

Righteous Ps 221

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 221**

Without a delay, Kafni, Jiu Er, and the others came to Annan and Salvatore after Benjamin left.

“Hey, what are you all doing here...” Annan greeted the approaching people timely.

In actual fact, he had learned from the forum not long ago that Kafni was rushing over to his side.

If it weren't for her not knowing the path, she would have hurried over alone.

Jiu Er's party hurriedly stopped Kafni in a panic after seeing her eagerness.

Annan engaged in a CG battle with a false deity at the Truth level at that point in time.

Did you come over to add more trouble or intentionally feed the enemy?

What if there comes an AoE attack that suddenly kills you?

Players can respawn, the main protagonist won't die for sure, but the problem is you're just an NPC.

Luckily, the “game” offers quite a high level of freedom. Kafni is still willing to listen to our explanations.

Jiu Er patiently and euphemistically explained to Kafni on several key points. Only then did she obediently agree.

1. Annan had administered the Sage's Stone.
2. He and Rotten Man were in a gambling fight and couldn't accept an outsiders' aid.
3. The Silver Sire was protecting Annan on the side.
4. The battle took place at a level where she couldn't get involved.

For some reason, Kafni didn't ask where Jiu Er got the information but just replied, “I got it.” Then, she rushed over with Jiu Er and the rest, watching from a distance two blocks away from the battlefield. She didn't meddle in the fight on her own accord.

Of course, even if Annan knew what had happened, he still had to ask politely.

After all, he shouldn't know these events in a logical sense.

Jiu Er once again assumed the role of a diplomat and explained to Annan, “We also encountered a couple of monsters over there, but we didn't find the Soul Eater.

“Her Royal Highness Kafni was worried about you, milord. So she asked us to lead the way and rush over to your side immediately.”

“You don't need to explain.”

Kafni spoke in a tender but slightly hoarse voice. The mystical pupils that were as luminous and transparent as rubies stared at Annan intently, “His Royal Highness Annan naturally knows we are coming.”

...What? Annan was startled.

He knew it because he could look at the forum and see the players' chat.

But how did Kafni find out about it?

Is this also a manifestation of a monk's superb perception?

"It's your heart, your Highness." Kafni seemed to know what Annan was thinking.

She continued to stare at Annan while stepping forward. Then, with her hands put above her heart, she whispered, "I can feel your heart."

"My heart?" Annan repeated.

He was a little at a loss. Are my expressions that obvious?

Seeing Kafni approaching him slowly, Annan took a step back subconsciously.

Kafni immediately took two steps forward and grabbed Annan's hand.

She immediately showed a relieved and soothing expression.

Until then, Annan finally realized something when he noticed the relief in Kafni's eyes.

He felt something was amiss from the very beginning.

Why does Kafni feel so close to me? Why do I always feel that something isn't right?

Her attitude towards me is unlike "affection" or "respect". It is more like "attachment" or even "dependence".

It's like Kafni is troubled by an illness, but the illness will alleviate or even disappear when she approaches me or even looks at me.

But do I have an ability that makes it that way?

Annan was at a loss.

Wait, this isn't quite right, either. He reacted.

He seemingly indeed had the ability that befitted this explanation.

His soul essence reflected in the mirror could reduce or even clear the erosion rate directly by just looking at it.

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

Kafni had never established a Silver Rank curse. The erosion rate troubling her was at an alarming state. Although the curse didn't turn her into a monster, the overloaded erosion would bring her some pain.

"Can you see my soul essence?" Annan leaned forward and whispered in Kafni's ear.

Kafni raised her head, hesitated, and nodded slightly.

Annan's eyes lit up suddenly. "What is it?"

He asked, "Do you know what it is?"

Kafni nodded but hesitated and shook her head later without giving a solid reply, "I'm not very sure."

"It's fine." Annan didn't put pressure on her.

Maybe my "affection rating" on her isn't enough.

Anyway, there are still many chances to ask in the future. This is only the first time we have met. I better not screw this up.

Even though this angelic girl was tolerant of Annan, he also understood he shouldn't abuse this tolerance and trust.

Just like Annan wouldn't want to manipulate Salvatore's trust and accommodation to use him at will, kindness should be repaid with kindness instead of exploiting it as a weakness or being ungrateful. This was basic ethics.

"If you don't want to answer my question, then don't answer it, Kafni." Annan said gently, "No need to force yourself. I'm serious."

"Also, I'm glad you are safe." He added.

Hearing that, Kafni tightened her grasp on Annan's hand.

[TN: Annan is freaking smooth.]

Annan felt that her hands were cold, so he held her hand back casually, trying to warm her palms. However, her hands were still as cold as a corpse.

Annan explained earnestly, "The Rotten Man made a bet with me and he lost. So now, the Silver Sire will eliminate all of the Rotten Man's believers in the Noah Kingdom. This naturally includes the Soul Snatch Wizard controlling the Fourth Prince's mind and your mother."

"You are now safe. Even if you return to the capital, you will not encounter any danger."

"—Annan's assurance: There is nothing to be afraid of."

"—OMG, Annan is great at paving the 'flag' for his future."

[TN: When the player is presented with choices that affect how the other characters view the player and potentially change which route the player goes on, it's called a flag.]

"—Seriously, it's the first time I have seen a male protagonist who flirts with a beautiful girl he met for the first time."

After opening the Freezing Water Port forum, Annan's expression stiffened slightly when he saw the post mocking him.

...Haih, it really looks like I set a 'flag' for myself.

"I'm not going back."

Kafni just looked at Annan and didn't care about his frankness for holding her hand. On the contrary, she grabbed his wrist harder to the point where he felt some pain. As such, he bent his wrist closer and was forced to move closer to her.

It felt like Kafni had captured Annan and conquered him on the spot...

"I'm not going back," Kafni repeated seriously, "There are a lot of dangers looming in the royal capital, not just from the Rotten Man."

Annan breathed a sigh of relief after hearing that Kafni didn't plan to return to the capital.

This pretty girl is quite witty. Annan inserted a death flag for her, and she pulled herself out of it immediately.

Afterward, Kafni added, "You shouldn't go either."

Annan was stunned when he heard that. "Why? What is the danger at the royal capital?"

"Demon," Kafni hesitated for a while before replying, "There is a demon in the royal capital."

"What demon?"

"The same kind of demon as me." Kafni grabbed Annan's hand and tightened her grasp again.

She warned, "They will take you away."

Annan's expression grew more subtle.

A demon like you...

Is there anything scary about that?

"I think what Kafni mentioned should be those scholars." At this time, His Highness Albert's slightly gasping voice came from the side.

Annan turned around. He saw that the Fourth Prince of Noah Kingdom followed Bishop Daryl off the carriage from outside of the street and hurried over.

Bishop Daryl was slightly startled when he noticed Annan's clothes.

He took a step backward and stayed behind the Fourth Prince imperceptibly. After seeing Annan, he stopped moving forward to join the chat but politely waited in the distance.

He respectfully bowed to Annan behind His Royal Highness Albert.

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 222**

"Hermetic School?" Annan frowned slightly when he heard this familiar name.

He remembered the name — [Hermetic Sage's Stone].

This was the full name of Sage's Stone that Annan injected before.

So Annan asked nonchalantly, "What is that? Are they spreading some taboo knowledge?"

Hearing this, Salvatore also listened intently.

He remembered that this name was mentioned in the notes left by Benjamin.

Unlike Kafni, as an ordinary person, Albert couldn't detect the tension between Annan and Salvatore.

"That's not true." He just shrugged and said casually, "It's actually just a wandering wizard and his followers. They formed an organization that's similar to an archaeological society but also a bit like a philosophical school. However, there aren't many Transcendeds among them so we didn't pay them much attention.

"The problem is that when the wizard met Kafni for the first time, he praised her for her outstanding talents." When His Highness Albert said this, he glanced at Kafni.

Seeing that Kafni was silent and turned her head away slightly without saying anything, Albert touched his nose and smiled awkwardly, "But after he left, Kafni suddenly said that he is a demon."

"I only said that his soul is like a demon." Kafni corrected.

"At that time, I didn't realize Kafni's talents. So I didn't care much about Kafni's words..." Albert explained, "But I gave the order just in case to let the guards shadow him and keep him away from her."

"After that, he didn't visit again." Kafni said softly, "But I saw him in my dreams. He taught me the common knowledge about the Transcended world in my dreams. He is my mentor."

"What?" Albert was startled, "Why didn't you tell me that?"

Kafni glanced at Albert and said with certainty, "If there is no evidence, you won't believe it, Dad."

Hearing this, Albert scratched his nose in embarrassment.

He pleaded in a weak tone, "I found out that he was wearing gold ornaments at the time. Just to be on the safe side, I sent someone to ask about it at the Swamp's Black Tower. That wizard wasn't well-known.

"The response coming from the Black Tower is quite certain that none of the current Gold Rank wizards uses this name.

"This shows that he is not a Gold Rank wizard. For a Transcended at the Silver Rank, they are not capable of stirring up any trouble in the capital."

Albert shrugged and said indifferently, "Several Gold Rank Transcended are lurking in the royal court. After all, it's the royal capital, not any other city."

