

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 16

Hearing Annan's voice, the battle soon stopped.

It was not just the militias of Freezing Water Port who subconsciously stopped and looked over.

Even the robbers did not take the opportunity to attack but looked back with surprise on their faces.

In front of them was an aristocratic teenager in the ceremonial outfit.

He was young, appearing only at twelve or thirteen years old. He had his black hair reaching his shoulder. He had a slender figure aside from his white and clean skin. There was a sapphire ring on his slender finger.

He wore a long dark blue coat with many buttons on the front. The coat was decorated with many delicate gold ornaments and crushed gems. There was a circle of ruffles at the waist, and black patterns were illustrated everywhere. Only visible from the rear, his short cloak was embroidered with a black Three-eyed Crow.

The black patterns on his clothes were sword-like crow feathers.

The blue-black velvet top hat was also decorated with a crystal-like black feather.

Nevertheless, the ice-blue pupils under the Western-style man's hat caught the most attention. Annan's eyes were clear and clean enough to make people feel cold.

He appeared like a doll with no emotion but also had eyes like a deity. A simple glance could take away the others' souls.

“I will only ask one more time, fellas.”

Annan spoke calmly, “Are you looting my residents?”

He spoke the second time; the robbers quickly came back to their senses.

They discussed in a low volume for a while, and then one of them asked:

“Are you Lord Don Juan·Geraint?”

“It seems that you know me and knows who reigns this land.”

Annan's voice was arrogant and cold, “So, do you admit it? You are looting my territory and hurting my people-“

“No, we are just passing-by mercenaries.”

Seeing Annan's unkind expression, another robber immediately opened his mouth and said. “There are some personal grievances between us. It's all a misunderstanding. The matter is over.”

“Personal grievances. I see.”

Annan repeated slowly.

He raised his head and glanced at the houses where the flames were just put out. Then, he looked at some surviving houses. There was no emotion in his cold voice, “Okay, I will treat you all as just passing-by mercenaries. Then, mercenaries, let's discuss another matter.

“How should the Kingdom Law deal with arsonists? You should know deep down your heart, right?”

In any case, I don't know.

Annan added in his heart.

At first glance, since there were many large-sized wooden houses, it was quite rational to infer that arson punishment would be hefty. It was highly possible to be the death penalty. With the current wooden material and house layout, the fire would cause considerable damage if it was not put out in time.

However, something was beyond Annan's expectations.

One of the robbers quickly said, “No, Lord Geraint. I set the fire. They are just covering me with the arrow barrage. If you don't believe me, you can check my quiver. Only mine are enchanted fire arrows. So, please arrest me.”

What a coward?

Annan was taken aback and then immediately realized that something was wrong.

This person responded too quickly.

This is unnatural.

If he was dealing with a twelve or thirteen-year-old boy, Annan might be fooled.

In fact, he replied so quickly with not much fear in his words despite the possibility of a death sentence. Is he so sure he will not die or already prepared to shoulder the crime?

Annan saw it clearly from the dark just now. These robbers shot the fire arrows together. When the robbers saw him appearing, they should be prepared for the incident “Don Juan·Geraint saw everything.”

But since this person dared to say that, there might be no fire arrows in others' quivers, so they were not afraid of the search.

This is weird.

Is anyone targeting Don Juan·Geraint?

Annan squinted slightly.

“My lord!”

At this moment, the young man shot to the ground suddenly shouted, “I have something to say!”

It was the first young militia to make a move.

Annan quickly recognized the person and asked coldly, “First, what's your name? Soldier.”

Hearing the word soldier, the young man was in a daze. With the assistance of others, he barely got up from the ground, enduring the pain, and said in a low voice, “My name is Jon, Lord. I am the Freezing Water Port's militia captain!”

“I want to report to you that this group of people are robbers! They looted the Freezing Water Port a month ago and killed several people. City Lord can also testify-“

“Lord Geraint.”

