

Righteous Ps 75

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 75**

In the end, what happened?

Didn't it look friendly just now?

Why did it break out into a fight just as I turned my head away?

Why is that little girl named Jiu Er seriously injured? Did an assassin attack Don Juan? Where is the assassin now? Why are all the policemen lying down? Who did it first?

I finished one Alteration process, and it only took a few seconds. How come the whole situation has changed in the blink of an eye?

Salvatore was in a daze. His right hand gripped "The Venerated Skeleton's Bone Blood Trigger." He was at a loss and didn't know what to do.

What's going on? I can't handle this anymore.

Salvatore found his mind in chaos, and he gave up thinking altogether.

"Don Juan! What's wrong!?"

He shouted and rushed towards Annan quickly. "Is Miss Jiu Er okay?"

"No, it's okay. Jiu Er fainted out of shock. She's fine."

Hearing Salvatore's call, the frost on Annan's body gradually converged. His expression slowly returned to that cold and indifferent look,

"I'm mad because Viscount Barber dares to arrange for someone to assassinate me, not because of Jiu Er's safety. After all, they are no longer ordinary people. They are not so easy to die. It's just that Jiu Er has never encountered such a danger before."

Annan explained his gaffe.

But to the players, this forced explanation seems a little bland because Annan paled when he saw Jiu Er fall to the ground. There was panic in his eyes in addition to the fury and fear like a cub. Even Annan's hands began to tremble. That pitiful look was unforgettable.

You were scared just now.

Did you recall that Jiu Er can be resurrected?

Some players were aware of it.

Judging from the feudal lord's reaction, the player's resurrection should not be independent plot settings. But because something happened before, the players could be resurrected. That was why Young Master Don Juan didn't react in time.

Right now, the players had a clearer understanding of Don Juan.

Although “Don Juan Geraint” usually looked cold and meticulous, there was gentleness and kindness in him. There was no doubt that Annan pretended to be like this on purpose to protect himself.

However, Annan was a bit daunting at this moment.

This indifference seemed to come from the heart. He should be furious.

But with his character, was he angry because he was attacked?

Or was the aristocratic boy panicked like this because he involved others in danger?

Why did he react so much to this incident?

Some players went into deep thought and came up with a series of plots that spanned at least 200,000 words.

Jiu Er, who closed her eyes and pretended to die, had at least twenty book lengths of stories imagined in her mind.

Of course, she pretended to be the protagonist in her imagination.

“What?”

Salvatore was startled when he heard the reply.

Before Annan could respond, he asked tentatively, “Is it the effect of some kind of curse vessel in your family? As long as you don't die, they can quickly recover from their injuries or similar effects.

“Don't answer first. If it's close to what I guessed, then don't tell me the details of the curse vessel. I won't listen. After all, even if I can keep it a secret for you, I may not be able to protect my memory.”

No way, senior, are you so self-conscious?

Annan was stunned when Salvatore said this.

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He had thought about the rhetoric before, but he didn't have time to explain it.

As a result, Salvatore took the initiative to find an excuse for Annan.

How can you sway yourself like that?

Did you allow me to conquer your character like that [1]?

When the players heard Salvatore's words, even they nodded as if they came into a realization suddenly.

Oh, I see.

It turns out that our player's resurrection mechanism operates like this in this world. No wonder we are stated to protect our feudal lord's safety.

Annan was silent for a while, then asked, “Have you seen a similar curse vessel?”

He neither admitted nor denied this. Even if someone searched Salvatore's memory, it would never be possible to detect that Annan was lying.

But he answered like this after Salvatore's words, but it sounded like he had tacitly agreed.

Salvatore also didn't realize that Annan was tricking him.

“Don't underestimate the curse vessel because that deity named curse vessel is not so powerful. That is just a toy for those kinds of people.”

Even though they left Freezing Water Port, Salvatore still habitually addressed the Venerated Skeleton as “third person.”

He frowned, looked at the corpses of the public security bureau on the ground, and replied absent-mindedly while feeling sad, “But after all, you haven't enrolled into the academy. Ah, sorry, I'm referring to the knowledge about Transcended. You are too young, and your father probably didn't tell you much about it. But you are already Transcended, so it is better to have some common knowledge in this regard.

“For the 'legendary' curse vessel, never mind a limited resurrection mechanism, even if it is resurrecting a certain person from distant history; or summoning a certain character from the story, it can be done. If you think about it, the nightmare has the power to make you cross the time barrier and go back to the past. The curse vessel is greater than this power. and there is nothing incredible.”

Salvatore said this with a slightly serious expression, “For the rest, your father should tell you when you reach adulthood.

“The most powerful or the greatest curse vessels in the world are in various countries' ruler's hands. To be more accurate, they have mastered these curse vessels that the churches come to them rather than replacing them after the Great Barrier is broken.”

What about religious countries?

Was it because the alliance banded together and defeated the curse vessel?

This question popped up in Annan's mind.

“Wow.”

But Annan didn't interrupt Salvatore's thoughts. He replied with an exclamation and asked calmly, “Is it much stronger than the deity named curse vessel?”

“The difference is large. The legendary curse vessel itself is equivalent to ritual. Knowledge at this level already carries a 'weight.' Not everyone can learn about it casually.”

Salvatore was relieved to see that the cold vibe on Annan's body shrugged off a bit.

After all, the Falteration Wizard was susceptible to gradually losing feelings due to negative emotions. Salvatore had noticed in time that he said a little too much. But he got to continue the story to help Annan feel better and forget the unpleasantness just now. Anyway, no harm happened to the group,

“But for the general situation, I still have some info. For example, in our Noah Kingdom, the ability may be related to time. But I'm not sure, and it's just a guess. After all, you also know that the king is full of clock towers. It's so scary. This is not normal.”

“Let's not talk about that,” Annan suddenly interrupted Salvatore. “You can wait until I get back to continue the chatter.”

“You stay here to fight the fire. Although there are no residential houses around Viscount Mansion, it's better to contain the fire.”

“What about you?”

Salvatore asked casually.

But as soon as he asked, he regretted it.

Because a bad premonition suddenly appeared in his heart.

Does he still intend to stir up trouble?