

Righteous Ps 331

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 331**

Delicious Wind Goose sat in the creaking carriage.

The carriage was a bigger model that offered a lot of space. It was capable of housing eight people while allowing them to sit opposite and face one another.

Yet, Delicious Wind Goose was now alone in the carriage.

The sofa seat opposite him was removed, replaced by three columns of wooden boxes stacked in two layers; there was also a large wooden box on his left and right sides each.

Inside each crate were twenty-four “Honeylip” mead imitations — two dozens.

The real “Honeylip” was a medicinal mead made by the Alteration Wizards of Black Tower. It not only had a mellow taste, sweet but not greasy but also had an aphrodisiac effect and beauty effect.

So its price kept increasing because of the demand.

Of course, like all delicious foods that claim to have “some kind of curative effect,” it wasn't as effective as it proclaimed either.

The reason why the price inflated was mainly because of its rarity.

There was also prestige and status attributed to those capable of getting this mead.

As for the fake mead Caravan Master made, he definitely didn't make it with a wizard. Thus, those effects couldn't be found in the drink.

But it was still a top-grade mead, and it had been carefully blended. Unless the person got to taste the real and fake mead at the same time, it was hard to tell the difference.

The counterfeit goods had a lower concentration than the genuine Honeylip, but they were pretty identical in taste, so much so that the counterfeit mead gave a stronger aftertaste.

As for the reason why the flavor was stronger, and the concentration was mild, it all boiled down to Delicious Wind Goose's job.

Suddenly, someone opened the door.

“Tate Caravan of the Alfonso Chamber of Commerce?” A deep voice came, “You are from Freezing Water Port...”

Delicious Wind Goose looked up and found two men standing at the carriage door.

One was a young city guard with brown curly hair holding a jade plaque and looked a bit rash; the other was a middle-aged man with a beard in his forties. The middle-aged city guard wore the more formal captain's leather armor. He opened the carriage door and gave Delicious Wind Goose a subtle nod.

He is probably the person whom Caravan Master Tate had mentioned. Delicious Wind Goose noticed the hint.

“Delicious Wind Goose.” Old Goose replied politely, “I'm a tourist from Freezing Water Port, and the identification is with the consul.”

As Old Goose pronounced his name, the jade plaque sent out green glows, proving that Old Goose said his real name.

“Alright, great. There seems to be no problem here.” The middle-aged man nodded and patted the young man in front of him on the shoulder, “Pick a crate.”

“How about this?” The young man casually pointed to the crate on the right-hand side of Delicious Wind Goose, which was the closest to them. It was also the only black crate.

This crate was for the convenience of Delicious Wind Goose so that he could remain in the carriage without the need to free out more space. Also, he didn't have to move the crate every time he wanted to leave the carriage so as to not damage the goods inside.

The middle-aged city guard captain nodded and gave a simple order, “Open it up.”

The young man responded, hugged the wooden crate, and lifted it with a squeak, carefully placing it on the ground.

Then, he took out a long-handled crowbar and pried open the wooden crate.

“Hey... it's really the Honeylip!” The young man couldn't help but sigh, “I heard the Honeylip's price increased by another pound recently. You're going to make a fortune.”

“Let's inspect the goods first.” The middle-aged man ordered impatiently.

Standing by the side, shaking his legs, he casually asked Delicious Wind Goose, “Who is the mayor of your Freezing Water Port... is it still the Salvatore?”

“The person in the office has shifted for a while. It's the Geraint family now.” Delicious Wind Goose replied cautiously, trying not to reveal any flaws. He did his best pretending as a Freezing Water Port dweller.

But he was keenly aware that when he said the word “Geraint”, the middle-aged man shaking his legs suddenly stopped for a moment.

He noted it down and temporarily gave up his previous plan to use the name “Don Juan Geraint” to increase his persuasiveness.

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Delicious Wind Goose calmly altered his statement, “But I haven't gone back for a while, and I'm not quite sure. But it's still Mayor Salvatore may at least a month ago.”

“Oh.” The middle-aged man replied casually.

At this time, the young city guard had already taken out all the 24 mead bottles to check whether they were properly sealed up. Then, he verified the “trademark” on each bottle, took out a notebook to record the quantity count, and put them back one by one.

He then closed the crate and brought it back to Delicious Wind Goose.

To avoid crushing himself, Delicious Wind Goose clung to the wooden crate on the other side.

"It's all for the sake of safety. Please forgive me. I humbly apologize if I have offended you." The young city guard quickly spoke to Delicious Wind Goose.

The middle-aged man behind him patted his shoulder hard and said in annoyance, "Speak it out seriously!"

"Yes, Captain!" The young man replied helplessly, stood up, and said honestly, "I checked these items for everyone's safety. Please forgive me. I'm very sorry if I offended you. The inspection fee will be imposed on the caravan leader at 5% of the total value of the goods. I am Dexter Lowy with 42 days of service experience. This is my supervisor, Klaus Cass. My Inspector ID is E112. If you have any comments on my service, you can go to the Silver Sire Church in the capital to complain about me."

What the fuck? Old Goose was shocked.

Is your service attitude so advanced?

Although I have long known that "Silver Sire is the deity with the best attitude towards ordinary people", this is just too... overwhelming.

If it weren't for Silver Sire's complete ignorance of which world the player came from, Old Goose would have thought that the Silver Sire or the Silver Sire's popes were transmigrators, those kinds with a lot of strange ideas.

After the two city guards closed the door and left, Delicious Wind Goose let out a subtly relieved expression.

The last conversation shocked him for a moment and almost revealed himself.

But fortunately, those who came to the capital for the first time would be shocked. The guards were used to this scene. They didn't say much and left politely.

After that, some time passed.

Delicious Wind Goose reached out and locked the carriage door.

Then, he opened the wooden crates that had been pried open. The ones the guards chose were exactly the crates that Delicious Wind Goose was going to poison.

He reached under his jacket.

Twenty-four metal pieces the size of lighters were tied to the position close to the underwear, like chainmail. They were in the formation of 3 X 8.

He took out a metal piece and took out the mead glass that had already been prepared. All twenty-four bottles of Honeylip were removed from the black crate.

Then, he opened the cork of the first bottle; the fragrance poured out and filled the carriage.

He poured himself mead at the height reaching two fingers and twisted the first metal piece open like opening a perfume bottle.

The moment Delicious Wind Goose uncapped the [Demon Blood], a “chi” sound came. He almost thought it was Coccola in a perfume bottle.

After opening it up, the liquid inside that looked like Coke sent out a fizzy sound, but there were no obvious white bubbles.

Delicious Wind Goose carefully poured the liquid into the bottle. Even though the carriage was still shaking, his hand was so steady that nothing leaked out.

He repeated this twenty-four times, putting back all the “Honeylip” that had been prepared and carefully closing the lid.

I shall get ready to deliver them later. Delicious Wind Goose thought leisurely.

But at this moment, the voice of Caravan Master Tate came from outside, “Delicious Wind Goose? Can you come down for a while? I have business with you.”

Oh well. Delicious Wind Goose raised an eyebrow.

Then, he calmly posted on the forum: “I Think I'm Getting Capture Soon, Brothers & Sisters.”

“—Come here, let's set the table up. Those who think I will be captured post “1” in the comment. Those who think I will be fine post “2”. Let's set the stake as barbecue meals and skewers. Anyone interested?”

### **The Righteous Player(s) C332– Silver Sire Church's Tipping System**

#### Chapter 332: Silver Sire Church's Tipping System

Delicious Wind Goose opened the carriage's window and glanced around.

He soon realized that he was in front of an alley with many passersby. Still, the alley wasn't congested, and it wasn't an isolated area either.

At the very least, the civilians here wouldn't need to worry about being kidnapped in this place during their idle chatter.

Delicious Wind Goose was somewhat reassured of his safety.

At the very least, I wouldn't be murdered immediately after bringing the goods in.

In that case, the validity of the contract should still exist.

After all, it was a contract under the Silver Sire Church. This contract fell under the category of “transaction,” which was under the Silver Sire's surveillance.

So, everything will be smooth until the contract is completed?

Delicious Wind Goose got out of the carriage and asked, “Do I bring the goods in?”

“No need. I'll have you come back here very soon.” Caravan Master Tate, who had the same hairstyle as Old Goose (bald), smiled and reached out to support Delicious Wind Goose in getting out of the carriage, lest he accidentally fell to the ground.

Then, Caravan Master Tate patted Delicious Wind Goose's shoulder and said in a low voice, “Keep your voice down and stay low. Our goods are counterfeit, after all. Don't let anyone know.

“Remember to state my name when you head there for the delivery. If anyone asks, keep insisting it's the real mead. Got it, friend?”

The caravan master raised an eyebrow and looked back at Delicious Wind Goose.

Delicious Wind Goose knew what Tate was hinting at.

