

The Righteous Player(s) C15– Desperate Jon

## Chapter 15: Desperate Jon

Those damn robbers are here again-

Jon was in despair.

A spherical lead bullet hit his thigh. The pain caused him to lose his balance and fell to the ground instantly.

Seeing the group of militias behind him once again surrounded him, he couldn't bear to close his eyes.

He knew that he never had the power to defeat this group of robbers.

But he couldn't just watch these robbers get away with the wagon!

He was the militia captain guarding Freezing Water Port. This was his duty!

It was also the responsibility of other militias.

But they were afraid.

The number of these militias was seven or eight times that of the bandits. But, the militias were afraid of those equipped with bows and guns. None of them dared to step forward!

Because everyone was afraid of death. No one wanted to die first.

So Jon realized that he must act. Even if he would be knocked down when he took a move, he needed to act immediately.

Because if he didn't, then Freezing Water Port's militia group would suffer!

The Freezing Water Port militias didn't attack at all after encountering the robber. If the news were spread, the whole world would think that these militias raised these robbers themselves. Those business caravans would blame them and claim compensation from them.

Even if they could negotiate and not pay, it would affect the reputation of Freezing Water Port and even their militia group's reputation.

As a matter of fact, the new lord was coming soon!

If they were entangled with this trouble, it would pose a serious problem!

Would the lord listen to their explanation? Once he saw the price compensation bill, the lord would drive the militia team out in anger!

With that said, it could be the best outcome already!

They might be beheaded too!

This was by no means groundless worry...

because this did not happen for the first time.

This group of robbers appeared out of nowhere. They had already robbed Freezing Water Port for the second time.

At the beginning of last month, this group of robbers with rifled guns and many horses came to Freezing Water Port to plunder their town once.

At that time, the militias didn't know the robbers' background. They went up and confronted the robber group.

As a result, they lost five lives. The old captain suffered two shots, one in the abdomen and one in the shoulder. He died three days later.

As a border city, Freezing Water Port was home to only the Silver Sire Church.

But it just so happened that the Silver Sire Church's pastor was the greediest pastor among the Upright Deity's pastor.

These pastors had no other shortcomings. The pastor here was also gentle towards civilians and never oppressed them. But no matter what he did, he was always asking for money.

For them, everything in the world must be priced, including human lives. They were not even stingy. In addition to collecting money, the Silver Sire Church also required the priests to spend a lot of money. The church would not allow a long time saving in the pastors' hands.

The cost of treating lead bullets was even five times that of treating severed limb injuries and twice as much for gunshot wounds in the abdomen. With two shots in the flesh, the final medical expenses were enough to put people in despair.

The old captain didn't pay the money in the end, so he died.

So, Jon became the new militia captain.

He felt that the old captain died horribly.

He shouldn't die here.

It was simply humiliation.

The old captain was a veteran of the October War. He had superb military swordsmanship. He participated twice in the war against Chilly Austere Dukedom and survived.

The old captain retired and returned to his hometown to serve as the captain to train the new militia. Although he was strict and loved to go crazy after drinking, Jon loved him dearly.

Because Jon also hoped that he could become a frontline soldier one day.

He hoped that the old captain could teach him some secret techniques and tell him more about the Second Footman Regiment story.

But every time the old captain heard his request like this, the expression on his smiling old face changed with incredible difficulty. He scolded Jon immediately.

At first, Jon thought the old captain was reluctant to share his “secret sword.” But then he slowly understood that the captain didn't want him to join the army.

Since then, his admiration for the old captain fell to the bottom.

Jon thought he was scared.

He was not a victorious veteran but a deserter who feared war.

This thought continued until last month.

Facing the well-equipped robber, the old captain rushed up first.

He was in his fifties, holding a sword alone, and stopped three robbers. But the robber had horses, after all. He was soon scarred and beaten up.

At this time, the militias who were shrinking behind dared to rush forward. The militias tried to set up temporary roadblocks the old captain taught to restrict the horses' movement.

But the group of robbers immediately began to retreat as the battle continued. They successfully broke through the encirclement.

