kingdom at any given moment. That's why we need a representative in the castle at any given moment."

Kyle sighed.

"Sure, I guess," he said. "I did accept the role. Anyway, who's going to deal with all of the other talks?"

"Noah," the Chief answered. "I am going to choose someone else to deal with the internal affairs of the Guild. External affairs are more difficult to manage, and Noah has a lot of experience."

Kyle blinked a couple of times. "Wait, so, what do I have to do then?"

"Be available," the Chief said.

"That's it?" Kyle asked.

"That's it," the Chief confirmed. "You will probably have to work less than a single hour per week."

"Huh, that's not that bad, actually," Kyle said.

"Yes, but the position also comes with a lot of responsibility," the Chief said. "The royal castle is a pit of snakes."

"I can imagine," Kyle answered. "But hey, I got one of the biggest snakes in my head."

Surprisingly, Theodor didn't disagree.

"You have to make sure that nobody learns of your true identity," the Chief said. "Some people know Lord Theodor, and they are not fond of him."

"Speaking of," Kyle said, "how am I supposed to even train there? I mean, I'm supposed to grow stronger as well, right?"

The Chief nodded. "Yes, you are supposed to become stronger as well. Your new position and living conditions will make training much harder."

"The good thing is that you don't need to tell everyone where you are at all times. You will receive an emblem, and you only need to keep it on your person. If there is an urgent situation, the emblem will raise an alarm, and you will run to the castle."

"As long as you arrive within five minutes of the alarm, everything is fine."

Kyle scratched the back of his head. "So, I could technically make a huge tunnel and train in a fortified bunker below the city?"

"Yes, but that might not be the best move," the Chief said. "The strongest people in the kingdom are in the city. The only people who can actually threaten you are almost all in that city."

"There are no guards in your hypothetical bunker."

Kyle raised a brow. "But why would- oh, forget it. I answered my own question," Kyle said. Several scenarios shot through Kyle's head.

Why would anyone target him?

Well, he had an Aristocrat's Body. Of course people would target him.

But did they know that he had an Aristocrat's Body?

No.

So, then, why would they attack him?

Because the Chief had an Aristocrat's Body, and the other people wanted to hurt the Chief by killing Kyle.

However, since they didn't know that Kyle had an Aristocrat's Body, they would send someone who's less conspicuous.

A weaker person.

Maybe an Early Grandmaster.

Of course, Kyle would kill that person, and his secret wouldn't get out.

Except that it would.

The one who sent the assassin knew how powerful Kyle was, and they would quickly spread the rumor that Kyle also had an Aristocrat's Body.

By that point, Kyle himself would become the target.

That sucked.

'Brah, as soon as I get attacked, no matter if I win or lose the battle, I will get fucked.'

'If I lose, I die. If I win, everyone's gonna know my secret.'

'So, my only option is to not be attacked?'

Kyle farted frowned.