They didn't mention “Demon Blood” at all.

At the moment when their eyes met, Delicious Wind Goose immediately understood.

So, we're currently being watched, or possibly under surveillance...

It's fine to let the third party know that it's a “fake mead”, but not the [Demon Blood].

So is the person watching the scene Stilwell Shelley? Is he the patron of Caravan Master Tate to sell fake alcohol in the capital?

This shows that the Shelley brothers shouldn't be involved in the royalties infighting.

Or, at least they weren't someone the Third Prince could trust.

Delicious Wind Goose quickly analyzed Tate's words and acquired a couple of useful pieces of information.

He was now secretly grateful that it was him who took on this mission.

No other players were suitable to carry out this mission, not even Dove.

It wasn't because they weren't smart enough, but because they were all too young and not sharp enough.

Delicious Wind Goose thought calmly in his heart, but he followed the instruction without hesitation, pretending to be the caravan master's follower.

All of these were an act they put up for those who were spying on them.

Tate also sensed Delicious Wind Goose's goal.

He was neither anxious nor angry, just throwing Old Goose a glance and leading him into the deserted alley.

The carriage stopped at the entrance of the alley. The carriage itself blocked the entrance while shielding off the line of sight.

Tetra walked to the innermost part of the alley with Delicious Wind Goose before stopping.

Afterward, Tate took off his belt and that of Delicious Wind Goose.

Then, they exchanged their belts.

Since Caravan Master Tate arranged Delicious Wind Goose's clothes beforehand, it felt reasonable that they were using similar designs of belts.

At first, Delicious Wind Goose was a little surprised when Caravan Master Tate took away his belt.

However, Old Goose soon realized what was happening when Tate handed over his belt.

Sure enough, Delicious Wind Goose felt that the belt was much heavier than his own as soon as he got his hands on it.

Delicious Wind Goose reached out and touched the inside of the belt. Then, he felt the familiar metal pieces' texture.

They were the metal bottles the size of a lighter that stored the Demon Blood.

"As promised, we will split the rewards into ten packages." Tate watched Delicious Wind Goose re-buckled his belt at a distance away from him and said in a low voice, "I gave you the things, and you have to help me deliver the goods."

"No problem. When?"

"Right now." Tate replied briefly, "I'll drop you two blocks away from the Third Prince's mansion. Access to the street one block away from the mansion is restricted. You won't be able to enter until they verify your identity. "

"How shall I answer them?"

"Tell them your real name. I've made an appointment for you. You are now a merchant from the Freezing Water Port, and you want to give the Third Prince a generous gift in exchange for a trading permit. Your ultimate goal is to join my caravan. Got it?"

"Ya, no problem." Delicious Wind Goose replied calmly, "I have noted them down."

Tate glanced at Old Goose carefully, nodded slowly, and patted his shoulder, "Okay, then I'll be leaving soon.

"I won't come forward again. No matter what problem you have, it has nothing to do with me, understand?"

"Got it." Delicious Wind Goose nodded.

He followed Tate back to the carriage and climbed up again.

After closing the door, he slowly felt around the black box and narrowed his eyes slightly, seemingly occupied in thoughts.

After that, Tate put Delicious Wind Goose two blocks away as planned.

This was Delicious Wind Goose's first time seeing the scenery of the royal capital.

The capital of the Noah Kingdom was also called Noah.

As a large city with a population of more than four million, Delicious Wind Goose was located in the “St. Charles District”, which was the closest to the city gate of the royal capital.

In the hundreds of years since the establishment of the Noah Kingdom, the capital had been renovated at least four times. The most recent one was thirty years ago when the capital was officially divided into six districts, named after the seven popes of the Silver Sire.

Delicious Wind Goose noticed that the roads in the capital were at least twice as wide as those in Roseburg, and the streets were paved with marble with lanes and sidewalks specially demarcated.

It wasn't nighttime yet. The intricately decorated street lamps on both sides remained off. There was a newspaper rack at the crossroad where Delicious Wind Goose stopped.

Next to the newspaper rack, there was also a donation box.

The donation box had a line with a prominent font written on it, “This donation box only accepts silver coins”. The holy symbol of Silver Sire was branded in the middle, and the following were two lines of words in smaller font-size: “All donations from this donation box will be sent to Teacher Emory Mawson of [St. Charles Third Mission School] next month as a subsidy. If you don't donate, please put the newspaper back after reading the newspaper here.”

There were even additional lines at the bottom: “Mission school does not charge tuition fees. It provides free catering and accommodation. All living expenses of teachers, staff, and their families are paid and reimbursed by the Silver Sire Church, and no other fixed salary is paid. If you're concerned with their income or think this teacher speaks well, please give them some support!”

Delicious Wind Goose was taken aback for a moment.

“...Fuck.”

This Silver Sire Church is a talented place.

What is this? Tipping system?

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“Is this your first time visiting the Noah's capital city?” An old man with a top hat smiled and asked gently behind Delicious Wind Goose.

Delicious Wind Goose raised his eyebrows, put down the wooden crate in his hand, and politely bowed to the old man, “Yes, old man. Is there anything I have done wrong?”

After all, this was the capital.

He didn't know if this passerby was some sort of a big shot who came out for a stroll.

“You're surprised about this donation box, right?” said the old man casually. He took out a silver coin and put it in habitually.

He picked up a newspaper next to him, flipped through it carefully, and replied casually, "This is Noah's custom. After all, the Silver Sire is the Trade Deity, and He usually stays in Noah. Therefore, this place is considered under His watchful eyes.

"No matter how arrogant these businessmen are, they have to be humble and polite when they come to this place. No one dares to make a fuss here. Everyone is well-disciplined. After all, Silver Sire will roam around when He is free, going shopping or buying something. Everyone believes that the store that the Silver Sire visited will have good fortune.

"The Old Noahs have basically met Silver Sire once or twice. So they can recognize Him easily. However, the business people from other places can't recognize Him at the first moment. So it is better for them to be respectful to everyone. After all, the Silver Sire stays in this place, and his subordinate deities come back occasionally."

So, I see. Delicious Wind Goose nodded.

So, it's precisely because they're running businesses that they have to be wary.

The bosses might not be religious, but they were more or less superstitious. If they were to pass by and meet deities, they would pay their respect if they weren't in a hurry.

As far as Delicious Wind Goose was concerned, Longjing Tea had a Buddha statue and an ancestral hall in his home, and his grandfather would pay tribute frequently.

Seeing how pious Longjing Tea could be, he could empathize with those businessmen.

Moreover, Silver Sire was a living deity controlling wealth in this city, who might appear anywhere and anytime. Sure enough, the people in business would follow the law and orders lest they irritate the deity.

The old man pointed to the newspaper rack and said, "About forty years ago, newspapers were still sold for one silver coin each. The profit was also used to maintain the operation of the mission school. However, the pope of this generation is brilliant.

"To cater to businessmen who want to flatter the church, but it isn't convenient to take their money blatantly, he installed donation boxes in the city.

"The donation boxes placed in front of the newspapers are donated to mission schools; the donation boxes on the subway are donated to families facing difficulties; the donation boxes at the entrance of concert halls and theaters are used to raise orphans. "

"The Respectful Pope is a kind man." Delicious Wind Goose couldn't help but commentate.

"Yes, indeed." The old man sighed and handed the newspaper to Delicious Wind Goose, "I've finished reading. Here, take the newspaper. After reading it, you may put it back or even take it away. I have already paid. The standard price is one silver coin."

The old man smiled kindly and pulled his top hat, "Welcome to Noah, young man."

Delicious Wind Goose was stunned for a while, and the old man had already left.

He hurriedly shouted from behind, "Thank you!"

Then, he saw the old man wave his hand and leave swiftly.

Old Goose was surprised by this encounter.

This old man's legs are too quick. Could he be some sort of a big shot?

He shook his head, flipping through the newspaper while picking up the crate and walking forward.

"En, the second increase in the food tax within these ten years? The last time it happened was half a year ago. Is there going to be a war?"

"The wool's price has risen for the third time. The latest clothing style of the fashion master... Oh, it's not ugly, but there's nothing special. Hey, why don't I find someone who learns fashion design to join this game?"

"The famous painter Nigel Elliott claims that the Paper Princess has recently arrived at the Noah Kingdom? Huh, the Paper Princess is a deity? Really, can the matter of the deities be written directly in the newspaper?"

"—Fuck, the Paper Princess is so pretty! I'm falling in love!" Delicious Wind Goose couldn't help but exclaim.

The Paper Princess portrait was published in the newspaper, even though it was black and white. There was also a note below the drawing, "Courtesy to Nigel Elliott".

The painter's perspective was cast from the side.

He seemed to have summoned "the Paper Princess", who frowned slightly and turned around in confusion. The painter even perfectly painted the clothes that were taut when the Paper Princess turned back.

