

Righteous Ps 241

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 241

“Stop wasting my time. Quickly sign this for me!”

Lin Yiyi glared and slammed the table, “Quickly press your finger on it!”

The spectacled youth in front of Lin Yiyi had a bitter look on his face. He pleaded with pitiful eyes, “Sister! I'm your blood-related brother!”

You can't scam your brother like that. Lin Erer murmured in his heart.

Just by looking at their names, it was apparent that their father was lazy in naming.

Lin Erer received a call today. His sister gave the order, asking him to get a half-day leave from a school counselor. Then, he must arrive at the Mountain She Villa Area before dinner.

In the end, Lin Erer skipped class helplessly out of pressure. He requested three days' leave from the counselor with the excuse of “my sister is getting married”.

Seeing that he had to put down his studies for a few days temporarily, the youth put up a sad expression.

Lin Erer didn't expect his elder sister to get familiar with a sugar mommy one day.

Jiu Er was a streamer. Lin Erer heard of her before — she was a well-known rich woman in the streamer circle.

...or rather, Rich Loli.

[TN: Young girls whose appearance is childlike.]

Although Lin Erer was only a sophomore this year, he was also a streamer registered in the Fighting Cat Streaming Platform.

In the beginning, he existed as a “tool” in Lin Yiyi's videos, often featured in cooperative gameplay videos. The alias he often went with was “Suuankou Tanki “. [1]

Since Lin Yiyi had the alias of “Sister Hyphen”, Lin Erer was soon dubbed “Brother Koutsu” [2] by the viewers.

His skills and reflex weren't as good as his sister's, but he had great comedic effect for the audience. Also, he was quick-witted, enabling him to build a bond quickly with his audience and attain some popularity.

After the college entrance examination, he registered a streaming account when he had nothing to do and streamed classic puzzle games like “Nine Hours, Nine Persons, Nine Doors”, “Ace Attorney”, “The Witch's House”, and so on.

Unexpectedly, he became famous.

In just over a year, he had become a well-known game streamer focusing on non-mainstream games. He had made a lot of money by playing new horror games, puzzle games, mahjong, and auto chess.

When Lin Erer heard that Lin Yiyi had moved to Jiu Er's house some time ago, he was a little surprised.

Yay!

My elder sister has become the rich loli's sugar baby.

I'm so jealous... Wait, no, it's disgusting!

After a phone call with his sister, he thought he would be visiting for a free meal.

But he didn't expect that...

As soon as he got there, Lin Yiyi took him inside a room and asked him to sign a strange contract.

What's the nonsense with this being an actual world, and there's a world creation engine?

Lin Yiyi wasn't as smart as him, but her IQ wasn't terrible at all. After all, she graduated from a prestigious university.

How did she get played like a fiddle?

“Stop hesitating. Just sign it!” Lin Yiyi slapped Lin Erer on the head, annoyed, “Have you finished reading the contract? Have you remembered what's written on it? Hurry up and press your fingerprint on it. You don't need to put your hand on the ink pad... I'll treat you to a dinner when you're done!”

She was also quite helpless.

Although she had the privilege to invite someone into that world, Lin Yiyi's social circle was limited. Due to her age and gender, her video manager wasn't quite close to her. Worse still, the manager wasn't great at games.

Finally, after thinking a while, she realized she could only rely on her young brother.

This naughty disciple hasn't helped me with videos for a long time. However, I have been helping out in his streams when he returns home during school breaks.

Of course, Lin Yiyi didn't show her face.

Instead, she only utilized her assets to catch viewers.

Of course, she wouldn't have much to reveal.

“Fine, fine...” Lin Erer helplessly pressed his fingerprint on the contract.

Haih, I'm just coaxing my elder sister to make her happy.

It's all for dinner's sake.

Lin Yiyi suddenly remembered something. She stopped him nervously, “By the way, don't choose the swordsman profession. Remember to look carefully. Different professions have different advantages. Read them in detail, and you will find out what's the right profession for you.”

She had already asked for more details from Child God and Jiu Er.

It appeared that everyone had different professions available to them. There wasn't much strategy that Lin Yiyi could offer to her brother because of the randomization.

Also, the difference in the professions' initial strength would assist the players in finding the most suitable profession for them. If two professions had a similar power level, it was fine to choose either one. If only one profession stood out, it meant that the profession was the most suitable one.

"I got it, sis!" Lin Erer said impatiently, "Isn't it just a game? You have to trust my game talent."

When he pressed his fingerprint on the contract, Lin Erer felt something was wrong.

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He felt that it didn't feel like pressing on a paper.

He subconsciously exerted a little more force, but his hand was knocked back by the feeling of static electricity.

A tingling sensation ran from his fingertips to his elbows.

Immediately after, Lin Erer saw that the three contract pages flew up by themselves and burned to ashes in the air—

Then, the thin youth with glasses suddenly passed out.

Seeing Lin Erer falling toward her, Lin Yiyi subconsciously retreated and dodged away from his fall perfectly. Only then did she realize that he shouldn't have avoided it.

"This is PTSD, and I'm a veteran." She helped Lin Erer up in guilt. She tried to drag him off the carpet and put him onto the bed but gave up after a few tries.

So, Lin Yiyi decided to do the opposite, taking the pillow and quilt off for her brother and putting them on the carpet.

"Jiu Er's carpet is quite soft. It doesn't feel too cool. You can just lie down here and sleep." Lin Yiyi mumbled, feeling a little thirsty.

I should go to Jiu Er for a drink~

After all, she had fooled her clever younger brother into the game, so Lin Yiyi walked out of the room happily.

On the other side...

Delicious Wind Goose's "invitation code" was also handed to the last player of this batch.

Without much hesitation, she chose the profession with a hunting bow and pets by her side.

She had great confidence in her archery skills.

Furthermore, this "game" seemed to amplify her strength.

After she invested all of her attribute points, she tried to clench her fist and found that her strength was slightly stronger than in reality, but her stamina seemed weaker. As for her flex and the accuracy of movements, it was significantly better. She also found it easier to fix the arrow on the box and pull the string.

[ID: Dove]

Human. Female. Level 5.

Health: 100%

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

Available Attribute Points: 0

Shared Experience: 0

Profession Overview:-

Hunter LV5: [Curse Snatch LV1], [Shared Perception LV2], [Precision LV1]

Animal Companions: Feline (Medium size) [Nightvision], [Silent Steps], [Stealth Proficiency]

Temporary curse: Empty slot

[Please confirm your initial panel.]

“Confirm,” Dove replied.

She invested all her attribute points into the [Agility] attribute and increased [Shared Perception] by one level.

This was because she didn't know much about the skill [Curse Snatch]... and the description of [Precision] was that it greatly increased the accuracy against static enemies within 50 meters.

...She didn't need this kind of buff.

A fixed target within 50 meters was like challenging the ninth or tenth ring in target archery [3]. If she promoted this skill into Level 2, the skill would apply to “low-speed dynamic targets” rather than static targets only.

For a significant improvement, she would have to increase the skill to Level 4.

Luckily, her archery was excellent due to her natural talent, and she could save a lot of skill points for other options.

Dove realized that she fit extremely well in this profession.

Her strength in this profession was much higher than all other professions. Moreover, she could choose [Bear] or [Big Cat] as her initial animal companion!

An armored bear could defeat 3 swordsmen of the same level.

Despite that, she hesitated. In consideration of the late game, she chose the medium-sized cat.

[TN: Late game refers to the final stage of the game/esports.]

If Dove promoted [Shared Perception] into Level 2, she could exchange her vision with her animal companion after a short delay.

With that, she could be a scout roaming around the battlefield.

She specially selected her animal companions as felines to further enhance this functionality. A large animal would struggle to stay stealthy while being too small in size would be too weak for fights. A medium-sized animal was optimal. Also, Dove chose her animal companion's starting talent.

As for the exterior...

Dove had her obsessions and personal preferences. In the end, the pet was granted a Serval skin.

Looking at the cat that appeared like a small cheetah in front of her, she was delighted.

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Lin Erer was troubled and annoyed.

His sister just said that different initial professions had varying power levels, but she didn't tell him how to check their power levels.

Are you really my sister...

“In that case, I can only rely on my intuition.”

Lin Erer concluded, “She basically told me nothing.”

Luckily, after he tried the professions one by one, he could still feel the subtle difference in his physical body.

It seemed that after swapping around his profession several times, Lin Erer vaguely realized that the two most suitable professions seemed to be [Lurker] and [Wizard].

“Then, I shall pick the lurker class.” Lin Erer pondered for a long time and made up his mind.

Although wizard would never be the worst choice under any circumstances, he disliked fighting in the backline.

He also didn't like assaulting the enemy in the frontline.

The professions he preferred were the type that allowed him to strike the enemies while they couldn't. For example, mages focusing on crowd control or rogues proficient in stealth. These were his common professions in MMORPGs.

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

“Yes.” Lin Erer answered affirmatively.

Immediately, everything in front of him disappeared, and a pure black standing mirror emerged.

A line appeared above:

[Please name your game character.]

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

“Suuankou.” Lin Erer replied.

He thought the contract was just a prank at the start, so he only skimmed through it a little. Luckily, he roughly remembered the contents of the contract.

