

Hammer God 397

Chapter 397 I Am The Stark Brotherhood

Kyle focused on learning more about momentum, but he also looked at the fire that kept appearing around him.

There were many different kinds of things one could call a fire. Several Elements could create fire without inherently being related to fire.

Banging some metals together could create sparks.

Rubbing sticks together could create sparks.

Moving rapidly through the air could create fire.

Yet, while there were many ways to create fire, the three previous ones all shared the same origin.

Friction.

In all three cases, the fire was created due to intense friction.

'Friction is the very thing that makes meteors all glowy and burny,' Kyle thought. 'If I ever want to transition from guns to meteorites, I have to learn how friction creates fire.'

Kyle sighed as he shot towards the ground again.

'If only it were as simple as on Earth. Craggy stuff rubs together. Momentum gets slower. Lost momentum is now hot instead of fast. Wow, super complex.'

'But here-'

BOOOOM!

Kyle landed in the gigantic pile of sand.

'It's not that easy,' Kyle thought. 'This is a change in Ether property. When I move through the air, my Wind Ether just randomly starts to turn into Fire Ether. Like, how? Why?'

'Speaking of, doesn't the heat of a fire also make storms and shit? So, doesn't Fire Ether literally make Wind Ether?'

'I mean, yeah, but how does that work?'

Kyle shook his head. 'Focus! Don't get distracted!'

After the quick tangent, Kyle went back to learning about friction and speed.

Months passed, and nothing of note happened.

Occasionally, Larian called Kyle to test if he was actually there, but it wasn't too frequently.

One test every three months was not too much to deal with.

Soon, another year passed.

By now, Kyle had been working in the castle for two years.

Funnily enough, Kyle was the representative of five people!

The five people were the members chosen to keep the Guild "operational".

Keeping up with laws, payments, maintenance, and so on.

All the other members were still on the frontlines, but they were no longer part of the Stark Brotherhood.

Just as expected, almost all the members of the Stark Brotherhood directly joined the army as soon as they had arrived.

Legally, the Stark Brotherhood was supporting the frontlines with all of their members, but in reality, the Stark Brotherhood had four people doing two chores per week and one person doing straight-up nothing.

Kyle was the one doing nothing. In short, the Stark Brotherhood had turned into a cardboard cutout of its former self.

Naturally, all of its territories had already been consumed by other Guilds.

The Naga Covenant took a bit, and the Shoreshells also took quite a big chunk.

The Shoreshells took more since their territory wasn't as big as the Naga Covenant's territory.

But that still left about 60% of the Stark Brotherhood's territory unaccounted for.

Naturally, the Naga Covenant and the Shoreshells wanted more, but the Wild Wardens and Mountain Tomb Gang interfered.

They were not supposed to grow too much.

In the end, the Naga Covenant and Shoreshells went into negotiations.

Should they unite against the other two?

Second place and third place against first place and fourth place.

It would be an East against West conflict.

Sadly, before they could come to a decision, the negotiations ended abruptly as the Beast Master Association intervened.

It made one thing very clear.

The Shoreshells are not a Fighter Guild.

They are a vassal of the Beast Master Association.

Legally, the Shoreshells were their own organization, and the Beast Master Association had no ownership of them.

But that didn't matter.

The Shoreshells were in Deep Cove, just like the Beast Master Association.

When a dog and a bear were locked in a cage together, the dog had better listen. It didn't matter if the dog had to listen or not. It was not legally required to listen to the bear's commands.

But, for its own sake, it was better to listen to the bear.

So, in the end, the two Guilds had to accept the commands of the other two Guilds.

Instead of expanding further, they stopped expanding.

This left the center of the Stark Brotherhood's territory up for grabs.

Tons of Two-Weapons Guilds clawed for supremacy, becoming Three-Weapons Guilds in the process.

Within just two years, the Stark Brotherhood no longer owned any territory.

Their Guild's power didn't expand beyond its headquarters.

The Stark Brotherhood's headquarters were silent.

The Chief's office was empty.

The cafeteria was dead silent.

There were no missions on the board.

The benches and tables were empty.

The shop had no one manning it.

The Guild no longer had an Ace Team, Alpha Team, or any other team.

The only thing that happened from time to time was a group of people moving through the headquarters, led by one of the few remaining people of the Stark Brotherhood.

2. 5 years after Kyle had arrived in the castle, the headquarters were sold to a new Three-Weapons Guild.

The current Guild Leader of the Stark Brotherhood decided to split the profits of the sale evenly between everyone.

Since the headquarters no longer needed to be maintained, two more people could leave without the Guild collapsing.

This left three people.

The Guild Leader, the Vice-Guild Leader, and the representative.

Another six months later, a lot of the contracts ran out, which meant even less work.

After some talks, the Vice-Guild Leader left.

The only reason why the two of them hadn't immediately quit after the sale of the headquarters and their assets was that the Stark Brotherhood had to continue existing legally.

This was a requirement for all Four-Weapons Guilds.

If they simply left the Guild and let it die out, they could be held legally liable.

Over the next months, the Guild Leader made several changes and signed a ton of documents.

Then, he suddenly arrived at Kyle's training ground.

Kyle didn't recognize the person in front of him.

"Hey, I'm your Guild Leader," the guy introduced himself before he took out several sheets of paper.

He shoved all the sheets of paper into Kyle's hands.

"Congratulations. You are now the Guild Leader," he said. "Our headquarters are officially in your room in the castle. I'm not allowed to get there on my own, which means I am legally not eligible to be hired by you. I have to leave the Guild. I'm not going to pay you anything."

Kyle just blinked a couple of times.

Then, he shrugged.

"Sure, thanks for dealing with everything," Kyle said.

The former Guild Leader nodded before leaving.

Kyle looked at the bunch of official documents in his arms.

"I am the Stark Brotherhood now."