That's true. Annan nodded in agreement.

As far as the performance of the Silver Rank Transcended that Annan had seen goes, the gap with the Gold Rank was indeed large.

With Gold Ranks guarding the place, the Silver Rank Transcended could hardly do anything particular.

"So, what's the name of that wandering wizard?" Salvatore asked curiously, "Your Royal Highness, do you still remember?"

Come and read on our website wuxia worldsite. Thanks

“Hmm, I remember. Since Kafni said he is like a demon, I kept his name in mind.” Albert quickly replied, “If I'm not mistaken, his name should be Nicholas Flamel.”

“Nicholas Flamel?” At this moment, the shadow that had been silent for a while suddenly muttered, “Wait, I've heard of this name before.”

Salvatore felt astonished when he noticed the shadow knew the name.

Although he had no impression of this name, Salvatore had confidence in his shadow's character and memory.

The name which caught the shadow's attention wouldn't be an average Joe.

“This is not good, Salvatore. You quickly ask this stupid man, does he have long white curly hair and dark green eyes?” The shadow quickly said in Salvatore's heart after a brief pause.

Realizing that this was urgent, Salvatore didn't doubt the shadow.

He asked immediately, “Your Royal Highness, the person you are talking about... Does he have white curly hair and green eyes?”

Hearing this, Albert was taken aback. Kafni also looked at Salvatore carefully, with some confusion in her eyes.

Seeing their sudden reaction, the Bread Daryl (Bishop), who remained silent and listened intently in the distance, was also looking over with surprise.

His Royal Highness Albert lowered his voice and asked probingly, “Do you know him?”

Salvatore had already been told the answer to his question.

His face quickly became a little ugly.

Salvatore followed the shadow's reply word by word, “I've heard this name before. He is indeed not any Gold Rank wizard 'currently' exists.

“What I meant is that he should have been dead already.” Salvatore's words shocked everyone.

Under the silent gaze of several others and even the players, Salvatore stammered and followed the shadowy voice, filtering out the swear words, and then uttered, “Nicholas Flamel used to be the Alteration School tutor of the 'Jade Tower' belonging to the Denizoya Kingdom. He served as the tower master for a short period.

“More than a hundred years ago, he ignited his soul and advanced into Gold Rank. At that time, he didn't succeed as the tower master. It was only after more than a year later that he suddenly became the tower son and succeeded to the position of the tower master hastily.

“After that, he served as the Jade Tower Master for more than 30 years. Soon after, the new tower son was born. Then, Nicholas's identity as the tower master is stripped away.

“Some tower masters regard this identity as a burden, but some tower masters regard it as the foundation for the continuation of life. The soul of gold is eternal and radiant, just like gold. Therefore, they will not be harmed by ordinary curses. But if they use the power of the elements, they will gradually burn and reduce their soul to nothing, which in return their death.

“Nicholas used his elemental power excessively. So, shortly after he lost his identity as the tower master, he died and was buried almost a hundred years ago.”

Salvatore's face also became ugly, as if he was shocked by his own words.

He murmured, “At that time, many people attended his funeral. Since he was the person who discovered and improved the ancient Sage's Stone technology, he was called the 'Second Hermes' and the 'Modern Sage'. He is also one of the very few 'Sages' in this era who can truly craft the Sage's Stone.

“However, after his death, the Jade Tower had searched his laboratory for his Sage's Stone but they couldn't find it. It was suspected that a traitor had taken the Sage's Stone and escaped at that time. After searching for several years, he was gradually forgotten.

“If you really saw a man with white hair and green eyes calling himself Nicholas Flamel, I think he might not have died at that time.

“He used the Sage's Stone he crafted to escape the fate of death!”

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 223**

Hearing Salvatore's disclosure or rather relaying of information, Annan had a wild idea in his mind.

It seems probable that Nicholas Flamel isn't dead yet.

Annan remembered that there was such a person in his original world, just like Michelangelo.

In that world, Nicholas made a living in Paris by selling books, copywriting, and teaching students to draw. Then he suddenly obtained a considerable amount of wealth of unknown origin. With that money, he donated funds to build 14 hospitals in Paris. It was said that this was because he made the philosopher's stone and used its power to transmute gold.

In the end, his coffin was found empty. Legend had it that he didn't die but relied on the power of the stone to acquire immortality.

In this world, the situation was somewhat similar but different.

Just like how the old wizard named Michelangelo was also a sculpture master, Nicholas Flamel in this world was also an alchemist. Moreover, he had actually crafted the Sage's Stone.

But could the Sage's Stone actually grant him immortality?

Annan affirmed this idea immediately in his mind. It is highly possible.

The three curse vessels of the path of the Transcended heralded the essence of each stage.

Bronze was a metal that represented “corruption” and “calcination” in the Alteration School. Just like every Transcended who had just stepped onto the path of transcendence, he had to absorb many curses and gradually change his constitution and soul essence.

Silver signaled “condensation” and “purity.”

The Transcended needed to condense their souls and remove excess impurities when they advanced to Silver Rank. Unfortunately, at this stage of the Bronze Rank, some Transcended would fail to cast away their mortal sentiments.

After arriving at Silver Rank with a pure soul, their willpower would gradually become more vigorous, their minds become wiser, and their bodies grow healthier, approaching immunity to all diseases. Of course, their lifespan would prolong.

In Annan's understanding, the “Will” attribute would be increased during each level promotion after Silver Rank.

Annan hadn't found a way to improve the Will attribute effectively so far. This might be the reason.

For Gold Rank, it meant “dyeing” and “eternity”.

In other words, after the soul attained Gold Rank, it would be the actual qualitative change. If they stopped using the Transcended power, they would acquire eternal life from then on.

Of course, that would be impossible.

Annan read a line from Salvatore's notes: People who do not have a strong desire to “metamorphose” cannot acquire the Eternal Soul.

After advancing to Silver Rank, the Transcended wouldn't be bothered by desires. In a sense, that explained that they must have a solid faith to pursue in order to reach the Gold Rank.

How could such a person stop using the Transcended power for the sake of lifespan?

Only by burning this eternal and pure gold soul could the eternal “element” be extracted. In other words, the element itself was another form of expression for a Gold Rank Transcended's soul.

In the ascendancy ritual, the Sage's Stone could be used as a “perfected element essence” to replace the consumption of the soul.

Just like Michelangelo's ascendancy ritual, he would be in deep trouble if he were to be interrupted at the last moment.

The Sage's Stone could replace any perfected element. Moreover, only those who had reached the Truth level could extract the element at the “perfected form”. For ordinary Gold Rank Transcended, after the element was refined to the limit, they must burn their souls and turn them into residues to extract some “perfect element” from it.

If they succeeded, then they would be reborn in the fire.

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



In this process, their soul would be totally incinerated if they failed.. In a sense, they didn't just fail to acquire the deity name. They succumbed to a complete death with no hopes to be resurrected.

That was the meaning of the Sage's Stone's existence.

In the age when there was no Book of Truth, it could replace the soul factor of those attempting the ascendancy. Even if they failed, there wouldn't be any repercussions because there was still a second chance.

In a sense, it protected the person's life — the life of a soon-to-be deity and immortal.

Therefore, the complete Sage's Stone was undoubtedly one of the most precious materials in this world. Even if one decided to give it to others, he would be highly likely to acquire “friendship” with a true deity.

So, could Sage's Stone bring immortality?

Highly possible.

At least for the Gold Rank Transcended, it would be entirely possible.

The lifespan of a Gold Rank would be drastically shortened due to the exertion of elemental power, and the Sage's Stone itself was a perfected element essence that could even be used in ascendancy ritual. So it didn't make sense that the stone couldn't be consumed daily.

Since the Sage's Stone could replace the soul in extracting the perfected elements, it meant that Nicholas Flamel might have attained immortality already, even without the need to become a deity.

He would only need to consume Sage's Stone continuously, and then eternal life and mighty power would be in his grasp.

Still, there was a problem here.

Annan and Salvatore looked at each other. Their eyes became solemn.

Indeed, they all immediately realized the problem.

Sage's Stone of the Hermetic School required “wizard's bone marrow” as the primary raw material.

If Nicholas had suspended his death a hundred years ago and obtained immortality with Sage's Stone, then it meant that he would need to hunt and kill wizards continuously to extend his lifespan and increase his power.

“I think Nicholas is a highly dangerous person.” Salvatore said with a stern expression to the Fourth Prince, “Your Royal Highness Albert, I strongly recommend that you don't provoke him, and it's best to pretend to forget him.

“If he is the Nicholas from a hundred years ago, then that means he has accumulated his power for a whole century.

“Master Nicholas was also proficient in the three schools of Edict, Prophet, and Shaping in addition to being the strongest Alteration Wizard at the time. If he wants to hide, no one would be able to catch

him. If you plan to go against him, he would be able to detect it at the first moment. You can't withstand the revenge of a Gold Rank Alteration Wizard who has accumulated his power for more than a hundred years."

Salvatore's words were blunt but truthful.

The Alteration School believed that "time is the foundation of power". All Alteration spells adhered to the basic principle of "the longer the time, the stronger the effect". The proficiency and optimization only shortened the actual application time.

