

The Aftermath:

Things had begun to calm down for quite some time now. The people of Skire had begun to adapt to the changes, there was a clear path to be built. It was time to create their own world, to find a new safety in the chaos.

Some had volunteered to clean up the mess, others had decided to do what they could to teach some folk to defend themselves with weapons or the magic gifted to many.

During this time Price had been considering the ways he could help out around here. After all perhaps this wasn't the best time to be making a profit.. not that he didn't want to but.. surely there was a way to find a good middle ground between profiteering and helping out the locals. And it was at that moment the CCCAT shot up in his chair, excitedly slamming a fist into the desk in front of him. "Of course! A guild!"

He had seen a few others opening up their own guilds so..why not create his own? Find duties for those willing to work, likely funded by those needing the assistance.. and then... keep the store nearby to help those going out for work in whatever they may need. That way he could sell his goods in a way that would help... and still help keep his own pockets full. After all he had his own mouth to feed.

However, funding this endeavour would be very much out of pocket. Oh well. He supposed it was worth it in the long run, and it meant he was doing something good with the cash he'd hidden away for a special occasion. Creating a group that helps the local people seemed like a special enough occasion to him.

It took a much longer time than expected to get everything together. Funding the wood timber needed to build the rather extravagant Guild hall. After all this place needed a good amount of space! Custom built questboards hand carved at the bottom with all the people of the world holding weapons.. or casting spells. Of course he already had a lovely stock of parchment and plenty of ink for writing out any quests needed for the board, so at least that was the most simple thing to stock.

After about four weeks of hard work, including a break period of three days where Price had to hire his own group of well meaning folks to fight off some the creatures that crawled out of the remaining cracks. Seeing such an act of strength was overwhelming. Price felt a sense of pride in the others whom had dedicated their time to protecting the others. Perhaps.. he would issue discounts to all guild members. They deserved to be rewarded with more than just currency after all. Or.. perhaps he could even work out a different kind of rewards system!.. but that was for much later. For now.. he found himself stood, hands on hips, looking over the large hall. Freshly assembled. The smell of wood varnish a little overwhelming upon entering. But a few candles and plants would fix that issue..no problem.

Getting the word out? Now that was the easy part. Decorating the local town with many decorative posters for the opening day, promising gifts! Rewards! Free food! Sign ups were.. allowed but not required at all. If people wanted to simply try the guild before they joined Price was more than open to it! The plan was to likely just take a slightly higher finder fee. Nothing too serious.

And on that day. Goodness. People showed up in droves! The opening of Guild Of Reasonable Cost was fantastic! Many quests were submitted from the locals, anywhere from ichor related issues to elderly folk needing help watering their plants. Of course some paid better than others but the variety was wonderful!

Price sat proudly at one of the tables. Wondering how this would turn out in time.. hoping it would truly help make a difference.