Lin Erer simplified it because his typically used Game ID was too long to remember.

Only the essential elements of the name “Brother Koutsu” were kept.

[TN: The Author refers to the Mahjong element in this part: Koutsu & Suuanko]

It was unexpectedly similar to Longjing Tea's approach in picking a name.

Another water ripple surfaced in the mirror, and then Suuankou's initial attributes emerged.

[ID: Suuankou]

Human. Male. Level 5.

Health: 100%

Attributes: Strength 5, Agility 7, Constitution 5, Perception 5, Will 5

Available Attribute Points: 3

Shared Experience: 0

Profession Overview:

Lurker LV5: [Sneak LV1], [Skillful Hands LV1], [Backstab LV1]

Available Skill Points: 7

Since he was in the thief class category, he invested all his attribute points to Agility without a second thought.

—Soon, another thought emerged.

Considering that he might also need to shoulder the responsibility of detecting traps, he added 1 point into the Perception attribute. After discovering that he could revert his decision, he tried investing in all the attributes one by one.

“En, I can upgrade all my attributes except [Will] and [Constitution]?”

Suuankou murmured, “That means, Agility is the primary attribute for Lurkers. Strength and Perception are secondary attributes...”

He hesitated for a moment but still evenly distributed the 3 available attribute points on the plausible options.

Suuankou knew that if the distributed points couldn't be reset, the strategy of even distribution might not be the most optimal approach. Still, it was better than investing everything in one basket and messing up entirely.

As for the following three skills—

Suuankou knew at a glance that the skills indicated the three major pathways of this profession.

Should I focus on stealth, tools, or assassination?

“...Huh, this is a difficult decision.” Suuankou frowned in thought.

He had 7 skill points available to him, indicating that his decision in distributing them would largely affect his profession's pathway. But he couldn't quit now and ask his sister how to choose. Obviously, he couldn't check the strategy online either.

“I can only rely on my wisdom!” He gritted his teeth and took a deep breath, reading the 4 skills description.

[Sneak LV1: Blend into the environment, making yourself harder to be noticed. At the current level, if you move, it will disrupt the stealth effect applied.]

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[Skillful Hands LV1: Lurkers have a pair of skillful hands, which can be used to create and use complex tools. Also, you're armed with the skill to install or dismantle traps. At the current level, you can dismantle simple locks nimbly.]

[Backstab LV1: When attacking a target from behind, you may subconsciously hit the weak spot. At the current level, you need to observe the enemy for 5 seconds before you can activate the skill.]

After that, Suuankou added 1 skill point each for each skill and observed the changes in the description.

[Sneak LV2: Blend into the environment, making yourself harder to be noticed. At the current level, if you move, there is a high possibility that it will disrupt the stealth effect applied.]

[Skillful Hands LV2: Lurkers have a pair of skillful hands, which can be used to create and use complex tools. Also, you're armed with the skill to install or dismantle traps. At the current level, you can dismantle simple locks nimbly. At the same time, you have a high possibility of thievery on a target human whose Perception is { 5 (- 3 from your perception).}]

[Backstab LV2: When attacking a target from the blind spot, you may hit the weak spot with higher precision. At the current level, you need to observe the enemy for 4 seconds before you can activate the skill.]

Suuankou's pupils lit up slightly.

He soon understood his situation.

Although he didn't know what would be the correct approach in investing those skill points, he knew that the “skill points efficacy” of different skills would be different.

According to the skills description, he could only move freely in stealth when the skill reached Level 4.

Backstab required LV6 to allow immediate activation without any delay of observing the target.

Until then, it didn't make much difference whether to observe the target for 5 seconds or 4.

Unfortunately, Lurkers couldn't invest their attribute points into [Constitution]. Hence, it was quite a physically weak profession. If he couldn't escape, he could only resort to dealing a devastating blow before anything else.

In this case, it wasn't quite necessary to invest skill points into [Backstab].

Judging from how the profession was explained, he was like the player approaching the enemy and pressing F for an aerial assassination. If the enemy wasn't deaf or blind, he must sneak over.

Hence, [Sneak] was the essential requirement for movement. While he was approaching the target, the condition to activate [Backstab] was already fulfilled.

To be cautious, Suuankou still added skill points one level at one time.

When he promoted [Sneak] to LV4, its description suddenly changed.

[Sneak LV4: Blend into the environment, making yourself harder to be noticed. At the current level, slow movements won't disrupt the stealth effect applied.]

[Effect after acquiring LV4: After the enemy loses vision of you for 3 seconds, you may try to sneak again.]

This is what I was looking for! Suuankou's eyes lit up.

Sure enough, unique properties were introduced after the skill was upgraded to a certain level.

Based on the usual standard, the next unique property would either come at Lv6 or LV7.

He had a total of 7 skill points. After consuming 5 of them, he only had 2 left.

Hence, even if he invested everything in [Sneak], he wouldn't be able to trigger the next unique property.

In this case, there was no doubt that he should go for [Skillful Hands]!

After disregarding the necessity of the skill [Sneak], the skill that experienced exponential growth for each level of upgrade would be [Skillful Hands].

It was given that he should learn how to install and dismantle traps.

For the 2 remaining skill points, he should also be able to increase this skill to Level 4 and acquire its unique properties.

Soon, Suuankou promoted [Skillful Hands] to Level 4.

[Skillful Hands LV4: Lurkers have a pair of skillful hands, which can be used to create and use complex tools. Also, you're armed with the skill to install or dismantle traps. At the current level, you can

dismantle complex locks nimbly. At the same time, you have a high possibility of thievery on a target human whose Perception is { 6 (- 2 from your Perception); you may install and dismantle easy traps.]

[Effect after acquiring LV4: Equivalent to having “Dagger Proficiency LV1”, “Throwing Proficiency Lv1”, and “Firearms Proficiency LV1”]

“Great, perfect!” Suuankou applauded himself.

As expected, the [Backstab] skill wasn't quite needed in the early stage. [Sneak] alone was enough for the time being. Also, he didn't expect to be able to run in stealth, so the cost-effectiveness was relatively low.

The [Skillful Hands] skill was the skill with the best utility!

“It's only me who realizes this...” Suuankou smiled with satisfaction.

He didn't put much effort into character customization.

He only removed his short-sightedness which filled the beautification effect up to the limit. He took into account that a rogue obviously couldn't afford to be shortsighted. Also, there were no spectacles in this era.

It would be funny if he killed the wrong person because of short-sightedness.

Though, it's a pleasant surprise that the game could eliminate my short-sightedness...

Then, two lines of words appeared in front of him.

[Returning to the material world.]

[Entering the Mist Continent.]

“Wow, I can finally start playing the game!” Suuankou cheered loudly.

He chose the second option without hesitation.

...But, it feels like I've forgotten something.

Hmm, it shouldn't be a big deal. The game is more important.

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“Is this the [Lurker] profession's unique characteristic?”

Looking through Suuankou's character attributes from the backend interface, Annan murmured.

The [Swordsman] profession's unique characteristic was the system of skills that could be changed at any time with different types of “swordsmanship” as the core of the skill system. As long as you switch your swordsmanship, you can replace all swordsmanship skills with other skills.

For example, “Bodyguard Swordsmanship” and “Military swordsmanship”. The system acted like a pseudo skill reset, or rather the opportunity to “switch their talent”.

The [Hunter] profession's uniqueness came from their ability to snatch others' curses and store them, giving them the option to pick the curse they needed at any time, like changing equipment.

As for the unique feature of the [Lurker] profession, it was double the skill points.

For [Swordsman] and [Hunter], each level only provided 1 skill point. On the other hand, [Lurker] would acquire 2 skill points for every level up.

This ensured that those with the [Lurker] profession could easily reach the critical level at Level 4 or Level 7.

From the backend interface, Annan could see it more clearly.

The [Lurker] profession had an abundance of skills.

Based on quantity alone, the number of skills available to the [Lurker] profession was second only to the wizard's spell list. It had more skills than a swordsman too.

The system assessed Lin Erer's compatibility with the [Lurker] profession and assigned the three primary skill trees of "Sneak", "Tools", and "Assassination" to him during character creation. Even so, the skills included in those groups were less than two-thirds of the [Lurker] profession.

Apparently, the [Lurker] profession offered diverse advancement paths.

For the skills displayed on Annan's control panel, there were a few more of them suitable for Lin Erer.

"The way he invested his skill points is quite smart," Annan concluded.

This player seems like he is experienced in playing games.

For inexperienced rogue players, they will definitely invest everything on [Backstab], which is their damage output.

He seems to have some experience in dungeon raids since he prioritizes [Sneak] and [Skillful Hands], understanding that his primary role is to disarm traps and scout the path ahead. Currently, he isn't required to assassinate anyone.

Also, not everyone has the chance of acquiring [Skillful Hands].

In fact, the only essential skill for [Lurker] was [Sneak].

For any additional skills, it depended on your luck...or, in other words, your talent.

Suuankou seemed to have struck the best approach in distributing his points in his attribute panel. The only room for improvement would be that particular 1 skill point wasted in promoting [Backstab] to Level 2. A better approach was to invest it into [Skillful Hands].

If Skillful Hands reached Level 5, Suuanko could craft simple traps. Take note, it was crafting, but not just "installing" a trap.