In addition, the age of the Alteration Wizard was also the primary measurement of power.

Salvatore's Black Fire sold poorly but it was sold easily under the name of Benjamin. People were more willing to trust the older Alteration Wizard, even though Benjamin was only in his fifties.

"Well, I will take note of that. This seems quite serious." Knowing Salvatore's identity, Prince Albert said bitterly, "But after listening to you, I can't forget the name. What if I subconsciously became hostile to him? Do I need a Soul Snatch wizard to help me with this part, in particular wiping off my memory?"

"If you think it is necessary." Annan raised his opinion softly, "But I don't think it is.

"If we go against Nicholas, the Hermetic school may be in danger.

"So, why don't you try to negotiate with him?" Annan's mouth rose slightly.

"Since he appeared in the royal capital, he must have something he needs there. If that's the case, before such a formidable character becomes an enemy, I suggest that you first ask what he wants."

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 224**

Annan didn't know how much Albert understood, but he nodded anyway and indicated that he would seriously consider it.

But as Albert had said, even if he was willing to communicate with Nicholas, Nicholas might not reciprocate the same desire in the Noah Kingdom.

With the expulsion and imprisonment of the Rotten Man's clergy, the Third Prince would inevitably suffer heavy losses. The Princess Royal, who the Rotten Man Church suppressed previously, would have a more obvious advantage. In addition, the king's physical condition was getting worse. More and more officials and nobles would side with her as time went by.

She was originally designated to be the king's heir.

The balance created between the Princess Royal and the Third Prince would collapse instantly.

If the Third Prince tried to survive in this situation, he had to ally with Albert. Only then would he have a chance to contend against the Princess Royal.

Of course, Albert would undoubtedly be unwilling to ally with the Third Prince. After all, he just learned that the Third Prince had planned to sacrifice not only the Old King and the Princess Royal but also a humble and low-profile prince like himself.

However, it would be uncertain whether Princess Royal would believe it or not.

Her Highness, born in the military, treated both the Silver Sire Church and the Rotten Man Church as threats and political instability to the Noah Kingdom. They were “outsiders” who intended to snatch power in the kingdom.

For her, the Third Prince being close to Rotten Man Church and the Fourth Prince being close to Silver Sire Church were both enemies that needed to be eliminated and suppressed. Moreover, Albert's presence would become stronger than the Third Prince, who had completely lost power.

Therefore, Albert had actually fallen into a tough spot after the Rotten Man Church lost power. The other two royal heirs who had not paid attention to him at all would now be hostile to him, trying to kill him.

When the Rotten Man church used him like a marionette, he could live safely as a mediator of the situation.

If it were the past, Albert would completely abandon the connection with Silver Sire Church and surrender to the Princess Royal in a lowly manner to beg for his life. Indeed, he would do such a thing given that he wasn't fond of political power and he was timid and lazy.

But things have changed now.

Albert learned that his daughter Kafni's sole curse was to succeed to the throne.

Even Albert, who didn't know much about the Transcended world, knew that violating a curse would bring tremendous harm, possibly even death.

Even so, he still didn't have the determination to fight for the throne.

He only planned to “go back to the capital and have a look before making the decision.”

Thus, he didn't completely sever the relationship with Silver Sire Church but put some distance between them at the same time.

When he learned that Annan needed to go to the royal capital at the end of spring, he made a bold move.

He wanted to leave Kafni in Roseburg for the time being, so he would go back and see for himself the situation there.

“I'm not sure whether the expulsion of the Rotten Man Church will result in all of their members being arrested immediately at once under the work of a divine miracle, or if the arrest would take some time.”

Albert sighed and said to Annan with some worries, “If it is the latter case, I have every reason to believe that we can't capture all Rotten Man believers. We can only give priority to control those who are in high positions.”

For example, his wife.

Until now, Albert knew why he and his wife had been married for so long, but there was only one child, Kafni. He didn't even have an illegitimate child.

He might even be able to guess when his wife began to believe in Rotten Man.

Four and five years after Kafni was born, his wife was pregnant twice. Unfortunately, she miscarried even under the care of the royal family, and he couldn't find the reason for it. In hindsight, it seemed that there was only one answer. The root cause was his wife herself.

After that, his wife never became pregnant again. Due to his guilt and sympathy, he didn't try to marry another wife again.

“But I am worried that they will guess that this matter is related to me. I can almost be certain about it.” Albert sighed, “As long as I'm extra careful, I think I can protect myself. In the worst-case scenario, I will stay in the Royal Capital Church and not go out, but the situation will be different for Kafni.

“Besides the Rotten Man Church who will be keeping a close eye on her, the Hermetic School people will put extra care on figuring out her whereabouts too. I may not have the ability to protect her in the royal capital.”

As Albert spoke, he glanced secretly at Bishop Daryl.

Although Bishop Daryl was being inconspicuous, Albert had already noticed the bishop's respectful attitude toward Annan. It was just that he was tacit and didn't point it out directly.

Leaving Kafni in Roseburg for a few months was his last resort.

In actual fact, he didn't like leaving his beautiful daughter at such a distant place away from him.

After all, he only had one daughter.

If Albert decided to sit out from the fight for the throne, Kafni would be in danger. However, if he decided to go back to fight for the throne, Kafni would also probably end up with a bad fate if they stayed in the capital.

She had only one way to survive out of this.

Staying in Roseburg was the safest option.

Bishop Daryl's identity was mysterious, but Albert knew that the bishop was familiar with his grandfather — the previous King Noah.

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

This at least told Albert that Bishop Daryl's actual age was very old, far beyond the lifespan limit of ordinary people. Moreover, he wasn't a Transcended at all, yet he looked like a middle-aged man in his forties.

This “middle-aged man” could invite the Silver Sire to come in person, yet he held a respectful attitude toward Annan.

Adding to Annan's real identity, Albert realized that leaving Kafni here was the safest idea.

If he could attain the throne, then the friendship that Kafni had forged with Annan at this time would foster the relationship between the countries to live in peace, especially after Annan inherited the throne as the Grand Duke.

Unlike the belligerent king and the harsh Princess Royal, Albert, who was closer to the people, could deeply understand that the Noah people hated war and preferred peace.

More importantly, their lives had improved rapidly in the years after peace returned.

Hence, if the event unfolded with Albert taking the throne, it would undoubtedly be great for the country's development.

His father's plan to unify the five countries and rebuild the Great Barrier was naturally a good idea.

Unfortunately, there was a problem.

Their enemies would be the populous, dark Underground Federation, the Austerians who were accustomed to the long and cold frosty winds in the North, the United Kingdoms of pirates who were combat-proficient, and the most technologically advanced Papacy.

The Noah Kingdom didn't have much advantage aside from fertile lands and rich mineral deposits.

What would they use to fight the wars?

It felt more like the Noah Kingdom was a defenseless sheep ready for others to prey upon them.

Albert knew the situation very well: Don't get angry easily.

Once he got angry, he would use his true power. Enemies previously afraid of him would realize that his real power was nothing to be concerned about.

Likewise, it wasn't wholly impossible to unify the five countries. This matter was meaningful to the world.

But the Noah Kingdom shouldn't start this war.

Otherwise, they, who had the best geographical advantage, would be surrounded by enemies and get bullied.

The old king was indeed a nobleman. He just wanted to rebuild the Great Barrier but forgot the greed of other people.

Currently, only the Austere-Winter Dukedom, the Noah Kingdom, and the United Kingdom needed the Great Barrier's protection.

The Underground Federation had adapted to life in the underground world and the Gray Mists couldn't go below the surface.

As for the Papacy, they had solved the problem of the Gray Mists once and for all.

They built countless Sky Towers soaring into the clouds, building their city in the sky.

They also had barriers, but their barriers were to purify the high-altitude air so that residents could survive in the sky.

Indeed, the Gray Mists weren't unlimited. It had its height limit.

The Underground Falteration chose to flee downward, and the Papacy decided to escape upward. The problem was that they all succeeded.

Even if the Gray Mists completely bury the world on earth, it had nothing to do with them.

Therefore, they wouldn't support the unification of the five countries.

At present, the Noah Kingdom hadn't yet been invaded by the Papacy due to their position in the far east of the Yaselan continent, while the Noah Kingdom resides on the far west.

Also, the Papacy didn't have the spare resources to build another set of floating islands.

They looked down on the Noah people and even anyone on the ground.

Albert wasn't stupid. On the contrary, he was pretty clever.

But at the same time, he was also lazy and a little timid. He knew that his character wasn't suitable to become a king.

However, Kafni was different from him.

“Will she be Noah's future queen?”

After Albert left, Annan looked at Kafni, who was holding his sleeve in deep thought.

It doesn't feel like that...

Either way, with this matter coming to an end, Annan knew what he should do first.

Yes, he should reward players who “participated in the main questline”.

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 225**

While others were headed to the church, Annan brought the players to the viscount mansion at Roseburg first.

The players also realized what was going on and followed Annan into his private quarter with excitement.

“Feel free to sit anywhere.” Annan smiled amiably and served black tea to the players.

