

After hearing Kayson's thoughts, Jeremy said, "I guess you have some requirements of your own, right? If you want fighters..."

"Actually, most of the fighters who don't have an organization will join Heathein. As for those who are not part of Heathein, either they have a master they swear their loyalty to, or they are a member of a certain large organization.

"There is also a group of them who are so weak that even Heathein, an organization best known for their tolerance, refuses to recruit them."

Kayson frowned. "So it means that it's basically hopeless if I want to recruit some powerful fighters?"

"Exactly. It won't be easy," Jeremy said as he shook his head.

"Well, we can only play by ear. After all, we can't force something like this."

In the worst-case scenario, he would have to transfer some of his men from Northspring and Greenspring. Then, Gabriel's face appeared in his head.

Gabriel was a complicated man. He was a coward, but sometimes, he would surprise Kayson with his braveness.

Kayson used to look down on him, but ever since he risked his own life to deliver a message to him, he had started to look at him in a different light.

He did not know if he was just gambling or if he was intimidated