This improvement was at least much better than the [Backstab] skill.

But what Suuankou didn't know was... Backstab's special effect after attaining Level 4 was quite valuable.

[Backstab LV4: When attacking a target from the blind spot, you may hit the weak spot with higher precision. At the current level, you need to observe the enemy for 1 second before you can activate the skill.]

[Effect after acquiring LV4: You may roughly sense the enemy's location whose weaknesses have been identified within 3 seconds of them leaving your field of vision.]

In other words, the reason why Suuankou would want to have the [Backstab] skill wasn't exactly for the "assassinate" component, but to "track" the target.

In general, his talent was still inclined to laying traps.

"...He was probably a Teemo or Shaco player."

Annan thought for a while and arranged 2 stronger skills for Suuankou, which he could get at Level 7 and Level 10, respectively.

They were [Rapid Poison] and [Hidden Trap].

The former allowed Suuankou to gain a simple ability to touch venoms with his hands and make it all stick to a specific surface. This would allow Suuankou to poison weapons, throwing knives or traps swiftly.

If Suuankou maxed out the latter skill, he could have his traps also inherit his [Sneak] skill.

Since you want to be a Trap Rogue, I shall build a deck of skills accordingly for you.

What about the other side...

Dove's situation troubled Annan a little.

He didn't even know this fellow's background.

The initial attribute of all human players was 30 attribute points. It was just that Annan assigned 5 points to all attributes by default so that their attribute distribution wouldn't be too one-sided. Having 10 points invested in Agility was the most extreme case Annan faced for the beginning stage.

What baffled him the most was that her "Constitution" attribute was more than 5 points...

The energy consumed when creating a body for her was also lower than usual. That was why Annan slightly increased her pet's attributes as compensation.

But ma'am, you have an excellent talent for archery and hunting, so why do you want to become a Beastmaster?

Annan even hesitated.

He wasn't quite sure whether Dove wanted to follow the path of animal companion...or was she simply disdainful of the archery skills given at the beginning.

According to Dove's talent, she would acquire [Vitality] at Level 7 and [Heart of the Wild] at Level 10.

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For [Vitality], adding simply one level in would double her stamina recovery and speed. On the other hand, [Heart of the Wild] allowed her to intuitively lock on the target in the wild – a moderately practical skill.

It occurred to Annan that giving these skills to her would be a waste.

Annan thought for a moment, and then he gave her an elite skill.

He first replaced the unique skill given at Level 7 with [Hunter].

It was an upgraded version of [Heart of the Wild]. She could see the target's track for those that she had injured.

The four players in this batch were all of high quality.

Except for the priest, whom Annan had no idea what kind of skills to give her, Annan had manipulated the data covertly and provided them with high-quality skills.

Indeed, it just so happened that these players were all in “new professions”.

Annan intended to turn these players into idols, making them the “leader” of future players in their profession choices.

As long as their overall character profile wasn't skewed, the rest of the players could duplicate the same strategy.

It should be fine. I don't think it will go wrong easily.

Unfortunately, Annan wasn't quite confident with it.

“So be it.” Annan sighed and focused on the game-planning in the backend interface.

The remaining three players were more well-behaved — or rather, more cautious.

After character creation, they all chose to quit the game first and asked their “seniors” for strategies and information.

Of course, none of the info would be helpful.

Annan had already positioned them as “elite players”. It just so happened that there would be a long wait before the next dungeon instance spawn.

Annan simply gave each of them a customized set of beginner missions.

Unfortunately, that Suuankou is given me trouble.

Why does he head into the game directly?

Why are you so reckless like Yiyi?

I haven't started crafting your beginner mission yet!

Annan pondered for a moment with his thoughts dashing in his mind. Finally, he dragged over the starting mission prepared for the Half-dead Enchantress previously and then edited it before delivering it to Suuankou.

“En, you shall spawn in the slums.

“You woke up from a... Well, since you're a man, so no bed for you. Then, you shall wake up from the haystack and find that you're in excruciating pain. Your equipment was stolen, but they spared your life. Then, first of all, you have to follow the clues to retrieve your equipment...”

As for the underground gang members that “robbed stray travelers,” they existed in Roseburg.

Since they robbed so many people, they probably wouldn't remember if they had robbed Suuankou or not.

Huh, what an excellent opportunity to get these new players to eliminate the gang members in Roseburg.

Many of them were related to Roseburg's viscount. They should be related to the Rotten Man Church too. I shall use them to craft a character plot for the players.

Annan had hidden five sets of equipment in different places in advance.

They were a couple of equipment sets to satisfy the players' needs:

1. Short bow and dagger
2. Rifle
3. Dagger and poison
4. Mace

“I guess I'll give you No. 4 equipment set. Dagger and poison... Tsk, I should have left a trap device there. Forget it. I'll give it to Suuankou at his next mission.”

Annan murmured and re-planned the storyline mission for him, “Please don't die, young man.

“According to the setting of the story, I can only give you the power to respawn after meeting me.”

Although it could be a little difficult for Suuankou, who is a rogue proficient in traps, it isn't my problem!

This is the punishment for a youth addicted to online games!

You should have gone for your dinner... How dare you make me wake up in the middle of the night and work overtime!

As for the robbers...

Someone will come to take revenge anyway, and this is also the punishment for your past evil deeds!

What? You don't know him? It's fine. He doesn't know you either...

I Shall Punish You All.

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“...Ugh.” Suuankou woke up feeling excruciating pain all over his body.

It was a pain that was familiar to him.

That kind of pain you feel when you wake up the following day after being captured inside a sack and getting beaten up in it.

“Fuck, why does it have to feel so realistic?” Suuankou grimaced and got up from the ground.

He realized that he seemed to be in some dark alley and that he was lying in the corner of it.

The thin sweater he was wearing had signs of being torn. It seemed he was wet, soaked with dirty water. He was messy and unarmed... he didn't even have anything and was robbed clean.

If it weren't for the fact Suuankou had rough clothes, he could have even assumed that he was thrown out of the house by his sister because he didn't log out from the game for too long.

“Hmm, I don't have starting equipment...” Suuankou murmured and stumbled as he struggled to stand up. He gradually realized his situation, “I should have been... beaten badly, right? My health has depleted?”

When he stood up, a line of words appeared in front of him: [Health: 85%]

So, I have lost 15% of my health.

I'm beaten up badly to the point where there is pain all over my body, yet I only lost 15% of my health. Is it because there's the element of self-recovery?

Suuankou leaned against the wall, took a breath, and was dazed.

This “game” is so realistic.

But...

Who am I? Where am I? What am I doing here?

Just after he took a step forward, a bunch of texts surged in front of Suuankou.

“You're Suuankou, a [Lurker] from the Austere-Winter Dukedom and also a black market artisan.

“You have received a letter from your friend — The future Austere-Winter's Grand Duke, Annan Austere-Winter. He has encountered some hurdles. Since he has now infiltrated the Noah Kingdom and become a feudal lord, he needs capable and loyal people to serve him. Most importantly, they need to be trustworthy.

“This is the perfect opportunity for you.

“Suuankou, with your background, your profession... it's hard for you to walk on the path of transcendence alone. However, if you serve the future Grand Duke, there will be no problem at all. I have vouched for you with my reputation. Find your way to the Freezing Water Port. Remember, don't give away any information related to His Highness Annan. Your friend's letter said so.

“But you seem lost.

“This isn't the Freezing Water Port, but the adjacent Roseburg. The gangs here don't seem to welcome you very much. You have accidentally strayed into their trap and were beaten up due to their overwhelming numbers. Unfortunately, they also took all your possessions, and the most important item: [Annan-Austere-Winter's Token].

“You can't afford to be in such a humiliating state before meeting the future Grand Duke. So, you have made up your mind to give the gang members the revenge they deserved, taking back your possessions and teaching them a harsh lesson.

“But before that, you'd better get your weapon back.”

Suuankou read his starting plot carefully.

Then, the specific details of the mission appeared in front of him:

[You have obtained main mission: Taking appropriate revenge]

[Mission requirement: Retrieve Annan-Austere-Winter's token (0/1); Silence all gang robbers who have seen the token (0/3); Take revenge as you please (0/1).]

[Special requirement 1 (+40 evaluation ratings): Seek a gift for the future Grand Duke (0/1)]

[Special requirement 2 (+60 evaluation ratings): Spread your name in Roseburg (0/1)]

[Intelligence Acquired: You know that the person who took your weapon lives at 23 Rusty Water Street; you have learned that the place where the gang members gather should be at 35 Rusty Water Street, and the token should be there.]

[Warning: You will not be able to respawn after you die before handing over the token to Annan-Austere-Winter! Please mind your actions carefully!]

“I have to clear this in 1 life...” Suuankou murmured, lost in thought.

Logically speaking, the starting mission shouldn't be too difficult.

No matter what, I should be cautious.

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No matter how my sister found this “game”, and how she got the invitation code for me, this opportunity should be hard to come by.

There is no way this world is a “game”. It really is an “Isekai” situation!

He didn't want to lose the opportunity in front of him due to negligence.

However, the limitation of “couldn't respawn temporarily” didn't surprise him.

