

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 19

The first thing Annan did after entering the city was not to approach the Freezing Water Port's mayor for the transfer of power.

Instead, he took the wounded to the only church in Freezing Water Port first.

The injuries of the other militias were not serious. The ones in critical were Lyon and Jon. One suffered frostbite from Annan's Chilling Touch; a lead bullet hit the other in the thigh, and the bullet remained in the body. Both of them were unconscious.

The injuries of the two must be dealt with immediately. Otherwise, it would threaten their life.

It just so happened that Annan also wanted to see how the churches in this world treat wounds.

“But, lord. We only have the Church of Silver Sire here.”

A senior militia courageously whispered to Annan, “It's the Silver Sire's priest. Treatment costs money.”

“Don't worry about money.”

Annan didn't turn his head back. He just said plainly, “Jon was injured to protect the people of Freezing Water Port and to maintain my dignity as the feudal lord. When I succeed as the mayor, I will naturally pay money to heal him.

“As for Lyon, it will be fine if he can wake up. There is no need to heal his injuries completely. It won't cost much, right? Do the calculations.”

“It's cheaper to treat that robber,” the middle-aged militia heard Annan's words and counted on the side. “If not thoroughly treated, this kind of injury will only cost about ten shillings. But the gunshot wound... Fortunately, it was on the leg. Four gold pounds.”

Having said this, he glanced at Annan cautiously, lest the overly young feudal lord would become angry when he heard the price. After all, it might just be the typical naive words of the young nobles.

Seeing that Annan's face remained unchanged, he secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

He is worthy of being the child of the earl who is rich and powerful.

But what the middle-aged militia didn't know was that Annan just had no idea about the currency and its purchasing power in this world.

Besides, he did not need to pay for it anyway.

Annan was confident that the former mayor of Freezing Water Port would fork out for it.

When he was on the ship, Don Juan's small wallet contained eight gold coins and dozens of silver coins. This should be just pocket money. Considering Don Juan's age, all the money he brought should be in the housekeeper's hands.

Since the pocket money that Don Juan brought was at least eight gold coins, there was no reason why the mayor could not afford it.

Just like what Annan said to middle-aged militia previously, Jon was injured in the process of protecting the people of the Freezing Water

Port and maintaining his dignity as the feudal lord. Wouldn't he be embarrassed if he refused to treat Jon?

Even if he could still live on it, he would not be worthy of being the mayor at all.

Like the initial settings, Don Juan was going to take over as the North Sea Territory's feudal lord. Freezing Water Port was just the city with the best infrastructure. It was also the first town he could find after disembarking.

In other words, the territory that Annan now controlled was not just such a small town. He even had the right to remove the mayor from office.

If the mayor were smart enough, he would pay the money to avoid the disaster. If he were to be slow-witted, it would be a good reason to remove him from the office.

Thinking of this, Annan asked again, "What about everyone else's injuries? How much will it cost if we were to treat them altogether?"

This complicated mathematical calculation stumped middle-aged militia.

He looked back and assessed the situation carefully for a while, muttering words in his mouth.

He muttered embarrassedly, "Probably... no matter what..."

"A total of five pounds and eight shillings plus thirteen and a three-quarter of pennies, my lord."

The one who answered was a man who spoke coherently and dressed well, “With due respect, let's forget the change. Five pounds plus eight shillings, thank you for your patronage.”

Annan stopped when he heard the words. He looked back at the person who was talking.

It was a young man with red hair, who looked about twenty-seven years old. His dark red hair was neatly combed to the back; his sturdy figure of at least 1.8 meters made him look quite oppressive.

He wore a white formal attire similar to a long suit made of outstanding fabric. There was a reasonably big silver pocket watch in the front pocket at his chest that was half exposed. The pattern on the pocket watch was the same as the pattern on the silver coin. The other end of the pocket watch was tied to his neckline.

But unlike the red-haired man's businessman tone, militias respect him a lot. It was unlike the respect they had for Annan that was mixed with awe and distance. This was more similar to the sincere respect for doctors or teachers.

They bowed deeply to the red-haired man. They tapped twice on their heart and neckline.

“Tribute to the silver coin, Sir Louis.”

The militias said respectfully to the man named Louis.

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Louis just smiled and took out his pocket watch. He snapped it open at the neckline and responded to them, “May you be loved by Silver Sire today.”

Seeing the morning sun's brilliance reflected by the silver pocket watch, Annan felt that his body seemed to be warmer.

He knew it was not an illusion nor placebo:

[You have been blessed by the Trade Deity “Silver Sire.”]

[In the next 24 hours, you are more likely to get windfalls.]

Synchronously, a system prompt appeared before Annan's eyes.

It turns out to be an Upright Deity who is in charge of the money.

Annan immediately obeyed his inner thoughts and greeted Louis respectfully.

“Sir Louis, why are you here?”

A young militia with a bloody wound on his arm asked. He didn't seem to be afraid of the priest of Upright Deity, “Don't you usually stay in the shrine for the whole day?”

“That's because you got up too late, Allen.”

Louis chuckled helplessly, “I will go out for morning exercises every morning after the morning prayer is over. Silver Sire grants us teaching to breathe the morning air. Diligence will bring wealth.”

“Right, Sir Louis.”

Annan interrupted their conversation, “Let's take a look at their injuries first. Jon got a gunshot wound, and I think he needs to be treated as soon as possible. Can you put the fee on credit? The mayor will pay you back later. Just tell him I said so.”

“Alright, I'll have a look.”

Upon hearing this, Louis's face became slightly serious.

He walked to the unconscious Jon, took a shiny silver coin from his arms, placed it on his forehead, and flicked his finger.

Then, the silver coin made a long chirp of “Zheng-.” Then, half of it turned black.

Then, he picked up the silver coin and tossed it in the air. The black trace faded away.

He put the silver coin on Lyon's forehead again and made some calculations. This time, more than two-thirds of the silver coin turned black.

“The injuries are indeed critical. I have to take the injured away first, feudal lord.”

With that said, Louis put away the silver coins. He carried the two people directly on his shoulders and confirmed to Annan again, “I only need to resuscitate this person's lives, right?”

“Yes.”

Annan nodded.

The young militia on the side was not afraid and shouted, “He is the head of those robbers last time! They are here again today. Our lord defeated and arrested them! Don't make him feel any better-”

A senior militia hurriedly tugged his arm and motioned him to stop talking so much in front of the lord.

Annan glanced at the two curiously.

These militias don't seem to be particularly afraid of me. But, this is not because of the badlands, spoiling them into unruly civilians. It's because young people are not particularly afraid of authority.

However, the seniors were not like that. As Annan expected, they were still in awe of the “Don Juan's” identity.

Is it because of the mayor?

It appears that I should see him face to face.

“Then, we'll meet up with the mayor first, so please treat their injuries.”

Annan said to Priest Louis politely.

Louis was a little surprised to see Annan being so polite to him.

He immediately nodded with a smile on his face, “Please count on me.

“In the name of Silver Sire. Since I have received the money, I will do my deed accordingly.”

Chapter end