

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 14

Annan did not venture too long before he heard the galloping sound coming from a distance.

That noise was relatively far from him.

Annan narrowed his eyes slightly, stopped slowly, and hid.

In front of him was a slightly steep slope with sparse pine family on both sides. To return to the beach where Anan first woke up, it would take about a ten-minute journey to the east from this slope.

Annan deliberately avoided the trail without plants to hid himself in the natural environment.

He took full advantage of his height and climbed up the slope without making a sound. On the short section of the road closest to the top, the slope seemed quite steep. However, with John's broken sword acting as a trekking pole, Annan climbed up relatively smoothly.

He leaned against a crooked tree, fixed his back with it, and looked to the other side of the hill.

He saw a smooth dirt road not far on the other side. Although it was not wide, it would at least fit up to five horses galloping altogether.

More than a dozen horses were galloping from south to the north.

Fortunately, Annan's location was not a cliff but a hillside. The terrain on the other side was even lower than Annan's standing spot.

Probably because they didn't expect that someone would be at the top of the hillside before the sunrise, none of the horsemen over there noticed Annan's presence.

This group of people isn't any kind soul.

Annan squinted his icy blue eyes slightly, observed them quietly, and counted their numbers.

There were a total of fourteen people. One was wearing half-body metal armor, and the rest were wearing tan and shabby leather armor.

They had long swords slung around their waists and a small wooden shield on their left arm. Three of them in the group had a short bow slung behind their backs. The leader carried a polearm in his right hand. The polearm was similar to a pike but with a hook at the front part.

For the two people beside him...

Annan's pupils shrank slightly.

He saw that the two men were carrying gunpowder-based weapons similar to rifled guns on their backs. A few others were carrying strong shields behind their backs.

They are well-armed. Where are they going?

Annan saw the nautical chart in the captain's room once.

Don Juan and their ship sailed to the north.

Specifically, from the mainland's southeast coast, they came from the 5 o'clock direction and eventually shifted to the 2 o'clock direction.

They were initially scheduled to disembark at the main port – Freezing Water Port, which was the position at 2 o'clock on the south side of an incurved inland sea. The location of Chilly Austere Dukedom was on the north side of the inner sea.

So after recalling the nautical chart, Annan immediately understood Chilly Austere Dukedom and the Noah Kingdom's situation.

The inland sea had separated the two countries, with each occupying one side. It was fair even to say that both countries had their port facing each other directly.

It will be weird if they don't get into a war.

The continent in front of Annan permitted the travel between the north and the south. This probably meant that the north end of the road was the destination of his trip.

Young Master Don Juan's new territory – Freezing Water Port in the North Sea Territory.

Those six people appear like bandits and robbers.

Thinking of this, Annan trotted off the slope lightly and slid down.

He took a close look at the road and quickly spotted a few apparent ruts.

“A convoy passed by here not long ago.”

Annan made a swift judgment and pieced out his clues.

The bandits somehow got the news and learned that a convoy was stopping here. They came here in the early morning. Considering the distance, they might have arrived overnight after hearing the news.

Holding the idea that Don Juan's things were his possessions, Annan quickly formed a logic chain in his heart:

Freezing Water Port is my territory, so the resident's property is my property too.

Hence, those bandits are robbing my stuff!

Annan was exasperated.

Without thinking for too long, Annan decided to tail the group.

“After getting all my items stolen and exiled from my hometown, you dare to break into my territory. You must have a deathwish!”

Come and read on our website [wuxia worldsite](#). Thanks

Annan planned to observe the robber group first. If he could take them out, he would jump out and confront them.

He thought for a moment to figure out his speech suitable for this occasion. After all, it was his real experience. He didn't feel unnatural to recite it.

He made up his mind and stopped strolling.

He hid the relatively heavy broken sword in a hollow tree hole, marked it, and then proceeded lightly.

At this time, Annan realized that his stamina was unexpectedly great.

He dashed for 20 minutes, and he only gasped slightly. He didn't exhaust his strength. Instead, the power in his body was surging, which improved his physical state.

It appeared that a twenty-minute journey was just a warm-up exercise for him.

At his age, it was quite an incredible physical fitness.

But the point was his Constitution only had 7 points.

At this moment, an idea came to Annan:

Isn't 10 points the average attribute in this game?

Could it be 5 points instead?

No, to be on the safe side, let's consider 10 points as the average.

Maybe people in this world have excellent physical fitness.

By this time, Annan had heard the chaos coming from afar.

He saw another group of people combatting the bandit group.

The rooftops of the two nearest houses had already lit up. Five or six wagons were placed against the wall next to one of the houses.

Three of the six robbers were trying to tie the ropes to their horses. On the other hand, civilians with simple weapons and militias gathered were confronting the remaining three.

No way, the number of militias is too little.

Annan glanced at the scene and realized the dire circumstances.

Annan didn't know whether it was because of poverty or because of the rush. Almost none of the assembled militias were armored. Adding on with the unarmored militia, the number of militias equipped with weapons was still less than the bandits.

The robbers in the back row fired another round of fire arrows, igniting another two houses.

Annan didn't know how the fire arrows were made. The wooden houses didn't look like ignitable materials, but the arrow shot still lit the houses up in an instant.

The bandits holding swords and shields stood in an orderly manner, shielding the bandits in the back row while facing the militias. The two robbers holding rifled guns lowered their muzzles at the trio who robbed the wagons and forced the others back.

Annan watched this scene from a distance and slowed down.

He squinted his eyes.

Something is wrong.

How could these bandits be so orderly?

They did not swear or hurt people at will. Although the formation was a bit messy, at least there was no obstacle between them. The accuracy of the bandit archers was also ridiculously high. With that kind of big bow, those without an excellent physical aptitude could not use it.

In stark contrast to the disciplined robbers, the people in the town were already in a mess. The militias did not know whether to fight the fire first or stop the bandits.

After a brief panic, their opinions were quickly unified:

-Fight the fire first.

After all, the businessman with the convoy was not from their town. But, those burning houses were their property.

But at this moment, a rash young man darted out loudly and swung his sword at the robber who robbed the wagons.

Boom-

At this moment, the two gunners shot immediately!

They fired almost at the same time, and their gunshots were virtually continuous. One shot was skewed and hit the wall; the other shot hit the stupefied brave young man.

He fell to the ground immediately. The militiamen no longer hesitated and surrounded him.

Shit!

Annan saw that the situation turned terrible, and he immediately rushed over.

Chapter end