Suuankou had already prepared for the worst where there was no “revive mechanism” at all. Unexpectedly, the respawn function was only temporarily locked, which was quite satisfactory for him.

“Could it be that the first mission intends to test my qualification to play the game?” Suuankou muttered.

He didn't think much of it.

After regaining some physical strength and being able to stand firm.

He followed the alley path and exchanged some scones with his messy but still functional sweater. Although he was wearing only a single layer of cloth in winter, it didn't look too strange. He gobbled up the food and filled his stomach.

I need to be ready for the battle later. First, I got to fill my stomach and replenish my physical strength.

As for clothes, it's easy to find.

While eating, Suuankou analyzed the mission.

First and foremost, he couldn't afford to delay any further.

Annan Austere-Winter's identity had to be kept strictly confidential.

Judging from the mission description, it was necessary to silence everyone who had seen the token. This showed that the token itself was a “sensitive item”. In other games, it was the item branded red in the backpack. Once the guard checked the player's inventory, he had to flee immediately.

Therefore, Suuankou must eradicate them as soon as possible to reduce the potential number of people encountering this token.

There were only three gang members at the moment.

But what if some noble, some magistrate, or some prominent businessman saw it?

Even if he could silence them, it would inevitably lower his evaluation ratings in Annan's heart. It wouldn't bring many adverse effects for killing these gang members. However, if the kill count reached a higher number, something terrible could happen.

That was why there was a text entry for “taking appropriate revenge” in this mission.

Annan might think he was too weak and looked down on him if he didn't take revenge. If he retaliated too hard, it could bring Annan trouble.

I should retrieve my weapon first.

Fortunately, he wasn't far from 23 Rusty Water Street, but just one street away.

Suuankou didn't go there directly.

Instead, he detoured and visited another street next to it.

He skillfully utilized his social skills to ask the passersby if there was an unoccupied house, and finally, he settled on 13 Rusty Water Street.

After questioning three people, Suuankou got the same information. This was an abandoned dental clinic, and Dr. Gerald hadn't come to work for a long time.

This is a good chance.

Suuankou walked around in the crowd, crouched in a blind spot, and activated [Sneak]. He snuck into the dental clinic unnoticed and remained crouched, slowly ascending to the second floor. Finally, he avoided the gazes of passersby and stood up.

“[Sneak] is quite handy.” After testing it out, Suuankou muttered with satisfaction.

He intended to first observe from here to see if there was anyone in No. 23 across the street. Then, probably, he could borrow some money and proper clothes. If possible, he would borrow a dagger for self-defense, bandage, food, etc...

The moment his gaze landed on the door lock, lockpicking knowledge emerged in his mind... But unfortunately, he didn't have a lockpick in his hand, not even a piece of iron.

Despite that, it didn't stop him.

Suuankou kicked the door hard three times and directly kicked the door open.

He closed the door calmly and walked into the Gerald Dental Clinic.

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Chapter 245: The Storyline Doesn't Typically Go Like This!

Suuankou soon noticed that the dentist named “Gerald” seemed to have left this place in a hurry, as he had left many things in this place.

Hmph, it doesn't seem like he was being hunted down though...

Suuankou deduced this because he found a lot of money in the drawer.

When someone decided to run for his life, he would need to bring his money along, while everything else didn't matter as much.

Not only for the travel expenses but to bribe his way through during his getaway.

In the drawer, Suuankou found more than 20 pieces of banknotes, a dozen of silver coins, and a small bag of copper coins. Since he had just come to this world, he didn't know the purchasing power of this money was. Still, he guessed that dentists must be wealthy based on his experience alone.

—When you have a toothache, it is really terrible.

The copper and silver coins would affect mobility, making noises. So, Suuankou temporarily put them back and only took the banknotes.

Suuankou also found decent clothes. He even boiled water in the dental office for a good bath, then combed his hair neatly before changing into this delicate, heavy, warm outfit.

After this, Suuankou also found something that would be helpful later.

His [Skillful Hands] skill seemed to be active all the time.

Items that could be used to craft a trap would sometimes emit a bright white light. The white glow would become more apparent when they were near other things that could assemble a trap. The white light would turn blue when the trap could be built.

But this white light also interrupted Suuankou's thoughts sometimes because there were some "traps" that couldn't be moved.

For example, the bathtub emitted a bright white light. After thinking for a long time, Suuankou realized that what could interact with the bathtub was a bottle of brown-yellow ointment in the medicine cabinet.

That seemed to be an ointment for paralysis.

"...I understand now. It's basically Hitman." Suuankou understood.

It seemed he had played Hitman before and was quite good at it.

After realizing how to utilize [Skillful Hands], Suuankou continued searching for other items in the dental clinic.

He found an ointment, a soft iron piece that could be bent into a lock-picking tool, and a sharp knife typically used for dentistry. In addition, there were some miscellaneous tools such as hemp rope and thin thread.

Suuankou also found a painting.

It was wrapped in an oilcloth that was rolled within a thick black cloth. The painting was hidden in a compartment under the bed, and it seemed to be valuable. He put it back in place and noted down its location.

Suuankou walked to the window when everything was set and revealed a small gap by slightly opening the curtain.

There was only one street separating No. 13 and No. 23 of Rusty Water Street.

The back of No. 13 was facing the front of No. 23.

As mentioned by the mission, he seemed to be beaten up by a group of people at No. 23 Rusty Water Street. To stop himself from being noticed and hunted down by the same group of people before he could get close, he decided to go to a room at a higher elevation where he could observe the surroundings and road conditions of 23 Rusty Water Street.

He stood behind the curtain and watched silently for nearly 10 minutes, confirming that there seemed to be no one in No. 23.

Then, he left Gerald's Dental Clinic and re-activated [Sneak] as he went downstairs. Then, he deactivated [Sneak] at a corner without anyone watching.

He calmly walked to the alley near No. 23.

At the moment he entered the darkness, he crouched down and waited for [Sneak] to activate.

Soon, his figure gradually disappeared. While staying stealthed, he took out the simple grappling hook he assembled. The hemp rope was found in the dental office, while the hook was made from the iron he tore from the fence.

Then, he threw the hook accurately and hung it on the balcony on the second floor.

Suuankou silently climbed his way up to the balcony. Luckily, no one was there to catch him.

He carefully observed the number of daily necessities and confirmed that there should be three people living here. Next, he found a delicate dagger handle from the cabinet on the second floor. Then, there was the blade about the length of his forearm and at the thickness of two fingers. He had also found 6 small bottles of dark green liquid. It was evident at first glance that they were poisonous.

Each bottle was only the size of the essential oil typically found in the night market. They fitted well on the side of the belt. The dagger could be hung on the other side.

These should be my weapons.

After Suuankou came in, he breathed a sigh of relief.

Luckily, there's no one here.

It seems even if I just come in directly, I shouldn't be caught... But it's fine to be more cautious.

After giving it some thought, he took out the paralysis ointment and smeared it on the dagger. Then, he poured one bottle of poison into the kettle.

Then, he assembled a simple trap. If he hid behind the curtain and pulled the rope, that would make a noise under the curtain on the other side of the room.

This was his first time assembling such a trap, so he was struggling even under the guidance of [Skillful Hands].

When Suuankou finished setting up the first trap, he heard chatter coming from the door.

His expression tightened; he squatted down and entered the [Sneak] state.

“Why don't we hurry up and flee?” An elderly man's worried voice came from the door.

Then, there came the sound of a key unlocking the door.

A thin old man who looked about 60 years old walked in. Behind him, there was another macho man who looked only in his 30s and was in his prime.

Two people!

Suuankou was a little nervous and felt his heart beating more and more intensely... just like the feeling when he cheated in the exam room for the first time.

His palms were sweating, and he didn't even dare to breathe too loudly.

Luckily, the [Sneak] skill was quite effective. When Suuankou squatted still, neither of those two had noticed him.

The younger man retorted, "Flee? Where can we go? When we go to other places, aren't we going to live the same life again?"

"We should at least stay away from the false deity's believers." Then, the old man muttered casually, "If we stay here, we'll be killed at some point."

"Ha, that's true." The strong man grimaced and cursed in a low volume.

He punched the bed and muttered, "This new feudal lord dares to kill even a viscount. What else can't he do?"

"They can fight all they want between nobles, but if we dare to attack him then we'll be in big trouble."

The old man smiled and said coldly, "That kid dares to kill a viscount directly, and he just made an excuse saying that the Rotten Man cultists did it. Will the Rotten Man cultists actually kill him?"

"The young feudal lord is very decisive. He is definitely not someone to be easily provoked; he is just too ruthless. What did the eunuch who came here before tell us? The third young master of the crow family is a weakling... He may have a grudge against the feudal lord and want us to help him test him."

"Luckily, I'm smart. I didn't do anything but just collect the money," the young man said slowly with some delight. "Otherwise, if the feudal lord is angered, we wouldn't even be able to escape."

"I have mentioned this to Bobby."

The old man said, poured himself a glass of water, and muttered, "Why don't we sell the information for a price to that young feudal lord. He will take care of his Clear Water Street from now on, and we will take care of our Rusty Water Street. Since we don't hinder each other, it is the best solution. Anyway, this is the slums for poor people..."

As he spoke, his voice suddenly became hoarse as he froze in place.