The Paper Princess put Her right hand in her pocket while Her left hand held a pen inversely like a dagger.

She had a soft yet indifferent face that gave a sense of distance, light-colored long straight hair draped to the waist, two dragon horns protruding upward like lightning on the forehead, and the slender collarbone vaguely covered with dragon scales. Furthermore, She seemed like a 17 years old girl.

However, Her mature and indifferent temperament and Her voluptuous breasts made Her look like a mature adult woman. She exuded the air of art due to the drawing board behind Her and the 17 pens of different kinds and sizes inserted into Her waist like a sword. At the same time, it made Her stand out.

Her vibe was different from how he first met Silver Sire.

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Silver Sire looked more like a cheerful young man. Although He was handsome, He didn't stand out from the crowd. The Paper Princess was the type that could be noticed at a glance no matter how many people there were, and it was difficult to avert the gaze laid on Her.

Her beauty struck the heart. Whoever looking straight at Her would be mesmerized.

When the Delicious Wind Goose was carefully admiring the Paper Princess's portrait, he had already walked down a street and arrived at an intersection. Eight people were guarding this place.

He could already see the manor that was across the street.

This should be the Third Prince's mansion.

Seeing Delicious Wind Goose passing by, two people walked over immediately, and the remaining six people lowered the muzzle of their rifles slightly.

“Did you make an appointment?” One of them asked politely.

The two of them each held a jade plaque. The person who asked the question also had a booklet in his hand.

“Delicious Wind Goose.” The Old Goose paused and replied, “My name is Delicious Wind Goose, from the Freezing Water Port. There should be an appointment.”

But after the jade plaque flashed, the two looked at each other.

This gave Delicious Wind Goose a bad hunch.

Four of the six guards came over and pointed guns at him.

“Please don't act rashly, sir.” The person who asked was still polite.

But as the only security guard without firearms, he stepped back cautiously and continued, “Our records show that you entered the city illegally and did not register properly when you entered the city.

“Please go with them and temporarily stay in a safe room for three days. We will also temporarily detain your belongings and ask the professionals to test them. We will provide you with free food and hot water during this period.

“If we confirm your innocence after checking you with the 'One-Eyed Crow', these items will be returned in full.

The security guard smiled gently, “Please have faith in His Highness Philip's credibility. We won't steal or check your personal belongings.”

So, this is what is going to happen.

Delicious Wind Goose glanced at the guards silently, put down the crate silently, and turned to the right from the intersection under the close supervision of the four guards.

He noticed something from the guard's tone.

Thus, I have made my delivery?

No wonder they put me down two blocks away.

They can't let me enter His Royal Highness Philip's mansion and tarnish his reputation. So the goods would be handed over in this manner.

I should be careful.

But...

Delicious Wind Goose narrowed his eyes slightly.

They didn't tell me such an important part but handed me the [Demon Blood], which will cause me trouble if I'm found out.

I'm still getting caught in the end.

After that, Delicious Wind Goose was sent into a villa the size of a city lord's residence.

But instead of letting him live in this villa, the officials continued to escort him down silently. But after entering the villa, the others were less polite. They confiscated his weapon. After taking off his coat, shoes, and curse vessel, they shoved him into the dungeon cell.

Shortly after the door was closed, a somewhat familiar person whom he had met not long ago walked in.

It was the middle-aged city guard captain whom the Old Goose saw at the capital city's entrance previously.

There was a long sword with a silver hilt and a scabbard at his waist.

"We meet again, Delicious Wind Goose." The middle-aged man moved a stool over, sat outside the cell, and spoke slowly.

This middle-aged man with a beard asked the Old Goose calmly in a thick voice, "You said, you are from Freezing Water Port, right? And your mayor is called Don Juan Geraint?"

As Dexter Lowy said, the man's name was Klaus Cass. The Silver Rank Transcended, whom the Third Prince Philip sent over to infiltrate the city guard's forces.

The real Don Juan Geraint used to be the guard captain.

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"Captain Klaus?" Annan murmured in a low voice, "So, you have come to this place."

Through Delicious Wind Goose's perspective, he saw the familiar face and narrowed his eyes slightly.

Of course, he knew the man. He had even beaten him to death several times in his nightmares.

Not only did Annan know Klaus' profession, but even the man's fighting habits.

But he didn't know Klaus' full name was "Klaus Cass" until now.

However, he should have offended the Geraint family terribly and lost his chances to become a big shot.

So, he has ended up becoming a city gate guard.

He was fired from being the guard captain of the count family's third heir and became the guard captain of the city gate's garrison squadron — What a promotion.

But the promotion was limited. Worse still, under the watchful eyes of the Geraint family, his position was at the city gate, relatively far away from the Third Prince.

It wasn't just his own identity as a traitor exposed. Under the surveillance of the "One-Eyed Crow" on the capital circle, he could be put to death silently at any time when his curse was exposed to the Crows.

"Ah." Annan suddenly let out a soft cry in surprise.

He quickly realized that Klaus had submitted his mission in the outcome of "mission failure".

In the beginning, he should have reported according to the standard of "mission completed".

But later, after the death of Viscount Roseburg, the information that "Don Juan Geraint" was still active had gradually spread to the capital. Everyone from the Geraint family had already arrived in Roseburg. Sure enough, Prince Philip should have received information long ago.

One of the reasons why Annan returned directly to the Freezing Water Port from the ruins was that Don Juan and his second brother were still in Roseburg.

Annan had impersonated Don Juan even when the two looked different.

Even Eugene Geraint had long known that Annan wasn't the real Don Juan Geraint. Moreover, it seemed a bit overboard to insist others in lying for him, forcibly interacting with him in full view of the public.

If the real Don Juan was now not on Old Crow's side, he should be on Benjamin's side.

With the birth of the new deity "the Man in the Mirror", Benjamin no longer needed to hide his reanimation since he was the pope of this new deity.

So on Philip's side, the information he most likely had gotten was: Don Juan is not dead, Benjamin is not dead, and the Book of Divine Transporter has failed to be retrieved.

Then, Klaus had done nothing to complete the mission.

Philip was already considered kind-hearted in not killing off Klaus as a punishment.

Thus, it was clear cut that Klaus had arrested Delicious Wind Goose to ask about "Don Juan Geraint".

In that case... Annan thought for a moment, sat at the table, and slowly pulled out a piece of paper. He dipped the quill with black ink and quickly wrote something on the paper.

He couldn't communicate with Delicious Wind Goose, but the other players could.

The players staying at Freezing Water Port with Annan now were Dove's group consisting of four people and one cat. No matter whether it was Dove or the Child, they could contact the Old Goose offline and through the forum.

Klaus would never have imagined that Old Goose would still be able to collude with Annan when the Goose's curse vessel was seized and he was imprisoned in the dungeon cell.

"Rather, this is a good opportunity." Annan thought with his eyes skimming around.

While watching the live stream from Delicious Wind Goose, he followed his train of thought and continued to write the information “that could be revealed to Klaus”.

Delicious Wind Goose's arrest was too sudden.

Annan knew that Delicious Wind Goose's speculation, which he posted on the forum, was inaccurate.

It wasn't that the transaction required him to be sent into the dungeon. If the smugglers utilized the same method every time, it was as blatant as sending the illegal goods directly into Philip's mansion. It would be better to declare it as a gift to Philip to deceive the public's eye.

The best way to hide a grain of sand was to drop it in the desert, not put it in a safe.

Klaus arrested Delicious Wind Goose because he realized that the Goose knew “Don Juan Geraint” when he was talking to the Goose at the city gate. He just wanted to get more information from the Goose.

Indeed, Klaus was trying to make up for his faults.

Delicious Wind Goose was unaware of Klaus' purpose because Klaus was being careful in hiding it.

On the other hand, it was precisely because Klaus was carefully concealing his true purpose that he must be confident with the information he was getting from Goose.

It was a simple thought process. If Klaus had gotten a piece of information easily, he might wonder if it was deceit.

But if this information was obtained through hard work, risking his life, and many opportunities and coincidences, he would subconsciously think that the information he acquired was accurate even if the information was incomplete.

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Even if it were falsified, he would only think it was “some kind of pretense”, trying to piece together “what the clue really wanted to express”.

Essentially, this was because Klaus didn't want his efforts to go to waste.

Therefore, he would work hard to defend the “results” obtained through this effort.

That was to say, he would trust the intelligence provided by Delicious Wind Goose directly.

Since he had information that could be used against Delicious Wind Goose and it was a capital crime, it would be easy for him to control the Goose. Additionally, the Goose was a Transcended. Thus, this captive was unlikely to be a sacrificial piece Don Juan sent, and it would open up the possibility of Prince Philip recruiting him again.

Under coercion and promised benefits, Delicious Wind Goose would carefully consider the accuracy of the information he provides.

Thus, he was even less likely to hurt Delicious Wind Goose to send this vital witness to the Third Prince.

