

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 20

“Are you awake?”

This is Priest Louis's voice!

When Jon woke up, he heard this voice that he was respectful but fearful of before opening his eyes.

“I have no money!”

Hearing Louis's voice, Jon closed his eyes and shouted in reflex, “I'm out of money.”

Louis just slapped him on his thigh and laughed helplessly, “Calm down, you don't need to pay for it this time.

“Your feudal lord has spoken. The injury is inflicted in your service to defend Freezing Water Port. The official accounts will settle the bills. That's to say; you will be reimbursed.”

Awesome...

Jon breathed a sigh of relief subconsciously.

Since he was in a coma halfway through the battle, he did not know how the battle turned out afterward, whether he suffered other injuries, and how long his injury was delayed. So, he did not know how much money he would need to treat this injury. He lamented his poverty subconsciously.

Although he was only shot once and in the leg, it was not a big deal to be amputated. With the Silver Sire's unique skills, amputation would not cost too much money.

The old captain's treatment fee had terrified and scarred Jon.

The old captain was on the verge of death when he was sent to the church due to the battle's delays. By the time he was taken to the church, the treatment fee had risen to 26 pounds. This was still the price after complaining about being hard up. The original price was 28 pounds.

The price was no exaggeration and called a spade a spade.

It somehow illustrated the price of human life.

The old captain could not afford it either.

But, he used to be a veteran. If he emptied his family's wealth, he might be able to afford it. Possibly, he would need to sell his beautiful armor. It should be enough to afford the treatment.

But, he was reluctant. He felt like he could not earn the money back in the remaining half of his life. It was better off to leave more money for the children.

There was no salary for the militia service. When there was no fighting, they were ordinary townspeople, each with their jobs. Most of them were fishermen. The only benefit was to receive a little bit of meat during the holidays every year.

When the town was in danger, they would take up their weapons and assemble to buy time for the children and women to take refuge. The militia service only required a weapon to participate, so most of them did not even have leather armor.

The majority of the militia was proficient at spear stabbing. After all, they were all fishermen. When they were young, they would go spearfishing when they had nothing to do. Sure enough, their speed and accuracy were adequate.

Most importantly, the spear was cheap, at least much more affordable than a stainless steel sword. At least to the extent that every family could afford it.

Of course, Freezing Water Port had no iron ore. They all relied on import.

But ordinary fishermen could earn about ten pounds per person a year if they did not catch anything precious. Their income was little, but somehow much better than farmers in the mainland.

It should be mentioned that the mayor's clerk earned more than 30 pounds a year.

But the problem was that after deducting daily expenses and taxes, there was not much money left.

It was pretty good for a fisherman to save one or two pounds each year already.

For his injury to be cured, it would cost at least four or five pounds. He would be capable of forking out the money from the family's wealth.

However, once that happened, his family's savings were completely drained.

Truth to be told, his young brother was getting married soon.

So, Jon was troubled. He did not even know how to tell his family. For a while, he thought it would be better to die and ask his family to carry his body to the mayor to ask for some monetary compensation.

Or he could be like the old captain, spend ten shillings to dig out the bullets and heal the wounds, leaving the rest to fate.

It depended on whether Silver Sire would take care of him.

But thinking about it, Silver Sire would not like a stingy person like him.

After returning to his senses, Jon could not help but sigh, “Thank you, my lord.”

This amount of money might not be as much to these noble lords. It might even be less the nobles' meal, a bucket of good wine, or even their comb.

Among other things, the ticket from Freezing Water Port to the Royal Capital cost a minimum of 8 gold pounds.

But, for civilians like them, it was the savings worth up to 7 years, which will directly affect their family's life for more than 10 years.

“Feudal lord is such a good person.”

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Jon exclaimed and tried to sit up from the bed.

“Be careful. Don't overstrain yourself these few days. Your wounds are not fully healed yet, so save it for not tearing the wound again.”

Louis urged, reaching out to support Jon's back and helping him up.

He asked Jon curiously, “Jon, what do you think of your feudal lord?”

“A good Samaritan.”

Jon said decisively.

“...Because he paid you?”

Louis was dumbfounded.

Jon shook his head and whispered,

“Because he has such a good background, and yet he still treats us as human beings. I can still remember that people like us don't have much money at home.”

He glanced at “robber” Lyon, who was still in a coma with his expression becoming a little complicated, “The lord is even willing to heal someone like him.”

“No, I think the feudal lord did not heal him out of kindness. Well, let's not talk about it.”

Priest Louis shrugged and said with deep interest, “You may not know how much respect the people who came with you have to your feudal lord or how fearful they were.”

“Fear?”

Jon replied without hesitation, “Then, they shall be punished. Why should they fear someone who has just saved them?”

“Unlike our mayor, the mayor himself is a scholar from the Freezing Water Port. He grew up with me back then. It is normal for him to get closer to young people like us.

“But, it is different for our feudal lord. It has nothing to do with him if these goods are lost. He won't charge us half of the tax because the goods are lost. Whether we live or die, it has nothing to do with him. But he fought those robbers under the pretense of not gaining any benefits. Isn't this a righteous act?”

“No matter how cruel his means to the enemy, his purpose is to protect us and to protect the Freezing Water Port. The crueller his means, the more respectable he will be because he fights for justice.”

Jon replied confidently.

Annan's brief speech to them flashed through his mind – the calming and uplifting command.

As cold as the chilly frost wind, but also inspiring-

“The most honorable thing is that, as a feudal lord, he charged forward and was the first to rush towards the robber!”

Jon said thoughtfully, “Sir Louis, do you know they have guns!? These goods are our lives already, but does it bother him?”

Upon hearing this, Louise's face was slightly serious.

The tall red-haired priest nodded slowly, “You're right. Besides, you don't know, Jon. The feudal lord did not even go to see the mayor before entering the city but directly took the two of you to this place. Then, he left the church. This is not in accordance with the rules. It just happened that he ran into me on the road, and I hurriedly brought you over.

“If he is just for acting, there is no need to rush this time. Because for him, it makes no difference whether you are alive or dead. The only difference is that your body will be damaged more severely with the delays. Your only option may turn out to be amputation by then.

“He is the earl's son. So, he must also know that our Silver Sire Church is not good at treatment. If you come two hours later, your leg may be gone.”

With that said, Louis patted Jon's thigh again and said thoughtfully, “You got to thank the feudal lord, but not because he saved you money, nor because he remembered that regular civilians like you have no money.

“It's because he cares about your life and health. That's why he breaks the rules. He thinks that human life and your leg are more important than his reputation.”

The wound on his leg healed perfectly. After being patted twice by Louis, Jon did not even feel the pain.

But, when he heard Louis' words, his heart was so warm that it almost turned sour.

His admiration for Annan rose to a zealotry level.

Although he was injured, he felt happy. It was like when he just took over as the militia captain, his father quietly took out the money for the coffins and replaced him with a used leather breastplate.

No expression was required. No words were needed.

Just the action itself was enough to warm people's hearts.

Although the feudal lord looked cold and scary at a young age, he was not only brave, fair, and proper; he had a warm and human heart.

Freezing Water Port is so lucky to have such a young feudal lord as the compassionate father...

Although his height is not very fatherly...

Chapter end