The old man's mouth twitched. Finally, he reached out his hand to hold his throat, trying to force himself to vomit.

He only spat out a bit before he fell forward weakly into his vomit. His face was purple, and he was gasping for breath.

The younger partner was panic-stricken.

He didn't care about the old man's state at all. He quickly stopped himself from picking up the water cup and wielded the scimitar hanging at his waist.

"It's poison. Has anyone been here?" He whispered, looking around, "A lurker?"

The man walked to the middle of the room while remaining vigilant, trying to turn on the light in the middle of the room.

At this moment, he heard a noise from under the curtain. If he hadn't kept quiet, he might not have heard it.

He was all too familiar with that voice.

It was the sound of multiple silver coins bumping into each other in a pocket.

He immediately moved his gaze over, squinted his eyes, and looked at the curtains intently.

He stared for a while but gave up.

The man slowly stepped back towards the door with his eyes looking upstairs.

But the moment he passed the curtain, he immediately turned around and slashed at the curtain with his scimitar!

The sound of ripping came.

Under that curtain, there was only a purse hanging on a rope!

Worse still, it was his purse!

The man's pupils shrank suddenly.

He realized something was wrong, but it was too late.

He felt a chill on his lower back. The precise strike avoided the most sturdy position of the bones and muscles and struck his kidney.

A burst of heat came along with the pain. Then, it was followed by an intense numbness that flowed through the body, obscuring the pain from his back.

His legs immediately became numb, just like the feeling after squatting for a long time. The numbness and coldness made him cry out loud.

“—Please spare me! Friend!” The young bandit immediately threw the scimitar on the ground without hesitation, raised his hands, and shouted, “I surrender!”

The loud voice shocked Suuankou, who had inflicted a [Backstab]. He was about to knock the man unconscious.

He was at a loss for a while.

...How could you surrender?

What? The storyline doesn't usually go like this, right?

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Even if the man didn't surrender, Suuankou didn't intend to kill him.

Suuankou didn't forget that his main mission was to “retrieve Annan's token”.

What he intended to do now was to get back his weapons and acquire more information to plan his next step.

After all, Suuankou was utterly unfamiliar with this environment, whereby he didn't even know the taboos surrounding the people in this place. Of course, he didn't know the distribution of political power in this city and its population either. Instead, he only knew two things:

1. His equipment was at 23 Rusty Water Street.
2. His mission objective was located at 35 Rusty Water Street.

Suuankou didn't want to kick the door open and barge in, only to see more than 20 people inside looking at him with bewildered expressions.

He previously thought that someone must be stationed here on 23 Rusty Water Street.

In fact, Suuankou didn't guess wrong at all.

If he came a little later, the two bandits should have returned; if he came to the place earlier and wasn't vigilant enough, he might have been discovered by the two bandits from a distance after he appeared on the street.

He carefully chose to use the house across the street to scout this mission area to avoid facing this situation.

When Suuankou inquired about Gerald's news, he was also cautious. First, he found a passerby and asked, "Is the dentist named Gerald in this clinic?"

After he got the message "Dr. Gerald seems to be missing some days", Suuankou reappeared at the door and asked the second passerby, "Did Dr. Gerald come recently?"

After repeatedly asking three times, he could finally rest assured.

Suuankou's cautious approach in his questions could only confirm the whereabouts of a dentist. Hence, no one should be wary of this. It was an expected question for those who traveled from afar to seek medical attention.

That was why he chose this approach.

If Suuankou foolishly asked the passersby, "how many people were there in the gang on No. 35," he wouldn't be able to get an answer. Those who knew the answer wouldn't dare to let him know either.

If passersby noticed Suuankou might be inquiring about their information, they might leave immediately and inform Suuankou's enemy.

In the end, Suuankou had decided to keep one of the enemies alive.

Otherwise, he wouldn't risk attacking the enemy with an untested paralyzing ointment. Instead, he would have taken the enemy down with lethal poison.

In Suuankou's original plan, he should have injured this person to the last breath. Then, he would cripple the enemy's ability to move and incite the opponent's desire to live so that he could interrogate him for information.

Then, depending on the situation, he would decide whether to kill the person or leave.

Of course, this decision mainly depended on the appearance of the surviving bandit, his attitude towards Suuankou, and the power of the bandit force.

But now...

Aren't you giving up too quickly?

Before I made a move, you had already surrendered.

This made Suuankou hesitate.

Previously, he thought it would be the safest to cripple the hostages until they lose their ability to move to prevent them from bringing in reinforcement after he left.

If Suuankou kept beating up the bandit, the bandit might hold grudges and deliberately tell him false information.

Suuankou's mind raced quickly, but he didn't let this person wait too long.

He spoke solemnly, "I can't let you go directly. Even if I let you go, it would be hard for me to explain to my higher-ups when you leave in one piece."

"...What are you trying to do?" The man was silent for a while, then asked cautiously, "Do you serve the feudal lord?"

"I serve no one." Suuankou was a little surprised but said in a deep voice, "I can spare your life, but you better stop poking your nose around."

This unfortunate bandit was right. He had figured out that Suuankou belonged to the feudal lord's faction, but just that they hadn't met each other yet.

Suuankou was alerted and made up his mind.

Even if I don't kill this man, I have to blind him at least.

To cut off any potential retaliation — He wouldn't be able to identify me after losing his eyes. It would be far less dangerous. If I'm still concerned, I should cut off his tongue.

That was why Suuankou didn't ask about the ambush that happened to him before he spawned.

Asking this question was equivalent to directly telling the enemy who he was. He probably won't let the unfortunate bandit live if he leaked such obvious information. Instead, he wouldn't mention it. That situation would be detrimental to Suuankou's goal to get more intelligence.

Suuankou pondered for a while, then slowly said, "Where are your gangs' gathering places? How many of you are there? How is your equipment?"

He mixed a couple of questions with the question he truly wanted to know to reduce the possibility of the victim bluffing.

After all, Suuankou didn't know anything. Only in this way could he attempt to judge whether the hostage was speaking the truth or lying.

—Even if the hostage mentioned No. 35, it didn't mean that what he said was the truth; but if he didn't say the 35th, it was most likely a lie.

"...I now believe that you're not serving the Feudal Lord."

The man was silent for a while and then replied, “No. 35, No. 37, No. 39 Rusty Water Street, No. 13, No. 17 Crimson Water Street, No. 23, No. 25 Green Water Street. These are our gathering places...”

Come and read on our website wuxia worldsite. Thanks

Hearing so many numbers, Suuankou was a little shocked.

“And~?” he asked.

The man was silent for a while before replying in a low voice, “Our exact numbers... I don't know. After all, it changes all the time. Someone may die every night, and someone new may join at any time.”

“Tell me the exact number you last knew and the date you got it!”

Suuankou answered without hesitation, kicked the man, who faced him with his back, onto the ground and warned sternly, “Don't look back! Don't reach for the weapon. Just talk!”

“Wait, give me time to think...”

After the man finished speaking, he paused before speaking up, “The exact number... It should have been five days ago... No, six days ago. We had 170 members at that time, and there were 11 guns. However, if the situation allows, we can have 51 guns at most.”

“If the situation allows it?” Suuankou asked nervously.

11 guns — That number was too much pressure on him.

Even a few guns at 35 Rusty Water Street would be a massive threat to him.

These players were more cautious of firearms than the bandits of this era.

He was unsure on how to even invade this organization.

Do I need to take off this person's clothes and blend in?

It's still possible. I'm not playing Hitman. They just beat me up last night, right? I think they would still remember me?

The man said slowly, “When I say if the situation allows, it means...”

“—you'd better stay still.”

At this moment, a cold voice came from behind Suuankou.

He felt a sharp and pointed metal object pressing against his neck. The danger caused goosebumps on his neck. The skin contact even made him feel a slight tingling in his neck. He might have begun to bleed already.

It's the enemy's lurker! Suuankou's pupils shrank suddenly.

When?

At the moment when confusion arose, Suuankou instantly realized what went wrong.

The loud surrender previously wasn't for him.

It was intended for accomplices who might have been outside just now!

That person didn't open the door just like me, but sneaked in from the second floor!

He might have taken the same route!

Damn it, next time, I should leave some traps on my way to infiltrate a place.

If I have a second chance...

The young robber, who was kicked to the ground by Suuankou, picked up the scimitar he threw out previously in a hurry and stood up. Then, he turned around and mercilessly confiscated Suuankou's weapon.

He also confiscated everything from Suuankou — including the stack of banknotes.

“This kid is quite rich.” The man was amazed.

The man behind Suuankou said coldly, “I'm afraid it's a deposit—a deposit to trouble us.”

After he said that, he suddenly retrieved the dagger and hit Suuankou's temple hard with the hilt.

He lost his visions as he fell forward weakly to the ground.

While he almost passed out, he noticed a tall and thin man behind him.

The young robber came over and kicked himself in the face hard, knocking away 50% of his health. However, the pain brought his consciousness back.

“Tie him up!” The man ordered, “Ask him if he has the antidote.”

Fuck your antidote.

I don't even know what the hell the poison is called!

Suuankou cursed in his heart.

But at this moment, the door was suddenly kicked away.

