

Chapter 30: Teaching Battlefield First Aid to the Priests of the God of War?

Since this was going to be a proper lecture, they couldn't very well crowd around the training field.

With a wave of his hand, Commander Leon of the City Guard graciously extended the invitation, and the bald-headed bishop accepted with a smile. Together, they headed toward the military's council chamber.

The priests followed en masse like a tide of robes and muscles.

Grett smoothly fell back a few steps and dropped to the rear of the group, walking alongside young Priest John. The moment he was close enough, John leaned over and whispered urgently:

"I told the bishop!"

"About the knight?" Grett asked.

"Yeah!" John nodded like a bobblehead on a wagon.

Grett smiled and clapped a hand on his shoulder. "Thanks. Really."

The council chamber wasn't particularly big or fancy. A long wooden table sat in the center—clearly cut from a single massive tree trunk, rough-hewn but sanded smooth, still unvarnished. A giant map was tacked to the wall opposite the door, and with a bit of squeezing, the room could fit twenty or so people.

The bald bishop and Commander Leon entered first, followed by a wave of priests that instantly filled half the space.

Grett slipped in alongside the four squad captains, naturally falling into place. Behind him, more guards and officers tried to crowd in, but the last captain to enter gave them a warning glare and moved to shut the door—

"Wait!"

It was Knight Flynn, the middle-ranking commander. He had noticed how Grett kept glancing behind him, and smiled knowingly. He waved to the man at the back of the crowd.

"Kallen! Come in and listen too!"

A ripple of surprise stirred the room.

The soldiers who hadn't gotten in grumbled in mock protest:

“Commander, that’s not fair!”

“We wanna hear it too!”

“Come on, sir, this stuff could save lives!”

As Kallen made his way forward through a sea of envious looks, Grett glanced left and right. He spotted Raymond and the others way back by the entrance—definitely not making it in.

After a beat of thought, he turned and addressed the room’s highest-ranking officer:

“Commander, what I’m going to talk about today is useful for everyone—especially those who might get hurt in the field. Would you consider...” Grett gestured with both hands, sweeping outward, “...moving this to a bigger space?”

The response was instant.

“Of course,” said Commander Leon, nodding without hesitation. The bishop agreed with equal ease.

The entire group turned around and paraded out of the council chamber in full formation.

As they neared the main hall, a savory aroma wafted over—hot food, rich spices, the kind of scent that made Grett’s stomach growl loudly and involuntarily.

...Right. He’d forgotten that the city guard’s largest room doubled as a banquet hall.

By the time they entered the mess hall, it had been swiftly cleared and rearranged. Soldiers and priests took seats below the central dais. Grett stepped up to the platform like it was an operating table.

There was no chalkboard, no chalk, no markers. So, Grett adapted. He used his hands and gestured toward his own body, using it as a living diagram.

“When we breathe, we use our lungs,” he began. “The lungs work like a bellows—you open it up to pull air in, squeeze it to push air out. But if the lungs are damaged, they can sometimes form a sort of... one-way valve. Air comes in, but can’t get out. It leaks into the chest cavity, building pressure...”

He used simple terms, easy metaphors, and gestured as clearly as he could to explain how a **tension pneumothorax** formed—and how to relieve it in a field emergency.

The bishop didn’t interrupt.

Instead, Grett’s tone dropped a note, his words grew sharper, and he pressed on:

“There are a lot of ways to die on the battlefield. But aside from being killed instantly, most soldiers die because they’re severely wounded and don’t get treatment in time. So now, let me explain what to do in those moments—how to buy yourself, or your brothers-in-arms, enough time to make it to a healer.”

The room went *silent*.

Every soldier in the crowd straightened, especially the squad captains and frontline guards. The high-ranking knights might always have access to healing magic in battle, but for them? The everyday grunts?

Sometimes even a noble’s paper cut got more priority than their snapped limbs or gut wounds.

They’d all watched friends die. Friends who could have survived... if only someone had known what to do.

“Kallen, that kid of yours is pretty damn impressive,” one of the squad captains leaned over and muttered with a grin.

“He’s just like his father,” one of the other squad leaders murmured.

“No doubt,” another added. “Back then, your dad always had our backs... looked out for us however he could...”

The older guardsmen, men in their thirties and forties with weathered faces and hardened eyes, fell into hushed murmurs. But their gazes were warm—filled with approval, nostalgia, and a quiet sense of pride.

Grett gave them a small nod of acknowledgment and pressed on with his lecture.

“There are countless ways to die on the battlefield. But the top three causes of death can be grouped like this: One, excessive bleeding. Two, cardiac arrest. Three, suffocation—when the body can’t breathe. Let’s begin with the first: how to stop bleeding quickly during combat—”

A visible ripple passed through the hall.

To these soldiers, "cardiac arrest" or "inability to breathe" usually meant one thing: *they’re already dead*. Or at least close enough to not be worth saving. When it got that bad, most people’s first reaction wasn’t to help—but to walk away.

But blood loss... that was different.

Every single man in the room had seen it happen—watching a comrade bleed out, unable to stop it. Hands pressing down, cloths stuffed in, bandages wrapped tight... and still the blood poured. The breathing would slow, eyes would dull, and eventually—quietly, irrevocably—another brother-in-arms would be gone.

And now, Grett was saying he had a method to stop it?

Damn right they wanted to hear it.

“Wait!”

Suddenly, several voices called out in unison. Everyone turned to look—two of the mid-level commanders had shot to their feet in a hurry.

“Grett, hold on a sec!” one of them called. “We need to take notes!”

The entire hall froze for a second—and then *burst out laughing*.

Even Grett couldn’t hold back a grin. He waved toward Flynn, who was already digging through his coat for a writing kit.

“Flynn, could you grab a few big sheets of paper? Maybe set up a board or something? I’ll need to draw some diagrams—it’ll make things easier to understand.”

What followed was pure teaching mode.

Grett used hand gestures, posture, even pantomime to act out battlefield injuries and how to stop bleeding. He had people come up and roleplay with makeshift bandages to demonstrate proper wrapping techniques.

Everyone—*everyone*—was fully locked in.

By the time evening rolled around, the mess hall staff quietly pushed in a few carts of black bread, pickled meat, and cabbage stew. No one left. They wolfed down their food while Grett moved on to explain how to stop head wounds, how to bind arms properly, how to apply pressure to arteries...

But just as he was preparing to move on to tourniquet techniques, a ruckus began outside.

The noise started faint—raised voices, heavy boots—but it grew louder by the second.

Grett paused, glancing toward the door. At the same moment, several knights around the room rose to their feet, hands instinctively dropping to their sword hilts.

“Who’s there?!”

“What’s going on?!”

“C-Commander!” someone yelled from outside.

Thud-thud-thud—heavy boots slammed the floor as a young guardsman burst through the half-open door, panting and wild-eyed.

“Commander—it’s the City Lord’s men! They’re here to arrest someone!”

“What?!”

“Why the hell would the lord’s men come arrest someone *in our barracks?!?*”

The room erupted.

Over a hundred city guards started whispering and muttering, voices rising in shock, confusion, and anger. Someone even blurted:

“Aren’t *we* the ones usually sent to arrest people?!”

Pfft.

Even now, Grett couldn’t help it. He stood calmly on the stage, back straight, face composed.

He could already guess what this was about.

Sure enough—*bam!*

The mess hall’s doors slammed open.

A well-dressed envoy strode inside, flanked by two stern-looking guards. Chin high, chest puffed out, his voice echoed through the hall with practiced arrogance:

“By order of the Temple, we are here to summon Grett Nordemark for questioning—”

(End of Chapter 30)