Before Jon finished speaking, the robber holding the polearm suddenly spoke. He interrupted him loudly, “As long as you desire, we aren't the bandits anymore.”

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Annan didn't say a word, just watched the person calmly, waiting for him to continue.

“You obviously had...”

“If I were you, kid. I won't say a word now.”

The robber interrupted Jon again with no courtesy.

Seeing his unscrupulous mannerism, the militias gradually realized something. Someone pressed Jon's shoulder and motioned to him not to say anything further.

Seeing that the militia was quiet, the man turned his head, smiled, and said to Annan, “We are mercenaries, sir. You can also ask them. We did not intentionally kill any of them. This is just a personal grudge... Yes, personal conflict. It has nothing to do with a great person like you.”

“Dismount from your horse.”

Annan said all of a sudden.

“What?”

Before he heard Annan's words, the man was startled.

Annan said mercilessly, “All of you get off your horses. You dare to speak to the earl's son while riding a horse, not even making your formal greetings. Are you sure this is the conversation etiquette your master taught you?”

The “robber” turned pale when he heard the words. He quickly turned over and got off the horse. The others got off their horses in a hurry too.

The leading robber who took the lead hurriedly took off his leather cap and saluted Annan respectfully. His manner seemed weaker because of this, “May Silver Sire give you wealth and peace, Lord Geraint.”

Annan just snorted and made no response.

Annan paced to the horse, reached out his hand to touch its head. He asked without looking back, “What is your name? Where do you come from?”

“Lyon, my lord. Lyon Coleman. We are from Roseburg.”

Seeing that Annan didn't seem to want to pursue this matter further, Lyon lowered his head and said smilingly, “Lord Viscount said that if you have guessed it, please come to Roseburg as a guest.”

“Oh?”

Annan didn't lift his eyelids, “Which viscount?”

“There is only one viscount in Roseburg. Naturally, it is the Barber family lord, Lord Alvin Barber. Your grandfather's vassal.”

Lyon said smilingly while stuffing a badge into Annan's hand.

Annan looked down and assessed it carefully. He discovered that it was a shield emblem with both the eagle design and rose design.

“Seems pretty good.”

He sighed, “Likewise.”

With that, he pulled his hand away from the horse's head and patted Lyon on the shoulder.

“Naturally, we...”

Hearing that, Lyon was also relieved. He was about to compliment a few more words before he heard an agonizing wail.

He saw that the horse that Annan stroked let out a wail, fell to the ground and convulsed. The horse was going to die on the spot.

A thick frost layer surfaced on its head. A frost trace soaked with blood appeared at each eye.

“Sorry, your horse is dead.”

At this moment, Annan smiled as he loosened Lyon's shoulders. Then, he strolled towards the militia team.

Before Lyon knew what was going on, he felt a frigid cold coming from his shoulder. He screamed uncontrollably, which scared everyone around him.

Lyon's shoulders were utterly stiff, unable to move. Terrible bruises surfaced on his left neck and cheeks. His lips turned entirely black with an awful chill steamed out of his left shoulder.

—It's a spell!

Don Juan·Geraint is a wizard!

“Militias, obey your lord's orders. It's time to defend Freezing Water Port!”

Annan walked a few steps towards the militia group. His cold and emotionless eyes stared at each militia, “Pick up your weapon and gather together!”

The militias, which Anan had swept his gaze upon, couldn't help lowering their heads or turning their eye away, not daring to look at the new lord.

But, after seeing these robbers revealing themselves, the extinguished anger and hope for revenge also steamed up.

It had been too long since there was not a strong lord at Freezing Water Port.

Their hot blood was doused.

The young lord looked so cold, but he had an upright heart.

His words were as cold as the Chilly Austere wind but so heart-pounding.

Annan looked back under the ardent and admiring gaze of the militia group.

He stared coldly at the group of robbers who were in a panic. He then drew his delicate short sword from his waist.

He raised his sword and pointed at the group of robbers in front of the crowd, "Capture them, spare no one-

"Dead or alive!"

Chapter end