The door that flew out just happened to knock the tall, thin man to the ground!

A petite figure with a giant axe darted in like a flash of lightning. She slammed into the young bandit quickly, launching him into the air!

The moment his body was knocked into the air, the axe directly cut him into two pieces!

Another figure walked directly to the tall, thin man and knocked him out with an iron staff.

“Huh...you haven't eaten yet. Did you just come to this world to get beaten up?” Suuankou heard a familiar mockery.

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Hearing this voice, Suuankou immediately hugged his head subconsciously.

Then he seemed to realize something, slowly took his hand away, and asked tentatively, "...Sis?"

The person who appeared in front of him had different clothes and hairstyles, but Suuankou knew it was his sister at first glance.

Aside from the apparent difference in the "chest muscles" ...

A blue name was hovering on top of her head, identifying her as a player.

[Yiyi]

"Poor child, are you beaten up into a fool?" Lin Yiyi looked at Suuankou pitifully and touched his head.

Suuankou immediately smiled awkwardly, "No, sister... But, why are you here?"

He said, looking at another person in the room, and asked uncertainly, "Is she Fermented Rice Ball?"

The displayed name on top of her head was "Jiu Er".

His sister and Jiu Er were now probably living together. She must have brought Jiu Er online, which was what Suuankou expected.

But he remembered that Jiu Er was a quiet little girl.

She spoke softly in a delicate voice. Rumors had it that she was timid and would keep calling for help when she was caught. Apparently, she had a completely different character from his sister.

"Hello, Brother Koutsu." Jiu Er was polite and bowed slightly to greet Suuankou.

However, Suuankou couldn't help but shiver after looking at the bloody Jiu Er, who was holding an axe taller than her.

What's with this situation...

"You have to thank Child."

Lin Yiyi said in annoyance, "I thought you would be stuck in character customization... But, once I logged into the forum, I saw Child mentioning that some had sneaked into Gerald Dental Clinic and asked me if it was you. So, I tapped on the screenshot and confirmed that it was indeed you."

"Forum? There are forums in this world?" Suuankou quickly noticed a clue, "Wait... I'm not supposed to enter that dental clinic?"

Lin Yiyi knew what he was thinking, so she pointed it out blatantly, "The forum function should be activated after you complete your first mission."

"As for that dental clinic, that's the bait we lay."

She looked at Suuankou with a complicated expression, "However, I think the fish is startled, and we won't be getting any harvest."

"So, Gerald isn't a dentist?"

“He is a Boss Mob, and quite powerful too. In the end, he died because of the plot armor. He doesn't have anything to do with us.”

Lin Yiyi sighed, “For now, if you're at the same level with Jiu Er and me, you can trounce him even if there are 25 of him...”

“So, you haven't touched anything inside?” Suuankou understood something.

Lin Yiyi shook her head, “I've never entered. Annan mentioned to us that some magics could reverse time. If we search the place up and put things back in place, then we have inevitably revealed ourselves.”

“So we have to allocate some manpower here to keep this place under surveillance.” Jiu Er added, “But it's not a big deal.

“Salvatore applied a reagent on the floor by the door. If someone walked by, they would leave invisible footprints that can only be seen with the dedicated spells.”

“...I thought I had outwitted the game.” Suuankou's face became bitter.

Unexpectedly, he ate the cheese in the mousetrap.

“Now, do you get it?” Lin Yiyi flicked heavily on Suuankou's forehead, “Stop acting smart in front of your sister. You are just my little brother!”

Ya, I'm really your little brother...

[TN: It's Internet Slang from the Chinese community to mock others for being inferior or inexperienced by calling them a junior like a younger brother, a younger sister, etc.]

Suuankou muttered in his heart and didn't dare to refute.

Suddenly, his eyes were gleaming with hope, “Sis, since you are here, why don't you carry me? I can't die on this mission. I'm afraid your younger brother will be gone after death.”

“So, you don't get to respawn in your mission?”

Hearing this, Lin Yiyi and Jiu Er's expressions turned solemn, and they asked.

Suuankou was stunned for a moment and then answered affirmatively, “Yes, the mission said that the respawn feature will only be unlocked after I meet Annan Austere-Winter.”

Jiu Er whispered, “Oh, he is in the same situation as Sister Wen Xue.”

Lin Yiyi analyzed their circumstances, “Then, this situation isn't about Wen Xue having a special race and profession, but the players from the second batch can't respawn at the beginning.

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

“This is a critical piece of information. I will call Uncle Goose and the Child in a moment to be wary of it.”

“Sis, what do you mean...” Suuankou was a little dazed.

So, are you helping me or not...

Lin Yiyi glared at her younger brother and said in annoyance, "Can I not help you? Your sister always gives the best to you—what a silly kid.

"Tell me first what your main mission is. Then, I'll see if I can create a party and solve it together."

Make a party? What do you mean?

Suuankou didn't hesitate but just replied immediately, "My mission objective is at No. 35 Rusty Water Street. I need to get back Annan Austere-Winter's token. But there may be a lot of people there, with a few of them equipped with guns."

"...Maybe." Jiu Er replied in a low voice.

She looked at Suuankou and explained softly, "Sister Wen Xue is also a new player like you. She is also at my house now..."

"When we decided to go online to save you, we knew we wouldn't get to eat for tonight. Since everyone has come online, let's help you do the mission."

Lin Yiyi sighed and added, "I shall call Wen Xue and ask her to fill her stomach before going online quickly.

"No matter what, we still need to do the work in helping our fellow beginners. Tomorrow, I'll go to the Freezing Water Port. Then, I'll go back to Jiu Er's place for the day after tomorrow. That means I'm free today so that I can carry you through your starting mission."

"Then... what about Wen Xue?" Suuankou asked.

He didn't know this person, but he knew he would get to know her soon.

The scale of this game probably wasn't that big.

Coupled with the Isekai experience, it felt more like they were transmigrators from the same world than players playing the same game. Also, they were pretty close to each other too. After all, there was no conflict between them, but well-built cooperation.

It seemed pretty important to foster good relationships with other players.

"I'm just outside." A cold and hoarse voice sounded.

Citalopram pushed open the door, took off her top hat, and gave Suuankou an elegant greeting.

She was wearing a pure white tulle skirt and a white top hat with a gray bow ribbon.

Her pure black hair flowed down like a waterfall.

Under her purely monochrome outfit, doll-like features gave off a gloomy and distant feeling.

Her deep-set eyes silently assessed Suuankou, who was about the same height as her.

It was too calm to the point of being disturbing.

A blue name floated on her head:

[Citalopram]

“My main mission is either to assassinate or drive my targets at 37 Rusty Water Street insane for revenge.”

Citalopram said calmly, “My special ability will be handy at night. So, our missions do not conflict.

“We should gather our strength. Let's do your mission first, then mine.”

—I will help you.

Suuankou turned silent for a while, with a confident smile on his face.

It would be even more persuasive if it weren't for the bruise caused by being kicked in the face.

“Haha, we won't know for sure who's the one needing help.”

He reached out his hand to Citalopram and introduced himself, “Suuankou, known as Brother Koutsu, a sophomore. You can call me Kout or Koutsu.”

“Citalopram, my real name is Wen Xue.”

Citalopram took Suuankou's hand and replied calmly, “I'm a doctor... an intern.”

“Great,” Suuankou praised, “If I get sick in the future, I will go to Sister Wen for treatment!”

“I'm afraid not.” Lin Yiyi interjected.

“Why!?” Suuankou retorted with dissatisfaction, “Sis, why are you butting into everything? I'm talking to Sister Wen!”

“That's because I work at the Shanghai Mental Health Center.”

The corners of Citalopram's eyes were slightly curved, and the corners of her mouth raised, revealing a faint smile, “I don't think you would want to come.”

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They found a place to enjoy dinner in Roseburg before the sky turned dark.

With the assistance of the two Transcended, the thugs weren't much of a problem.

Even the lowest-level Bronze Rank Transcended had an overwhelming advantage over ordinary people in certain aspects.

Also, Suuankou learned the terminology “Transcended”, and he did not doubt this explanation at all.

An obvious example would be Jiu Er. Despite her petite figure, she could easily knock out a macho man in his thirties and slash him in half with a giant axe taller than her. She alone had unleashed Musou to the opponent.

[TN: Musou are powerful moves in Dynasty Warrior.]

As a matter of fact, Jiu Er was less than 150 centimeters in height.

His sister wielding a dual-colored iron rod seemed to be battle-ready at any time. Even if her combat prowess wasn't better than Jiu Er, she should be on par with Jiu Er.

—At the very least, Suuankou was confident with her sister's reaction speed alone.

After inquiring about the information, she left the kill on the Level 7 Lurker to Suuankou and Citalopram.

“Try to kill them. We won't obtain any experience from killing ordinary people like him anymore. But if you kill him now, you can get half a level's worth of experience.”

Lin Yiyi said at the time, “The most important thing is to adjust your mentality. If you subconsciously give mercy and dare not kill the enemies, you may suffer an unfortunate fate at a critical time.”

Suuankou understood this view well.

Although he could use traps to ambush and poison the enemies, he found it challenging to be resolute in a close-range battle with the intention to kill.

After he acquired the ability to respawn, he would probably become a little calmer.