Afterwards, Annan held a cup of tea in both hands and sat peacefully in front of them.

[You have completed the limited-time main mission: Protector]

At this moment, a line of white text flashed in front of Lin Yiyi's four-player group suddenly.

They were taken aback for a moment, and then excitement surfaced on their faces.

Yes, we're going to be rewarded!

When they saw the mission reward, they were even more surprised.

[Acquired Elixir x 1]

[Acquired Immediate Respawn Privilege x 1.]

[Acquired Resident Identity Card x 1.]

[Elixir (Type III)]

[Type: Consumables (Blue)]

[Effect: Restore 100% Health (only for Bronze Rank usage)]

[Immediate Respawn Privilege]

[Type: Low-level Privilege]

[Effect: After use, you can unconditionally resurrect once in the next 30 minutes, and you can specify a respawn location (only within locations you have been to).]

[Resident Identity Card]

[Type: High-level Privilege]

[Effect: Use this item in the real world to make the specified target qualify as a player.]

Indeed, Annan decided not to issue more affection ratings to the players this time.

This was because he planned to give away a batch of affection ratings on a large scale as a reward for the end of a main mission later. If those players didn't plan to spend the affection rating to buy things but want to stock up, Annan would be in an awkward spot.

Annan hadn't decided how many levels of affection would exist after [Trusted].

Even if Annan's acting skills were excellent, treating the players like VIPs with warm smiles every time didn't feel quite right.

Annan found it alright if a girl was hoarding up the 'affections'.

What if a man hoarded all those affection ratings?!

Lin Yiyi could sense a bottle of Minute Maid-like [1] potion with a glass shell and a bronze base, a somewhat illusory golden ball of light, and a contract appeared in a vague space within her consciousness.

She flipped through the contract immediately.

The content of the contract was at the top post, "What You Need to Know About the Mist Continent!" on the forum. That was to inform the players that it was "the post that put a special note on naming, changing professions and adding points in the status panel."

At the end of the last page, there was an additional "I have understood and agreed to all content on this document" — fingerprint reader.

Although no experience and affection rating was issued this time, the generous mission rewards dumbfounded the four of them.

It felt like they were walking on the road when suddenly they were hit on the head by a bag filled with hundred-dollar bills.

This identity card alone normally required a [Trusted] level prestige and 2000 affection ratings!

“It looks like you have received my gifts.” Annan looked at the players brimming with joy and smiled gently, “Do you like them?”

“Previously, the Child asked about the Resident ID, so I guessed this is something you all wanted at that time. It's troublesome to be the guarantor and forge your ID, but you have already proven your loyalty, sense of responsibility, and capability.”

Annan blinked, looking at the four of them with his crystal clear pupils. He said confidently, “You all are reliable. I believe in your judgment of others.”

“As for the rest of the gifts, I have given them to you along with the contract. This is my new ability. When I want to give you things in the future, I don't need to be in close proximity with you anymore; if I need your help, I don't have to look for you personally. This will be quite convenient.”

As Annan finished speaking, new prompts appeared in front of the players:

[Main storyline: The prologue “The Wolf Cub from the Foreign Land” has ended.]

[The game version is being updated...]

[Update complete!]

[The Mist Continent has been updated to version 1.02. The patch notes are as follows:]

- [1. The beginner mission is modified, with new selections of starting professions being added.]
  - [2. The system has significantly increased the prestige rewards of the faction “Secret Eye”. Players who have already obtained prestige levels will have their rewards doubled.]
  - [3. The faction “Austere-Winter” and its related activities will be launched in the future. Please pay close attention to the faction leader “Annan·Austere-Winter”.]
  - [4. The map area “North Sea Territory” is available. You may leave the Freezing Water Port — Roseburg territory after advancing into a Transcended, and you may freely explore the North Sea Territory.]
  - [5. A long-term weekly mission, “Freezing Water Port Construction,” is activated. Please consult the faction leader “Annan·Austere-Winter” for more information.]
- Come and read on our website [wuxia worldsite](#). Thanks
- [6. Players no longer need to accept the main mission face-to-face with NPCs. Once triggered, the mission will be automatically assigned to the designated players.]



[7. You're granted the new function "Mission Reward Storage Space", which can automatically save the mission rewards that have been obtained. All mission rewards obtained through the system will be automatically issued to this storage space.]

[8. Fixed some known bugs.]

[Friendly Reminder: The current main mission has ended. Please receive the new faction mission from the faction leader to continue to improve your status, set foot on the path of transcendence as soon as possible, or exchange for the prestige items you desire.]

[Those who have already embarked on the path of transcendence will have reduced experience gain in Freezing Water Port.]

[After the next stage of the main mission is activated, all items in the prestige store will be refreshed and replaced. If you have set your eyes on any current items, please redeem them as soon as possible.]

[The main mission for the next phase will be issued after three months. Please return to the Freezing Water Port before starting the main mission for the next phase. Otherwise, the system will automatically regard you as giving up on all the said main missions!]

[To celebrate the update, the following rewards will be given to all players:]

[Annan·Austere-Winter's affection rating x 1000]

[Immediate Respawn Privilege x 1]

After being notified of the rewards, the players went into a commotion.

"—Thank you O great Game Designer!"

"—Wait, is there a game designer for this game?"

"—All in all, it's awesome... Super-Duper Cool!"

"—Annan is awesome!"

"—Annan Upvote + 1!"

Those other players, who weren't quite enthusiastic because they didn't participate in the main mission, were instantly cheered up after receiving this reward.

While the higher-level players received benefits from the higher-level game content because of premium currencies, stronger skills and more effort, the planners had to also give ordinary players something. Only then would these players be less jealous but instead "be proud of each other" and form a sense of collectiveness.

Hence, the reward mechanism was essential to be instilled in the players so they wouldn't feel like they were losing out after seeing other players in a better state. On the other hand, they would be grateful as these premium players' efforts granted them rewards. Then, their jealousy would be gradually converted into a sense of unity.

While Lin Yiyi was reading the system update log carefully, Delicious Wind Goose had realized something from the log and Annan's previous words.

“Do you want us to leave here temporarily, or are you going to leave the Freezing Water Port?” Delicious Wind Goose asked, “Otherwise, this ability shouldn't be necessary.”

If they stayed with Annan, then Annan wouldn't have to develop a way to “distribute rewards remotely”.

Annan felt helpless and nodded as if he was impressed.

“As expected of you.” Annan, who was lying on the table, took a sip of the black tea and barely propped himself up. He replied seriously, “I think you're correct for both guesses.

“I'm hoping that you can help me collect information about the 'Hermetic School', the 'Noah Kingdom's political situation', and other secret information about the path of transcendence. However, don't go too far from our palace. It's best to stay inside the North Sea Territory.

“I know that you are both carefree and may be troubled by others. If you are arrested and bullied in the North Sea Territory, just say the name 'Geraint'. If that still doesn't work, you should abuse your immortality and escape back here. I'm here to uphold justice for you.”

Annan reassured the players majestically, but it was a tad bit amusing due to his small stature.

Immediately, Annan added, “However, please don't bring shame and humiliation onto me. Refrain from carrying out evil deeds, follow the law and be kind to others. Always remember that we are righteous people.”

Annan considered and hesitated for a long time about whether he should let the players go free, but he still decided that it was better to.

Indeed, players were very uncontrollable.

They could no longer grind too much on the Gallery Dungeon, so its improvement to the players was quite limited.

Instead of asking Annan to find a way to get a dungeon instance for them, it was better to let these players explore this “open world” by themselves and seek out dungeon instances for themselves.

If Annan wasn't wrong, there weren't many attempts left for the Gallery Dungeon for the players after leaving the Freezing Water Port.

At that time, Annan could complete the dungeon instance, lest that the players would get used to doing speed runs on dungeons, wasting the precious decryption rewards and consuming the attempts too quickly.

Before that, Annan also had two other dungeon instances to challenge.

There were two countdown buffs imposed on him, “Remnants of the Wheel of Divine Transporter” and “Remains of the Death Howl”.

In three days, he would enter a random nightmare with the keyword “deceased”.

Another three days later, Annan would fall into a random nightmare with the keyword “brilliance” again.

When Annan came out from them, this group of players should graduate from the starting village — Freezing Water Port. Those who shared the Gallery Dungeon's experience with Annan were at most the four new players.

After finishing the Gallery Dungeon, Annan could have one or two professions approaching Level 20.

If Annan were lucky, he might even advance to the Silver Rank before heading to the royal capital!

Michelangelo... or “the Man in the Mirror” most likely would teach Annan the profession's advancement.

Before that, Annan planned to probe “the Man in the Mirror” from Austere-Winter Dukedom.

Do you know what happened in the Austere-Winter Dukedom?

Is the Grand Duke still alive?

How is Maria now?

My workload is heavy.

The Noah Kingdom's royal capital. The Rotten Man. The Hermetic School. The Austere-Winter Dukedom. The Venerated Skeleton. The Old Grandmother...

What a mess, but I'm involved with all of them.

Annan Sighed.jpg.

Noticing that Annan sighed, Lin Yiyi snapped a screenshot and took a photo of Annan.

