

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 21

“You guys seem to get along well with Priest Louis.”

After Louis had left for a while, Annan chuckled and whispered.

He planned to collect as much information about the world as possible before meeting the mayor.

In what form do the Upright Deities exist in this world? What is the people's attitude towards the church? What is the relationship between man and deities?

This played a factor in Annan's subsequent actions.

Annan's expression was unfazed. The militias could not tell whether Annan was happy or displeased.

They could only cautiously said in a probing manner,

“After all, they treat us very well.”

“Even if they will ask you for money every day?”

Annan asked.

A young militia blurted out, “This is the church's rule. Priest Louis is not a miser. When he hired us to build the church, he paid a handsome price. He invested in the only elementary school in our town!

Seeing this rash young militia, the old militia next to him immediately came over and explained, “Silver Sire taught us that silver coins are

streams. They only come to life when they flow; if they are stagnant, they will be rotten and corrupt. Priest Louis has taught us so.

“Although the church wants money for everything, they are not trying to accumulate money after all. The money they get will always be spent away quickly with the intention to circulate the money. Hence, the money they earned only stays in their hands temporarily.”

The old militia sighed, “When we can't sell off our fish, only Sir Louis is willing to buy the rest of the fish. He can't eat so much by himself, and he can't ship it out either. But, what he did is life-saving.

“Priest Louis is from the capital. When he first arrived at Freezing Water Port, he also mentioned that he wanted to provide us with loans. But, we were worried that we would not be able to pay them back, so no one has ever borrowed it yet—perhaps someone secretly borrowed it, but Priest Louis will not leak the news.”

“Feudal lord.” A militia who was only about sixteen or seventeen asked curiously, “I heard that the priests in the royal capital will help people buy things? As long as you're willing to pay, you can buy specialty products even from afar without the need to leave the house?”

“You already mentioned that you have to pay.”

Annan glanced at him and replied ambiguously.

The militias seemed to have received an acknowledgment, exclaiming and discussing with each other.

Annan was surprised.

This Silver Sire... is a bit modern.

Provide fee-based services to collect money from the people on a large scale and then find an excuse to pour in the money when the market was terrible. After the transaction, he revitalized the entire Freezing Water Port's economy without any losses.

Is it because he didn't need to give out anything?

Following this direction, the church in the Royal Capital may even provide banking services. Wait, banking services must have existed.

After all, Louis had mentioned loans. The banking industry must have been developed.

Unexpectedly, the Upright Deities in this world are quite grounded...

“What service does Priest Louis provide you?”

Annan asked curiously.

If Annan was not wrong, what Louis provided should be of the service industry – a business with no capital. He dealt with money in such a way to ensure the prosperity of this border town.

The answer was not beyond his expectations,

“The main thing he does is medical treatment. He helped us treat illnesses, heal injuries and also preside over the burial of the elderly. He also provides the children's baptism service when they are born. If the family is well-off, he will give names to the children. He will also teach the townspeople. He teaches the children to count and read.

Besides, he teaches some adults how to build houses better. He even repairs fishing boats and sells some particularly effective fishing baits. The mayor will entrust him to bring him a newspaper of the month every month. Sometimes, he helps the mayor bring some books that are only available for sale in the capital.”

The old militia sighed with regret, “Of course, all have to be charged...

“But after Priest Louis came, our lives changed for the better.”

Speaking of this, the old militia hesitated and added on in a low volume, “In fact, the change is even greater than that after the mayor came back. It's just that we can afford to have a lot of savings.”

That makes sense.

Annan nodded.

There is quite some temptation to the services.

“When Louis first came,” Annan asked again, “Are any of you unwilling to pay?”

He was a little curious.

It stood to reason that this kind of thing was inevitable.

The old militia nodded admiringly, “Wise feudal lord, you have incredible foresight. Although the Silver Sire condemns this behavior. But after all, we have a unique history here. We have never seen Silver Sire's priest before, so...”

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“So, at the very beginning, there will be people who are unwilling to pay. They don't listen to anything.”

A tired voice came from the front, “Right, Nick?”

Hearing that, the young militia who was speaking aloud shrank his neck in shame.

It was a young man with short brown hair and a handsome look, but with heavy eye bags and a tired face.

He wore clothes similar to “Don Juan·Geraint.” But, he had lesser pockets on the front with no shirring on the waist and no complicated decoration.

Compared with Annan, his outfit was much simpler.

“Lord mayor.”

The militias saluted him immediately.

The young man just waved his hand impatiently, “You should head back.”

“My lord, this is...”

“Don Juan Geraint, the third son of Count Geraint, I know.”

The young mayor interrupted the old militia and yawned again, "You all should leave first."

The militias glanced at each other and left with some hesitation.

The mayor looked at Annan sleepily but assessed carefully,

"...En, you look more... more confident than the rumors, Lord Geraint."

"Speak up your mind."

Annan replied coldly, "Skip the pleasantries."

"Then I'll be straightforward, Lord Geraint."

The young mayor said without hesitation, "Where is your teacher? Benjamin Foster, the wizard from Black Tower in the swamp. You will have him by your side no matter where you are."

"Perhaps he didn't tell you. But in fact, he is also my teacher. I have studied in the Black Tower for five years and graduated from the Alteration School. He is my graduate mentor."

With that said, the young mayor reached out his hand and revealed the bronze necklace from his neckline. He then gestured the eye engraved on it to Annan.

It was the exact engraving as the eye on Benjamin's ring.

The mayor asked unceremoniously and fearlessly on “Don Juan Geraint,” the son of an earl who had a higher noble rank than him, “Teacher Benjamin wrote to me four days ago, saying that he will arrive at Freezing Water Port soon. If he does not arrive smoothly after a week, he requested that I write to Count Geraint immediately. Where is my teacher?”

“Why are you the only one here?”

“—If I said that the teacher has died on the journey here, would you believe it?”

Annan was silent for a while and asked the young mayor coldly.

The mayor answered without hesitation, “Naturally not, even if there are more than five Silver Rank Transcended, they may not be able to stop the teacher.”

That's brilliant.

Annan replied, “Then, think that the teacher had died on his journey here. I won't tell you anything else.”

Hearing this, the young mayor, who was irritable previously, calmed down instead.

He looked at Annan in suspicion for a while, and his tone suddenly became calmer, “Did someone stop you on your way?”

Annan narrowed her eyes slightly, “It seems you know a lot?”

“Don't treat me like this, my feudal lord. Although you are the earl's son, we were both wizard apprentices taught by the same teacher. In the private content, our relationship should be the relationship between the senior and the junior.”

Looking at Annan's face, the mayor said mockingly.

But, Annan was not irritated.

He just said plainly, “Then you should make a formal self-introduction to your junior, my senior.”

Seeing that Annan was not angry, the young mayor found it unexpected.

He muttered, “Well, it seems that the rumors are not credible...”

“Let me introduce myself—Salvatore Blacktower, born in Freezing Water Port. I graduated from the Alteration School as the top student in 1498. I'm the Black Tower's son [1] – a wandering Alteration School wizard. As for my rank, I am about to advance to Silver after stepping down as the Freezing Water Port's mayor.

“It's your turn, my lord.”

[1] Black Tower is the wizard tower in the swamp. In future chapter (72), we know that -tower's son means the tower's first successor. Last name wise, we will go with Blacktower while I will refer to the location/organization as Black Tower.

Chapter end