That being said, Delicious Wind Goose was in a fantastic situation.

Klaus wanted to interrogate information from the Goose, but he didn't dare to hurt or even offend this captive. At the same time, he would also trust the information provided to him by the Goose.

This was undoubtedly a fantastic opportunity.

This was equivalent to Annan infiltrating a spy directly into the Third Prince's side, and the spy could be put into use immediately. Not only could Annan send fake information, but he could also steal information from Philip.

"Let me think about giving what information to Philip." Annan scratched his fluffy hair and murmured in a low voice, "First of all, let's drop him a bomb and put the Delicious Wind Goose in high value. And I want information that can be verified quickly. It should be important, but it doesn't affect much."

Then, let's tell him...

"...Also, grant him the information 'I'm Annan Austere-Winter'." Annan wrote so at the end of many pieces of information.

After that, he picked up Dove, who was lying beside the fireplace and put her on the table.

Annan pointed to the note and said to the cat, "Note this down and then try to contact Delicious Wind Goose immediately. Then, send this message to Delicious Wind Goose verbatim. If you understand what I meant, meow once."

"Meow." Dove let out a cute meow, took a screenshot of the paper, and posted it on the forum to communicate with Delicious Wind Goose.

Easy job. She nodded and came over to rub Annan's arm. She stretched out her paw again, patted the table's note, then pointed to the air.

"Did you send it already?"

"Meow."

"Okay, thanks." Annan nodded in satisfaction, sent out 200 experience points and 100 affection ratings, and took the cat back to the fireplace.

She shall be my bodyguard during my advancement process.

Then, he took off his coat and climbed into his bed.

Now that I get that settled. I can finally go into a nightmare.

But this time, he had to make some preparations in advance.

He had taken out the bronze syringe that Salvatore had left in advance.

It was the syringe previously used to inject the Sage's Stone.

He had to inject at least five drops of "Frostwhisper's Eternal Frozen Blood" for the ritual. Then, he would enter the nightmare with the advancement prompt appearing after clearing the nightmare dungeon.

But what Salvatore did say was as much “Frostwhisper's Eternal Frozen Blood” as the body could handle.

He probably wouldn't know that Annan would get a whole jar of it.

Annan used a syringe to siphon “Frostwhisper's Eternal Frozen Blood” into the tube about eighty milliliters, which was definitely enough.

Then, Annan slowly injected it into his body.

He felt a chill entering his body.

Then, it was immediately followed up by an immense ache in his body. He couldn't help but scratch it. It was like the feeling when the room temperature was too low during an infusion.

However, Annan soon endured it well with his willpower.

He suddenly felt a tingling pain until about 60% of the injection was completed.

Then, Annan stopped immediately.

He took a deep breath, endured the increasingly cold body temperature, and whispered, “The Venerated Skeleton—”

After a short delay, the familiar low voice rang in his ears, “I'm listening.”

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 335**

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

[Detected that the current dungeon instance has a special property: Reenactment]

[The dungeon instance is being generated.]

[Dungeon instance difficulty is set as [Distorted], and there is no entrance limit.]

[The current purification progress is 348/350.]

[The current total erosion rate of the team is 2%. The dungeon instance difficulty increases by 2%, and the nightmare's mutation probability increases by 2%.]

[Warning: Relevant elements detected. The nightmare has undergone mutation.]

[This dungeon instance does not provide any plot but offers decryption rewards.]

[Dungeon instance decryption reward: Unknown]

[Loading completed.]

Perhaps because of the injection of “Frostwhisper's Eternal Frozen Blood”, Annan woke up this time without the familiarly old and frail voice.

A strange low groan sounded faintly in Annan's ear.

It was the graceful whisper that Annan had heard before entering the Elven Ruins.

But he still didn't understand what it meant. He could only make out a short sentence and tried to comprehend something from it.

It's time to learn a foreign language. This thought popped into Annan's mind at the first moment.

His second thought was: Priest Louis really didn't clear the dungeon even once.

Just in case, Annan had kept two more entries into the dungeon available.

However, the priest didn't clear the nightmare even though four days had passed.

Either this tall muscled priest always slacks in his work, or he just relies on luck to clear the nightmare.

If it weren't for the fact that Silver Sire could urgently recall and provide abilities that could be used in nightmares, Priest Louis would have died in the nightmares long ago, given that he solved puzzles out of sheer luck.

When Annan recovered from the dizziness and drowsiness when he entered the nightmare and slowly opened his eyes, he found that the scene had changed.

In front of Annan was the long gallery with bright lights.

But the wide corridor, large enough to accommodate ten people walking side by side, was completely sealed off in ice.

Only the circular area with Annan's feet as its center had no traces of ice.

Then, frost splashed out of the corridor, and ice marks of different heights and thicknesses clung to the surrounding walls.

It was as if a bag full of water had fallen from the sky, or someone had carried out a brutal massacre and turned the blood here into ice.

The crystal chandelier on the ceiling still shone brightly, illuminating the entire corridor.

The ice on the floor and the walls reflected the brilliance of the chandeliers, making the dungeon stage brighter.

Only the opened door at the end of the corridor was dark.

Annan walked calmly toward the dark corner without any fear.

Under the cracking sound of his shoe stepping on the thin ice, Annan walked to the L-shaped corridor and looked at the almost full display cabinet.

The cabinet had three columns and two rows.

In accordance with the standard numeric keypad [1] on the keyboard from [Num Key 1] to [Num Key 6], the displayed items were:

1. Empty

2. Homeless Man's Hunger

3. Elle's Diary

4. Venerated Skeleton's Piercing Rifling

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5. Severed Umbilical Cord (Angelo)

6. Turbid blood bullet imbued with a curse.

In the past two weeks, the players had dedicated all their efforts to clearing the nightmare in which they had dug out detailed information about this nightmare.

Except for the “true ending” at Level -1, which the players could not reach due to the lack of crucial information, Annan had followed Delicious Wind Goose's strategy and cleared all six levels above ground once each.

One side note was that the difficulty would gradually increase from the second level to the sixth level.

Every time one of the nightmare's levels was cleared, a new item would spawn in the display cabinet. Until the item was taken out, the item could be seen in the display cabinet no matter which level the dungeon challenger had entered.

For example, Elle's diary would appear in the display cabinet after clearing Level 3, and the bloody tomato would spawn after clearing Level 2.

The problem for players was that they had collected all the collectibles, but they still couldn't overcome the level.

Only Annan knew that they were still missing one piece.

He had already found out about the “Level 1 Collectible Item” during the first time he cleared the nightmare.

Indeed, Level 1 actually had a collectible item.

The hint came with the message “going through it safely” and “not seeing any enemies”.

Level 1 was the middle layer between the level “above” and “underground”.

Going up was to explore the story of Amos's self-redemption deep in his soul.

The further up he went, the deeper his fear, and the more he resisted.

In Level 2, his fear was, “what if the homeless man escapes”;

In Level 3, his fear was, “what if I lose Elle”;

In Level 4, his fears were being hunted down by police and hounds, persecuted, and the desperation of “Elle becoming the Venerated Skeleton”.

At Level 5, the nightmare was Angelo's crusade at the back of the timeline, representing the immense fear of “Elle gave birth to a monster” and “What if Elle's child is killed”.

As for the nightmare of the final level (Level 6), it had become the easiest level because of the clues which the players had decrypted at Level 4.

Of course, this was undoubtedly the most challenging level for the indigenous people who had no form of communication in a nightmare like a forum feature.

After entering Level 6, "Amos" would appear on the rooftop, looking up at the stars. He held the "Venerated Skeleton's Piercing Rifling" in his hand, with only the last bullet left in the gun.

In terms of the timeline, this was after Amos stopped Time Stopper Eye's gramophone and walked straight up to the rooftop.

In just a minute and a half, the police would be on the gallery's fifth floor and arrive at the rooftop in half a minute.

After that, the dungeon challenger would fail the nightmare and exit it.

There were only 2 minutes to react.

Any ordinary person would be in a state of confusion.

However, Delicious Wind Goose noticed that the way to clear the Level 6 nightmare was related to "time".

He needed to use Time Stopper Eye's gramophone.

But the problem was that the police had reached Level 3 at this time.

No matter how fast he ran, it was impossible to get back to Level 4 before the police reached it.

In the end, Annan reacted in time to the situation and gave Delicious Wind Goose an anonymous tip in the bullet text.

"—Maybe the worlds of different dungeon instances are in the same world and may be connected."

Seeing the hint in bullet text, Delicious Wind Goose immediately reacted.

Then, he once again cleared the Level 4 nightmare, which was the nightmare that altered the time flow depending on if the dungeon challenger moved forward or backward. Then, he moved the gramophone to Level 5 floor after stopping it.