Yay! Cute Annan Emoji! Lin Yiyi tightened her fists in excitement.

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 226**

The Child was a little nervous.

According to Old Goose, it was safest for him, who had once been in a professional gaming team with Beer Chen, to handle the recruitment this time.

Their situation was relatively unique.

For now, it wasn't appropriate to publicly announce the existence of the “Mist Continent”.

Of course, the Child thought part of the reason for this was because Old Goose wanted to be lazy.

As for another reason, Delicious Wind Goose already had candidates he wanted to invite into the game.

It was a girl.

Of course, it wasn't his wife or daughter or anything like that. Rather, she could be regarded as his sensei.

Although Delicious Wind Goose looked old and was already balding, he was actually only 29 years old — a young man at his prime age.

Before learning armored combat, he also studied karate, horse riding, close-quarter combat, and compound bow for some time up to the “novice” level before dropping the training.

The sensei, who taught him the compound bow, streamed outdoor survival live broadcasts in Australia. She was good at hunting bows and survival skills in the wild and had a good mastery of shooting games.

The players' manpower was limited. Thus, it was important to have strict selection criteria for the new players. It was still fair to choose those who were closer, but priority should be given to those who would be more “useful”.

Of course, Delicious Wind Goose didn't force the rest of the players to choose according to such criteria — for example, Lin Yiyi and Jiu Er. After all, he wasn't particularly familiar with them. So he didn't find it befitting to influence how those two girls choose whom to bring in.

But he and Wandering Child had known each other for a long time, so he had pointed this out clearly to the Child.

If Wandering Child managed to draw Mr. Chen in, their career as streamers would be more stable; if Delicious Wind Goose got his sensei into the [Mist Continent], they would have a reliable person to depend on in the game world.

All of these plans should be enough. Delicious Wind Goose thought.

Could those two girls get more powerful foreign aid than us?

Hmph, that will be impossible.

So, he sent the Child to Fighting Cat Streaming Platform's headquarters while he would recruit the reliable “carry”.

[TN: “Carry” is a term used in team games where one person wins the match for everyone else.]

“Hmm... I didn't expect that this “invitation” would operate in this way.” Wandering Child touched his waist bag nervously and found that the contract was still in it, which made him somewhat relieved.

He walked to the office and knocked on the door.

“Please come in.” A calm male voice came from the office room.

Wandering Child opened the door and found a man with a slicked-back hairstyle and thick glasses in the office.

The man raised his head and looked at the Child in surprise, “Brother Cade!”

[TN: The sound of “Cade” and “Kid” is very similar in Chinese Phonetic translations, thus the in-game name “Wandering Child” is a reference to this.]

“Beer Chen!” Wandering Child rushed to hug his old teammate.

Indeed, Wandering Child's real name was "Cade". However, since the name wasn't amiable for the local community, he nicknamed his game ID "Child".

With nostalgia, the man also stood up and embraced the previous captain, who was a lot shorter than him and also soon-to-be bald.

Immediately, Old Chen showed a smile, "I didn't expect it, Cade! You have finally fallen in my hands!

"Hurry up and call me Dad! Otherwise, I won't give you a salary increment! Also, I won't update your contract!"

[TN: Filial piety and authority by age is very important in Chinese culture, thus it's disrespectful to make someone call you "Dad" or "Grandpa". However, it is also commonly used jokingly between friends.]

"Damn you, why!?" Wandering Child, or rather Cade put up a sour expression.

Making the other party call them Dad was an old bet they made when they were in the same team, Team Solo. Before Old Chen retired, he made the last bet with Cade on this "Dad calling thing", and then he lost. At that time, he vowed that he would get revenge sooner or later!

At that time, the Wandering Child enjoyed it a lot.

He never expected that Beer Chen would also be so rich despite being a beer drunkard...

"Is this what the legendary Karma is?" Wandering Child looked troubled.

If you were so rich, why did you participate in professional gaming?

"It's alright. I'm just kidding." Seeing Cade's troubled expression, Beer Chen laughed and brushed it off for the time being.

He motioned to Cade to find a place to sit, took out a disposable cup, and served tea.

"Neckless called me earlier, telling me that you came here to show me a contract?" Old Chen asked curiously, "Is that the project you are working on?"

"Is it an investment? That's your non-disclosure agreement, right?"

Cade knew that the "Neckless" that Old Chen referred to was "Delicious Wind Goose". His other nickname was Neckless Crazy Goose. It meant that he had a crazy, aggressive fighting style.

Delicious Wind Goose's real name was Xiang Tiange.

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

He appeared to have a short neck not because he was obese, but because he was too muscular... His image was rather intimidating.

"Not really." Wandering Child shook his head and handed the contract to Mr. Chen from the bag.

It was a thin three-page document. After seeing the thickness of the contract, Old Chen frowned slightly.

"1. Please select a short and fluent name. As you address and introduce names to each other, the name will not be translated into that world's language but only transliterated.

“2. Please treat this world as a real world. Don't try to develop or spread bugs of any kind.

“3. ...”

Old Chen frowned deeper and deeper as he read the contents, but he still patiently read the entire three-page contract carefully.

At the end, Old Chen saw that the last page did not allocate any space for a signature, but instead displayed a small QR code box.

After he finished reading, he wanted to say something but hesitated.

After slowly putting down the “contract”, Old Chen looked at Cade and asked questioningly, “Do you really think there is nothing wrong with this?”

“Forget about that first.” Cade avoided this topic and asked directly, “If this is true, would you want to join?”

“Of course, I want to, but...”

What's the nonsense about the “real world”? World Creation Engine?

I'm not stupid.

How can I believe this to be real?

“That's fine then.” Cade immediately interrupted Old Chen's words, took out the third contract, and said to Mr. Chen, “Try to put your finger here.”

“Then what happens? Are you pulling my leg...?”

Before the word “leg” was properly enunciated, Old Chen felt a sting on his finger that was touching the contract.

A burning sensation came from the fingertips—like it was approaching a flame.

Immediately afterward, Old Chen saw the three contracts suddenly fly by himself and burn to ashes in the air.

A strange scene appeared before his eyes, “Who are you?”

An aristocratic boy with a cold face, who seemed to be only 13 years old, said in a majestic tone. Although Old Chen couldn't understand which language it was, there were subtitles.

“Lyon, my lord. Lyon Coleman... We are from Roseburg.” The robber, with sly eyes, slightly arched his waist. There was a look of triumph in his eyes.

“Catch them, and spare none of them—”

In the face of malign plunderers, the young feudal lord wielded his exquisite rapier firmly and raised it high without fear.

“What?” Old Chen saw something suddenly.

That is Cade!

To be more precise, it's Cade when he was young...

He held an oak barrel in his right hand and a torch in his left hand. His figure was thin, and he appeared firm and resolute. A guard, equipped with a gun, aimed at the wooden barrel in the Child's hand and fired!

Boom—!

Immediately afterward, a giant ball of fire burst out, completely engulfing Cade and the robbers!

“Hmph, it seems to be Neckless this time?”

Old Chen saw Delicious Wind Goose wearing plated leather armor, holding a long sword. He was the brave and loyal guard beside the black-haired and blue-eyed youth. Then, an alien-like lizard monster suddenly appeared in the sky and slashed a girl in half!

In the end, Old Chen saw the black-haired and blue-eyed youth raise his hands solemnly like a God.

Behind him, a pair of wings protruded from the shoulders and waist each.

The wings on the shoulders held up to the sky.

The wings at the waist bent to cover the body.

There were countless pitch-black cracks on the body, resembling a cosmic space rich with shining stars.

The camera then zoomed into his jewelled azure-blue pupil.

Finally, the pupils shrank slightly and transformed into frightening silver-white vertical pupils!

Old Chen felt a chill crept upon his back as intense fear enshrouded his heart.

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 227**

Old Chen noticed that a bright light radiated from the pair of vertical pupils at the next moment.

He felt his consciousness plunge into a pure white world, descending rapidly as if he was falling off a cliff in a dream. He was startled and exited from the trance in a panic.

Then, he found himself in a completely dark world.

There were five versions of him unfolding before his eyes.

One had solid and plain leather armor and a sharp and heavy iron sword in his hand.

One lurked in the corner with two daggers and suddenly disappeared when their gazes met.

One had a hunting bow on his back and spiked gloves on his hands.

One wore a monocle and held a book in his hand, reading under the moonlight.

One hand held something that was constantly changing, with an amiable smile.

So, this is how I choose my profession?

Old Chen was slightly startled.

What the hell! Did I crossover to another world?

Old Chen subconsciously looked at the person dressed as a warrior, and then he found that his perspective had changed and shifted to the warrior-version of him.

Feeling the weight of the long sword in his hand, he was convinced that this wasn't his weak body that fell into the category of an internet-addicted youth.

This game is fantastic! He couldn't help but exclaim.

Old Chen was a little convinced that this might be a "world transmigration game" at this point.

[Do you want to finalize your initial profession as a swordsman?]

[Warning: Once the initial profession is finalized, it cannot be changed!]

At this moment, Old Chen saw a line of prompt flashing before his eyes.

