

Righteous Ps 44

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 44

After reading the diary, Annan quickly returned all the things to how it was in the room and then went to Amos's study.

At least when Amos opened the door of his daughter's room and looked in, everything would be exactly the same as before. As long as he was not an old pervert who would go through his daughter's room carefully, at least there would not be a problem to hide from him for a day.

This was a skill that Annan learned from the wit and courage of trying to use the computer when his parents were at work and when his parents were not at home for a vacation.

For example, his parents always placed the keyboard and the mouse at 90 degrees vertically. The keyboard would form a line from the Enter to the ESC key; the line would be pointed at a slighted extended book on the bookshelf opposite the study. The headphone wire would wrap around the headphone itself three and a half times and place on the right side of the display. Moreover, the headphone was put reversely as it hung on the display screen.

He summarized and refined these details after careful observation of his parents.

Even the display's temperature and desktop's temperature as well. Annan, being cautious, would even remember and restore the placement at right angles for the keyboard, mouse, and headphone.

Annan had always believed that this powerful memory that instantly refined the details presented in the room and restored them when needed was one reason his boss selected him.

Annan's boss had a good attitude towards him.

Annan knew that no matter how capable he was at work and how efficient he was, he got to reject overtime work for the betterment of his health. Any form of overtime work was an unhealthy and pessimistic work attitude.

Especially when a young product manager in the project team next door died suddenly after working overtime. It made him seem like a lazy person at work every day [1].

If it were another boss, the neighbor would have long been summoned to the office for a lecture a long time ago.

But his boss, who the employees often ridiculed because of his dark skin, did not do so.

On the contrary, the boss was always kind and talkative to Annan. Not only did he not condemn Annan for his work attitude, but he often took him out to eat and chat alone, praising him for his highly efficient work, "You're just the talent we need."

Annan also accepted this compliment with peace of mind.

Because he knew very well that his work efficiency was indeed very high, he was an employee who could devote himself to one thing wholeheartedly.

A complete focus on work like the 'flow state.'

As long as there was a need, in addition to the necessary eating, drinking, blood circulation exercises at each forty-five minutes interval, and eye relaxing activities, Annan would not chat, rest, goof off, or get distracted. He would work continuously with maximum efficiency.

Annan's daily workload was three to five times that of ordinary employees, or even more. Because he would advocate undertaking these tasks during the weekly meeting. At first, colleagues thought he was pretending to be hardworking and licking the boss's boots, but then the colleagues later found that he completed the tasks.

But no matter how the boss requested more tasks to be added to him, Annan would not accept any tasks. In the end, the company also found out that he was able to complete the final task ten minutes before the weekly work output summary.

It was simply amazing.

So Annan had always been a creep in the eyes of colleagues, also known as “the planner without blood and tears.”

Annan knew that he had a different character. It would hinder his promotion and salary increment. That was why he would still do some extra work to shut the boss's mouth and keep the company from going bankrupt.

But he didn't care about promotion and salary increment. He felt having enough money for survival was enough. He did not covet for many beauties either. Somehow, he did not mind not having children at his age. He had excellent health without the burden of heavy hospital bills. All in all, his life was peaceful.

What he loves was this unremarkable and regular life. Although there was no great joy, there was nothing to make his mood worse.

Annan hated everything that would make him feel bad. Typically, they had the same name, called “accident.”

Fortunately, nothing could make him feel bad in the world he was now in because he could no longer feel that emotion.

In an instant, Annan was liberated from the circular and orderly mechanical life.

For the first time, he began to take the initiative to explore life “outside the order.”

He felt a strong sense of novelty that made him extremely excited because of this.

Annan wasn't in a hurry to visit Amos's study.

He ran two laps around the house quickly. On the first lap, he noted down the layout of the house. He took a long time for the second lap as he measured the distance from each room to another with footsteps.

Since the mission required him to survive until tomorrow morning, Annan treated it cautiously. There might be a chase in the evening.

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If there was a chase happening, Annan could walk to the room he wanted to go, even with his eyes closed, or leave the house altogether without having to recognize his way through the lighting.

A mere day wasn't enough to make him forget these details.

After finishing the necessary emergency evacuation preparations, Annan went to the kitchen. With a kitchen knife in his right hand, three kitchen knives on his waist, and a drawing board as a shield tied to his left arm, he cautiously opened the study.

"Tsk."

To Annan's disappointment, no creeps emerged in the study.

"I don't know if the details of the nightmare can be changed after clearing the level."

Annan murmured, "If I were the planner of this game, I would put a creep here."

The intensity did not need to be too high, but it must be scary enough.

Think about it, the players had just gone through a terrifying and shocking infinite gallery loop and finally entered the painting world.

They spent several hours completing the portrait painting. At this time, they must be anxious with no knowledge of when Amos would be back. They had to concentrate on finding and deciphering Elle's diary.

Immediately afterward, they hurried to the study before Amos's return.

Then when they opened the study, they were greeted with an exciting battle amidst their urgency.

This was a classic scene that touched people's hearts and made people cry.

"But, it's just pure puzzle-solving."

Annan sighed regretfully.

He was ready to yell "Annan go wherever he wants" when the creep appeared, and he was ready to chop on the creep's face.

This dungeon instance did not give him room for wisdom. Annan was troubled by it.

How can I increase the evaluation ratings of the dungeon instance without killing something?

How about setting up a trap at the door and killing Amos at the door when he gets home?

With all kinds of strange thoughts in his mind, Annan began to observe Amos's bookshelf.

He narrowed his eyes slightly to observe the dust traces on the bookshelf.

Thankfully, Amos, as an older single man, who had not been at home all year round, did not have the habit of wiping dust frequently. At least this bookshelf should not have been wiped for a month or two.

The amount of dust on it could easily reveal Amos's reading tendency during the recent period.

Annan easily discovered that Amos often read only three books in total.

They were “Ritual Wikipedia,” “Dangerous Faith and Deities,” and...

“... “The Curse and Seal of Soul”?”

Annan murmured.

He left the first two books alone, but he was a little surprised by the third book.

After thinking for a while, he pulled out all three books, locked the study, and sat at the desk. He put the kitchen knife on the right-hand side, where he could get it at any time.

Then, Annan began to read these three books.

[1] An expression that the neighbor got to work overtime because his work efficiency was poor.