

## Chapter 1

### The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 1

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His body seemed to have fallen apart; his spirit was exhausted. He was in a state where a person with severe motion sickness was tied to the seat, and was forced to endure a two hours drive. After vomiting the stuff in his stomach, he was in a daze. Even lying on the beach, he had the illusion of walking on the ground with his feet.

Annan didn't want to move, think, or talk. He could only lie quietly on the beach, watching the last few digits dropping as if time was gradually lost...

After he woke up, thirty-two minutes had passed. \*After all, there was a timer.\* He felt a little thirsty.

Annan clutched the aching back of his head and slowly got up from the ground.

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But the moment he tapped on it, he fainted as soon as his eyes went dark. The whole occasion was similar to having someone attacked the back of his head with a brick.

“What a novel way of transmigration...”

Annan took a deep breath in exhaustion; he couldn't help but sit on the ground and cough.

He recovered slightly from his poor state after a while. Right now, he could barely support his weak body as if there was no skeleton in his body.

He slowly got up from the beach. He lowered his head to look at his slender fingers and the luxurious, but muddy and bloody blouse.

This looks like the clothes of a nobleman... Did I encounter a shipwreck previously?

Annan took a deep breath and glanced at his back.

He saw an endless black sea behind him, the dilapidated sailing ship stranded on the shore, and the dark red sunset hanging high on the seashore with three luxurious golden runes spinning on it.

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Although he was psychologically prepared for the fact that he was transmigrated into another world, it was the first time he saw this gorgeous sunset that seemed to be a special effect with no cost. He was shocked for a moment.

His first reaction was a resolute idea:

—Miss Game Artist, give us a sunset like this too.

Then, Annan reacted with hindsight. It appears that I don't have to work overtime anymore... After traveling to another world, I have already bid farewell to my game planning career.

I can only be sad as a young nobleman: eating, drinking and having fun every day. I will be enjoying this decadent and boring life.

What a tragedy!

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He was like a player who skipped all the beginning CGs without a game guide.

He was weak, helpless, and confused.

Who am I? Where am I? What am I going to do?

Annan sighed and patted his face, making himself a little more sober.

He felt something vaguely wrong.

Although he was not the average joe, why was he not nervous after something tragic had happened?

Neither fear nor panic, Annan had no negative emotions in his heart. He was calm like a social animal living a peaceful life.

This was still unlike the mental state that a social animal should have, nor should it be the emotion of someone transmigrated to a new world. Needless to say, the sun with this special effect kind of hinted that the world was a chaotic one.

In this case, I should be nervous and flustered, or that is how it supposedly should be...

“Woo.”

The moment Annan realized this, he suddenly felt as if he had been hit hard on the back of his head. With a moment being at a daze, a large amount of data began to surge from all directions, and finally formed an attribute window:

Annan. Human. Male.

Elite Rare (Gold), Challenge Rating 3

Title: None

Rank: None

Health: 55%

Erosion: 3%

Attributes: Strength 7, Agility 8, Constitution 6, Perception 11, Will 12

Shared Experience: 20

Unique Trait: Heart of Winter [Reverse Inscription]

Profession Overview-

Swordsman LV3: [Bodyguard Swordsmanship LV4], [Disarm LV1], [Frost Sword LV1]

This is the system?

Annan was instantly delighted.

With that said, he entered this world through a mobile game. It would not make sense if he did not acquire a game system.

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Special: Equipped [Reverse Inscription] (cannot be removed or destroyed)

Current Effect: You will not feel all negative emotions; the “frost” element damage you receive is permanently amplified by 20%; you will not be killed by the damage with the “frost” element.

“I see.”

Annan went into deep thoughts.

This talent was probably the reason for his calm and composed manner.

“Anyway, let's investigate this place first.”

Annan took a deep breath and looked at the sailing ship.

The sun would be going down soon. The time left for him to investigate was probably not much, but at least he could spend the night on the ship.

His body only had half hp [1] remaining. He still felt an apparent discomfort. He might catch a cold with how chilly the approaching night would be.

Besides, if he was a swordsman, there should be at least a sword on this ship, right?

With a sword equipped, he would feel more confident in his heart.

I wonder what my body looks like...

He dragged his still tired body and walked slowly to the beach. When he approached the wrecked ship, he bowed his head with a disturbed heart and started to look at the reflection from the black sea:

He appeared at the age of twelve or thirteen years old; his skin was fair and smooth, approaching the hue of those who were pale and sick. He had the thin shoulders, collarbones and slender waist that fitted the characteristic of a teenager. He had a choppy haircut at shoulder-length, black in color.

But what attracted Annan's attention most was the pair of icy blue pupils that were so clear and clean. It seemingly put chills at the onlooker's heart.

What a surprise! I'm pretty cute.

“But no matter how cute I am, I am still a little hungry...”

Annan exclaimed. He stepped on the rope ladder with difficulty and climbed onto the ship.

He looked at the deck carefully.

It wasn't a small ship. In terms of the sailing ship configuration, it was somewhat similar to the 15th century's Carrack [2]. It had multiple masts – the main mast was hung with a large square sail; the fore and middle masts were equipped with several square sails; the rear mast was hung with a triangular sail.

But, all of its sails were either burnt or tattered. The pattern on them was indiscernible.

On the wooden deck, there were no scorch marks or bullet marks. The mast wasn't broken either. Something was not right.

Suddenly, Annan's pupils shrunk a little.

He saw a dead body.

It was a young man with tan curly hair. He leaned down close to the rope ladder, staring straight ahead. He was holding a broken-edged sword tightly in his right hand, two nails were broken and soaked in blood, but he did not let go of this sword until he died.

His chest was soaked with blood that had dried up and turned dark brown. However, the weapon used to kill him was nowhere to be found.

“This is unlike a shipwreck.”

Annan sneered.

In the face of such a dangerous thing, the corners of his mouth could not help but raise slightly. Perhaps, it was the trait of this body that he could not feel any panic or fear at all, only a strong sense of excitement gradually filled his heart.

There was no evidence that the person who killed the crew and burnt the sails had left the ship. But, Annan had nowhere to go.

I need a weapon.

Even if it's just a broken sword.

The idea in Annan's mind became clearer.

He stretched out his hand without hesitation, trying to forcefully break the finger of the crew member. Although the deceased was young, he had firm grasp, but it wasn't too challenging for Annan.

But, when Annan touched the sword, he was stunned.

A line of data flow suddenly appeared before his eyes:

[Unpurified Nightmare Fragment detected]

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