

Righteous Ps 42

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 42

Among other things, Annan was confident in his acting skills and memory.

After seeing Elle's portrait, he remembered Elle's expressions and movements.

So he reverted the finished product to the real person, completely reproducing the expressions and movements of "Elle" easily. In the end, Amos Morrison completed the portrait without suspicion.

But Annan was not the real Elle Morrison after all.

It seemed that Annan's acting was too perfect. He appeared more like Elle than "Elle." He was motionless for more than two hours, but a hesitant expression appeared on Amos's face.

Did he get suspicious?

Or...

Annan was alerted in his heart with murderous intentions crept upon him.

It was different from the previous scene.

Annan used the body of the aging painter "Amos" previously. Not only was the body weaker, but the abdomen was also pierced with blood flowing out non-stop. His basic movement was already much hindered.

But, his daughter Elle Morrison was different.

It was a young and healthy body.

Even if Amos was in the prime of life at the moment, Annan was at least 70% confident that her (Elle) attack would succeed and kill her dad (Amos) directly at this place.

As long as you die, I will probably be safe.

But Annan hesitated and gave up.

Because he soon discovered that Amos did not doubt his identity.

But why is there a hint of guilt?

"Um... I'm sorry, Elle. You did a good job, but I can only draw up to this point."

Amos sighed and murmured, "If I have that thing..."

"En?"

Annan tried to use the least amount of information to express doubts.

The painter sighed again.

He hammered his thigh a little regretfully and muttered to himself, "Unfortunately, it has been used up. No, no. I'm lucky that it's used up. Otherwise, if there are still stocks, I may get tempted to use it again given your beauty."

The man said, slowly put down the paintbrush, and looked at his daughter tiredly.

"I'm sorry, Elle. I lied.

"Our agreement, from the very beginning, is impossible to be completed. Because what you didn't know is that the people I have painted in portraits are actually..."

At this point, there was a trace of pain in Amos's eyes.

Confessing this to his daughter was tantamount to torturing his soul.

But when Annan remained motionless and insisted until the portrait was drawn, it seemed to trigger some conditions.

It was a prior agreement between the two. If Elle could stay still until the end, Amos had to paint her "that kind of" portrait.

Obviously, this promise was impossible to achieve from the beginning.

"I didn't want to tell you about it. I used to think that if you moved around or were impatient, I would pretend to be angry. I thought things would turn out like this. In that case, your father would blame you for wasting the precious God-bestowed paint. I will refuse to paint a portrait for you."

The paint bestowed by the gods?

Annan quickly realized the key points from Amos's words.

"No need to apologize, Dad."

Through Amos's tone, Annan slowly figured out Elle's possible character, staring into Amos's eyes, and slowly said, "I don't really want it."

Seeing the moment of confusion and doubt in Amos's eyes, Annan suddenly changed the threads of conversation, "At least if I know it's not good for me, I won't continue. I believe you. You won't lie to me, especially from what you said."

Hearing this, Amos finally breathed a sigh of relief.

The smile on his face eased, "That's good, Elle. You have grown up, but remember not to say these words outside. This painting is for you. Happy birthday."

"Thank you."

Annan smiled and said, "But I think this gift is not enough."

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"That's natural."

Amos added, "I'm going to buy you cakes. Some time ago, a pastry chef from the royal capital came. They said that his skill is great."

Wait, pastry chef?

A word suddenly flashed in Annan's mind.

That was what Senior Salvatore told him when he introduced Freezing Water Port's "Unique Merchant":

"The old baker at Freezing Water Port is skilled. It is said that he came from the royal capital decades ago."

Isn't this place the Freezing Water Port decades ago?

Annan seemed to feel a surge of lightning from his back and asked probingly, "Why does he come from the capital? Our place is pretty remote."

The word "remote" was used cautiously because it was pretty subjective.

No matter where you are, you can call your location remote. Even in the royal capital, people who live on the edge of the royal capital can call themselves "living in a remote place." No one will feel that there is a problem.

But Amos was not at all wary of Annan, or more accurately "Elle."

"The pastry chef probably saved a lot of money, so he wants to retire. After all, the goods in this place have lower prices."

He replied casually, "Although Freezing Water Port is a bit remote, it is somewhat of a port. Elle, you may not know, but many foreign specialties can be bought here and then sold to the capital fourfold the original price."

"I see."

Annan nodded suddenly.

When Amos left the room, he narrowed his eyes slightly. Those pure and clear green eyes belonging to Elle Morrison showed the cunning of a fox at this moment.

This place is indeed the past. It was the Freezing Water Port decades ago.

With that said, the first dungeon instance seems to the past event too.

But for that dungeon instance, because the time backtrack was too little, Annan didn't realize how much time backtracking the "nightmare" could achieve.

He was finally convinced as of now.

Time backtrack could go to the extent of several decades.

He got the identity of Annan in that dungeon instance and learned many Gerant family's secrets.

So, what could he get in this dungeon instance?

In this nightmare woven from actual events decades ago, what valuable intelligence could he get?

For example...

The baker.

Amos's inference was wrong. After a few decades, Freezing Water Port had become very shabby. It was impossible to buy foreign specialties in that place. But the baker not only did not leave but settled here. People couldn't afford cakes and pastries, so he left his craft to bake bread.

Even the locals of Freezing Water Port were curious about why he did this.

They said that the baker once won the Royal Capital's pastry chef competition. In his capacity, serving as a pastry chef in a nobleman's house would bring a better life and much more profitable than opening a bakery shop.

I think I can explore his secrets in this timeline.

But before that...

Annan decided to take advantage of the time when Elle's father was not at home.

He would loot this house clean.

Whether intelligence, mail, knowledge, secrets, treasures, weapons, equipment, Annan wanted it all!

He was not a player that randomly looted stuff. He was focusing on his main mission!

The main mission requested him to "Explore Amos Morrison's secrets."

Since it was a secret, it would not be hidden in a place where anyone could see it.

"Chilly Austere's Grand Duke's clan emblem is a wolf head. Why am I doing a husky's work [1]?"

Annan mumbled, dissatisfied. He proceeded to jump on the bed.

Annan, not Husky-Chilly Austere, began to investigate Elle Morrison's room skillfully.

[1] Expression of sniffing out secrets like a dog.