"No, no, I don't confirm." He answered quickly.

He reluctantly suppressed the admiration for this game and concentrated on observing the only five professions available to him.

Warrior? Rogue? Hunter? Mage?

What is this last profession?

Random profession?

There are too few starting professions for this game...

Old Chen didn't hesitate much and chose the profession that appeared like a mage. It was his typical choice. As long as the mage profession was available, he would prefer it.

[Do you confirm finalizing your initial profession as a wizard apprentice?]

"Yes!" Old Chen shouted in excitement.

Then, everything in front of him disappeared. Ripples unfolded before his eyes, and a standing mirror emerged.

The mirror was pitch black and with only one line visible on it.

[Please name your character.]

[Warning: Once confirmed, this could no longer be changed!]

"Longjing tea [1]." Old Chen replied.

His typical Game ID would be "The Longjing Tea Who Drinks Longjing Tea". However, considering the contract's clauses that he had just read, he chose a shorter and less ridiculous one.



As for retaining the term “Longjing Tea”, that was his final stubbornness.

Another ripple surfaced on the mirror. The initial attribute panel of Longjing Tea had appeared.

[ID: Longjing Tea]

Human. Male. Level 5

Health: 100%

Attributes: Strength 5, Agility 5, Constitution 5, Perception 8, Will 5

Available Attribute Points: 2

Shared Experience: 0

Profession Overview:

Wizard Apprentice LV5: [Touch of Healing] (Idol School), [Stone to Mud] (Shaping School), [Movement Prohibition] (Edict School). Please select one spell among the three.

[Please confirm your initial panel!]

What is the rule? DnD? Doesn't seem like it?

What are the effects of different attributes? Why doesn't the system say it?

Longjing Tea hesitated slightly.

He regretted it a little for not taking Cade's words to heart. I should have asked for the game strategy. Now that I can't exit, I'm going in blind...

Firstly, he added 10 points to the Perception attribute.

His gamer instinct told him not to distribute points in a balanced manner. It might not be the most optimal route to invest all the attribute points on the primary attribute, but it wouldn't be the worst route.

As for the three spells, he had read them for a long time.

Luckily, the spells came with an introduction.

[Touch of Healing (Instant): Curse your dominant hand, allowing it to obtain the temporary ability to heal minor injuries by touch.]

[Stone to Mud (Instant): Curse your gaze, and alter the “stone” you look at into “mud” instantly.]

[Movement Prohibition (Instant): Chant the edict to inhibit all the targets who heard it from moving. Those who fall within your gaze experience double the effect. Those pointed at by your fingers have the effect inflicted on them doubled too.]

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

So, a close-range healing, an unreliable crowd control ability, and a spell to dig traps.

Longjing Tea's common sense in games told him that healing was the most necessary. After all, any healing ability would allow a wider window for team errors.

However, the problem was that the contract stated it was a real world. Therefore, the boss monster wouldn't be dumb and mechanical. If he knew the importance of a healer in the party, wouldn't the boss know as well?

Wouldn't the boss target the healer first?

Longjing Tea chose the Edict School spell without debating for too long, simply for its more useful self-defense purposes.

I don't know whether the wizards of this world can use weapons other than the staff.

If so, I want to arm myself with a gun.

Indeed, when he saw the trailer, he noticed that guns existed in this world. It just so happened that he was trained in firing and assembling guns as well.

Although the guns that existed here were antiques, they shouldn't be too unfamiliar.

Hehehe, I can control an assassin rushing toward me and turn him into a standing target for me to shoot. That sounds so satisfying.

Moreover, Longjing Tea's instinct vaguely sensed that the magnitude of these three spells differed.

The Edict spell is more potent than the healing one, while the [Stone to Mud] seems inferior.

Is the spell given at random? That doesn't seem possible though?

Could it be related to my talent?

The ripples in front of Longjing Tea faded without a pause.

What emerged again was him wearing a clothed robe with a thin book in his left hand.

He looked down and found that he could comprehend the book title, even though he had never seen this kind of text.

“Use and Choice of Prohibited Spells”

Immediately afterward, new texts appeared before his eyes.

[Please make some fine adjustments.]

[Warning: You can only beautify your appearance. The beautifying effect shall not exceed 50%.]

Seeing these two lines, Longjing Tea fell into deep thought.

After customizing his character for 2 hours, he finally lowered the 62% beautifying effect to 48%.

“It feels like 50% isn't enough.” Longjing Tea smacked his lips, seemingly unsatisfied.

He originally wanted to put on more muscles but thought that it might affect his attributes. So, he only improved his fitness slightly and drew out his abdominal muscles, yet the beautification effect had increased to 70% directly.

After he stopped trying to add muscles, the beautifying effect rose much more slowly.

“Fuck, when it says only limited to beautifying, it really only comes down to that.” Longjing Tea said as he finished adjusting his face.

Then, two lines appeared before his eyes.

[Return to the material world.]

[Enter the Mist Continent.]

Hmm, I feel like going offline first.

I have customized my face for two hours already.

Although he wanted to enter the game, Longjing Tea persuaded himself to go offline immediately with his excellent self-control.

So, he tapped on the first button.

When he woke up again, he found himself lying on the table with Cade's greasy coat on him. Cade was sitting on the sofa with legs crossed, drinking tea, playing with the phone, and eating snacks—presumably, the secretary brought Cade those.

The first thing Longjing Tea did was to look at the time.

Have two and a half hours passed?

Hmm, that's the same time I used to customize my face.

In other words, the real-time to game time ratio is 1:1?

“How are you feeling, Beer Chen?” At this moment, Cade smiled and said, “I gave you my only invitation code. Aren't I very kind?”

“Come here, call me daddy!”

“Fuck off! Forget it. We're on an equal score!”

Old Chen shook his hand a little frustratedly, rushed over, and drank a glass of water.

Then he hesitated and said softly, “But still... Thanks, Captain.”

He was grateful that his old captain granted him entry to a new world.

“It's fine.” Cade said solemnly, “Mr. Chen, quickly change our live broadcast contract with a shorter stream time requirement. Of course, you can lower the salary. You remember the streamer system that Old Goose told you about before, right?”

“Sure, we can settle with that.” Old Chen hesitated for a moment but still responded, “I will get it done tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow? How about today?”

“We brothers should catch up with a meal later. Then, I need to ask you how to start the game optimally.”

Old Chen smiled, “Then, I will go home and grind on the game.”

“It's only 4 p.m., though?”

“Fuck, I'm the director. I'm already very productive even when I only work until 4 p.m.!”

He yelled, “If it wasn't for waiting for you...”

“Huh? You mean...”

“What? I mean I definitely work hard! You're the person interrupting my work, which in turn affected the performance of our platform. So quickly call me daddy to repent for your sins,” said Old Chen righteously.

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 228**

“Oh, the newcomer is actually an Edict Wizard.” Annan murmured, somewhat pleased.

He had never encountered an Edict Wizard so far. The emergence of Longjing Tea was undoubtedly a strong supplement to his lineup.

Annan didn't know when it happened. It could be when Annan saw the essence of his soul in the magic mirror, or it could be when he injected Sage's Stone for the first time.

—It could even be when Annan received general information about these professions.

In short, when Annan was about to recruit new players, he realized that his backend interface had been upgraded.

First of all, he had more varieties of initial professions that could be delegated to the players.

In the beginning, he could only offer the players the basic profession — [Swordsman]. Moreover, the skills pool available for the players was relatively minimal.

Now, Annan not only had more professions for the players, but the skill choices for them to choose were also drastically enriched.

If we were to take the “swordsman” profession as an example...

When Old Goose's group of players entered the game, they only had four skills: [Basic Swordsmanship], [Parry], [Charge], and [All-out Blow]. Annan couldn't make more skills available to them even if he wanted to.

For now, in addition to these four default skills, the previously grayed [Military Swordsmanship] branch had two new skills available, [Solid Footwork] and [Backs to the Wall].

In addition to that, there were new changes to the [Bodyguard Swordsmanship] that was already available to Annan previously. The skills [Charge] and [All-out Blow] were no longer available but instead replaced by [Disarm] and [Parallel Comprehension].

Now, the good news was that the players could even select the wizard apprentice as a starting profession!

It was a free promotion ticket to guarantee Bronze Rank attainment for the players because the wizard apprentice's only promotion route was [Wizard]. Therefore, they could advance into it without meeting any other requirements.

Moreover, the wizard profession itself was a powerful and reliable profession.

Annan was even worried for a while if all the newcomers chose the [Wizard Apprentice] profession.

It wasn't that this situation would be terrible. On the contrary, having more players adopting wizardry or magic could solve many problems more comprehensively at the beginning stage.

However, Annan needed some players to be the frontline.

We are short of Tanks!

Except for Hyphen (Sister Yiyi), no one could tank at all!

"Tanks are really a noble profession." Annan couldn't help but complain.

He spent the last two days doing nothing but learning all the spells available to wizard apprentices in the system. It was just like before Lin Yiyi and the others advanced, Annan didn't have the skill lists of their professions' advancements at all in the backend interface. Even now, he could only gain access to the spells available in the wizard apprentice phase.

