

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Behold My Righteous Backstab

Annan carefully searched Don Juan's room and looted some useful items smoothly.

First of all, he found a short sword fitted to him. The length of the hilt was less than sixty centimeters. It appeared more like a long dagger. Its sheath was luxurious and delicate. When it was sheathed, it looked more like a large fountain pen. After unsheathing it, the sword body had a mysterious blue reflection.

He also found a silver pocket watch with complicated decorations, but the watch had stopped. The pocket watch case was engraved with a three-eyed bird with sharp feathers as sharp as a dagger. This seemed to be the Gerant family's emblem. After all, Annan noticed that many other items had this pattern carved on them.

Also, there was a bag of coins, some letters, a ring with sapphire, a stamp, two handkerchiefs, a bag of sweets, and the snacks that Don Juan just brought.

The whole room was scrapped as clean as if an adventurer looted the place.

The only thing worth noting was that ring.

When Annan picked it up, a glimmering panel appeared before his eyes:

[Deep Blue Guardian]

[Type: Ring (Purple)]

[Description: Don Juan·Geraint's mother left him a relic which contains frost magic and curse]

[Description: It seems to be some way to remove the seal, but it is encrypted. (the “Mysterious Ritual” check failed)]

[Description: You have never heard of this curse (“Advanced Curse” check failed)]

Seeing the word “Curse,” Annan hesitated a bit.

But, after giving a few thoughts, he took it.

Although he didn't know what it was for, he didn't want to let the betrayer get it.

Most importantly, Annan found the sword he saw before entering the dungeon instance. It just hung on the wall closest to Annan.

The sword was over a meter long, and its outer sheath had almost no decoration. It was polished brightly, appearing to be elegant and reliable.

After drawing the weapon, Annan noticed that the sword was half of his height. The sword edge was in satisfactory condition; the blade was sharp and solid. Not surprisingly, this should be John's custom made sword.

Annan suddenly froze at the moment he held the sword.

A great amount of sword-wielding memories surged into Annan's mind. He immediately became experienced but yet to be an elite young swordsman.

—But, Annan quickly noticed that it was not John's memory on learning sword-wielding. It was the memory of the young “Annan” practicing sword in the icy and snowy environment.

The memories flowed in at high speed. Annan only had time to grasp the general feel in sword-wielding. However, the longer the memory was being continually downloaded in his mind, the clearer it became. Until the end, he finally saw a short but relatively complete memory.

He was holding a slender sword, lying on the ground exhausted, breathing continuously like a husky. The sword was not gold in color but white like ivory.

Standing across from Annan was a man who seemed to be in his thirties. His appearance was 70% similar to Annan, but his face was cold and stern. His eyes were ice blue without emotion. From this angle, he looked towering and terrifying.

“Stand up and continue.”

The man said in a deep voice. The voice was low and hoarse, and the ice-blue eyes seemed to have magical power.

Just one glance, Annan's heart seemed to be frozen. While he breathed calmly, the surrounding air gradually crystallized. Layers of frost continued to condense on the ground and then melted again.

“Stand up, Annan. You have enough rest.”

“Yes, father...”

Annan heard his own voice.

The timid voice was shriveling as if the soul was frozen.

He mustered up his courage again and stood up.

“Annan” gritted his teeth and raised the sword. He placed it horizontally in front of his waist and assumed a strange posture.

As he wielded the sword, white frost exuded from the palm: snow and unceasing cold wind wrapped around the sword's blade [1].

A layer of frost immediately formed on the white blade. There was an inconspicuous frost trail in the air as the sword edge struck the man's knee in a straight arc.

But, the man didn't move, just staring at the sword trail. After the frost trail approached him, it seemed as if it had been cut off by something invisible. It suddenly shattered and disappeared in the air.

“Carry on.”

The man repeated.

The memory fragment stopped abruptly here.

“Interesting.”

Annan raised his brows.

It appeared that there were many stories about this child. At least, he should have a great father.

But.

He tightened the sword in his hand. There was a burst of enlightenment in his heart.

The swordsmanship that sends out waves of frost. I seem to be able to use it now.

Is this the “Frost Sword” on the panel?

I only acquired Level 1 Frost Sword, though.

How strong is it?

It should at least slow down the blood flow, right?

Annan roughly cleaned up the items. He restored the messy room to its original state. Then, he went out with two swords. The long sword was held in his hand, and the short sword was carefully hidden in his arms. He also took away the pocket watch placed on the table. It was prepared to serve as an excuse when he accidentally reencountered Don Juan. Annan could use it to call him aside.

“Master, come and have a look; your pocket watch has stopped again...”

The idea was to step into a conversation.

But Annan seemed to be too careful.

He didn't have to run around looking for clues.

The clue had approached him directly.

As soon as Annan left the room, he noticed that three young people dressed like him were leaning on the corner pretending to chat, but their eyes were fixed on Don Juan's door. They were not far from the door.

All three were taken aback when they found that Annan had taken the initiative to open the door and came out.

Then, they quickly discussed; one of them ran away hurriedly.

When Annan turned his gaze to the person who ran away, the remaining two were a little flustered.

“John, come here!”

One of them had an idea and greeted Annan loudly, “Fella, where did you go just now?”

“I was a little sleepy just now, so I took a nap in the young master's room.”

Annan heard their words and walked over with a simple smile, “Why are you guys here? Are you also here to goof off and rest?”

“...En, yes.”