Then, the next time he entered the nightmare on Level 6, he would immediately turn around and return to Level 5 after entering the nightmare. Sure enough, he saw the gramophone he brought up there.

So he immediately started the gramophone and entered the world of the past.

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 336**

After starting up the gramophone, Delicious Wind Goose first ran to the basement and released Angelo.

Then, he came to Level 5 and moved the gramophone back to Level 4 because the cops would be there in ten seconds. Before the gramophone was turned off, the cops would hear that the gramophone should be on Level 4; when they got up, they certainly saw a gramophone on that particular level.

In other words, before the police arrive at Level 5 and see the “second gramophone”, the gramophone on Level 4 briefly disappeared for less than a minute. That was the time it took for Amos to carry the gramophone to Level 5 during the Level 4 nightmare.

After Amos finished these tasks, he returned to the rooftop and waited to turn back time.

Then, he pulled the trigger from behind and killed himself in one shot.

At this stage, there were 10 seconds left before the police arrived on Level 4 and confirmed the location of the gramophone.

Then, it would take two minutes before the police arrived on the rooftop and found Amos dead.

There were still five minutes left before the massive “Angelo” burst out from the ground.

Then, all the events were connected.

Amos' fear on Level 6 also represented the deepest fear in his heart: Self-doubt.

Would it all have been better without me in the first place?

He denied his existence and value, erasing what he sacrificed and persisted in the past.

This was the sinner Amos's final “redemption”, which was to stop himself from appearing in this world.

This was actually a hint to the true ending.

“Piecing everything together”. That was the true essence of Level 1.

At Level 3, Amos once puked out Elle's eyes.

Annan thought that maybe Amos vomited different things on each level and finally vomited Elle out. However, he didn't encounter similar events since Level 2 and Level 4.

Then, another clue popped into his mind: Amos' left eye was Elle's left eye too.

At this time, Elle was long dead. So, where did her fresh eyeball come from?

Without hesitation, Annan reached out and dug out his left eye.

He didn't feel intense pain but experienced severe dizziness with strange hallucinations appearing before him.

But when he looked closely, he could see the item in his palm was an emerald green eyeball.

Then, Annan put it on the display cabinet on the first floor.

“I have found the final answer,” Annan whispered.

He refused to swallow Elle's eyeballs.

After Annan put Elle's eyeballs into the display cabinet on Level 1, the cabinet was firmly locked. However, the rest of the display cabinet on the other five levels opened with a click.

Annan put on his coat and skillfully took out the silver coin from Amos's pocket.

He pressed the coin to his stomach and eye socket. As the light flickered, his wounds quickly healed. But the left eye he had lost remained empty.

He took out the tomato, full of blood and called "homeless man's hunger", and put it in his coat pocket. Then, he inserted the turbid blood bullet into the silver revolver and swallowed the umbilical cord.

Indeed, he had made use of the items which the players couldn't help but choose to ignore.

The essence of Level 1 seemed to be "establishing connection".

Then, there would be the requirement of "coughing out the eyeball", which happened at Level 2. Similarly, he was required to "cough out the umbilical cord," which occurred at Level -1!

Annan would have to piece all the events correctly!

Then, he quickly found the empty painting, rotated the frame clockwise to 180°, and slowly turned the mechanism inside.

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Under the "clanging" metal noise, a small section of the wall beside him began to bend inward, revealing a narrow and dark passage.

A wooden door was located at the end of the narrow passage.

It looked the same as the wooden door at the end of the corridor.

Pushing the door open, Annan was faced with a pale, rib-like staircase.

The staircase was also filled with flawless frost.

Since the steps here were already narrow, it was even harder to traverse through them now, with the ice filling up the gaps between the steps. Annan would have fallen easily if he had tried.

Thus, he didn't go down the stairs at all.

The wound on his abdomen had been healed, and he no longer had to worry about tearing open his wound back again. Thus, he had the opportunity to exercise highly skilled movements.

For example, he squatted down and slid down with his body facing sideways!

The greasy corpse oil was utterly frozen in the basement. Annan slid down the ice slope to the bottom with ease.

Moreover, Annan couldn't stop in time and slammed onto a table because the bottom layer was filled with frost. Then, he finally stopped.

At this time, the basement door was also pulled open from the outside.

A huge shadow was cast from above, like a twisted monster, like a sharp blade; the tip of the shadow reached Annan.

But the man above didn't speak.

He stood at the top in silence and looked down, but he did not go down.

In his hand was a hammer with a long handle.

Sure enough, that was the [Barrier Destroyer's Right Arm].

"Tsk..." Annan struggled up from the ground.

Amos's body wasn't well trained. The body could hardly adjust itself from the fall.

Annan just grinned and smiled back, "Why don't you come down, Mr. Joseph?"

In the previous dungeon instance, "Brother Sledgehammer", Joseph should be walking down step by step while giving out tremendous pressure.

Supposedly, when Joseph was halfway through, Annan would enter a plot. Although he fell terribly, he still had to get up from the ground, tossing a cheeky line, "You shouldn't have come" and then Illidan Stormrage's [1] iconic voice line "You are not prepared."

It was a pity that the opponent didn't catch his joke.

What a waste.

But it's different this time.

The nightmare was distorted because Annan was injected with "Frostwhisper's Eternal Frozen Blood". The immediate change was that the floor was full of ice.

Thus, Joseph was unable to walk down to him.

If Joseph fell down the ice slope more than 20 meters high, he couldn't sustain the injury even if he was a Silver Rank Wizard.

This also led to the CG cutscene failing to trigger.

Annan put both hands in his pockets, a tomato in one hand and a gun in the other. Then, he said leisurely, "I think you can also see that something is wrong, right?"

"I'm not Amos, and Amos can't make the whole gallery covered in frost. That's something only the Old Grandmother can do.

"Actually, it's just a nightmare, Mr. Joseph. I don't intend for you to die on the spot, but I hope you'll keep your cool in what will happen next and preferably maintain a decent combat prowess."

Annan said, holding the glass bottle full of wine.

Looking at "Angelo" in the glass bottle, Annan said calmly, "Because I don't know what will happen next."

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 337**

Sure enough, Annan entered the CG cutscene after holding the glass bottle containing "Angelo".

But the cutscenes this time were quite different from when he entered the basement and met “Angelo” previously.

Previously, Amos would be gasping for breath while stroking his grandson's glass bottle, murmuring in his mouth and thinking nervously, “It's this... As long as I still have this...”

Then, he would look back and see Brother Sledgehammer come to his face. He would have shouted, “Elle save me”, and then started to fight with his father-in-law. His incompetency succumbed him into the rage, but even his grandson chose the great-grandfather, Joseph.

Angelo turned into a colored ball of light and bit off Joseph for some reason. Immediately after the CG ended, the player was powerless with their only option to wait for death.

Undoubtedly, the lack of critical items led to the [Bad Ending].

But this was undoubtedly a preset ending.

After arriving at this ending for the first time, only could the dungeon challenger learn the key information about “Brother Sledgehammer”, “Amos” and “Elle” and understand the relationship between them.

But after Annan entered CG this time, he encountered a different scene and dialogue that he had never seen before.

“Are you satisfied?” Like an abandoned stray dog, the blood-stained one-eyed painter roared at the stillborn baby in the bottle with a trembling voice, “Is that enough?!”

“—the Venerated Skeleton!”

As soon as Amos called out the name, the corpses covered in frost let out a burst of low laughter in the frozen basement, “Hehehehe...”

In front of Amos, the long-dead “Angelo” suddenly opened his eyes!

Those eyes, which had long lost their vigor, turned around strangely. He then looked at Amos in an instant.

“Of course...” The Venerated Skeleton's low voice resounded in the jar.

Immediately afterward, Elle's crisp voice came from behind Amos, “It's not enough.”

Amos was startled and turned his head.

He covered his left eye that had been gouged out and let out a miserable howl.

Then, his eyes were burning with fire.

Elle's image was projected in front of him.

The projection was vague. It should be a teenage blonde girl who wore a white dress that only reached half of her thighs. She had her arms hidden behind her; she smiled as she looked at her adoptive father, lover, idol, and murderer, Amos.

However, her left eye had a bloody hole too.

There was no blood dripping down, but it boiled restlessly at the bottom of his eyes.

Those weren't actually blood. Instead, they were like lava or solidified flames.

So, did Amos manage to see Elle's spirit after losing Elle's left? Annan thought quickly.

Then, he remembered.

There was a fresh, expanding scorch in Elle's left eye the first time he saw Elle's portrait.

At this moment, Joseph, who was standing in the basement, also took a deep breath.

Apparently, he saw Elle's spirit too.

As a Silver Rank wizard, it was not hard for him to see the spiritual body of ordinary people.

But after seeing Elle, he grew hesitant, wondering if he should come down.

"Elle..." Amos murmured in obsession, "My love..."

He slowly reached out to Elle.

