

Righteous Ps 43

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 43**

Annan was quite skilled in house dismantling.

In less than five minutes, he finished searching Elle's room. It was like searching Don Juan's room back then.

Because it was different from Don Juan's room on the ship. It showed that Elle didn't seem to be in her room often. In Elle's room, Annan didn't find many valuable things.

There were no weapons in the entire room, not even a pair of sharp scissors. The only lethal things might be Elle's comb and quill.

But in Annan's view, it appeared a bit abnormal.

But he did not jump to conclusions hastily but continued to search for things that might bring him some additional information.

In the cabinet of her room, apart from skirts and underwear, there was nothing useful. There was nothing hidden in the pillows, under the sheets, or in the cracks of the floor.

Except, Elle's diary.

This was the only hint Annan could get in Elle's room.

[Elle Morrison's Diary]

[Type: Miscellaneous (White)]

[Description: A diary that has been used for about three months, but some pages are missing.]

“Some pages are missing...”

That doesn't matter.

Annan murmured and opened Elle's diary without hesitation.

Although his main mission was supposed to investigate Amos Morrison's secrets, Annan still got to find a lead somewhere.

“March 15th. Amos seems to be in a better mood recently.”

It was the first page revealed to Annan after opening the diary.

“March 18th. Amos's mood turns gloomy again today. He drank again and tore another painting. It was the painting he was supposed to give to Mrs. Barber on April 1st.

“Silver Sire, what should he do if he can't prepare the gift on April 1st? Amos will tarnish his reputation.”

“March 22. I'm really curious. Amos hasn't drunk in the past two days, but he hasn't got angry yet. He has been hiding in the study and reading. That seems to be my mother's relic.

“I think he probably misses my mother.”

“March 25th. It's almost a week. He hasn't come out of the study. I'm a little worried about him. He hasn't eaten much recently. Is he sick? I plan to go to the bishop tomorrow to find out more.”

“March 26! Before I pay a visit to the Bishop, Amos came out of the study! He seemed to be in a good mood. It's sporadic, Silver Sire. It had been almost half a month since I hadn't seen him smile.

“I saw him start painting again!

“Great. As long as you cheer up, life will always get better and better. I have to make something delicious for him. Amos will go to draw a new portrait of Mrs. Barber tomorrow.”

(One page torn off here)

“April 1st, today is the Holy Day of the Elegant Elder. I noticed many famous artists come to Freezing Water Port, including Master Norman and Master Harold! I want to go to their concert, but I still have to go to Roseburg with my father first, unfortunately.

“Mrs. Viscount is satisfied with the strange painting. My father got a lot of rewards. He said that the money would be enough for me to buy a lot of clothes...

“But I don't want clothes. We don't need money. As long as Amos can be happy, I'm fine!

“It feels like that painting is looking at me when we leave. What a weird painting.”

“April 20th, Amos cried today.

“I saw him painting in front of the garden, staring at the garden halfway through the painting, with tears in his eyes. Then, he tore the painting.

“It's Amos's favorite garden. He often paints here, and the paintings are beautiful. But he hasn't painted here for months. He is too busy. During this time, Amos has been painting portraits for big shots, making a lot of money, and buying me many clothes.

“But, I don't want clothes.”

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“On April 24, Amos got someone to level the garden. I am not happy about it, but Amos is not in a good mood recently, so I didn't say anything.

“But I'm still not very happy about it.”

“April 30th, April is finally over. After May, it will be the Asylum Month of Silver Sire. Amos won't have to attend so many ceremonies.

“Master Bishop told me that Amos is famous. His skill has improved recently. It is said that the portraits he drew allow people to see the person's soul through the painting. They said the Elegant Elder had blessed his hand. His skill is the greatest of all time. He will leave his name through the ages. If his talent is showcased in the United Kingdom [1], he might even become a divine-favored honorary viscount on April 1st next year.

“Although I don't understand the details, it seems like a good thing. I am delighted about it~”

“On May 2nd, the Silver Sire's festival was so lively, but I was so tired. I fell asleep when I came back yesterday and didn't write a diary. I will make up for it today.

“Yesterday I told Amos that my birthday is coming. He said he would give me a great gift. I told him that I don't want a gift. I just wanted him to draw a portrait of me. Amos's face suddenly became ugly. Did I make him angry?

“Footnote: He doesn't seem to be angry.”

“June 10th, my birthday is just two days away!

“Today, I mentioned that to Amos again. But he was not angry today. He just bet me that I would not be sitting still there waiting for him to finish painting. He said that it would take him a few hours to draw a portrait. I should not move in the middle of his work.

“It's just sitting still. How tough is it? It's not standing.

“Woo, is it difficult to be unable to go to the toilet for a few hours? Then, I shall not drink water the day after tomorrow.

“Footnote: In the past two days, Amos started to stay in the study again. I wanted to go in and have a look but was scolded. After a few days, I went to the study to look around when Amos was not home. I wanted to know what he was reading.”

This was the last page of Elle's diary.

“Strange painting...”

Annan murmured, closing the diary.

As expected, there was a lot of critical information in this diary.

Combined with the previous conversation between Amos and him, Annan roughly had some inferences about Amos' secrets.

Amos loved his daughter Elle. Their relationship was very close, and his wife died in the early years.

He seemed to be stuck in the bottleneck period of his artistic creation path and thus suffered to the extent of closing himself in his heart. But by looking through the books of his deceased wife, he found a special kind of paint that could boast his skills in drawing portraits. The portrait painted by this kind of paint would appear like a living thing with its soul.

But people who were drawn as portraits might suffer some harmful consequences. Amos himself knew the price.

Is it some kind of ritual?

Annan immediately recalled a creepy ritual, “The Tongue in the Mirror,” he saw when he was in the ship's dungeon instance.

Supernatural ability, but at a strange cost to pay. This description fitted the situation well.

He suspected that Amos and the false deity called “the Venerated Skeleton” reached some kind of private transaction which got Amos a creepy and evil ritual.

I have to go to his study.

Annan thought so, preparing to leave Elle's room.

Before leaving the room, he inadvertently caught a glimpse of Elle's portrait.

“This is-“

He couldn't help but exclaim with his eyes widened.

Even the harsh Annan must admit that Amos's paintings were indeed delicate. Of course, Elle's cuteness was a plus point.

This painting was truly astonishing, but at the same time, it did not lose its beauty, just like an artistic photo. It was so real as if a camera took it. At least, Annan could not discern it was a painting or a taken photo.

Did Amos call this a failure?

What is a successful product like?

Those in the gallery outside?

[1] Just a quick note that this isn't related to our UK in real life.