

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 22

Me?

Annan sneered.

You gotta be kidding me.

You may not believe it. Even I don't know who I am.

Of course, Annan knew how to tackle this question appropriately, "I'm Don Juan Geraint, nothing more."

"That's all?"

Salvatore looked at him suspiciously.

"I'm nothing but myself. Since my father can't protect my life, then I naturally have no obligation to continue according to his arrangements."

Annan glanced in the direction where the militias were leaving; he replied gently and calmly, "Why don't you invite me in for breakfast?"

This was the information he got when he first entered the dungeon instance.

What he said to Salvatore was naturally the truth.

But the truth could be misleading to someone else.

Hearing Annan's words, Salvatore glanced at him unexpectedly.

His hostility toward Annan had dissipated for the most part.

“It seems that you have indeed grown up.”

He sighed in a low volume, turned around, and walked toward the manor.

Annan followed closely behind.

The young mayor's manor was not a big one. It was small to medium-sized villa. Most likely, the ground floor area was only about 100 square meters.

But, the interior decorations were elegant. Annan immediately noticed the glass bottles with colorful liquids in the half-open wooden cabinet after entering the inner room.

What surprised Annan most was that the wooden cabinet emitted white and chilly air.

It appeared like the wine refrigerated in a wine cabinet.

“Are you interested in this?”

Noticing Annan's gaze, Salvatore's mouth corner raised slightly. He then snorted proudly, “This is the pre-conversion agent I prepared for the teacher. You can't make use of it.”

“Pre-conversion agent?”

“Yes, you are not the official wizard of the Black Tower located in the swamp. I don't think the teacher taught you Alteration School knowledge yet. I wonder if the teacher has mentioned to you the reason for it. But, to be fair, it got to do with the pre-conversion agent.”

Salvatore explained, “The fundamental technology of our Alteration School is to alter the curse state, which in return overcome the limitation of the 'quantity' that we can accommodate. With that, we will utilize ourselves as the curse vessel to control more curses in our nature.

“But, the Alteration School's disadvantage is its nature of being a transformation process. Through this process, we get to borrow more power from the existing limited quantity. It's precise to call it a form of leverage. Once the loop is interrupted, we have to start all over.”

So, the alteration loop shouldn't be interrupted.

Annan nodded, expressing that he got it.

Alteration School seemed like the game class where the damage output would be lost once the combo was interrupted.

Annan did not like it very much.

“Personally, without assistance, I can complete a complete cycle from any beginning in three hours. The shortest time for the teacher is thirty-five minutes. For the highest level curse, the conversion time is too long, and the total mana consumed will be astonishing. The pre-conversion agent is to allow us to start the cycle from any node.”

The young mayor sighed, “Teacher does not have a pre-conversion agent with him. He can't use the higher level curses, which is very inconvenient. For example, 'wide area hostility detection,' 'group restraint,' 'wide area energy dispel' or something...”

In fact, if the teacher gets to use “wide area hostility detection,” maybe he won't die.

Annan was silent for a while but did not comment further.

Salvatore asked curiously, “Speaking of which, what school of spells did the teacher teach you? I might have a related book here, so I can guide you a bit.”

After hearing that, Annan stretched out his right hand. Immediately, his palm turned cyan in an instant and then returned to its usual color.

“Chilling Touch... Energy Falteration School. You are quite skilled.”

Salvatore sighed, “It seems that the teacher hasn't taught you much yet. I'm not proficient in Energy Falteration School's spells. I can only teach you up to Bronze Rank at most.

“Senior Salvatore, teacher, what kind of spell does the teacher know?”

Annan had a wild idea. He asked sincerely and humbly, “He hasn't answered me directly on this question.”

Of course, the statement was still an ambiguous truth.

However, Salvatore also did not realize something was amiss.

Seeing Annan's humble attitude, his mood improved a lot, "That's normal. You're on the right question. The other students of the teacher may not know as much as I.

"What the teacher specializes in is Alteration School's spells. Since he made the forbidden spells oath when he advanced to the Silver Rank, the teacher can't utilize these spells: Flateration, Edict, Destruction, and Prophet. The remaining four spells left for him are Soul Snatch, Alteration, Shaping [1], and Idol [2]. Among them, our respected teacher only has the Alteration and Shaping close to the Gold Rank.

