

Righteous Ps 37

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 37

Annan boiled the water skillfully and poured herself a cup of tea.

Then, he sat at the table and looked at Salvatore, who was slumped in his chair, "What is the result of the analysis? Was it successful?"

"Naturally, I have succeeded," Salvatore yawned and replied lazily, "It's almost dawn. Why haven't you slept yet?"

"I probably can't get to sleep today."

The young feudal lord sighed, "Just when you were analyzing in the basement, we had another major incident.

"Just now, there were more than one hundred 'robbers' invading from the south of the city. They masked themselves as they brought weapons and brought more than fifty barrels of Black Fire, trying to sneak into the city."

Annan emphasized the word "robber."

He believed that Salvatore would understand what he meant.

"What? More than fifty barrels?"

Hearing this amount, even Salvatore was taken aback.

He was surprised by the news. He even choked halfway in his yawn.

Because he knew very well how much destruction this amount of Black Fire would bring.

For example, to burn Don Juan's ship, only a total of ten barrels of Black Fire would be enough. Having an arrow wrapped with cotton cloth dip in Black Fire was enough to burn down a house. The impact could ignite the Black Fire easily.

For the case of these fifty-plus barrels of Black Fire...

The intruders only had to pile them around the house; Annan and Salvatore would be burned to death. Even the surrounding street would be burned down. After all, the relentless black flame could not be extinguished with mere water. It was impossible to isolate the air from the fire too.

Once the two wizards, Salvatore and Annan, died, it would be difficult for ordinary people to handle the dangerous flame.

"Yes, fifty barrels. Fortunately, my guards happened to be returning to Freezing Water Port today and noticed the intruders during their journey. Bless Silver Sire. My luck is not bad."

Annan put down the teacup and slowly said, "My loyal and brave guards found a way to mingle into the crowd and detonated some Black Fire. They stirred up chaos and burned most of those robbers. I saw the flames rise, so I brought the militias with me. The militias rushed over and killed the remaining robber.

“Now, there are more than twenty barrels of Black Fire left. I submerged them in ice water according to the preservation method you mentioned before. I also covered the Black Fire barrels with leaves to prevent light from detonating them.”

The reason Annan did not tell the truth here was also simple.

Because the credibility of truth might be much lower than that of this lie.

Could the forty young unranked swordsmen in their early twenties and thirties kill more than one hundred experienced private troops with no casualties? They even fought with the enemies around the Black Fire barrels, and yet none suffered a burn injury.

If Annan told the truth, Salvatore would think Annan was hiding something.

“Fifty barrels of Black Fire... They are too cruel.”

Salvatore took a deep breath and clenched his fists in disbelief, “Where does Alvin Barber get the confidence to do so? Is he not afraid that we might survive?”

“I am the Black Tower's successor. You are the Old Crow's... I mean, one of the only three sons of Count Geraint. No matter which of us survives, he will end up in a bad situation!”

Just thinking about the possibility that after he came out of the basement and found himself in the raging flames that he could not escape and could only be burned to death, Salvatore was startled.

“I also thought about this.”

Annan narrowed his eyes slightly and said slowly, “Moreover, the conflict between us is far less serious. This is equivalent to an argument at a banquet or a fight after drinking too much. It should not go to the point of going at each other's throats.

“So, I can only think of one possibility.”

“You mean, it wasn't Alvin Barber?” Salvatore reacted quickly.

“At least, he must have taken someone's orders or was instructed by others.”

Annan replied affirmatively, “The older a person is, the more worries he has, and the more he is afraid of death. If he is forty years younger, he might decide to kill in a fit of anger. It is even more impossible to send out one hundred people of suicide squad for such a trivial matter. It will greatly reduce his control over his private army.”

“Unless this is not a trivial matter.”

Salvatore added to Annan's words, “He didn't retaliate against you because of the previous incident. From the very beginning, he had planned to kill you or destroy Freezing Water Port.”

Suddenly, Salvatore came to a realization. He could not help but admire the twelve years old feudal lord.

At least when Salvatore was at Don Juan's age, he still innocently caught fish by the river. Nevermind reading other's minds and layout strategies, Salvatore was illiterate at that age.

“It seems like you found something in that Black Fire sample.”

Overseeing Salvatore's expression, Annan raised his mouth and smiled like a sly young fox, "Is it convenient for you to tell me?"

"It's not something that needs to be kept secret."

Salvatore gave a slightly awkward cough, "Actually, I am the creator of these Black Fires."

Looking at Annan's suspicious gaze, he immediately explained, "I checked and found that they are my finished products at least five or six years ago. Although they are sold under the name of our teacher, I manufactured them during my internship, so the stability is so bad."

