

Righteous Ps 48

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 48**

It was neither realistic nor safe to go out with a kitchen knife and fight with Amos.

Annan had never liked such aggressive tactics.

Although he had lost half of his feelings now, Annan believed that he should be a steady person looking forward to growing.

The so-called steady was just a tactic not to dive tower for a kill. [1]

Because there was a possibility of getting killed by the tower instead.

The correct way was to kill the opponent before they enter the defensive tower.

As you can imagine, it was a more reasonable and safe option.

Adhering to this philosophy, Annan did not directly hold the kitchen knife in his hand.

He picked a thicker coat and put a sweater on it. This kind of clothing would be a little hot, but it was still bearable. Because of this dress, Annan could hang several kitchen knives on the back of the coat, on the chest, and under the arms.

Annan put the kitchen knife in the sweater first and then covered the sharp edges through the coat to secure it firmly on the body. It functioned like a toothpick holding a bacon roll. These were all spaces that Annan could access freely at any time.

But it was a pity that he could only hide these smaller kitchen knives.

For the biggest kitchen knife, the one that Annan threw out smoothly on the painting, couldn't be dealt with so easily.

Annan hid it in Elle's piano room, near the door.

Indeed, Elle had her own piano room.

Although Annan didn't know who invented the piano in this world and when it emerged, he knew very well that the price of this thing was not cheap.

This was probably why Elle mentioned in her diary that she wanted to go to the concert.

It was a pity that Annan didn't know how to play the piano. But fortunately, Amos would not have a thick face to request a song, so this flaw might not be exposed shortly.

Annan's instinct told him that this piano might be related to the dungeon instance of different difficulty.

The death flags [2] in the third level were relatively lesser at present. As long as the player did not roam around and mind the nuisance, there was just enough time to finish reading the three books in the study.

If Annan was not careful and did not bring a kitchen knife into the study when Amos came home, and the portrait screamed, Annan would fall into a coma. It would result in Amos discovering him or get howled to death.

After all, when Annan threw out the knife, he saw the light and shadow effect in the study had a slight change. That was to say, if he did not react quickly, it might spawn a few creeps here and there.

After all, the guardian spirit can move freely in all the paintings drawn with this kind of paint.

In a sense, the first half of this dungeon instance was a disguised time-limited investigation similar to "Outlast [3]." Hesitation would lead to defeat. It was best not to waste time.

So what about the second half of the dungeon instance?

Is the cake poisonous? Will I fall into hallucinations after eating it?

Or does it mean that if I eat the cake that Amos bought and drink the black tea he makes, I will fall unconscious?

Regardless of the storyline, Annan would not explore the outcome with his body.

He decided to...

"Amos, come over quick!"

Annan closed the door of the piano room hard and then let out a panicked scream, "It's not right. Someone seems to have moved it!"

He didn't speak out 'piano' directly because he didn't know the name of this instrument in this world and worried that he would call it wrongly.

Annan was very cautious.

Another reason was...

He knew that if he said so, Amos could not remain calm.

There were shady secrets in his study. Whether it was a thief or an undead who moved the piano, he couldn't call the police.

"What?!"

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Amos was shocked.

His first reaction was to go to the study. But after Annan's repeated urging with a slight cry, he hurried over.

But, Annan was very glad that he successfully called Amos over. He did not need to raise his kitchen knife, which he temporarily named Forstmourne, to approach Elle's father.

Because Annan saw that Amos took out a revolver from behind his waist. It didn't seem to be an ordinary gun. The gun had a line of gleaming silver text written on it that Annan couldn't understand. Its caliber had a scary diameter.

At least Annan was certain that this gun was deadly for Elle, who was also an ordinary person.

"Is there anyone inside?"

Amos asked in a low voice.

"I didn't see it clearly," Annan lowered his voice that was full of fear, "But I saw the curtain just moved. It seems that someone is there!"

Amos looked at the closed door of the piano room, which was held tightly by Annan. He quickly pushed Annan behind him, raised the muzzle with his right hand, and slightly bent his index finger at the trigger position, "You stand behind me, Elle. No, stay away."

"You should also be careful, Amos."

Annan responded softly. The left hand placed on Amos's back trembled slightly, fully revealing the fear and helplessness of the hand's owner.

Amos arched his waist and pushed the door abruptly open.

He squinted slightly with his left hand tightly pulled the door of the room. He looked around the room for a while. But of course, he did not see anyone else.

Amos leaned in slowly and looked behind the door first. No one was there.

So Amos yelled, "Come out, friend!"

"I saw you!"

While saying this, Amos slowly approached the heavy curtain at the end of the room while holding the gun, and at the same time, raised his voice, "Elle, you hide behind the door!"

"Ok..."

There was still a hint of fear in Annan's voice, a little trembling. But it was clear that the arrival of his father gave "Elle" a lot of courage.

At the same time, Annan took out a kitchen knife from his right arm briskly. His left hand slowly took out the kitchen knife from where he had hidden the kitchen knife.

Then, Annan took aim for a while and quickly threw two kitchen knives at Mr. Amos, one after another!

The big kitchen knife was heavier and slashed on Amos's right shoulder. He couldn't help screaming. Under the pain, the gun in his hand fell to the ground.

The smaller kitchen knife aimed into the back of Amos's head. But, since Amos moved because of the pain, the sharp kitchen knife only cut into Mr. Amos's left neck deeply with blood seeping out.

At this moment, Annan had already pulled out the remaining two kitchen knives from the left and the right and threw them out without hesitation.

He slashed at Amos's neck, and another knife slashed Amos's right hand that was blocking the knife. Then, he pierced Amos's eye socket with his backhand.

Somehow, it could be a coincidence or fate; Annan's knife hit Amos's left eye.

It was the location of the scorch mark on Elle's portrait!

Annan pushed Amos down, rode on him, cut his throat, and nailed his eyes, ears, and temples. But, Amos was still struggling, as if he would not die. Bright red paint oozed from him.

The liquid tainted the floor, soaking it bright red. Then, the liquid came gushing like a collapsed dam. The bright red liquid gushed out from Amos's wound, flooding the entire room in the blink of an eye.

Annan felt like he was immersed in seawater. He felt a strong sense of suffocation. The whole world was as if there was only this bubbling red ocean left.

He struggled in this red ocean and gradually lost consciousness.

When Annan woke up again, he was still floating in the blood. But he no longer felt the strong sense of suffocation but breathing normally. A large number of system prompts appeared before his eyes.

Annan only realized with hindsight.

I seem to have cleared the dungeon.