Pa! But the hand he reached out was slapped away by Elle's spirit body.

"—Your love?" The smile on the corner of her mouth became more harmless and lovely, but only a sarcastic voice could be heard, "Between your dream and me, which is more important?"

"Haven't I asked that before, fathers?" When Elle said this, Amos and Joseph seemed to shudder and hold their breath at the same time.

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Annan, who was on the sidelines, finally realized something.

There was something in common between Amos and Joseph, who were intertwined in this nightmare and fought each other endlessly.

They were both Elle's fathers, and they both gave up Elle for their careers.

Joseph allowed his ex-wife and his apprentice to remarry with his daughter. He knew that his wife was the cannibalistic Black Widow's believer, but he did not ask for Elle's custody.

It was because he had his job and career.

He knew very well why Elle's mother gave birth to Elle despite Joseph's prevention. The reason was that she planned to use this child to blackmail her mentor to get more benefits from Joseph.

The "Black Widow" she believed in was the false deity specializing in it.

Joseph knew all this, but he chose to refuse.

He naturally loved Elle, but he loved his own life more.

So, Joseph gave up Elle for his career and the path to transcendence. But when he came to Elle, he was worried about tarnishing his reputation, worried that Elle would speak ill of him. Thus, he wouldn't acknowledge Elle as his daughter and dared not reveal her existence.

Unlike his decision when he divorced, Joseph, who was hesitant to face his daughter, had nothing to do with the tragedy. However, it was an indispensable "prelude" to another tragedy.

He actually had time to stop all the tragedies from happening because he didn't even hold the first ritual when he came to the Freezing Water Port.

However, what had happened made him regret it for the rest of his life, but he had no room for repentance.

Elle's second father, Amos, who was also the one she loved, victimized Elle as a "sacrifice". He made a deal with the Venerated Skeleton in exchange for his depleted talent for growth.

Although this ritual would only sacrifice a small part of Elle on the surface, he wasn't blind to the obvious harm.

He would agree to this ritual, but he was also afraid of the ritual. It was because he had already thought of the future possibility in his subconscious mind.

But he still decided to hold the ritual because he had his pursuit.

Of course, he loved Elle too, even more than himself.

Unfortunately, his passion for art and his talents mattered more to him.

"Thus, the essence of this nightmare is 'reenactment'." Annan immediately realized.

That was why this nightmare had drawn the Venerated Skeleton over at Freezing Water Port for decades, reluctant to leave.

In the end, the betrayal would reenact again and again.

This nightmare itself was a ritual!

Every time the nightmare was cleared, it equated to reenacting another betrayal.

Everyone had no memory of it, but they kept following the same story and repeating the same tragedy. After they entered the nightmare, they subconsciously acted as Amos.

Thus, the Venerated Skeleton's strength was enhanced each time this nightmare was repeated.

And to allow all of these to happen... Unbeknownst to Annan, the CG cutscene had ended.

Annan realized he had regained his control over the body again.

He looked at Elle's spirit body with a complicated expression and said in a low voice, "If I'm not mistaken..."

"Miss Elle," Annan deliberately didn't refer to her by any of her last names, "You should have all the memories of these 300 nightmares?"

"It happened 1834 times." Elle said softly, "I have been watching no matter if you clear or fail the nightmare."

Behind Annan, "Angelo" with the voice of the Venerated Skeleton, also laughed.

"Yes, she's been watching through her left eye. Seeing everything." Angelo in the bottle whispered in a mature and low voice, "I have been listening through this umbilical cord... listen to her cry, her heartbeat, her collapse, her whisper, her hatred, her pain, her love, her song.

"—Yes, I'm listening.

"Of course, I've been listening."

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 338**

The next moment, Elle's spirit body suddenly rushed towards Annan.

Annan didn't feel any chills when the spirit body passed through him.

Immediately after, he felt a foreign body appearing in his abdomen.

It felt like he was about to be in labor.

Without hesitation, he pulled out a silver coin from his pocket, clamped it between the thumb of his right hand and the second knuckle of his index finger, and flicked it casually.

The silver coin seemed to spread rapidly along the inertia and unfolded into a slender and sharp blade in a snap.

Immediately afterward, Annan pointed the blade at his belly.

"I knew that everything would connect back to here." Annan sighed and slit his abdomen.

As a wizard, Joseph used a sledgehammer.

The police used guns and had hounds with them.

Even Amos's weapon was the "Venerated Skeleton's Piercing Rifling".

Then, where did the serious abdominal injury Amos suffered in the first place come from? Why was there an injury to the internal organs, but there was no trace of fighting or other similar injuries?

There was only one answer.

The incision on his abdomen was cut open by Amos himself.

But, what was his goal?

Annan watched calmly. Half of the umbilical cord emerged from his abdomen like a snake, shattering the bottle full of wine and connecting to Angelo's abdomen.

The umbilical cord was burning with transparent flames of seven colors, like a rainbow.

Annan watched his health points dropping rapidly and quickly took out the tomato containing the blood of a dozen people and connected it to the other end of the umbilical cord.

At this time, Annan's health points had depleted to half.

It was pretty much the same level as when he entered the nightmare.

That “meatball” extracted flesh and blood inside the tomato, multiplying, developing its limbs and a face.

It appeared as if Annan had given birth to the entity. It went from an eight-month-old stillbirth to an eight-pound baby girl in the blink of an eye.

The baby opened her eyes which had an aquamarine hue.

The corners of Annan's mouth rose. Resurrection as a stillbirth? That's absolutely not the case.

“What shall I call you?” Annan asked softly, “The Venerated Skeleton? Angelo? Or...

“Elle?”

“You can call me Elle...Annan. It's a privilege I've granted you for the sake of you staying with me till the end and watching me being reborn.”

The baby girl in front of him made a girlish voice, “And my real name is Angelo.

“Angel of Betrayal — Daughter of the Venerated Skeleton, Angelo.”

Indeed, she was the unborn son of the Venerated Skeleton, who possessed half of the Truth of “Betrayal”.

She could be considered a demi-deity of “the Betrayal”.

Elle attained the Truth of “Betrayal” through a series of tragedies. She was born when her mother was treated as a tool, neglected by her biological father, killed by her adoptive father, and imprisoned by her third father, the Venerated Skeleton. Finally, she was stuck in a nightmare made of her biological father's curse vessel, reenacting more than a thousand times of betrayal.

That was the Truth of the “Betrayal” that even the Venerated Skeleton himself only got fragments of it.

The Venerated Skeleton had waited for decades at Freezing Water Port to acquire her and complete His truth.

Right now, it was the time for the flower to bear fruit and for the harvest.

The daughter of the Venerated Skeleton would be His most satisfied apostle.

Treachery bred her life, brought her death, resurrected her, and ascended her.

Why would Amos blurt out “Help me, Elle” to Angelo?

Why did he not hesitate to use Elle's body to complete the ritual to resurrect Angelo?

Why was he so obsessed with this child who was not his and not related to him by blood?

It was precisely because he knew for a long time that Angelo might be Elle.

But because of this, Elle would never forgive his sins.

“Are you satisfied, Elle?” Annan asked in a low voice.

Angelo (Elle) maintained the composure of a baby, smiled, and put her thumb in her mouth. Then, in a burst of spooky and girlish laughter, she spoke, “Yes, I’m.

“Dream is a poison that blinds the kindness and maddens the wicked in a person. Those who ignore morality for the sake of their dreams, those who offend the law for their dreams, those who betray those they love for their dreams...

“I curse all of you.” The dead Elle, or rather the newly born Angelo, declared.

“Your dreams will betray you. You will be exhausted, restless, and betrayed by your friends and family until you finally betray your dreams.

“The dream you have betrayed will turn into your greatest curse, your deepest nightmare. It will haunt you for the rest of your life, and you will wake up from the nightmare because of everything you abandoned and regret for life.”

The curse overflowing from Elle's mouth turned into chains and disappeared into thin air.

This was a curse that no one knew except Annan.

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“So, am I your secret keeper?” Annan whispered.

“Yes.” The baby girl made a soft and sweet voice, “You are the witness of this curse. Would you be willing to?”

Although it was a question, there was no trace of hatred, resentment, and hysteria in her tone.

There was only incomparable peace as calm as the sea. It carried the air of tyranny, particularly in those who tread on a solid path that could not be peeped or challenged.

Only then could Annan see that “Elle” was already dead.

“Of course, I would like to.” Annan also replied thoughtfully, “Although I’m late, I still want to say it’s not your fault.

“So you can undoubtedly hate them, take revenge on them, and curse them. That’s the right of being betrayed. You don’t have to suppress your emotions like that.

“Instead, I think your curse is too gentle.”

From birth to death, and even after being resurrected, Elle was used and betrayed by people who “had an ambition”.

Even if she cursed all the “dream chasers”, Annan would understand.

But she didn't.