But for now, he obviously still felt the panic lingering in his heart.

I really need to be exposed to blood firsthand. Suuankou was aware of this.

With a polite attitude... or a gentleman's attitude of ladies-first, he wanted to give this kill to Citalopram.

After all, he saw that Citalopram's starting equipment was a sword and a shield.

This most likely meant that she might need to face the enemy head-on.

Moreover, Suuankou was just a Thief class.

Disassembling traps, installing traps, and interrupting the enemies at the critical moment before slipping away. He was like the scout observing at the edge of the battlefield.

However, Citalopram politely rejected his proposal in the end.

“I don't need that extra dose of bravery.” She said to Suuankou, “The way I fight doesn't make me see blood.”

Suuankou didn't quite understand what she meant.

So Citalopram took out the dagger and cut her own palm.

Then, she reached out her other hand and took Suuankou's arm.

Almost at the moment of contact, the scar on her palm began to recover at speed visible to the naked eye.

After about five seconds, the injury had fully recovered.

She asked Suuankou, “Go and check on your status.”

Suuankou opened his panel confusedly.

Then, he was surprised to find that his health value had dropped by 5% inexplicably, approaching a dangerous health percentage of 43%. However, he didn't feel anything at all.

As long as she touched the enemy, she would absorb the opponent's life force, unnoticed.

In addition to that, Citalopram could synchronously recover her health points along with her target.

Thus, she didn't need that extra boost of bravery.

"Sister Wen, your profession is so strong." Suuankou praised, "I think you're well-fitted for close quarter combat..."

"Not necessarily. We still have to check her status during the night." Lin Yiyi shook her head.

Her status at night? Suuankou didn't quite understand, but he didn't ask too much. He would soon find out in a moment.

Just as they had just finished their meal and were about to leave, there came an unexpected reinforcement, "...My Lord?"

Jiu Er stood up in surprise and greeted Annan, "Good evening, My Lord!"

"Good evening, My Lord." Lin Yiyi also got up immediately. Suuankou and Citalopram also reacted and greeted the person who came.

The youngster was wearing a dark brown trench coat with his black hair at shoulder-length. He had a fair and delicate face. His ice-blue pupils were crystal clear to the point of bringing chills to the others' hearts.

He appeared around 13 years old, like a heroic girl and also a feeble youth.

...Ciel?

No, he didn't have an eye patch.

Such a thought popped into Suuankou's mind at the first moment.

Both had the same temperament.

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He was also like the young master in "Sekiro: Shadows Die Twice".

I have fallen in love with this character.

Annan nodded to the group, signaling them to come out first.

As they came to a place with no one else, Annan spoke and made a cold voice, "Is this the people you're going to introduce to me?"

He carefully examined Suuankou and Citalopram, nodded, and said with admiration, "He seems pretty solid. I heard that a Half-dead Enchantress is coming this time, so I got curious."

Hearing Annan's words, Lin Yiyi was the first to respond.

With a puzzled look on her face, she asked Annan, “My lord, do you know about Half-dead Enchantresses?”

“Of course.”

Annan nodded, not exposing Lin Yiyi's somewhat inferior acting skills. Instead, he cooperated with her and explained, “Those who the Pale Princess resurrected are the Half-dead Enchantresses, and the Half-dead Enchantresses are the Pale Princess' priestesses. They are the living among the dead, and the dead among the living... the so-called Half-undead in the gap between life and death. They don't fall in love with anyone, they don't follow the worldly rules, and they do what they want...”

This was the information he got from the Venerated Skeleton just yesterday.

It was an excellent opportunity to utilize this knowledge to appear profound in front of the players.

“I heard that someone has troubled you... They are an underground gang in Roseburg, so I will not stop you from taking revenge on them, instead I would also like to thank you for removing the pests of the society.”

Annan's face became slightly serious. Then, he lowered his voice a bit, “But that group of people may be related to the Rotten Man so the situation has become troublesome. At the same time, I have to supervise the two of you so as not to hurt the innocent. Make sure not to get caught. Roseburg isn't our true territory after all.”

Having said that, Annan glanced at the two of the newcomers and said slowly, “A well-known trap expert... and a Pale Princess's priestess. It is inconvenient for the public to know your identities.

“I will sneak in with you. You can treat this as supervision and protection. However, I will only watch from the sidelines. Unless I can confirm the evidence, I won't intervene and alert them. Of course, if you're really in deep trouble, I will also help.”

—However, my evaluation for you will drop.

Annan didn't say it out, but Suuankou and Citalopram realized that.

They felt their shoulders stiffen a little.

How hard is this mission?

It takes a friendly leader to escort us...

However, Annan didn't think that far.

He just wanted to take a closer look at how Suuankou and Citalopram fought.

Although Annan could use the “creator's perspective” function to watch (birds-eye view), it wasn't as exciting to watch it directly in person.

What Annan said previously was true.

According to his investigation, the gang called “White Snake” did have some connection with the Rotten Man.

Aside from the guns they got from the garrison unit, they might have tools and elements related to the Transcendent Path.

After all, the previous “Ritual: Roaring Heart” was held inside Roseburg.

If they weren't behind the ritual, who else could it be?

Since they knew this ritual, wouldn't they have other tricks up their sleeves?

Annan wasn't worried that Yiyi and Jiu Er, plus the two newbies, couldn't kill these thugs.

His main concern was if Suuankou and Citalopram died of some unknown AoE attack coming from a ritual.

[TN: AoE stands for Area of Effect.]

In that case, should he respawn them or not?

According to the settings he told the players previously, the two of them shouldn't be able to respawn currently. However, Annan couldn't let them die so inexplicably.

Hence, Annan intended to follow the group.

Annan could immediately pull out an emergency plan if they did accidentally die.

On the way of doing that, Anna could harvest the players' affection rating.

Do you think you are conquering me, the NPC?

In actual fact, I'm conquering you instead!

“Your name is... Citalopram, right?”

Thinking of this, Annan made a cold voice and asked casually, “Can I see your [Pale Body]?”

“No problem.” Citalopram answered equally coldly.

Her voice was hoarse and distant.

However, the others might not know.

The cold-looking player was panicking in her heart.

—Wait, what should a [Pale Body] look like? He won't ask me how it is activated, right?

—Wait, what is the use of the [Pale Body]? He won't suspect that I'm not a legitimate Half-dead Enchantress, will he?

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 249

Annan and Citalopram were already near their objective when the sky turned completely dark.

They didn't come with the others.

It was because when Citalopram showed the [Pale Body] to Annan previously, Lin Yiyi suddenly realized a great possibility brought by this ability.

“Let's stop here.” Annan whispered, “It's not a good idea to get too close. Their scouts might recognize me.”

“Alright.” Citalopram took a deep breath, nodded slowly, and lay down on the wooden bed.

Even though Citalopram appeared to be calm, she was nervous.

They were now at 46 Rusty Water Street.

It was a small inn with little traffic, and it also served the role of a restaurant. Of course, as a restaurant opened in a slum area, the dishes weren't outstanding.

The first floor of this inn was the house of the owner's family. The guests lived on the second and third floors. So it felt more like a homestay than an inn.

Annan utilized his superior appearance and managed to rent a room on the first floor. Then, he temporarily had the boss's family hide in the basement and closed the inn's door. All these efforts were to prevent alerting the “White Snake” gang to flee after seeing the panicked look of the owner's family from the window on the second floor.

Another reason was to seal the exit.

Citalopram was able to ignore the restriction from the terrain and building layout when she was under the [Pale Body] effect.

Citalopram lay on the bed, and her face suddenly turned ashen. It was as if she had lost all her vitality and became a ragdoll.

At this moment, a transparent spiritual body with a pale white glow slowly sat up from the bed. This brightness was roughly at the level when a phone was on standby for a long time, and the screen was about to go dim on its own.

This was the discovery of Annan's previous experiments.

Only Transcended could vaguely see Citalopram's spirit body. Even Annan could only see a hazy white glimmer if he was far away.

It would take someone to attain Silver Rank in order to see her existence clearly.

On the other hand, ordinary people could not perceive her existence and would only feel that the surrounding air became colder.

Citalopram couldn't pass through the solid earth because the earth was the domain of the Bone Burying Grandma. Likewise, she couldn't pass through silver objects, walls covered with gold powder, a bloody wall, or a wall made with slag before it had cooled to room temperature.

In the Noah Kingdom's folklore, “male animal blood” and “scorching slag” were protective items to repel evil spirits. But at the same time, they also believed that painting the walls with silver powder could also play a role in warding evil spirits.

Unfortunately, the silver powder didn't work well, even though it should have worked in principle.

Gold dust was the signature of Mr. Ray.

Unfortunately, the “silver powder” used in construction wasn't silver but aluminum.

With the exception of a few materials, she could pass through almost everything she wanted. Of course, she could also choose not to phase through them. Since she was pretty vulnerable in soul form, she needed the protection in this unique state — and of course, she could pass through other humans.

Those whom Citalopram's spirit had passed through would suffer an immediate loss of body temperature as if they were immersed in a lake of ice. The victim would tremble and their muscles would stiffen and twitch, making them struggle to move.

