

Hammer God 391

Chapter 391 Real Priorities

Kyle looked to the side for a while as he fell into thought.

"You know, for the past seven months, I've had a feeling," Kyle said. "I don't feel like I've done anything ever since I got here."

"I just listen to the Crown Prince, say okay, and forward his message. I didn't make any decisions, broker any deals, or solve any conflicts. In fact, I even caused conflicts."

"Why am I even here?" Kyle asked.

"Not to step over the line," Shore said, "but, to a certain extent, you are correct. You have not used your position's power to bring advantages to your Guild."

Kyle nodded. "Yep, that's what I've thought. But then, why was I chosen by the Chief? He knows that my negotiation tactic is very direct. I like a take it or leave it approach."

"So, why did he choose me? Why am I here?" Kyle asked.

Shore looked at Kyle with a raised brow. "Because you-"

"That was a rhetorical question," Kyle interjected.

Shore's left eyelid twitched a bit.

"The thing is, I think I know why I'm here," Kyle said.

"The Chief knows me. He knows what would happen if he sent me to the castle."

"I think he saw this conflict coming from a mile away."

"And he knew that I wouldn't bow my head in front of the enemy because some of our people died."

Shore narrowed her eyes.

"Enemy?" she asked with a threatening tone.

Kyle's face came closer to Shore's. "E-N-E-M-Y."

The atmosphere became tense.

"My job is not to be the Guild's mouth."

"That's because we don't need a mouth."

"We talk with our fists."

"I'm supposed to be one thing and one thing only."

Kyle looked deeply into Shore's eyes with a cold gaze.

"A wall."

Shore kept her expression under control, but deep down, she was livid.

People were dying almost every day!

All three of them were losing money and resources constantly while the Wild Wardens and Mountain Tomb Gang kept reaping the benefits!

If this continued, the Mountain Tomb Gang would overtake them!

Yet, this stubborn, idiotic, cold, impulsive, irrational, opinionated idiot of a representative was refusing to do his job and forward their words to the actual person in charge!

Couldn't he see that everyone was suffering?!

This conflict wasn't helping anybody!

"You're not moving from this stance?" Shore asked. "This is your final word?"

"Yes," Kyle said.

Shore's expression turned cold.

"Have a good day," she said politely before walking away from Kyle's storage room.

After Shore left, Kyle closed the door and scratched his chin in thought.

'I forgot our priorities,' Kyle thought.

'The Chief and I do not exist for the Stark Brotherhood. No, the Stark Brotherhood exists for us.'

'Our individual needs and wants surpass the Stark Brotherhood's needs and wants.'

'We do not want to be leaders of a Four-Weapons Guild.'

'We want to become Transcendents.'

'This conflict is severely damaging the Stark Brotherhood, but that doesn't matter.'

'We are not the Stark Brotherhood.'

'We are investors.'

'We are going to jump onto the bandwagon, force it to drive at 120% capacity, and when it's about to break apart, we jump.'

'The Stark Brotherhood is a tool.'

'I know what I have to do.'

When the next meeting rolled around, nothing unusual happened.

The same thing was true for the next two meetings.

But then, something changed.

"There seems to be some tension," the Crown Prince said to Kyle. "Something seems to be going on between you three."

"Oh yeah," Kyle casually commented. "Our Guilds are not the biggest of friends."

Shore and Naga looked at Kyle with a warning glance.

He was supposed to say that everything was fine between them.

By unveiling that there was a conflict, he was giving the Skysand Kingdom an opportunity to intervene, and nobody wanted that.

"Why don't you talk about it?" the Crown Prince asked with a firm but empathetic tone. "We are one team. Our shared enemy is the Winterfire Kingdom."

"Hey, I tried, okay?" Kyle asked.

Shore looked with furrowed brows at Kyle.

Tried?

This guy hadn't tried anything!

"Look!" Kyle said as he fished out several copies of letters from his bag.

He unfurled the letters and put them in the middle of the room so that everyone could read them.

All of them were letters sent by Kyle, addressed to the Chief.

They all said that they had to be nicer to the other Guilds.

They should work together, and they should be focusing on their actual goals.

This conflict was making them weaker, but they were supposed to get stronger.

Couldn't the conflict stop?

As the representatives read the letters, they became uncertain.

The letters could almost be interpreted as being sarcastic.

But on the other hand, they could also be interpreted as desperate and very genuine.

"Did he answer?" the Crown Prince asked.

"Yeah, but that's confidential," Kyle said.

The Crown Prince furrowed his brows.

"Will it get better in the future?" he asked.

"Eh, depends," Kyle said.

"On?" the Crown Prince asked.

"I'll have to talk that over with Naga and Shore later," Kyle said. "This doesn't involve the Skysand Kingdom... yet."

The Crown Prince furrowed his brows. "You have one more month to deal with this issue. Otherwise, the Skysand Kingdom will intervene."

"Go talk right now."

"Sure," Kyle answered, looking at Naga and Shore.

The two of them nodded to Kyle, and the three of them went to a neighboring room.

When they were alone, Kyle pulled out another letter and showed it to them.

"He sent this as an answer to my request to stop the conflict," Kyle said.

When the two of them saw the contents of the letter, their eyes narrowed.

There were only three sentences.

"Stop the conflict?"

"Over my dead body!"

"Focus on yourself!"

This Guild Leader was just as crazy as his representative!

As the two of them looked at Kyle again, they realized one thing.

Kyle was actually the perfect representative.

He perfectly represented the Guild Leader of the Stark Brotherhood.

Crazy, aggressive, stubborn, idiotic, cold, and unreasonable.

"Over his dead body," Naga commented.

"Over his dead body, yes. That's what he said," Kyle said.

Naga looked at Shore.

Shore nodded.

'There you go, Chief,' Kyle thought.

'I got you some Momentum.'

'Or your death. I dunno.'