

Righteous Ps 89

The Righteous Player(s) C89– Am I Really A Kind Person?

Chapter 89: Am I Really A Kind Person?

“It wasn't just me, right? Don Juan.” Salvatore couldn't help but complain, “Isn't this place too quiet?”

He had just walked all the way through the gate, but he didn't find a living person.

Not to mention Annan and the players, not even the servants and housekeepers.

What was even more exaggerated was that the entire manor was pitch dark with the lights out.

From the manor entrance to the interior, it was pitch black. Only the dining hall was lit.

Indeed, there was only light in the room where Annan and the dead body were.

Salvatore fumbled his path through the darkness, walked in horror, and then entered the dining hall. He immediately found a fair and quiet young man sitting under the dim light and a fresh corpse.

Annan still looked at Salvatore without saying a word, with a weird smile on his lips.

The icy blue pupils instantly chilled Salvatore's heart.

He felt like he was almost scared till his erosion rate worsened.

“You should at least turn on the light. Are you saving fuel for the viscount? The price of Green Fire is not expensive either.”

Salvatore couldn't help but complain.

Under his remonstrance, Annan reluctantly turned on all the lights that could be turned on in the manor.

“I just don't want others to know that there is someone in this manor.”

Annan sighed and explained patiently, “I have to stay here and look after the corpse. This is the most important evidence. But I don't want to just look after the corpse and let the other important things in the manor be stolen.”

For example, things like cash, jewelry, or tokens.

Of course, Annan didn't say this out.

Salvatore was surprised, “What? Did you really kill him?”

It could be seen from this sentence that although Salvatore did not see through Annan's logic, he had some inexplicable insights into some of Annan's inner personality and habits.

Annan calmly patted the seat next to him and motioned to Salvatore to sit next to him.

Later, he explained in a low volume, “I did kill him, but the problem is.

“He is a believer in Rotten Man.”

Salvatore was taken aback when he heard Annan's words.

He slowly looked at Viscount Barber and arrived at a clearer understanding.

"That's the case. I see."

Salvatore immediately asked Annan, "Did you manage to interrogate anything out of Alvin?"

Salvatore used the address Master Viscount previously, but now he referred to the viscount as Alvin.

Annan smiled silently and responded, "It seems that you knew something from the beginning. You just didn't know that he is a Rotten Man's believer."

"That's natural. It is not a secret that the Rotten Man Church is preparing to invade the kingdom. After all, His Majesty is so old. When the life of each ruler is approaching, the people of Rotten Man Church will appear like a salesman.

"I didn't expect them to be among the nobles."

Salvatore exclaimed.

Annan watched Salvatore's reaction and had a guess in his mind.

Does Black Tower already know the Rotten Man Church's plan?

So Annan asked, "Then do you know which ritual they plan to use?"

Annan went with a 'Boom!' message.

—Turns out, Annan's bomb was quite accurate.

"You mean 'Offsprings Bloodbath' ritual? I know that too," Salvatore replied with no reservation.

"This seemingly abnormal heirs war happened too suddenly. At first, we suspected that this might be part of a ritual or an omen. Among the possible rituals, the most probable one is the 'Offsprings Bloodbath' ritual that increases lifespan.

"It's just that the kingdom's intelligence department has been unable to find even one relevant person from the Rotten Man Church, so we can't be sure. But, His Majesty is smart. I think he should know it in his heart."

Hearing this, Annan was silent for a moment.

Salvatore! What an honest man! He utilized his action in proving to Annan what was free lunch.

Annan just asked casually, and the honest man had leaked a lot of information.

He could now easily decipher a bunch of information through Salvatore's words.

Annan sighed, "Yes, I did kill viscount. But don't disclose this information for the time being."

"Don't sweat it. I understand."

Salvatore nodded slowly, "You are a wise and kind person, Don Juan."

What?

Wait, what do you find out on your own again?

Annan was at a loss.

But, he was unfazed but just looked away in silence, waiting for Salvatore's further explanation.

“After all, he is a viscount and also your grandfather's vassal. So you murdering him meant something. Since you're the official feudal lord of the North Sea Territory and the direct descendants of the monarch, it means that he is subjected to a felony as serious as a death sentence.

“As a result, his grandson will immediately be declared a sinner and be executed. Worse still, the grandson knows nothing about it and did nothing wrong. His only sin is being the Alvin Barber's grandson.”

Speaking of it, it seems that Alvin Barber does have a grandson.

Is he not burned to death?

Annan heard it and asked, “Where is his grandson now?”

“The mission school. I have already done my investigation.”

Salvatore replied, “He usually lives in a mission school and will go home on weekends. This also posts another question. Why was he sent to a mission school?”

Annan nodded.

After some quick thoughts, Annan already knew what Salvatore meant.

That was not to say that the mission school was not good. At least the security there was excellent. Mission schools were even safer than aristocratic residences. After all, no one would try to attack the upright deities' churches.

However, children who graduated from mission schools could directly join the church through internal channels if they performed well. They got to skip the preparatory phase of deacon and start directly as a priest— the official priest who could utilize the magic arts.

When excellent students joined the church and got a decent and stable job, it was uncommon for them to venture out alone to find other jobs.

Therefore, ordinary nobles would take extraordinary measures to prevent their children from joining the church when their children become adults. The nobles would forbid their children to enter the church school for the reason “the children can't get to know friends who match their status.” The nobles would instead invite excellent tutors to give one-on-one tutoring.

But Viscount Barber was different.

He was willing to send his grandson to a mission school to study. Many people also praised him for his devotion to Silver Sire.

The problem was that Annan knew that Alvin Barber was not a believer in Silver Sire at all.

“Viscount Barber's grandson should also be the sacrifice to Rotten Man. The same should be true of his two sons previously so that he can live longer. Because of this, he doesn't need to think about his children's future at all. Educational issues and making friends at noble status aren't anything in Old Alvin's concern.”

Salvatore analyzed.

Old Alvin only needed to consider “security issues.”

In other words, the offering's freshness.

Salvatore looked at Annan somewhat complicatedly, “No matter who you claim to kill viscount, there will be no difference in handling the follow-up matters because of my presence.

“I can help you deliver this critical information to Black Tower and escort your witness and physical evidence. They shall vow for you. According to the Kingdom Law, you aren't subjected to be guilty and bear any responsibility in killing nobles and priests.

“The only difference is the life or death of the Viscount Barber's grandson—the real innocent person in this incident. If you claim that you have killed viscount, then whether the crime of viscount intending to murder the royal heir, the crime of meddling in the throne's heir, or the “little crime” of trying to murder you – the feudal lord and the prince, will result in his grandson being sentenced to death.

“But if you claim that Old Alvin was murdered. Then, not only will his grandson not be convicted, but he will be the only surviving heir and be lucky enough to inherit Roseburg. The irony is that he was originally only a livestock and a sacrifice. Just a mere tool.”

Salvatore sighed and murmured in a low volume, “You must feel the injustice on him.

“My hunch is right. You are really a kind person.”

Wait, what?

Annan was a little stunned when he heard Salvatore's analysis.

How come the more you have analyzed, the more it seems to make sense?

You're making me think so in my heart.

—Stop. What was I thinking in the first place?

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