

Hammer God 394

Chapter 394 No More Politics

"Why?" Shore repeated.

"Yes, why?" the king asked.

It was just one word, but this question was not easy to answer.

"Because..." Shore said before trailing off.

The two of them knew exactly why, but why did it feel so hard to word it correctly?

"They weren't following the rules," Naga said.

"What rules?" the king asked.

"We are keeping each other in check," Naga explained. "None of us is allowed to grow too much. If one of us becomes too dangerous, the other four will pull them back down. More power for others means less power for us."

The king looked at Kyle. "Did you know of this agreement?"

"Not exactly, but it was kind of obvious that something like that existed. So, in a way, yeah," Kyle answered.

"And you attacked regardless?" the king asked.

"Not attacked," Kyle said. "We simply kept expanding."

"And you knew that this would invite retaliation?" the king asked.

"Yep," Kyle answered.

"Do you not fear the retaliation?" the king asked.

"Not really," Kyle said.

"Why not?" the king asked.

Kyle shrugged. "It's just one more battle."

The king looked at Kyle for a while.

Then, he looked back at Naga and Shore. "How did you retaliate?"

The two of them unveiled all their different methods of messing with the Stark Brotherhood.

None of them were illegal.

It wasn't against the law to lower one's prices.

It wasn't against the law to refuse trade with an organization.

"How did your Guild respond?" the king asked Kyle.

"I genuinely have no idea," Kyle said.

The king furrowed his brows. "You don't know?"

"Nope," Kyle said. "I barely get any information from my Guild."

The king put his chin on his fist as he fell into thought.

Nobody knew what he was thinking about.

Some seconds later, his eyes narrowed slightly.

"Your Guild Leader is Silvester's son, correct?" the king asked.

Kyle nodded.

The king closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"I think I know what happened and why it all turned out like this," the king said.

The king looked at Shore and Naga for a moment.

Then, he sighed and shook his head before looking back at Kyle.

"Did you, personally, entice the two other Guilds to kill your Guild Leader?" the king asked.

Shore's and Naga's eyes widened in shock.

If that's true, this would be the worst thing someone in Kyle's position could do.

He had one of the most powerful, sensitive, and important positions in the Guild.

Trying to kill his Guild Leader would be an immense betrayal. "Yeah, I did," Kyle answered casually.

Naga and Shore looked with shock at Kyle.

Then, their expressions turned to disgust.

A traitor.

"Did you expect your Guild Leader to win?" the king asked.

"About 70% to 80% sure," Kyle said. "Although if I had known who they sent, the chances would drop to like 40% to 50%."

Shore and Naga became confused again.

Kyle tried to kill his Guild Leader, but he expected to fail?

Then, why even try?

The king snorted with a mix of amusement and annoyance.

"Congratulations," he spoke flatly, "your plan worked."

"I can already see how this is going to play out," the king said with a sigh. "Might as well speed things up."

"I have no more questions," the king said.

Shore and Naga became shocked once again.

No more questions?

But the king didn't even ask how the Maester and the Elder had died.

Wasn't that the entire reason why they were here?

"I will send Larian to negotiate with the Stark Brotherhood," the king said. "While you were not the sole aggressor, you very clearly intended to go against the other Guilds. If they hadn't attacked you yet, you would attack them soon."

"You weren't even trying to be subtle and very openly ignored the Skysand Kingdom's laws."

"Your Guild has three choices."

"One, the leadership of your Guild will be treated as criminals and sent to the frontlines. Your Guild may continue operations under new leadership."

"Two, your Guild, as a collective, will be sent to assist the frontlines for the next five years. Your Guild will not be treated as criminals but as volunteers."

"Three, your Guild will be fully absorbed by the army. It will join the army as a company."

When Shore and Naga heard that, they sighed in relief.

This was an expected punishment.

Naturally, the Stark Brotherhood wouldn't choose the first option.

Most likely, they would choose the third option since it would give the biggest chances of survival.

Internal members of the army were treated better than volunteers, and volunteers were treated better than criminals.

This meant that the Stark Brotherhood would no longer be an issue.

"Sounds good. Thanks," Kyle said with a nod.

Once more, Shore and Naga became surprised.

Sounds good?

This was essentially the end of the Stark Brotherhood, and Kyle was acting like he was being rewarded.

The king just shook his head. "Your future is now in the hands of Silvester's son."

Kyle smiled. "Then, I'm not worried."

The king just looked at Kyle for a while.

"Leave. We're done here."

"Sure, thank you, bye!" Kyle said as he walked out of the room.

The king snorted with a bit of annoyance again before focusing on Naga and Shore.

The Shoreshells and the Mountain Tomb Gang would receive similar choices, but there were a couple of differences.

The Shoreshells decided to send ten of their strongest members to the frontlines for three years as volunteers, including their leadership.

The leadership of the Shoreshells would change to an interim leader during these three years.

The three leaders of the Naga Covenant would permanently join the army as high-ranking officers. The Guild itself could continue operating.

Some hours later, the king met his son again, who had come back from talking with the Chief of the Stark Brotherhood.

"The Stark Brotherhood will join the army for five years as volunteers," Larian reported.

"As you have expected, one of the five members allowed to remain to keep the Guild running on standby is their representative."

The king nodded without surprise.

"Silvester was always loyal, and I'm not surprised that his son has a similar mindset," the king said.

The king's eyes looked at a seemingly random wall.

About a hundred meters behind that wall were the storage rooms.

In one of them, Kyle was currently training.

"I expect almost all the members will immediately join our army officially after they arrive," the king said.

Larian was a bit surprised. "Then, why didn't he directly choose the third option?"

"Because he wants to give his representative five years of safe training in the palace. As long as the Stark Brotherhood still exists, it needs a representative in the castle."

"However, since the Stark Brotherhood will be on the frontlines, there's no reason for us to contact the representative ever."

"So, he just gets to live here."

"For free."

"For five years."

"Where nobody can kill him."

Larian raised an eyebrow. "All for one Peak Fighter?"

"Peak Fighter," the king repeated, but he didn't elaborate.

Meanwhile, Kyle fired another shot.

'Seems like we're finally done,' he thought.

'No more politics.'

'Now, I just get five years of uninterrupted training time.'

'No duties.'

'Just training!'

'All work and no play makes Kyle a happy boy!'