

Righteous Ps 81

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 81

“You are wrong.”

Old Alvin took a deep breath and said slowly, “I won't choose either.”

Huh?

Oh, you prefer this kind of thing? Want to show an upright and unyielding side?

Annan was taken aback and suddenly became excited.

Seeing the weird light flashing in Annan's eyes, Old Alvin quickly explained, “No, don't get me wrong because I'm not under the Third Prince. I'm just a spy planted on his side.”

He sighed, looked into Annan's eyes, and said slowly one by one, “I'm not sure whether you have instilled a curse of 'Lie and Die.' But I think you should be able to see it. I'm telling the truth now. We can cooperate because at least we are not enemies now.”

As he said, Old Alvin took a deep breath, and his expression became serious.

He showed an expression that made Annan a little familiar and said something Annan seemingly heard before,

“Have you heard of Rotten Man?”

No, but have you heard of a eunuch?

Annan wanted to ask a question, but he held it back after thinking about it.

Holding it back was quite uncomfortable.

Annan was silent for a while with a thoughtful look on his face, “You mean...”

—Actually, Annan knows nothing.

“You guessed it right.”

Old Alvin took a deep breath, “I'm a believer in Rotten Man. No, don't worry. Please wait for me to finish. Although the relationship between the respected Old Grandmother and Rotten Man is bad, we have the same goal.

“The immortal Rotten Man is the God of Immortality and Heirless. Unlike the respected Old Grandmother, we advocate the eternity of one individual. Since children are the continuation of the parents' lives, why do we need offspring if the parents themselves can live forever? No matter what you want to do or have any unfinished regrets, instead of handing it over to future generations, why not do it yourself?

“So, if you ask me whether I support the Third Prince or Chilly Austere, I naturally don't support either.”

Old Alvin said slowly, “Because I have always been loyal to His Majesty the King.

“There is no ritual that can please Rotten Man more than the extinction of the royal family.

“His Majesty the King has nine children – five daughters and four sons. Now there are three alive – Princess Royal, the Third Prince, and the Fourth Prince.”

The Old Viscount smiled. “And this is naturally our credit.

“Disease. Curse. Accident. Our ultimate goal is simple – to exterminate the royal family.

“In this way, Henry VIII must pray for the help of Rotten Man or Old Grandmother. So that he can give birth to another son or directly restore his youth and obtain immortality. His Majesty had once launched a war with Chilly Austere Dukedom. Even if Old Grandmother is willing to bless His Majesty, he has grown to this age. Can he watch his children grow up again?

“Even if he chooses this... We can kill his children. Being passive and alert for such a long time will eventually lead to negligence that gives us the opportunity.

“Besides, we are not asking him to kill his children. This is the most troublesome and cruel step. We have already done it for His Majesty.”

Old Alvin slowly said, “When His Majesty realizes the problem, he only needs to make a choice. On the one hand, he will return to his youth and gain eternal life; on the other hand, the dynasty passed down from generation to generation will fall into the hands of outsiders for no reason.”

Annan understood.

From the very beginning, there was only one choice left to Henry VIII.

—Eternal life.

How many people could resist its temptation?

Even if the price was to keep sacrificing the children's lives?

Even if the king had disgust on his face and reluctance on his lips, when he could only choose this way to regain his youth, wouldn't he be happy because of it?

When he got old again, could he bear it not to go through the ritual?

So, to be on the safe side.

If Henry VIII intended to use Rotten Man's ritual, he would first make Rotten Man's Church a legal church in the Noah Kingdom. This was not difficult for him. If all his children died, his scattered power would return to his hands instead.

What a scheme! A daring scheme.

Just wait until Henry VIII was too old to have children, and by the death's door, the Rotten Man's believers would kill all his children.

Henry VIII had no other choice.

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It could be an illusion, but Annan always thought that the false deities in this world were quite enthusiastic.

Whether it was the Venerated Skeleton or Rotten Man, they were like salesmen who stopped the passersby on the roadside, "Come here, this is our new product, please try it." After those allured tasted it and found it sweet, they were troubled to buy it and spent money for it.

—Free things are the most expensive.

Annan agreed with this.

But obviously, people in this world didn't seem to understand this rule.

"The only one at fault is the fact that mortals will grow old after all."

Old Alvin snorted softly and sighed in a low voice.

He curled up in his seat like a skeleton; his figure was gaunt.

"That's why you said that you are neither on the side of the Third Prince nor on our side, Chilly Austere Dukedom."

Annan nodded, understanding Old Alvin's stance.

There were parts about inheritance, family, heirs, and authority in the Old Grandmother's priesthood, which contradicted Rotten Man. So Old Alvin couldn't defect to Chilly Austere Dukedom. Instead of betraying after pretending to be on Annan's side, it was better to tell Annan directly.

On the other hand, Old Alvin was using the Third Prince. Though, the Gerant family was indeed his enemy. The reason was simple. The Gerant family picked a stance and supported Princess Royal. The current king was the most optimistic about Princess Royal too.

What Rotten Man wanted was to kill all the royal heirs before the king died. Whether it was the Third Prince or Princess Royal, the royal heirs were the Rotten Man church's enemies.

Since Old Alvin was a spy against the Third Prince, it meant that as long as Old Alvin was kept alive, he would continue to weaken the Noah Kingdom Royalty's power.

At least until the king completed the Rotten Man ritual, the more the royal family died, the happier Chilly Austere Kingdom would be.

So, Annan Chilly Austere would not kill Old Alvin at this time.

At best, Annan would report the incident back, trying to prevent Henry VIII from getting eternal life at the end of the ritual. Or directly assassinate the king. This was the most cost-effective and effortless plan.

It was built on the premise that our MC was the "Annan Chilly Austere."

—Unexpectedly, you made the same mistake twice.

Annan took a deep breath and gave a gentle smile.

However, I got critical information.

Fortunately, Annan hadn't directly hacked Old Alvin to death just now. Otherwise, he would not find out about the existence of the "Rotten Man" behind the scenes. He would only think this was a typical war between the royal heirs.

"Great, you are honest. You deserve praise."

Annan smiled slightly, took two steps back. He put the kitchen knife and hammer back into the bag, indicating that he was not hostile.

"Oh, right."

Annan said casually, "Who don't you let him take me to your study? Are your letters and documents supposed to be there?"

"Do you really need to confirm it?"

Viscount Barber frowned slightly, but he nodded calmly, "Sure. This is my sincerity in cooperating with you. How's that?"

"Cool, let's have a happy cooperation. Since you have Rotten Man backing you, when your plan is successful, you will have a chance to relieve your curse. Our cooperation will be terminated at that time."

Annan smiled slightly, "Would you like to send someone to pick up my entourage? You can discuss the details of the cooperation with them."

Annan was confident that Viscount Barber would agree.

With Viscount Barber's character, he was likely to consider Annan's enormous advantage in front of him was the blessing brought by the "Transcended" power.

In this way, he would agree to meet Annan's "followers." The purpose was to get some clues from the followers' mouths. Since both sides were discussing cooperation, they must show each other some hidden trump cards. Old Viscount didn't believe that every follower of Annan could be as cunning as Annan.

Of course, Annan didn't believe it either.

However, he did not need the cooperation discussion to take place.

Because the curse condition that Annan imposed on Alvin would be triggered when Alvin "intended to expose Annan's identity to others," making him forget what Alvin was going to say. At the same time, the Old Alvin would suffer cardioplegia.

But Old Alvin certainly wouldn't anticipate that.

Annan's subordinates were considered the "others."

After all, these players didn't even know Annan's true identity!