

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 17

The group of “robbers” naturally would not sit idle.

They kept retreating as they retaliated, trying to get on their horses and escape.

Although they were afraid of Annan, it didn't mean that they would cower and wait for their demise.

These mercenaries knew what was going on in their hearts.

They pretended to be robbers and robbed the port openly because the Roseburg's Viscount guaranteed their safety.

Viscount guaranteed that the officials would not hunt them down, nor would the officials dispatch an army to retaliate.

With that happening, the militia in a small town was nothing to be wary of.

After the trading with Chilly Austere Dukedom was banned, Freezing Water Port only had an empty shell. It only looked spectacular. There was no army stationed. Besides that, there were no wizards, bishops, scholars, and not even a Transcended to protect the town.

Many of the Freezing Water Port's residents had long gone. The young, strong, and ambitious men had already gone to the big cities in the mainland via caravans. The number of residents who remained here was less than $\frac{1}{5}$ during the peak period.

These mercenaries would naturally not be afraid to go against the town's militia. After all, the lead bullet could harm the Bronze Rank Transcended with surprises.

Each of them also had a horse. Even if they were defeated, it would guarantee their safe escape.

However, the Viscount would not come over to save them if they were caught, let alone going in conflict with Don Juan for their lives.

Not only would the Viscountn't come to the rescue, but Lord Viscount would also immediately condemn the robbers' group, trying to cut off all ties with them. Then, he would request the Freezing Water Port to execute them directly or send them to Roseburg for the execution.

Lord Viscount warned the “robbers” about the consequences before they set off.

Failure was not an option.

Even so...

They didn't dare to kill Don Juan.

They were not actual robbers, after all.

If they were desperate and became robbers, there would be a fierce and unscrupulous vibe in their actions... but they were not.

Seeing the “Don Juan·Geraint” rushing up, they didn't have any option.

Several of the best mercenaries in swordsmanship hurriedly wielded their sabers from their waists, preparing to defend as best they could. Their current best bet was to slow down Don Juan right here.

The others united against those militias, looking for opportunities to defeat them as soon as possible and escape.

They were not afraid of the wizard but afraid of Annan's identity.

—A young man with black hair and blue eyes who knew how to use spells.

This was the most notable feature of the Crow family's three young masters. Even without looking at the emblem, one could easily recognize Don Juan's identity.

If they killed Don Juan by mistake, it would not be as simple as a viscount threat!

That was the Crow family!

They would rather provoke a Marquis at the frontier than the vicious old crow...

“Damn it, that old man fooled us!”

One of them couldn't help cursing, “Didn't he say that the Crow family's kid in the middle of the journey had...?”

“Joel!”

The mercenary leader immediately raised a warning.

But Annan had indeed heard that sentence.

He opened his eyes slightly. His icy blue pupils flashed with emotionless light.

“...Ah, I heard it.”

He whispered, “You seem to know something.”

When the mercenary group saw this, they shut their mouths and stopped talking, but their offense grew more intense.

Annan made up his mind.

I need to capture them alive.

It was not because of anger nor hatred. After all, he was not Don Juan.

Though, it was an opportunity.

A chance to fill up the flaws in his identity and temporarily become “Don Juan.”

He didn't need to use this identity to get to the kingdom's higher-ups. After all, he looked different from Don Juan. Those who knew Don Juan would recognize him for sure.

He just intended to use Don Juan's identity to gather intelligence.

After all, if he had no status and started out as a civilian, many secrets would be inaccessible. Lord's position was sufficiently safe and high enough.

He must investigate why “Annan” would appear alone on the beach of an enemy country as soon as possible. He had even lost his weapon and equipment too.

Worse still, he was at low HP.

Even Don Juan, the son of an unwelcome earl, would have treasures on him and some bodyguards.

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After all, Don Juan was the Grand Duke's son.

Therefore, Annan must consider a possibility. There might be assassination attempts in the past, forcing him to cross the inland sea and escape to the Freezing Water Port on the opposite shore. If he turned back to Chilly Austere Dukedom, he would most likely die directly.

Who is the person who wants to kill me? Is it Grand Duke? Is it my brother? Is it the Grand Duke's enemy? Or some other person?

Is there anything wrong with Grand Duke? What is the situation inside the Dukedom?

Annan must at least investigate the situation. He needed to know who his enemy was. Then, he would acquire players' protection and beat the opponent to get his original identity back.

Before that, he could only live in Don Juan's name.

Annan and Don Juan were in a bad situation.

Those who dared to hunt down the earl's son – the heirs of the duchy must be significantly strong.

Fortunately, these mercenaries knew something.

Annan didn't even have to get any useful information out of their mouths.

He only needed to convince the people at Freezing Water Port that he was attacked on the way here.

Having a big shift in temperament? That would be normal. It happened right after being assaulted.

Losing many possessions. It was also expected. After all, someone assaulted him.

Poor etiquette? This was also normal. After all, he had just been through a life and death crisis and certainly was in a foul mood.

In short, as long as they were convinced that “Don Juan Geraint” was attacked and saw the ship, it was understandable no matter what strange behavior Annan made.

So-

“I'm going to get serious, my friend.”

Annan saw that the militia was suffering defeat. He turned around and said politely to the three mercenaries who stopped him, "Please don't spare any efforts.

"Otherwise, you might die. That's bad."

He chuckled softly.

Annan had roughly figured out their strength.

Their level was not even the third level of swordsmanship, and their power was lesser than that of a child-like Annan.

The three people in front of him collapsed.

The opponent did indeed spare no effort, though!

Isn't Don Juan Geraint a wizard?

Why is his swordsmanship so gorgeous and calm? There is no slightest flaw, just like a royal guard who has been practicing swordsmanship for more than ten years.

Annan did not give the opponent a chance to readjust themselves.

He went all out with all his strength.

The exquisite blade flashed a cold light.

Anna picked up his pace.

Annan slammed his sword calmly on the mercenary's sword edge from the right with a subtle arc via backhand's grip, parrying off the attack.

Then, he slashed on the opponent's wrist as fast as lightning.

Blood burst out on the scene.

Annan slashed off the opponent's hand muscle. His entire wrist was cut in half; he screamed agonizingly as he fell to the ground.

Annan did not continue to attack him but charged at the other two again.

After one less person besieging him, Annan's combat prowess immediately doubled. He defended against the two's offense at the same time and found an opportunity in less than three sword exchanges.

He took a sudden step, slashing out the sword horizontally.

The sharp blood-stained sword drew a perfect arc in the air, cutting a person's throat directly.

At this moment, Annan suddenly froze in the spot.

Fortunately, he reacted quickly and blocked the opponent's attack.

At the moment he cut the man's neck off, a glimmering panel flashed in front of his eyes:

[Killed unranked enemies in the battle and obtained 15 Shared Experience points]

Annan was stupefied for a while, and the corners of his mouth slowly rose.

His momentum had a significant change; his eyes were cold but enthusiastic, which instilled fear in the others who caught sight of it.

There was a smile that was dangerous and horrifying.

Should I let them live?

Should I only spare one?

Chapter end