She remained sane only to curse those who disregarded morals, laws and even betrayed friends, relatives, and loved ones for their dreams.

“You're much more kind than the Venerated Skeleton.” Annan exclaimed, “If only you were the Betrayal Deity.”

“It's meant to be, Annan.” At this moment, the voice of the Venerated Skeleton came from Angelo's mouth, “She and I hold half of the Truth of 'Betrayal'. We will eventually become deities with two sides of the same body. Together with Elle, we will be the completed Betrayal Deity.

“She will be the 'Betrayed', witnessing the betrayal; I will be the 'Betrayer', listening to the wailing of the betrayed.

“We'll meet again. Like I said before, you'll be a Frostwhisper. I didn't lie to you. I'm not going to lie to you this time.

“I hope you'll recognize us when we meet again.”

“Ah, I'll try my best,” Annan responded casually.

The surrounding nightmare, or rather the “gallery” itself, began to crumble.

Standing at the door with a sledgehammer in hand, Joseph turned into a hollow puppet made of soil. He collapsed and shattered with the black mud inside overflowing.

Angelo didn't become a “colored ball of light” this time but a beautiful, energetic baby girl. They didn't fight in the end.

“Am I going to witness the birth of a new deity again? I don't want to be your pope.” Annan sighed, put the gun with the last bullet in his pocket on the table, turned around, and walked towards the stairs.

This last bullet was supposed to be used to give Angelo the curse of “can't travel afar”.

This was also an “opportunity for betrayal” that the Venerated Skeleton deliberately gave to those who conquered the nightmare.

This was, without a doubt, the last malice coming from the Venerated Skeleton.

The baby was incapable of evading the attack. As long as Annan shot her, Angelo would be trapped in the Freezing Water Port. On the other hand, Annan would get a higher evaluation rating from the dungeon for killing the Betrayal Angel.

However, Annan chose to refuse the opportunity.

Elle was miserable enough. As Elle's secret keeper, he didn't want to betray her anymore.

Annan also has his bottom line.

“Don't take all the players as emotionless and immoral demons,” Annan muttered softly.

The frost covering the ground cracked, which finally allowed Annan to walk over via his feet.

“Where are you going?” The baby Annan placed on the table spoke in two overlapping voices, “You have completely purified the nightmare. You don't need to go anywhere. Just wait for the nightmare to disappear naturally.”

“Ah, nothing really.” Annan said casually, “It's just to satisfy my minor obsessive-compulsive disorder.”

He said and walked to the door of the basement.

Annan took off his shirt and hung it on the hanger.

Elle's left eye had disappeared from the display cabinet.

Annan still had stab wounds that could hurt the internal organs, but he continued to the gallery entrance.

At this time, the closed gallery door had opened.

Outside the building were a blue sky and white clouds. The birds were chirping in the fragrant flower garden.

The entire gallery was collapsing.

As long as Annan walked out of the gallery, Amos's soul would be freed.

However...

“Some people are undeserving of redemption,” Annan murmured and walked towards the door.

He exhausted his strength to close the door and returned to the gallery.

He looked at the brightly lit gallery with his belly soaked in blood and dying.

Everything was the same as in the beginning.

In Elle's relieved chuckle, the gallery's ceiling collapsed.

The world in front of Annan's eyes instantly turned to pitch black.

Nightmare: Gallery — Perfect Clear.

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 339**

[You have completed the ascendancy ritual.]

[Rank promotion in progress...]

In the pitch-black world, many data streams appeared in front of Annan's eyes. As a result, his body became hotter and hotter at a speed visible to the naked eye.

\*Cough!\* He couldn't help but cough softly.

Along with his cough, he seemed to hear hammering in his ears.

A scorching spark shot out of Annan's throat as he coughed. When the spark hit the ground, it dimly illuminated the surrounding environment, and then it quickly went out.

The cough seemed to be some kind of prelude.

After this, Annan started coughing violently and incessantly.

Every time he coughed, the sound of hammering followed.

Countless sparks shot out from his throat, along with the impurities. He could vaguely see that what he coughed up was like iron scraps or coal slag, with their amount and size gradually increasing. In the end, he saw a thumb-sized cluster of burning coal fall to the ground.

Soon, the amount of these “impurities” increased. The ground was gradually illuminated, and the “coal slags” gathered together, creating a tiny ember to emerge in the darkened world around him.

It wasn't until Annan coughed up “impurities” worth a third of his size that he finally stopped.

At this time, the darkness around Annan eased up.

The soul impurities he threw away formed a small bonfire on the ground, emitting a steady and warm brilliance.

However, Annan felt an unprecedented sense of exhaustion.

It felt like he was hollowed out.

He kept his spirits high and tried to focus.

At this time, three rainbow-colored light groups gradually formed in the warm brilliance on the ground. The light groups separated from the fire and slowly floated up.

[New curses have manifested...]

The tired Annan was alerted by the system prompt. He directed his focus onto those light groups.

In the first light group, he saw an abstract green pupil like an Egyptian fresco.

[Angel's Left Eye (Persistent Type): You will lose the vision of your left eye forever, and you cannot restore the vision of your left eye in any way.]

In the second light group, a general was guarded by friendly forces in all directions.

[Legion's Will (Taboo Type): If there is no ally unit willing to obey your orders within your field of vision, you will become extra vulnerable (all attributes -33%).]

[Note: When an enemy, who is “not detected, blocked or attacked by your subordinates”, launches an attack on you, you will receive an additional 50% damage.]

In the third light group, a little snake was biting its tail; it had a grayish-white double ring on its body and green pupils.

[Incessant Cycle (Persistent Type): Every time you betray others, you will eventually be betrayed by them.]

This time, Annan didn't get the curse of Resolve Type.

Like last time, the side effects of the three curses were written clearly.

Similarly, it didn't mention the power obtained when selecting each curse.

However, it was easier to choose the curses compared to last time.

Annan had gradually understood the mechanism of these “curses”.

Transcended, who did not have the [Hunter] profession, wouldn't need to worry whether the curse would bring them a significant advantage.

The world was fair, and everything had a price. The more you get, the more you have to pay.

Unfortunately, it was also very unfair at the same time.

Sometimes, the more you give, the less you get.

On the surface, the second curse had the greatest side effects, and it was also the kind of curse that “would jeopardize his life once the enemy found out about it”. It was equivalent to imposing a new weakness on Annan, making him weaker in assassin tactics or tactics that sought to take down the leader first.

A reduction in  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the attributes might not seem a lot, but it was a significant nerf.

Attributes worked in a “threshold mechanism” [1] in this world.

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

It would be either above 10 points, 40 points, or even 50 points and above for the attribute check to activate the ability. Consecutively, there would be a significant leap in the ability performance for different thresholds.

If Annan triggered this curse, it was very likely that his attributes would be reduced below 40 points. Indeed, this would be a massive drawback in Annan's utilization of his current two professions.

Although it was evident at a glance that the curse would supplement an aura ability that would benefit a crowd, Annan didn't need it.

He had infinite resurrection authority for the players, which was the best aura ability for a team.

Could anyone else in this world do it?

Annan Throw His Hands Up.jpg

The third curse seemed to have the lowest cost. As long as Annan did not betray others, it would be negligible.

However, Annan still didn't hesitate to rule this curse out from his pick immediately.

It wasn't because he wanted to betray someone. Of course, if this action were efficient and had very few side effects, Annan would naturally do it. However, he wouldn't purposely opt for this kind of tactic.

What Annan really did not want was to have his behavior pattern bound by a curse.

He hoped that when he chose to trust others, it was because of his morals, common sense, and relationship with others. Instead, he didn't want the decision of not committing treachery influenced by this curse, reminding him that “if he were to betray someone, he would suffer retribution”.

Annan thought he would be secretly relieved every time he chose not to betray others because of this curse.

Sure enough, it was a sound rationale.

The outcome would be the same, where he wouldn't commit treason.

However, he believed that this thinking pattern would undoubtedly weaken his will and the purity of his actions.

Just like Annan used to be anonymous when he donated money to the victims. His goal was the donation instead of the praises or publicity. At the same time, if he were to save someone, it wasn't for the money. Another example from his original world would be chatting all night with netizens who tried to commit suicide and counseling them through their negative emotions. The goal wasn't to seek something from them but to prevent a life from being lost.

Those were supposedly unconditional good deeds without ulterior purpose.

Annan preferred that he made the decision because he wanted to rather than being shackled.

Thus, he had ruled out two choices without hesitation. Therefore, there was only one curse left for Annan to pick.

That was to lose his vision in one eye. It could be troublesome, but this wasn't a dire situation for Annan.

He still remembered that there were many eyes on his body when he entered his Truth form, and every player was his eyes.

At that time, having one left eye short didn't mean anything.

He only needed to find a solution during his transition before reaching the Gold Rank... or the Truth rank.

