

## The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 13

Annan quickly understood the meaning of “Book of Divine Transporter.”

Though, he didn't know Truth Fragment had this function or if this was the unique authority of “Book of Divine Transporter.” The “authority” Annan got was precisely what he was most desperate for.

-Having control over the player. In other words, the right to delete the player(s) account.

To be more detailed, Annan could delete the player(s) from this world with a single word if he became upset.

With an Elite Rare (Gold) status template, Annan had a sense of urgency.

Based on his professional understanding in previous life, he had an in-depth knowledge of the “player” group:

Their ultimate trump card in the game was immortality.

This trait made the players fearless. They would not abide by almost all the rules and rely on the basic thinking of “Is it fun?” in doing everything. As an adventurer, the players would loot what they see when they slip through the locked door and pick the lock; as superheroes, the players would take turns in beating up the opponent. They would kill innocent passers-by and even attack chickens in the village with the weapons in their hands.

They heed no stance at all. After completing the mission to help Party A fight Party B, they would still take over the mission to help Party B

fight Party A. If the NPC that issued the mission could also be attacked, then they might kill both sides; if the merchant who sold or carried valuables had low combat power (and looks ugly at the same time), the merchant might not survive to the next day when he encountered the players. As they ride a horse on the street, they wouldn't bother what was on the road. They were the drivers that never waited for traffic lights.

In short, players were a group of terrifying “world saviors” who had no sense of justice at all.

Few players personally emphasized themselves in the game and had an immersive experience. The vast majority of players were ruthless utilitarians.

Against players, the only advantage...

...would probably be good looks.

Players would always be tolerant of good-looking NPC or boss; some of the players would be their enthusiastic fans too. The players would even let them amend their evil deeds and have a certain headstrong degree.

But if the NPC didn't look good, the players usually didn't have the desire to learn more about this NPC.

From this point of view, the players were quite realistic.

Annan's neutral level in appearance might also be the safest.

Initially, Annan had a pessimistic attitude towards this issue. But after getting the Book of Divine Transporter, his mindset immediately changed.

Although he had become an NPC in this current real world, he could delete the players' accounts.

Then, he was equivalent to the game master.

It was even possible for him to be the game planner after collecting all the pages in the Book of Divine Transporter!

As long as he could hold a little bit of authority in his hand, Annan would have tremendous confidence to moderate the players.

What is this? The god of planning?

But, if that's the case...

Annan looked at the status attribute [This function can be used after 40:33:23.] and made up his mind.

One does not give up halfway casually. Annan intended to create his background directly.

He did not plan just to borrow Don Juan's identity and become a lord!

He had to work hard to make himself appear like a protagonist! To manifest this sort of background, it was best for the players to think that Annan was the game protagonist subconsciously. The players' lovely, respectable and amiable leader at their side.

Annan took a deep breath and touched the Book of Divine Transporter page fragment.

The moment Annan touched it, it immediately melted into a light spot and engraved on Annan's right palm, forming a strange rune:

A black ring with only one point missing on it. At the gap, a vertical line segment was inserted in it.

Annan didn't feel anything amiss but thought that it was quite awesome.

But, after he looked at it for a while, he suddenly realized that this symbol was a bit like a computer's power button. It looked a bit like a paw at a simple glance.

He also subconsciously pressed it twice.

Except for the soft and cold flesh, he didn't press anything else.

“Tsk.”

He shook his head and did nothing more.

He exchanged his clothes with Don Juan and looted all the items belonging to Don Juan. Those were daggers, pocket watches, letters, and so on.

Annan also wore the relic ring belonging to Don Juan's mother.

Come and read on our website [wuxia worldsite](#). Thanks

Until this time, Annan found “Annan's” only token in the inner pocket.

It was a silver badge with a rather exquisite wolf head relief sculpture.

Only one side of the wolf's head was shown. The wolf looked to the right with its hair fluttering wildly. The wolf's eyes were small and light blue gems. It could be ice blue diamonds too, but Annan didn't have much knowledge to find out about this.

This was a token belonging to Annan's body.

From a safety point of view, he should throw it into the sea without hesitation. Forget the name Annan and live as Don Juan until the time comes.

But, Annan fixedly stared at the badge for a long time and suddenly laughed.

“What was I hesitating just now...?”

He laughed at his timidity and put the Chilly Austere family emblem into his arms.

If I'm a coward, I can't achieve anything great.

Even if I'm afraid of this world's original dwellers, how do I strategize against the players?

Even if my identity is exposed, what's the big deal if someone is coming for me?

Would everyone be kind to me when my identity is not revealed? Can cowardice solve the problem?

Annan, who just came out of the nightmare, cheered.

Annan had just experienced being betrayed by an upright guard. He had a strong distrust of the nobles' average moral level in this world.

I will raise a group of players later on. The others should thank me for not troubling them. Why should I be afraid of getting into trouble?

That is indisputable.

If someone comes to find fault in me, I will show my power and resolve the matter.

Should I be afraid of their players who can resurrect indefinitely?

“Come on. You can leave this world with peace of mind, young master.”

Putting his original clothes on Don Juan's body, Annan threw it into the black sea.

The corpse sank quickly with no trace to be seen.

Annan's mouth rose slightly, revealing an elegant smile.

This smile was 80% similar to Don Juan, which appeared quite so creepy, “As a reward for borrowing your identity...”

“Let me avenge you on your murder.”

Don Juan died yesterday or the night before. At that time, they were only at the distance of one night's journey from Don Juan's new territory – Freezing Water Port.

Judging from the time, this place should not be far from the Freezing Water Port. After the sunrise, Annan could set out to explore.

Annan searched every room under the deck to be safe and confirmed that the ritual had been terminated. There was no one on the deck, not even a corpse, but just some bloodstains.

As expected, Klaus took away the mirror and bull tongue used to hold the ritual. He even flushed the room with urine to dissipate the blood stench.

The most terrible thing Annan found out was that the cash, jewelry, and artworks that Don Juan had brought along were looted.

—Klaus, you are inhumane!

Annan didn't even leave the toilet, comb, quilt, and pillow. The only thing not taken away was the two ballast rooms full of wine barrels.

These wines probably could still sell for some money. But Annan couldn't carry them alone.

Annan had a strong desire to complain:

Klaus, you take away all the necessities. You only leave Don Juan's body with all valuable things looted. Do you treat everyone else as a fool?

After confirming that Klaus didn't even save a copper coin and a bite to him, he silently noted this grudge down.

You dare steal my money! I will remember it.

Taking out an unopened wine barrel, Annan drank some wine to quench his thirst and boost his courage.

Annan took odds and ends, turned his back to the rising sun, and set off alone.

Chapter end