Come and read on our website wuxia worldsite. Thanks

Seeing Annan's uncharacteristic and awkward reaction, the two felt that something was wrong, but they could only respond like this.

“I see.”

Annan said with concern, “Then if the three of you are standing here while chatting, you must be tired. Do you want to have a rest in the room? He shouldn't have gone far yet. Should I call for him? It's warm inside the room. There are some sugar cakes on the table. They are delicious...”

“Don't. He's going... to help the cooking on the deck.”

One of the young guards saw Annan was about to chase over; he quickly stopped Annan. He said with a kind smile, “Aren't we going to go ashore tomorrow? We will spend the last night on the ship tonight. Then, we can have a feast!”

“That's great.”

Annan sighed with regret, “I thought he is looking for Instructor Klaus.”

The two were speechless.

The two of them were shocked in their heart. They almost thought that this foolish guy had realized something. However, the two of them were also newbies. They didn't know what to say to hold John at this time.

Just when the atmosphere was a little embarrassing, Annan suddenly said, “I feel a little bit cold. Let's find a quiet place to practice our swordsmanship and move our body.”

“I like that idea.”

One of the guards responded quickly, “I know a place...”

“Yeah, I'll go too.”

The other person followed.

Seeing Annan's request, the two of them showed apparent joy. The two looked at each other and sneered silently.

...Hey, do you want to make your malicious intent to hurt me so obvious?

It's completely undisguised. How simple-minded is this John in your heart? Fine, it is in easy difficulty after all.

Annan was a little disappointed.

He just showed an honest and harmless professional smile and said politely, “Lead the way.”

Soon, the three of them circled the place and turned to a relatively empty small room. They began to slowly sort out the surrounding wine barrels, trying to make space.

At this time, Annan had roughly determined that Don Juan's room should be in the middle of the ship's lower deck. There were separate corridors outside the two doors of the room.

The ship was roughly more than seventy meters long. There was a lack of space. The rooms were adjacent to each other – except for Don Juan's room. It was a larger stand-alone room. The other rooms were close to each other, including the guard captain's room.

In other words, anyone who wanted to enter Don Juan's room would need to make a special trip to this side. Even if they were found at the door, they had no excuses to explain because only Don Juan's room was not adjacent to any room.

So, the group brought “Annan” here. The sole purpose was to hold Annan in this spot while having someone else entering Don Juan's room.

If “Annan” continued to stay in the room, they might knock on the door after a while and look for an excuse to get him out.

“Where is Sir Benjamin?”

Annan asked suddenly.

“He's still reading in the captain's room.”

One of the guards replied casually, “Except for Master Don Juan that prideful sir doesn't want to see anyone.

“What about the instructor?”

Annan asked, "I am leaving my job without authorization. Won't the instructor catch me?"

"Don't worry, John. The instructor usually stays on the deck."

Another guard said with certainty, "Only, he has the [Eagle Eye] ability. He needs to keep his vision on the surrounding sea. There is no time to get off the deck and inspect the cabin."

"Oh..."

Annan murmured.

Annan narrowed her eyes slightly as he watched the two guards slowly stacking the barrels with their backs to him.

He slowly drew out the sword that belonged to John. The sword edge was shining with a cold light.

He didn't want to wait for the enemy to step on his face before he fought back bitterly.

No player can resist the temptation of backstabs!

He didn't hesitate and directly thrust the sword at the young guard closest to him. It directly pierced through his back!

The sharp sword pierced straight in. The crimson tip emerged from the opponent's chest.

Then, Annan withdrew his sword horizontally and splashed out trails of scarlet blood on the other person's face. Annan slashed the victim's right lung in half. Blood gurgled into the lungs.

“Behold my righteous backstab!”

After the successful ambush, Annan suddenly shouted.

His voice was thunderous, shocking the other person. The opponent almost lost grip on the sword.

At this moment, Annan raised the sword in his hand and slashed it straight at the other person's neck.

The young guard was shocked.

He shrank his body and subconsciously wanted to step aside, but he was still a step late. He could only temporarily raise his left arm to block the oncoming attack.

But, Annan didn't slash the opponent's forearm vertically. Instead, he sliced it diagonally, immediately peeling off a piece of flesh on the arm.

“Uh-!”

The young guard let out a miserable cry and stumbled back.

But, he unexpectedly did not lose the ability to fight back due to pain.

Annan saw that a faint red light burst out of the young guard's heart. Numerous slender muscles were bursting out of his right arm that wielded the sword. There seemed to be countless red insects swimming in his blood. His right arm holding the sword had a firmer grip.

The remaining guard tried to counterattack with a sword. Annan stepped forward and parried the sword sideways.

The opponent's oncoming long sword was easily deflected away. The sword edge swept past the opponent's right shoulder that was holding the sword. Blood was shed again.

It was just an ordinary sword, yet the young guard's blood vessels seemed to burst directly. The mutilated flesh dropped to the floor seemed to come to life. It wiggled on the floor like a living thing.

The young guard couldn't help but let go of the sword. He let out a miserable wail as the hilt hit the floor. The muscles of his face twitched frantically as if something was about to jump out from it.

“What the hell is this?”

Watching this scene, Annan suddenly felt intense anxiety.

Is this the supernatural strength of this world?

Annan's instinct told him that if the opponent were allowed to continue his transformation, it would be the second stage battle like those in the game.

With his mind calculating hastily, Annan's eyes ignited silently with a cold light. The blade of the sword was instantly covered with a thin layer of frost.

Why don't I try Frost Sword!?

Chapter end