Presumably, after the players had advanced to Bronze Rank, Annan would be able to see the Bronze Rank spells as well.

He also was unsure whether to grant the players freedom to choose from the eight wizardry schools or to randomly roll a starting spell for them.

[TN: Roll refers to the DnD mechanic where the player will roll a dice to see the results they will get.]

In addition, the current players could even choose the [Priest] profession.

But there was a problem. Annan gradually realized that if you chose the [Priest] profession, you couldn't specify your faith as the "Silver Sire". Instead, you would be granted a faith at random.

The faith randomization did not include only the upright deities, but also the false deities.

Annan quickly understood that this mechanism was to take into account the player's relatability to the deities.

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

Rather than the faith given in a random manner, the system would analyze the players' personalities with a psychological test before dedicating a faith to them.

Annan took some consideration before settling down with the autonomous talent assessment system in the profession distributing system.

If the player had received military training beforehand, when he selected the swordsman profession, he would be acquiring [Military Swordsmanship] by default instead of [Basic Swordsmanship]. Similarly, if the player knew how to use batons, shields, etc., he would be granted [Bodyguard Swordsmanship] by default.

If the players choose the [Wizard] profession, they would be given the top three schools of magic compatible with them. In this case, Annan had specially fine-tuned the rules. If they weren't proficient with a certain school, he would weaken the spells granted for that particular one; if they were adept to a particular school, they stood a chance to acquire the most difficult spell of that school in the apprenticeship stage.

Annan decided to guide the players into choosing a wizardry school based on the magnitude of spells and their compatibility to that particular school of spells. Even if, logically speaking, the magics shouldn't be differentiated with its strength but compatibility.

This also explained why Annan prohibited the players from choosing an alternate profession at will.

Sure enough, there must be some professions that work well at certain stages. But after leaving the character creation stage, the players wouldn't have a good opportunity to test the compatibility with their professions.

If they honestly chose the wrong profession, they would simply get a secondary option. If they were really suitable for the alternate profession, Annan could find an opportunity to send them on a difficult mission. Then, he would grant the designated players a secondary profession without penalty, so that they could focus mainly on the better choice..

Among this batch of players whose default starting profession was swordsman, there were players like Lin Yiyi and Delicious Wind Goose who were quite compatible with the said profession. Unfortunately, there were cases that said otherwise.

Sure enough, it wouldn't be fair for those players being forced into the path of no return and had no freedom of choice.

Although the players couldn't get comfortable with the swordsman profession might be few, their opinions and feelings were equally important.

So, Annan devised a new plan. He would activate an in-game event as an excuse for the players who had the need of changing their profession.

"I should enter a nightmare after falling asleep this time." Annan murmured.

The "Influence of the Death Howl" buff on him should be on its final countdown already.

Annan had yet to find a way to remove the influence imposed upon him.

However, he wasn't scared but excited with this novel element. It was like discovering a limited-time dungeon instance in the game, and he couldn't wait to play it.

Annan glanced at the backend interface one last time before falling asleep.

Lin Yiyi and Delicious Wind Goose seemed to still be recruiting, but the players whom Jiu Er and the Child each recruited had already created their characters.

“Longjing Tea, Edict Wizard... Well, let's spawn him into the slums.” Annan murmured, typing quickly to finish up the newbie plot that belonged to Longjing Tea specifically.

“And this player... Hmm, the name is Citalopram? 28 years old. The character seems pretty good-looking. Hmm, the beautification effect is merely 30%. Not bad! Judging from the character's age, is Citalopram's profession in reality a doctor?”

“Huh? Priest...” Annan was slightly startled when he saw this profession.

“The faith is... the Pale Princess?”

Annan heard from somewhere that She was a false deity.

The Pale Princess was the deity of ghosts and spirits. She was a legless ghost wearing a white wedding dress and a princess crown while holding the head of her lover.

She and the Venerated Skeleton belonged to an organization called the “Necropolis” more than two hundred years ago to fight against the burial priests under the Bone Burying Church.

Unfortunately, Annan's knowledge of Her was limited to this.

Salvatore's book didn't have much information on the upright deities, let alone on the knowledge of false deities. Annan only had a rough idea but didn't even get to see a sketch of it.

Annan was a little curious about this new false deity.

Does the Venerated Skeleton have more information in regards to the Pale Princess?

Should I summon Him as a foreign aid?

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 229**

“I'm not bluffing you, right? Sister Xue!” Jiu Er called out loudly and leaped forward.

She plunged straight into Wen Xue's arms, who was still confused just after waking up, and burrowed into her chest vigorously.

“En, it's amazing.” Wen Xue nodded, speaking in a hoarse voice, “Thanks, Little Jiu Er.”

Although she said this, she dug out Jiu Er out of her lap and threw her aside.

She was Jiu Er's cousin — the recently created character, Citalopram, who had accepted Jiu Er's invitation code.

Wen Xue got up from the bed with one hand, put on her glasses, and untied the long ponytail behind her. She then walked to the vanity mirror, picked up the comb, and combed her hair slowly... taking this time to calm herself down.

What kind of illegal technology is this?

She shared the same train of thoughts with Longjing Tea.

When she had the option to quit, she chose to do it immediately. She wasn't in a rush and felt it was better for her to consult Jiu Er first for more information.

If you're of sound mind, how can you trust this contract entirely.jpg

She didn't expect that she would pass out directly when she pressed her fingertip on the contract. Luckily, she was at Jiu Er's house.

"Did that girl put me to bed?" Citalopram asked Jiu Er casually, "You don't seem to have the strength to move me."

She referred to Lin Yiyi, who stayed at Jiu Er's house.

Jiu Er sat on the table with a smile and nodded with satisfaction, "Yup. No need to be polite with her, if you need any physical labour help then just talk to Sister Hyphen!" "

"She's called Yiyi, not Hyphen..." Citalopram couldn't help but retort, "Call her by her name correctly. You're being rude. Speaking of her, Hyp... Where is Yiyi now?"

"She's likely gone to the swimming pool downstairs." Jiu Er tilted her head and replied with some uncertainty, "She has been learning how to swim for the past two days. She is still asking if I know any kickboxing coaches..."

"En, that's great for her." Citalopram nodded slowly and added, "You should exercise regularly as well, it would be even better for you to learn archery along with Yiyi.

"I know a pretty lady who is great with a bow. She is also a streamer who is currently residing in Australia. I can introduce her to you next time."

"...Well, is hers big?" Jiu Er made an innocent voice and gestured slightly in the air.

"Okay." Citalopram habitually flicked on Jiu Er's forehead. She imitated a particular handsome male idol that she saw when she was a child but inadvertently developed a habit out of it.

Jiu Er kept playing around at her house every day. Citalopram needed to knock some sense into Jiu Er, but she was just too cute to be taught a lesson.

I should only flick my finger on her forehead 80 times a day. Hmm, I can beat some sense into her by sheer volume.

"Right," Citalopram asked, "How should I invest my status points as the Pale Princess's priest?"

"I tend to put all my points into the main attribute, so I guess you should put everything on the Will attribute. That should have no problem, right? As for the future...?"

"Wait, what?"

Jiu Er held her forehead and froze for a moment.

So, it's not just the swordsman, but you can even choose the [Priest] profession.



Also, what's the Pale Princess?

“How many professions were available for you to choose?” Jiu Er asked curiously, “We only had [Swordsman] available at the time.”

“[Swordsman], [Lurker], [Hunter], [Wizard Apprentice], and [Priest]. Five professions in total.”

Citalopram replied, “For me, there isn't much difference. I seldom play games, and all professions appear the same to me. I thought the last option was random, but I didn't expect it to be the [Priest] profession.”

“...Wow.” Jiu Er sighed enviously, “That's great for you. You have the greatest profession with both wizardry and priesthood overlapped. I want this too.”

Fortunately, Jiu Er wasn't petty-minded and quickly calmed down.

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

Then, she asked, “What are the starting skills for your [Priest] profession? What kind of deity is the Pale Princess?”

“I'll write it down for you. I have memorized the panel already anyway.” Citalopram sighed and put her comb down.

She picked up the pen and casually chatted with Jiu Er while writing down her attribute panel. “The Pale Princess seems to be the Deity of Death. I have also written down some of the rules and taboos of the Pale Church.”

Jiu Er was behind Citalopram, looking at her panel curiously.

[ID: Citalopram]

Half-dead Enchantress. Female. Level 5.

Health: 100%

Attributes: Strength 5, Agility 5, Constitution – , Perception 8, Will 10

Shared Experience: 0

Profession Overview:

Ghost (Ex): Pale Body LV1

Priest (Pale Lady, engravings 0): Ghost Touch

[Pale Body LV1: The Half-dead Enchantress resurrected by the Pale Princess looks the same as an ordinary person in appearance. They also need food, water, and sleep. However, regular exercise will not increase their physical attributes. They cannot recover after injury but it won't worsen over time either. They are immune to disease and instant death effects, but they bear double the damage from divine arts. You must receive treatment to recover from injuries.]

[You may activate this ability at night to exit your soul from the body and change into a ghost form. However, you must return to your body within 1 hour. Otherwise, you will die immediately.]