In the end, the battle ended with two nightmarish gunshots entwining Jon's heart. Whenever he had nightmares, he would think of those two shots.

The old captain was not a mighty figure with various supernatural abilities in the legend. He did not know any spell or magic.

No matter how masterful his swordsmanship was, it couldn't be faster than a bullet.

He let out a miserable cry they had never heard before, staggered to the ground, and ultimately lost his combat power.

They felt cold when they heard the scream.

But watching the old captain fall in a pool of blood, they were still angry, stimulating the young man's unyielding blood.

They rushed up.

Then, they were defeated.

Losing the sharp knife like the old captain as the frontline, the robbers launched a charge on the spot and completely broke out from their formation.

Even before the horse collided, they retreated to the sides and backward on their own.

They were not without the strength; they were just timid.

After their anger faded, the residue left was called fear.

They didn't dare to step forward until the robbers left. Even archers didn't dare to shoot arrows. Those two guns were still pointed at them.

Although it was impossible for the gunners to kill everyone, they could kill the first two people drawing the bow.

They just watched the robbers loot the things away.

Those robbers didn't slaughter them.

They just chuckled twice, then left without saying a word with the caravan.

It was worth mentioning that he seemed to recognize the robber's background after the old captain woke up.

But no matter what Jon asked, he left the world without saying a word and went to Silver Sire's side.

In that battle, a total of six militia died.

Two houses were burned down, and five caravans were lost, causing significant losses.

Although their city lord had a good temper, he had always been incompetent and weak. After negotiating for a long time, the city lord paid one-third of the goods to the other party and chose to settle the matter.

The militia group forked out half of these compensation payments.

Although they compensated, the incident still spread.

Since then, there had been no big caravan groups heading to Freezing Water Port for more than a month.

The aristocrat of the neighboring Roseburg heard the news and claimed that they would soon send someone to suppress the bandits. But none had come until now.

Later, they heard that a noble would visit their Freezing Water Port. His father had a higher rank than the Roseburg Viscount. At this time, caravans came over again, one after another. Their primary purpose was to give a gift to the little earl. After they heard that he hadn't arrived yet, they bought some items in disappointment and left.

This incident was a terrible strike on the Freezing Water Port's economy.

In recent years, after banning business relations with Chilly Austere Dukedom, the formerly prosperous Freezing Water Port had gradually become a backwater port. It was utterly dependent on internal transactions.

They were at the northernmost end of the border, the endpoint of various trade routes. No caravan would pass by them.

Without the foreign trade relationship with Chilly Austere Dukedom, Freezing Water Port could be considered self-sufficient. At least they had a big fishing ground.

Not only was there enough food, but they could also accumulate some pearls to supply inland. Some of the rarer pearls were consumables for the wizard masters, which could be sold off quickly.

The pearls were usually accumulated for some time and then sold to the convoy alongside handmade shellfish products, as well as some rare fish.

In the caravan that was looted last time, there was a wagon filled with two boxes of pearls and a box of precious blood-soaked pearls.



This time, the goods on the wagon were another batch of pearls with the value even higher than last time!

The common point of these two incidents was that neither of them had a reliable caravan escort. The last time their guards were put to the ground as soon as the battle started. This time, it was even more ridiculous as the guards had not woken up yet.

Even if Jon was stupid, he realized something was amiss.

Those caravans that were typically equipped with guards had never been looted head-on in the city! Even if the robbers came, they would commence their operation at the road. Why would they rush into the city and demolish the house to commit the robbery? They even committed murder.

Worse still, these robbers came twice in total.

They were also dedicated to these caravans.

Jon was anxious. A large number of suspicious characters flashed through his mind for a moment, but he was not sure who was the opposing party.

He was not quick-witted already. His mind became blurry with the pain surging on him.

All he knew was that if the militia became a bystander, they would lose money again. They would lose more money this time.

An amount they could not afford!

Even if I die-

At least this could prove that the militia did not stand idly by! Their captain even died in battle.

“Who are you?”

At this moment, Jon heard a naive but majestic voice, “Why are you robbing my people!?”

Chapter end