

Righteous Ps 79

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 79

Seeing the unpredictable expression on Viscount Barber's face, Annan couldn't help but laugh.

He felt joy from the heart bottom.

Alright, I made the right bet.

From the very beginning, Annan guessed that Viscount Barber would probably know "Don Juan Geraint." After all, this old man had lived too long, let alone Don Juan, even Annan. Viscount Barber might have known him.

Even with the slightest possibility, the viscount had never seen or knew Don Juan and had never seen Don Juan's portrait, but the viscount at least met Don Juan's grandfather.

Viscount would never expect that when he invited Annan in alone, this plan had instead helped Annan.

This was helping Annan to hide his identity.

Otherwise, the "Don Juan Geraint" disguise would be lost today.

"You're not Don Juan Geraint at all! You are the one from Chilly Austere's...Annan!?"

Alvin Barber's lips trembled a little, seemingly a shriek, "Yes, is that you?"

Seeing old Viscount's face as if seeing a ghost, Annan was a little skeptical. He might have almost scared the old man to death just now.

There was only a gentle smile on Annan's face, "Yes, it's me.

"As for where Don Juan is, I think you should be more clear in your heart."

"That's how it is... That's how it is. No wonder..."

Old Alvin muttered, his body leaning back on the stool. Fear and panic remained in his eyes, but he seemed to have gradually figured out something.

Annan kept a gentle smile, watching the viscount quickly calm down again.

Viscount was silent for a while, then asked.

"Don Juan is indeed fed to the fish..."

The old man's voice was still a little hoarse. This might be because of his emotion being stirred up just now.

Annan smiled and didn't reply.

So quiet and passive. It was also part of the cliché.

The so-called being snobbish.

When facing Old Alvin, he couldn't dupe him like how he tricked Salvatore.

The viscount was paranoid and experienced, so Annan had to use another set of tricks.

“Did the third prince look for you? Or did you go to the third prince?”

Viscount thought silently for a while before continuing to ask slowly.

That's a good question.

Annan sneered in his heart.

No matter how Annan answered, it would inevitably indicate that the viscount had acquiesced to his cooperation with the third prince. If Annan did not cooperate with the third prince, Annan's answers would reveal flaws.

It seemed to be a multiple-choice question, but it was a word problem in the standard test.

Annan deliberately hesitated at this moment and did not answer directly. He turned his head to look at the sturdy bald man.

On such a cold day, there was a third person wearing a thin shirt. The bulging muscles put pressure on his top. He looked like an underground boxer.

“Who is this?”

Annan changed the subject and asked deliberately, “Is he your housekeeper?”

“My name is Justin Kney, sir.”

Before the old viscount could reply, Justin got up from his chair and saluted Annan respectfully, “Grandma loves all her family.”

“May 'Grandma' love you too, dear brother.”

Annan answered obediently.

He immediately turned around and greeted the old viscount, “And you, Grandpa Barber.”

This was the greeting etiquette commonly used by Chilly Austere Dukedom, which Annan learned from the book before/

Like the Noah Kingdom believed in Silver Sire, they would mention Silver Sire or silver coins in greetings.

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In Chilly Austere Dukedom greetings, they would treat others as if they were relatives. For example, “Grandma loves you, dear brother,” “May grandma bless you today,” and so on.

But those with low status could only give blessings in a broader sense when they greeted those who were not familiar but with high status. At this time, if you call each other directly as family members, it would appear to be closed and flattery. Of course, if one was thick-skinned, one could do that.

If the other party responded in a broader sense, it meant alienation. If the other party was willing to address you intimately, it meant that the other party also maintained goodwill.

The only exception was elderly.

Chilly Austere Dukedom respected the elderly. The elderly had higher status. Even if they met a feudal lord, they did not need to pay their greetings or salute. Instead, the feudal lord had to greet the elder. If the elderly were old enough, the local feudal lord would provide the elderly with money and food every year.

Based on this custom, Annan would not be suspected of being overly courteous, even if he was gentle and always answering questions. After Annan's previous misleading, the old viscount would only think that this was all after taking off the "Don Juan Geraint" disguise.

Do you think I am Don Juan? Am I from the Gerant family?

You are wrong. I am Annan Chilly Austere.

Do you think I am a Chilly Austerian?

You are wrong again. In fact, I am a soul traveler.

Old Viscount nodded slowly, his attitude a little milder.

"This is my new housekeeper and also my guard captain. He's not bad."

He briefly introduced Justin to Annan, then turned to the bald man and said with a serious face, "Go and consult the kitchen if there is still dinner ready."

"Since you called me grandpa, stay for dinner tonight."

The real purpose of the old viscount was to lead Justin away temporarily.

Annan specifically asked Justin to answer this question, asking Viscount Barber if he would let Justin know.

Old Alvin also made his response.

No.

Justin clearly understood what Alvin Barber meant. He didn't say much. He just nodded and left the room.

He didn't think anything would happen to the old viscount.

Although one was younger than older, they were both people with high social standing. Those people would not face off each other physically.

There was no conflict of interest between them.

Old Alvin's enemy was Don Juan from the crow's house. But Annan was not Don Juan at all, so they were not enemies. They could be temporary comrades who had the same enemy.

Annan was the Grand Duke's son. His social standing was much nobler than the old Alvin. He lurked at the Freezing Water Port. It was naturally impossible for his plot to hunt for the viscount's life. He also needed the support of the local Alvin, the old man.

At the same time, Annan came over in Don Juan Geraint's disguise, who the third prince had killed. It meant that his third prince might have a deal with Chilly Austere Dukedom.

No matter what Justin thought, he didn't think it was possible for the two of them to go into a fight.

On the contrary, if he knew too much, his life might be in danger.

He was grateful to Annan in his heart.

Annan had figured out I'm not the viscount's personal man, so he persuaded me to go away before talking about secrets.

“He is such a kind person.”

Justin sighed.

On the other side, the old viscount had slumped in his seat with a look of fatigue.

Annan let out a soft breath. The dark gray light in his eyes gradually dimmed.

Afterward, he took out the hammer and kitchen knife from the waist bag.

Annan was grateful to Justin, who left obediently.

Faced with such a big secret, this man could resist not staying at the door to eavesdrop.

“What a smart man.”

Annan commented.

You're pretty clever.

Unfortunately, have you heard of the tactic to lure the tiger from its domain in the mountains?