[Ghost Touch: While you're in physical form, you will passively absorb the target's vitality and heal yourself when you're in contact with any living being. When you're in ghost form, direct contact allows you to absorb a large amount of vitality and make the opponent shudder or inflict them with fear. The skill duration of "Pale Body" can be refreshed when you gain experience in the period of this skill effect.]

"...Eh?!" Jiu Er was a little surprised at once.

Not only did she not encounter this powerful profession before, even the race was different!

In addition to this, she keenly noticed another thing.

Regular exercise will not increase their physical attributes..

That is to say... As humans, we can exercise to increase our attributes.

Jiu Er felt that the door to a new world had opened before her eyes.

"The Half-dead Enchantress?" Annan repeated.

In fact, he only attempted to summon the Venerated Skeleton.

After all, he wasn't afraid of the gallery anymore. In the worst-case scenario, he could challenge and complete the Gallery dungeon once again before heading off to the Death Howl dungeon.

Unexpectedly, when Annan called out, the Venerated Skeleton came out directly.

Annan knew he didn't have to be polite.

If I can't get some information out of him right now, I won't give up until I do.

"The people the Pale Princess resurrected are the Half-dead Enchantresses, and her priestesses are all Half-dead Enchantresses."

The Venerated Skeleton echoed an old and low voice in Annan's mind, "The Pale Princess is the Deity of Ghosts and Spirits. The ghost refers to the soul of the dead, and the spirit refers to the soul of the living.

"Being half-alive and undead defines a Half-dead Enchantress. She is neither the living nor the dead. Among the living, she is dead; among the dead, she is the living. Therefore, they don't fall under the rules of any order and won't fall in love with anyone, including themselves.

"The Pale Princess, therefore, is also called the Bondless Princess," said the Venerated Skeleton slowly.

An evil thought entered Annan's head.

In other words, they are leftover women [1].

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 230**

After sending the Venerated Skeleton away, Annan leaned on the pillow and looked at the moon outside the window, squinting slightly.

Although the Venerated Skeleton didn't refuse his summon and answer his questions, the “secrets” He revealed had cleverly avoided the key issues—especially pieces of information that might implicate Him. Like:

1. What kind of organization was the Necropolis?
2. How did He and the Pale Princess know each other?
3. What did They plan to do?
4. Why had They gone separate paths now?

For the questions that could involve the Venerated Skeleton Himself, including the questions that could lead to it, He acted ignorant and didn't mention even a word about it.

In comparison, when the Venerated Skeleton talked about the Pale Princess and the Half-dead Enchantress, He mentioned them in detail. In particular, when He spoke about “how to identify a Half-dead Enchantress” as well as “the Pale Princess's habits and preferences”, He deliberately avoided discussing Himself and the Necropolis, but directed Annan's attention toward the Pale Princess instead.

“Whatever...” Annan shook his head lightly, letting the incident pass.

Annan was used to His habits.

If He involved Annan at this time, he would have questioned whether He was scheming something.

But the Venerated Skeleton did reveal some secrets about the Pale Princess to Annan.

The head in the Pale Princess's arms wasn't the lover in her lifetime, but her followers.

Although the Pale Princess's priestesses were all Half-dead Enchantresses, that wasn't a requirement to be Her believers.

After all, she was remarkably beautiful and had a soothing singing voice. As a result, many believers obsessively wanted to follow her, regardless of gender.

What She was looking for was “an interesting soul”. It had nothing to do with net worth, appearance, age, gender, and even race.

The highest ritual that the Pale Princess believers could perform was to sacrifice their heads to Her. If the Pale Princess deemed the person fascinating, she would accept it and keep the person's head with Her — There was even the possibility of her whispering to the soul day and night, singing to the soul like a lover, and kissing the soul.

This continued until she met another more interesting soul or got tired of that soul.

However, she wouldn't abandon these souls, but bring them along with Her.

Over time, wherever the Pale Princess had walked, a phenomenon called the “Pale Tide” would occur. At night, a cloud of white smoke would traverse the sky while accompanied by a strange singing, slowly passing through the air like a violent wind.

There were some folk legends saying that if you witnessed the tide, you would be seriously ill afterward.

The Venerated Skeleton's statement confirmed this legend.

Those exposed to the ghastly light would have their vitality snatched away slowly. For ordinary people, the stolen life force was enough to cause illness. However, since they would hide immediately after witnessing the tide, it wasn't that big of a problem. For the Transcended, the stolen vitality wouldn't pose a considerable loss. Sometimes, the tide would even clear away some erosion rate.

Those Transcended who were on the verge of turning mad would even take the initiative to find the traces of the Pale Princess and follow the tide.

Those who overindulged in the pleasure of the soul purification might lose all their strength and pass out on the road. Eventually, they would become corpses left by the Pale Tide, adding fuel to the continuation of this legend.

Besides that, Annan also got another important piece of information.

The Pale Princess had another alias — The Death Howl, or the Singer who Brings Death.

Indeed, the “Death Howl Influence” on Annan came from the Pale Princess.

“...I guess this works out.” My questions did end up yielding some results.

Annan sent away the Venerated Skeleton politely.

But, as for the Pale Princess... Annan was lost in thought.

He didn't even know what kind of nightmare he would enter.

“Forget it. I should just go to sleep.” Annan finally closed his eyes and fell backward.

As he fell asleep quickly, Annan felt that his body seemed to become a little lighter.

He seemed to be floating in the clouds with a strange singing voice looming in his ears. After listening to the singing, Annan felt his limbs getting colder and colder.

It was as if he was immersed in icy water. The chill seeped deep inside his bones, making him unable to wake up.

When the nightmare entangled him into a light sleep state, Annan suddenly returned to his senses. A few lines of prompts appear in front of his eyes:

[“Basic Influence: Remains of the Death Howl” has reverberated.]

[You are now entering the dream world.]

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

[The system can't detect the key into the dream.]

[Searching for the nightmare with the keyword, “dead”...]

[The system has found the nightmare.]

[Falling into a nightmare. The dungeon instance is being generated.]

[Dungeon instance difficulty is set to [Hard].]

[The total erosion rate detected is 2%. Consequently, the dungeon instance difficulty rises by 2%, and the Nightmare mutation probability increases by 2%.]

[Warning: Related elements are detected. The nightmare has been distorted—]

[This dungeon instance has no save point. Your erosion rate is increased by 12% for each death. You will be forced out from the dungeon instance after one death.]

[This dungeon instance contains a plot and possibly provides decryption rewards.]

[Dungeon instance clearance reward: Profession (Wizard) will be promoted by 3 levels.]

[Loading completed.]

When Annan woke up again, he noticed that his body was trembling.

It wasn't because of fear, but because of the humidity and cold.

Annan realized that he was huddling in a damp dungeon cell.

His left hand was locked in shackles, and the other end of the chain was fixed to the wall. Some distinct wounds on the left wrist had shown signs of inflammation. The injury should have been incurred not long ago from the attempts to break away from the chain.

However, his right hand was intact.

In this position, he could either sit down or kneel at most. There was no room for him to lie down at all. Probably, that was why the nightmare's protagonist couldn't have a good sleep.

Annan didn't know how long it had been since this body last slept. He felt a strong sense of exhaustion clouding his mind.

Strangely, there was no trace of torture and interrogation on this body, and even his [Health] was sitting at a whopping 94%.

Annan figured that this body had no open wounds with the basic necessity of hunger and thirst fully met.

"...En?" Annan just noticed that he was in control of a female body after he finished checking up on his physical state.

Judging from the skin, knuckles, and palms, she should be in her twenties, seemingly quite young. There were no calluses on her palms, and the skin on the back of her right hand was relatively smooth, indicating that she wasn't a peasant.

Due to the dim lighting here, Annan lowered his head and checked his clothes by fumbling around with his right hand.

To his surprise, the nightmare protagonist's dress was quite neat and not messy at all. She wasn't in a prisoner's uniform, but the fabric wasn't the kind of high-end fabric that nobles would use.

So, this body should be working in the clerical work or entertainment industry? Or possibly jobless?

Those who caged her here had kept her from sleeping peacefully but didn't torture her. What was their goal?

At this moment, Annan felt the familiar light dizziness. Lines of texts appeared before his eyes again.

[Evelyn Miller was supposed to be a natural dancer. She was born with a soft and powerful body, possessing extraordinary beauty. She has an artistic and musical soul, loved by the Elegant Elder.]

[However, when she was fourteen, she lost almost everything because of an unfortunate accident. Her artistic pursuit was thus halted.]

[From then on, she never danced in front of others.]

[Until one day, she accidentally saw the dance performed by the "Dancer under the Moon"... The soul-enchanting dance lingered fresh in her memories.]

[She tried to approach the dancer but suddenly lost consciousness when she spoke.]

[When she woke up, she found herself in a damp and cold dungeon.]

[She quickly realized that she was kidnapped.]

After these texts faded away, new words appeared before Annan again.

[Main mission: Return Home]

Immediately after, Annan was quickly supplemented with more details.

[Keep your body intact.]

[Don't talk to anyone.]

[Return to reality.]