Citalopram would then harvest ample vitality, making her body shine brighter. Whenever she passes through other lifeforms, she could continue to plunder their vitality and make her brilliance shine brighter. When she returned to her body, she could bring these life forces back to the body.

The transparent Citalopram sat up from the bed, gestured at Annan, and the corners of her mouth moved silently.

“I... shall go ahead...” Annan heard a faint and ethereal dreamlike voice in his ears.

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He nodded, “Okay, I will watch over your body here.

“I shall repeat. After 20 minutes, I'll poke a needle at your stomach; after 40 minutes, I'll poke a needle at your chest; after 55 minutes, I'll poke a needle on your forehead.

“Please remember closely that you have to be back in 55 minutes... Understood?” Citalopram nodded and phased through the wall.

That was another downside of the Pale Body — but it could also be viewed as a feature.

But when the soul left the body, her body couldn't move at all, and she was unaware of her body's surroundings.

When the soul left the body, her body would weaken. The farther she was from her body, the faster her body weakened.

In their tests, the weakening speed within 10 meters was negligible. However, if the distance extended to 300 meters, she must return within an hour.

After leaving the body, the body would still give immediate feedback on all feelings and injuries — just like the spiked handcuffs in the previous nightmare. Hence, Annan mentioned time reminders of poking needles at her.

If this ability was capitalized properly, it was indeed a powerful ability.

Unfortunately, there were too many restrictions.

That was Annan's opinion for this profession — or rather, this race.

Half-dead Enchantresses were strong whether for an assault or a defensive battle. They could put on heavy armor and fight in the frontline. After sustaining a severe injury, they could retreat to the backline and utilize this ability to kill off the enemies who were more vulnerable for their own self-recovery.

—The legendary self-healing tank.

Unfortunately, the Half-dead Enchantresses were of little help in a situation without a fixed base. Her real body needed protection, and protection would tend to be more complicated than destruction.

There weren't many weapons that could attack the soul body.

Mr. Ray's special token wasn't "gold" but "gold powder". Therefore, gold weapons couldn't damage the soul... Aside from the divine art damage, only pure silver weapons could damage the soul.

Unfortunately, pure silver weapons weren't feasible in actual melee combat.

Only those possessing a steel sword and a silver sword, like witchers, had the opportunity to hurt Citalopram.

The players' assault plan was also simple.

First, they would let Citalopram sneak in first and kill off key targets. The main goal was to stir up chaos.

Suuankou would set up traps at the entrances when the enemies were distracted. Once he was done, he would send signals and retreat. If the enemy had a Transcended or someone who could see the soul, Citalopram would withdraw from the doorway and lure them into the traps.

If there were no Transcended among the enemies with no capabilities to retaliate, then after Citalopram had paralyzed the key targets, she would let Suuankou sneak in from the second floor and assassinate all the targets.

Indeed, the player group didn't intend to post on the forum to ask for help.

In this regard, Lin Yiyi thought that Suuankou and Citalopram needed the experience points to keep up with the rest of the players.

In other words, it was a trip to boost the newbies.

The veterans didn't intend to spoon-feed the equipment directly to the newbie and bring them to graduation in that manner. After all, it had no educational value to the newbies if the veterans just sped up on their progress.

Give a man a fish, and you feed him for a day. Teach a man to fish, and you feed him for a lifetime... It was better off guiding the newbies on how to tackle their challenges.

"Hmm, let me see how it goes..." Annan murmured with interest.

Let me see how well this group of players can perform.

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 250

This was a novel experience that Citalopram never had before.

She didn't maneuver with her legs but relied on mind power to levitate off the ground.

Citalopram realized that she could still pretend to walk with her legs.

She could even stand still and yet keep moving forward. Likewise, she could move forward even if her posture was sitting or lying down. Anyway, her movement speed was constant. It was just that she didn't find it natural and her field of vision was limited.

...Is this what being a ghost feels like?

For some reason, this thought popped into Citalopram's mind.

She silently phased through the wall and entered the interior of No. 35 Rusty Water Street.

After that, she did not act rashly but avoided the people around her at the first moment as she carefully observed the internal environment of the objective area.

—Indeed, No. 35 Rusty Water Street isn't a residence either.

Rather, it is a relatively big warehouse.

The interior space spanned around 400 meters in radius. One-third of the place starting from the entrance was filled with huge wooden boxes; each at the height of about one meter. Some were stacked together with several layers up to three. The three-layer stacked boxes were all covered with a thick cloth, while the two-layer ones were not.

There was no doubt that these boxes were all a facade.

The blockade made with several boxes stacked on top of each other had perfectly blocked the line of sight from the entrance. After traveling halfway through the warehouse, the place further down was empty.

There was no back door but a few peepholes blocked by iron rods.

Citalopram's pupils shrank suddenly.

She saw a couple of peculiar things in the open space in the back half of the warehouse!

The most conspicuous structure was an altar similar to a three-layered Tower of Hanoi. The top layer was engraved with blood grooves as wide as a finger. In addition, there were dark residues that were thick and sticky, like sediments.

She also saw a few runes carved on the ground with noticeable dragging marks.

Around these runes, there was a square area with no traces of dust. Obviously, they removed the boxes that were put on the rune previously and piled them up elsewhere.

In addition to this, there were many strange parts that Citalopram didn't know what they were used for.

Luckily, her knowledge from graduating from a medical university allowed her to roughly figure out what they were:

1. A bull's skull with all its flesh removed. The horns were kept aside.

2. The spine and the ribs were separated. Also, there were three rows of large canine skeletons hanging on the wall.
3. The hearts of rats, bats, frogs, and birds soaked in several containers filled with embalming liquid.
4. Fermented feces in copper containers.

In addition to these items of animal origin, there were pulverized crystals, rubies, sapphires, lead, and silver. Citalopram figured out those items because there were labels on each container. Moreover, she seemed capable of comprehending those texts.

After all, these containers were opaque. Therefore, it was impossible to tell what was inside without a label.

In addition to this, there were some strange and apparently hand-made “tools”.

For example, a triangular frame made of glass or crystal; male and female dolls with their chest and abdomen cut open to reveal the cotton inside; a strange scale composed of two weights of different weights and two ropes of different lengths...

What's happening here?

After seeing these items, Citalopram became warier.

She huddled in the corner and counted the number of people here quietly.

There's a total of 17 people.

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Luckily, Suuankou didn't charge into this place directly.

— He was right.

“Okay, it's time.” The skinny old man standing in the middle of the crowd said in a low voice. He put the pocket watch back into his sleeves, “It seems that Bobby won't be coming.”

“Then, shall we retreat immediately?”

A bald man about two meters tall, with firm muscles and a mustache, asked in a deep voice, “I'm afraid that Bobby's group have either betrayed us or been caught. The Crows may have noticed us.”

“Hmph, they probably fled.”

The brown-skinned woman with a scary scar on her face and dark green tattoos on her shoulders sneered, “The Bobby brothers are cowards. They looked reluctant at the start as if we were going to force them to die.”

“Shush, I understand why you would say Old Mike and Joseph have betrayed us and fled, but Bobby isn't that kind of person. He's Joseph's cousin, but not like him.” The bald man retorted in a deep voice, “Bobby is ambitious. He has the talent to embark on the path of transcendence, unlike us. He wouldn't have fled.”

“Not necessarily.” The woman laughed derisively, “The path to transcendence... It's not just us who can provide it. Maybe he will take our information and go serve the Crow.”

“—There are indeed Transcendental paths available everywhere.”

The skinny old man spoke slowly, interrupting their conversation, “But besides us, who would lead the son of a felon on the path of transcendence?”

“Yes, Father.” The strong man nodded respectfully to the old man and said nothing more.

“Father, you have the final say.” The rebellious brown-skinned woman also chose to give in to the old man.

The skinny old man known as “Dad” said slowly, “Also, I want to correct your mistakes. It isn't that you all are unqualified to embark on the path of transcendence... but it is just unnecessary.

“Transcended power isn't only limited to Transcended and priests. In fact, some Transcended could barely get a hold on Transcended power until they died.

“Since they can only utilize it a few times anyway, then taking the path of the ritual is the same.”

As he spoke, he strolled to the cabinet and took down 2 ceramic bottles.

Citalopram noted that the bottles were marked “Silver” and “Pearls.”

It made her a little uneasy.

Then, the old man poured some powder from the bottles onto the altar.

The strong man was quite tacit. He dragged a short, thin, snarky-eyed short man beside him to the altar — his hand grabbed the poor soul's neck directly.

Then, like killing a chicken, he used the short man's dagger to slash the short man's wrist.

Citalopram suddenly realized something.

She stepped back without hesitation and got out of the warehouse through the wall.

With the blood gushing out, the silver powder and pearl powder were soaked in the blink of an eye.

The old man put his hand in front of one of the runes and chanted in a low volume, “Silver opens my eyes...”

At the next moment, a silver flame erupted on the altar.

The fire had a strange metallic luster, dancing like mercury.

The fire only lit up for three seconds, then went out again.

Nothing came up. The old man frowned deeply.

“Was it an illusion?” He murmured.

The old man was silent for a while, then walked to the bottles that contained the metal powders and commanded in a low voice, “Get me a mouse's heart, a cat's heel, and a frog's heart.

“I'm going to summon something.”