

Righteous Ps 73

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 73

The rain had let up.

But, the wind grew stronger.

After Gerald's corpse became a nightmare, an inexplicable gust of wind blew past, making Annan's rain-drenched hair a little messy.

He squinted, reaching out and slowly pressing his hair back down.

Although Annan felt that it might be cool to transform his hairstyle to a swept-back hairstyle at this moment, he still realized it was not the time for "getting ahead of himself."

"What's happening?"

Annan took a sudden pause. He could vaguely hear the noise coming from outside the wall.

Annan raised his voice and asked, "Where does this rain come from?"

At the same time, he patted Salvatore on the shoulder and motioned Salvatore with his gaze.

Salvatore was not a fool.

The young wizard with short brown hair and heavy eye bags quickly reacted. He promptly picked up the ordinary-looking hammer and put it in his pocket, unnoticed.

Loud noises soon came from outside the crowd. It was accompanied by chaotic footsteps and bright yellow lights, gathering from all directions.

"Is Lord Geraint still inside?"

Someone shouted outside, "Is he trapped!"

It was a tall man dressed in leather armor with several medals hanging on his chest. He appeared to be forty years old. His sideburns were white. There were some wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, but he still appeared in good spirits.

A pistol in a larger size hung to his waist, and a stainless steel long sword was hung on the other side. This strange weapon combination attracted the players' eyes.

Behind him was a row of young people dressed as public security bureaus. They carried strange-shaped oil lamps in their hands, which looked like vertical barrel-shaped lanterns, but the flames in them were green. The light of the flames was refracted through the grease paper and turned into a warm yellow.

"No, we are..."

"Yes, we are....."

"Hello, here..."

The players had no idea how to respond. Several players talked at the same time, making the player group in a mess. However, the majority of the players were inclined toward not opening the door. Hence, when the new group of people came in, the player group pushed them back. All of a sudden, the narrow doorway became a mess.

At this moment, Annan's voice came from inside. It was clear and immature, but majestic:

"I am Don Juan Geraint. Who are you?"

Annan added, "Let them in."

The human wall formed by the players dispersed to both sides without hesitation. The few players who spoke to the opposing middle-aged man just now left the man's side.

Such orderly manners caused the middle-aged men and the police officers behind him to be taken aback.

When he saw Annan's face, he couldn't help but be shocked for a moment.

It was because Annan's eyelashes wet by rain, coupled with his icy blue pupils, made him feel closer to inorganic matter. He appeared like a doll with two jeweled eyes. It gave others the illusion of being cold, alienated, and indifferent.

But this was an illusion.

The middle-aged man only needed to look at Annan's subtle expression, gaze, and body language to guess that Annan was a solid and gentle person who followed the law but was not cowardly.

This deduction came from many years of experience in solving cases.

He quickly reacted, saluted Annan in a standard manner, and said respectfully,

"Greetings, dear feudal lord. My name is Ferdinand. I am the Deputy Police Chief of Roseburg."

"Oh, now you know that I am your feudal lord."

Annan chuckled, "But when I entered the city, you all didn't say that."

When Annan entered Roseburg previously, he showed his aristocratic token to prove a feudal lord's convoy. But the young guards guarding the city gate only admitted the first half of the premise being an aristocratic token. They respectfully escorted Annan and his group to the street with the standard of entertaining nobles, but they didn't admit that Annan was their feudal lord.

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As Annan inquired about Roseburg's internal situation, these guards and police did not answer. They even levied a city fee from Annan according to common noble standards.

When Salvatore scolded the guards and police, the personnel on duty were confused and said affirmatively, "I have never heard of any feudal lord coming," "No one knows about this," and the like.

Annan quickly stopped Salvatore, who was fuming with anger and paid for the city entrance fee gently.

Of course, Annan's gentle attitude after his identity was denied didn't conflict with the fact that Salvatore was getting angry.

After all, the affluent senior paid for the entrance fee.

Annan was confident that the person on duty didn't know about it.

Viscount should be sending out the personnel as bait. If Annan vented his anger at those on duty, he would be falling into the opponent's trap.

The Deputy Police Chief Ferdinand was unsurprised with Annan finding fault with him.

He also came prepared.

As soon as Annan finished speaking, Deputy Police Chief Ferdinand responded immediately, "I'm deeply sorry, feudal lord. The man guarding the city gate is new."

For some reason, several players around couldn't help laughing as Deputy Chief Ferdinand spoke. This made his heart sink.

But he quickly adjusted back and added without any changes on his expression,

"The child's father was sacrificed in the war previously, so everyone was too accommodating to him. He developed a somewhat lazy habit. But my lord, I assure you that his heart is kind. He didn't mean to embarrass you. I brought all the entrance fees you paid. If you want it now, we can pay you back right away."

Interesting.

Annan raised his brow slightly.

If this middle-aged man came up and threw the fault on the young guards, Annan would have the opportunity to get angry and hold them accountable. But, Ferdinand acted pity. He also hinted that Viscount Barber emerged from the battlefield. The unity, stability, and harmony within Roseburg made it a challenge for Annan to start somewhere.

However, if this was Viscount Barber's plan, then he didn't look down on Annan. At least Annan was treated as an adult noble who could understand human words. In terms of the viscount's pride, this was considered to be respectful to Annan.

Annan was also clever and didn't trouble the deputy police chief stubbornly.

He asked with a faint smile, "I think you guys are here to put out the fire?"

"I didn't expect the firefighting efficiency of the public security bureau in Roseburg to be so timely. You may go in and put out the fire as soon as possible. It would be bad for the fire to spread."

Annan put his hands behind his back, making a clear and melodious voice.

Seeing Annan so calm, Ferdinand had a headache.

They said Salvatore was more troublesome...

This young feudal lord is our trouble. How shrewd that Salvatore is in comparison? Is he Black Tower's Son?

Ferdinand pondered for a long time but still decided to be safe. He did not want to follow Annan's rhetoric but to act according to the script he got at the beginning,

“You go in and help put out the fire!”

Deputy Police Chief Ferdinand shouted and ordered.

The police officers behind him responded and rushed in. They started to combat the fire.

However, was it possible to extinguish Black Fire with water? But when they came here, they couldn't just do nothing either.

Even if they pretended to be busy like a backstage character, it was better to act like a street pole and follow Ferdinand.

After the police officers left, the lights near the door soon dimmed.

In the darkness, the middle-aged deputy police chief leaned in Annan's ear and whispered to him, “Lord Viscount wants me to express his thanks.”

“He said...Thanks to you, he was free from the mind control of that despicable eerie wizard.”

Ferdinand said, unfazed.