"I'm a little regretful about it," Annan muttered.

If Annan chose "Lost Eye" during his first advancement, it might negate the negative effect of that particular curse when he selects [Angel's Left Eye] at this moment.

Of course, it was also possible that the negative effect of the [Angel's Left Eye] grew stronger.

After all, both the curses targeted the eye.

Both were Elle's left eye too.

Annan reached out and tapped on the first curse.

The remaining two rainbow-colored light bubbles burst immediately, turning into two light streams and merging into the first curse.

It bobbed up and down in the air, then accelerated and rushed into Annan's left eye.

After a brief, searing, and excruciating pain, Annan suddenly lost vision in his left eye.

He couldn't see what his left eye had become, but Annan saw new words appear in front of him.

[Angel's Left Eye: It shall be attached to the left eye with no maintenance cost, and it can't be removed.]

[When someone is about to betray you, he will be highlighted immediately in your field of vision. The highlight will be shown through any obstacles (so this effect can be used without opening your left eye).]

Wow, how should I put it?

“It's quite useful...” Annan murmured with a complicated expression.

It's just that the effect... Annan raised his head slightly.

Is this your last gift to me, Elle?

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 340**

After fully absorbing the curse's power, Annan had a rainbow-colored illusory light looming in his soul.

His spiritual body had attained a clear and transparent state.

Until this shining curse was branded on his soul, his spirit body emitted brilliance.

It was like shining a flashlight at fluorite.

When Transcended advanced into the Silver Rank, they would condense their soul and remove excess impurities in it. After this, their bodies became much healthier with better longevity.

But why is this light iridescent? Such a thought flashed through Annan's mind.

Then, his vision went out again, returning to the real world.

At this time, the long-overdue performance report of the nightmare finally appeared.

[Nightmare has been purified.]

[You have purified the nightmare with the designated character. Evaluation rating increased.]

[You have witnessed and completed all cycles. Evaluation ratings increased significantly.]

[Elle acknowledged your quality. Evaluation ratings increased significantly.]

[Completed a powerful purification. Evaluation ratings increased significantly.]

[Comprehensive Evaluation—S]

[Get 10,000 Shared Experience points. Perception + 1.]

[Dungeon instance reward: Increase the profession of your choice by 2 levels.]

[The current purification progress is 350/350. The nightmare has ended.]

[Based on the region where the nightmare was born, you're granted Silver Sire's holy light engravings.]

[Current total engravings: 308 (Silver Sire)]

What the hell?! Annan was shocked.

There's so much experience that it can even directly promote [Silver Knight] to LV 20.

What is the situation of these holy light engravings?

Does money grow on trees now?

No, no, it's more like having gold ingots drop from the sky!

"...What's the rationale for this?" Annan murmured in a low voice with a doubtful expression on his face while sitting on the bed.

Could it be because the player was considered my summoned creature in the system?

So Silver Sire had included the holy light engravings accumulated by the player when they cleared the dungeon.

What a pleasant surprise!

I get to pick those expensive divine art directly!

If the system works that way...

After the players left this country and challenged the nightmare on the territory of different deities, Annan would have the engravings of various upright deities and false deities.

Seeing so many holy light engravings, Annan suddenly thought of Bread Daryl.

[TN: The Chinese Raw Text for Daryl has the same name as this bread brand [1]. ]

He still remembered that when Bishop Daryl explained "holy light engravings" to him, the bishop had shown him the holy light engraving that spread from the back of his right hand to his right cheek, just like Risei Kotomine [2].

There were at least two hundred engravings.

Those were the "deposit" that had not been used yet. If the bishop were to use the holy light engravings to buy divine art, the corresponding holy light engravings would be gone.

Because of this, Annan only had 3 of the Silver Sire's holy light engravings before he cleared this nightmare.

He also thought that he would buy a slightly stronger defensive divine art when he slowly saved up to ten engravings.

Now it seems that I can achieve my goal immediately.

After counting my merit in, I can basically be considered a bishop, right?

An image came to Annan's mind.

He wore the silver robe bestowed by Silver Sire and summoned the holy light engravings. These engravings crawled from the back of his right hand to his face. He would act cool, just like what the Old Bread had done in which he would hold his palms up in a dignified manner with the palms facing downwards.

Will the passers-by think I am a genuine bishop but only with a very young face?

They may even mistake me as a cardinal bishop.

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Wait, I'm thinking too far ahead of myself. Let's buy some divine art first.

For this, Annan had to consult Grandpa Daryl about how to purchase divine art. Even if he became rich, he couldn't simply waste them, not to mention that 300 wasn't a lot. After all, not all divine art was cheap.

The slightly stronger divine art already had a higher price.

In the usual standard, a typical priest would purify one level of a nightmare every three days if the nightmare wasn't too difficult.

In other words, Annan had seemingly acquired the fruits of hard work amounted to three years.

As players travel around to conquer various nightmares, Annan was allowed to collect benefits while staying idle from it.

Hmm, I have to adjust the experience multiplier for the players.

I should increase the experience they gain a little and then give them more event missions and weekly missions. Otherwise, I will be uneasy for my conscience.

Don't You like Weekly Mission A Lot?.jpg

Then, you have to challenge at least one nightmare every week!

Before that, Annan used the experience gained to raise the [Silver Knight] profession to Level 20. Although he was told that the path to attain Silver Rank was guaranteed as a Silver Knight, he was not in a hurry to train [Silver Knight] up immediately.

If Annan discovered other ways of advancement that were much better during a nightmare, he would have the option to switch to another type of melee Silver Rank profession.

At this state, the [Silver Knight] profession had contributed 14 points of Constitution, 3 points of Strength, and 4 points of Agility.

Thus, Annan's Strength and Agility attributes reached 14 points, while the Constitution increased to 25 points. In addition, his Perception was raised to 45 points from the nightmares, while his Will remained at 15 points.

Immediately afterward, Annan added the levels obtained from those two nightmares to the "Frostwhisper" profession, intending to observe how it would increase attribute points.

So, Annan's panel ended up like this.

Annan. Human. Male.

Elite Rare (Gold), Challenge Rating 34

Title: Frostwhisper

Rank: Silver

Health: 100%

Erosion Rate: 2%

Attributes: Strength 14, Agility 14, Constitution 25, Perception 49, Will 19

Shared Experience: 540

Unique Trait: Winter Heart (Evolving) [Reverse Inscription]

Profession Overview:

Silver Knight LV20: [Austere-Winter Swordsmanship LV10 (Max)], [Frost Sword LV10 (Max)], [Parallel Comprehension LV1], [Silver Hand LV1], Available Attribute Point 1

Frostwhisper LV22: [Instant Spell LV4 (Chilling Touch, Slothful Eye, Frost's Word, N/A)], [Guided Spell LV4 (Impeding Wall, Frost Arena, Notion Rain, Denial of Life)], [Chant Spell LV4 (Frost Wheel, Frost Tower), N/A, N/A)], [Ritual Spell LV1 (N/A)]

Priest (Silver Sire 308): Clanging Object, Sharp Object, Eternal Youth.

It was as expected.

In the Silver Rank, the "Will" attribute would be increased in level-ups.

Each level of "Frostwhisper" would improve about 2 points of Perception and 2 points of Will.

Although the attributes were easy to upgrade, Annan was still pleased to enjoy the benefits.

The Will attributes had always been his weakness.

Annan still remembered the humiliation of being under Rotten Man's psychic manipulation last time.

As his Will attribute rose to more than forty, or even more than fifty, he would try to find a way to seek revenge.

After changing his profession to Frostwhisper, Annan acquired a new instant spell [Frost Lingual].

[Frost Lingual (Instant): You get a brand new language ability. When you speak in this language, you inflict constant, unavoidable frost damage to everything around you. The way to be immune to this damage is to master this language or to have draconic blood. Since this spell has no spellcasting difficulty, it is not regarded as a guided spell. However, you will still be affected by effects such as silence and mute.]

After [Frostwhisper] level was raised to LV22, Annan was finally given a Chant Spell, which somewhat made up for his shortcomings.

[Frost Tower (Chant Spell): This spell requires the ability of "Frost Lingual". Frostwhisper shall chant the ancient prayers, using his blood as a medium to command the frost curse to form a tower-shaped cage.

The more mana you put in, the stronger and taller the tower will be. Minimum order mana value of fifty points is required.]

[The summoned tower is tenacious. It can resist internal or external damage. At the same time, the host doesn't need to maintain it forcibly with his own mana value. It also causes a continuous freezing effect on the beings trapped inside.]

[Only one "tower" can exist at one time. Using this spell again will immediately dispel the previous tower.]

[When the tower is actively dispelled, it will consume the same amount of order mana when summoning the tower. After an external force destroys the tower, it is necessary to carry out the relevant ritual to regain this spell.]

[Chants: "The blood of Frostborn, the tower to the sky—"]