

Righteous Ps 76

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 76

As predicted.

Facing Salvatore's question, Annan replied without hesitation,

"I'm naturally going for a fight."

Annan came to Roseburg to kill Viscount Barber.

The viscount first sent mercenaries to loot the Freezing Water Port and then planned to assassinate Annan and Salvatore. Even if Annan inferred from common sense, he knew that this grievance could not be resolved.

He had no resentment, hatred, nor anger in his heart towards Viscount Barber.

But in another perspective, when Annan thought about "Should I kill Viscount Barber," he felt joy in his heart.

Then, I probably hate this man.

"Alvin Barber."

Annan muttered the name. His tone was erratic.

Annan was expressionless. He didn't say anything like "You angered me," "You hurt my men," and so on.

Only pure joy ignited in his eyes.

His desire to kill was fuming.

Just imagining the pleasure of killing Alvin Barber, Annan could feel his face faintly flushed and hot, as if he drank too much alcohol.

"How about I'll go with you, Don Juan?"

Salvatore frowned and was not too surprised by the answer, "Why don't you wait for me? I will disperse all the Black Fire here and go with you. Going alone is dangerous.

"Besides, you don't need to take risks. You can endure it for a while. After I return to Black Tower, there is a way to solve this problem for you."

"Thank you very much. I know you worry about my safety, but I don't want to bear with this any longer."

Annan interrupted Salvatore, "It's like what you said before. This is something I have to do. It's not that I hate him personally, nor is it that I want to take back the feudal lord power he stole from me.

"I just want to kill him."

His eyes seemed to sparkle; his voice was sonorous.

Annan's words were filled with heroic boldness. The strong positive emotions rose as if Annan was entwined with holy light.

This even gave Salvatore an illusion as if Annan was not going for revenge or killing. He merely wanted to give up his life to save the world.

“But even if there is only one Transcended next to Master Viscount, that person alone is not easy for you to deal with.”

Salvatore persuaded Annan tactfully, “Give me six hours. I will disperse all these Black Fires and go to him with you. He will not run too far.”

After all, these personal guards around Annan were unranked. They had no resistance to curses. They were susceptible to mind control, frozen, blown to pieces, or directly caged.

Salvatore became more worried.

Don Juan can only rely on me.

These personal guards are too young.

Even if they can be resurrected from the dead, they should still be afraid of death and pain.

Even if they are not afraid of death or pain, they seem to be in their twenties only.

What can these youngsters do?

Although a young and healthy body was necessary for swordsmen, they needed to have a sharp mind and valor. With the lack of social experience, lack of study, and inexperience on the battlefield, these youngsters were prone to be reckless. When facing a strong enemy, mentality was often the key.

These flaws were fatal.

But Annan just shook his head indifferently.

“I believe them, senior.”

In Annan's words, there was no hesitation, “They are my most loyal and powerful guards. Each of them is an elite.”

Even the players heard this, they believed that it was by no means hypocritical, but a deep trust came within the heart.

The players were also moved.

They suddenly realized that they had gradually fallen in love with this aristocratic boy who was cold on the surface and refused to admit the kindness in his heart.

He would be in panic and fear for the injuries of his “mere personal guards;” he would abandon powerful reinforcements to prevent the fire from spreading for the better good; he would risk fighting against a powerful wizard whose combat power was far beyond his.

He wanted to kill Viscount Barber to protect his people.

Unlike Salvatore, the players thought so.

After all, the game rule for the nobles was to compromise.

Salvatore didn't understand this, but players from modern society could understand it.

“Don Juan Geraint” stood out against the noble rules and fought against the strong enemy with a weak body. It should be for the light in his heart.

His actions were in the name of righteousness.

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Such a fearless mindset to reject reality could only be found among thirteen-year-old teenagers. After all, they had just begun to understand society's truth and knew what was right and wrong.

The players questioned themselves.

Because they had gone through this age.

Even though their current work was relatively in line with their wishes, they had begun to succumb to the rules of reality and understood that not everything would be perfect.

But also because of this.

Instead, a determination to “help Don Juan” was born in their hearts!

That was not to do good, let alone so-called loyalty, but it was not for profit.

It was the sentiment of their youth.

Of course, Annan was in full grasp of the players' psychology.

The player would think so because they were under Annan's lead.

Before the players entered the game, they watched the promotional CG carefully selected and produced by Annan. The Annan in the CG had a positive image of fighting against a mighty enemy without succumbing to intimidation and temptation. All for the sake of leading the people and for justice.

Annan was more like a brave knight than a nobleman. However, the knight fell into a situation of being persecuted by the evil nobles.

The players would subconsciously empathize with Annan. This sympathy would shorten the spiritual distance between them.

After all, the idea of “empathy” would not come into Salvatore's mind. It was impossible for him to sympathize and pity a nobleman.

But the players were different.

The players subconsciously thought that their status was higher than the “NPC.” They probably had reacted to it now that this place might be a real world.

But after all, they came in through games. This arrogance would be rooted in their hearts, and it would be difficult to eradicate.

Annan took advantage of this arrogance. In other words, with the help of this sympathy and scrutiny born from arrogance, the players could “empathize” with Annan even more.

The so-called empathy was the ability to understand the emotions and thoughts of others, understand others' stances and feelings, and think and deal with problems from the perspective of others.

In other words, they succumbed to Annan's pitiful portrayal subconsciously.

When Annan led them to defeat Viscount, this empathy would evolve as a blissful shared secret. The players would have a good memory.

Therefore, Annan could not let Salvatore participate in this matter.

This would be a date between "Don Juan Geraint" and the "player" instead of a party of three.

This kind of "romance marketing" was also one of Annan's skills. People's IQ would tend to drop when they fell in love because they subconsciously entrust part of their thinking to another person.

Having a grasp on others' decision-making was undoubtedly equivalent to controlling their hearts.

"I will never let Alvin Barber live to see the sun tomorrow."

Annan turned his head and said solemnly to the players, "Everyone, I intend to confront Master Viscount. He is undoubtedly the unrighteous party. I do not intend and do not want to surrender to him.

"But you have family and friends after all. I may offend some other forces. They may be stronger than the Gerant family and me.

"So, you don't have to be involved in this matter. If you want to leave, I will assume that you have never come to Roseburg today and erase all your footprints. Everything here has nothing to do with you. This is my promise."

Annan's hidden line was: If you don't participate, I will reset your affection rate to zero.

The players also understood this meaning—one by one with firm determination and murderous expressions in their eyes.

Annan looked at the players and nodded in satisfaction.

He made a child-like but cold voice, "Those who are willing to go with me, sheath your swords."

At the next moment, a series of sword sheaths came in a mess.

Although the scene was not neat, it did not seem weak.

The players didn't even think about it.

There was no doubt that their concerns about the safety of their relatives and friends were non-existent. It wasn't a factor to challenge their loyalty to Annan.

This scene deeply shocked Salvatore.

Salvatore was silent for a while, walked over, and took out the hammer from his pocket. He carefully handed it to Annan.

Salvatore whispered with some worry, "You may have it first. Remember to come back alive and give it back to me."

“That's natural. I will come back.”

While talking, Annan opened the waist bag containing the kitchen knife and put the hammer in.

There was no fear or hesitation on his face,

“This is a righteous act. Silver Sire will be on my side.”

That overwhelming confidence was as dazzling as the sun.

Combined with his looks, it was enough to move people's hearts.