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"So, he definitely can't teach you anything. He can only refer your questions to books."

After Salvatore finished speaking, he sighed, "This is not because the teacher is indifferent to you, but because he can't teach you. After all, what kind of talent you have is not something that your personal wishes can distort. To an unranked apprentice like you, you should learn whatever you can."

Upon hearing this, Annan was taken aback.

Salvatore's words revealed some profound facts.

He must have heard some rumors about "Don Juan," so he was so cold toward "Don Juan" at the beginning. He also knew that Don Juan followed Benjamin to learn spells, but he did not know Don Juan's school.

But now, it seemed that Salvatore, as a student of Benjamin, did not even know Don Juan was unranked.

Could it be Don Juan's status as a wizard is kept secret from the outside world?

But why did Don Juan wear his ring before attending the banquet?

If Annan understood correctly, these Transcended would not exert the transcended power if they left their curse bearing item.

Conversely, since Don Juan Geraint took the initiative to put on the ring, it meant that he intended to use transcended power.

If no accidents happened, to whom was he going to use it against?

“Do you realize that I am unranked?”

While thinking about it, Annan did not put any reaction on his face but smiled gently, “Did you not see the silver ring on my hand?”

“I was taken aback at first sight. Such a strong curse. What a miracle that your body could bear it!”

Salvatore glanced at Annan and said unceremoniously, “But if you want to scare the assassin away, I suggest you buy a new charm and put it on. This is obviously a woman's ring. Are you taking me as a blind person? Or perhaps, you stole your mother's ring and put it on.”

“What you said is true. This is indeed a relic.”

The smile on Annan's face faded slightly.

Hearing this, Salvatore was also taken aback.

“Sorry.”

“It's fine.”

Annan replied sincerely.

It's not my mother anyway.

The atmosphere was a little stiff for a while. Salvatore was silent for a while. To break the deadlock, he suddenly raised his voice and said, “How long have you been learning spells? How about I will guide you to attain a rank?”

“Can you?”

Although Annan did not know the ritual, he still looked cold to maintain the personality of a young man who was cold outside but warm inside. He took the convenience to bypass the topic that could easily expose him calmly.

“As long as you are sufficiently proficient, I won't be a problem! I did advance the juniors into a rank previously! It will be fine!”

Salvatore became furious. He went straight into the back room, “Don't go first. Wait a moment-”

Damn, his words are not reassuring at all.

Annan was stricken with panic.

He also realized that it was easy to fool those militias. But once he came into contact with someone with equal status, he immediately found that he could not continue the conversation in any way.

Anna still lacked in information. I got to look for books as soon as possible.

At least, it will help me with common sense.

He initially planned to borrow Don Juan's identity to gain access to more information. The identity of ordinary people would be more challenging to investigate family and political issues in neighboring countries or even enemy countries' highest level authorities. As he swapped into Don Juan's identity, at least it would be much easier to find a resourceful book.

Though, it did not matter if Annan was exposed. Worse scenario, he would flee away.

Anyway, Don Juan Geraint's identity was a mask that Annan temporarily borrowed. When the conditions are right, he could become someone else at any time.

Even being himself was also a role player.

He was in a role-playing game, after all.

“Don't panic, Don Juan.”

Fortunately, Salvatore did not bring out any mysterious devices.



He took out a teapot of brewed black tea and two teacups. Then, he walked over to pour a cup for Annan, “Have you met Priest Louis?”

“Do you know why he, such a powerful priest, has to come to a remote place like Freezing Water Port?”

“Why?”

Annan's heart raced a little. He asked softly while holding the teacup.

[1] I dug ahead in future chapters to understand this magic further. It's explained as the magic to control the state of the matter (liquid, solid, gas, plasma)

[2] From what I read ahead, I have translated the Author's explanation: The so-called “idol” refers to the mud sculpture. Also termed as “the god that the mortals perceived.” In other words, the false item which mortals pray, idolize, and worship.

Chapter end