"Well, I understand."

Annan nodded.

It was completely understandable that graduate students were occasionally called upon by their teachers to do work.

However, Salvatore's teacher...

"You mean, Teacher Benjamin?"

"Yes."

Salvatore affirmed.

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His eyes also rose with anger, "They planned to use the teacher's Black Fire to burn us to death. They used this method to shirk responsibility and put the fault under the teacher's name. They have not checked the imprints on these Black Fire. Otherwise, they will find out that the teacher did not make this Black Fire."

"No, not necessarily. After all, if you kill me, the result will be the same."

Annan squinted his eyes slightly. "However, this is a good thing."

"Good thing?"

"Naturally, it is a good thing, senior. Since the opposing party planned a risky conspiracy, they also undoubtedly admitted that they do not have the power to go against us directly. Then, we can at least not worry about the Transcended Assassin."

The boy slowly said, "In this case, it's about time for us to fight back."

"How to fight back?"

"An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth."

The corner of his mouth raised slightly. Annan waved his hand and cheered, "I want to return those Black Fires to them. Let's put them in his territory, or even better in his house. Then, we go Boom!"

“Although the old man did it under the other's threat, his original intention has nothing to do with me. Everyone knows that we are victims. We're the righteous authority with the name of revenge in our hands. No matter what we do, the nosy people can only reprimand us.”

Annan said calmly, “Our actions are undoubtedly justice, my friend. Justice means you can do as you please.

Salvatore noticed that his eyes were as cold as ice without the slightest fluctuation when Annan said this. It was as if Annan did not care about human life at all.

Although Salvatore also fully supported revenge, he would feel something for saying it out. Gloomy or excitement; at least it would show.

But, Annan did not have such emotional fluctuations. His tone was so flat as if apathy when he said his plan.

Salvatore could not even notice the happiness of revenge or the hatred and anger from suffering the murder attempt.

Salvatore could not help but shudder.

He's like the living manifestation of the frigid winter, an actual Chilly Austerian.

Only those who believed in the Cold-Blooded Lady would be born with such cold eyes.

Salvatore's heart shuddered slightly.

All the supernatural power in this world came from the curse with no exception.

Spells were naturally not beyond this category.

Once the wizards' mana was out of balance, they would lose control and suffer the backlash of the curse that he held.

For example, part or all of the Alteration wizard's body might be transformed into stone or gold. Prophet wizard might see a large number of false and chaotic futures. They could not tell whether he was in a dream or reality. Soul Snatch wizard's soul might be torn apart by the entwined spirit beside him or turned into a half-human and half-spirit twisted monster.

Even if the mana were not imbalanced, if they continue to violate the curse binding of their school, they would still suffer a backlash.

The curse of Energy Falteration School was the gradual loss of feelings.

If the passionate wizard learned and engraved the spells of Energy Falteration School, he might even develop schizophrenia. Every time he cast a spell, he would feel an inevitable part of his feelings frozen.

The feeling of valuing, despising, resenting, and cold-blooded would make people wonder whether the decisions they had made were based on their hearts. Some might even gradually go crazy because of it.

On the contrary, indifferent people were most suitable for in-depth study of the spells of Energy Falteration School.

Chilly Austere Dukedom had a high-ranking advanced wizard profession called "Winter's Hand," which required Chilly Austere's Grand Duke to preside over the advancement personally. The conditions and curses were secret. Those advanced were responsible for the internal surveillance and interrogation of Chilly Austere Dukedom.

But Salvatore still knew the ability of Winter's Hand:

In the legend, the Falteration wizard had completely frozen the inner feelings, becoming the unfeeling watcher.

The pure black ice condensed from the bottom of their hearts was enough to freeze the enemy's concept of time. The moment they touched it, it would render someone defenseless. It could ever sever a specific memory of others or a certain feeling in their hearts, essentially turning enemies into allies. They could make other spies forget their mission and concentrate on serving Chilly Austere Dukedom.

Perhaps Don Juan is not suitable to learn under me.

The most suitable place for Don Juan to stay was the Eternal Winter Country in the north. Only there could he realize what the real cold was and what was ruthless in various senses.

The Noah Kingdom was still too warm.

No, not only is it too warm, but the central kingdom is turning into a stove recently. The fire is burning towards His Majesty.

The whole kingdom was hot everywhere. The Noah Kingdom was going to be a mess.

But that was still alright.

At least people with feelings were much easier to get along with than monsters without feelings.

Salvatore sighed and said a little more tenderly, "You should sleep first. I will take those Black Fires to recycle them and store them in the basement. After you get up tomorrow, I will tell you some precautions.

"Then, you can get prepared to advance."