

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 4

Chapter 4: Resurrected

Annan was wrapped in frost. His next attack was an upswing from the bottom to pierce the opponent's chin.

If this blow hits, it should at least slow down the opponent's transformation...

These thoughts flashed through his mind quickly.

But soon, Annan was shocked all of a sudden. His advancing steps came to a halt.

It was an ordinary upswing.

Yet, he missed the enemy. The sword edge just brushed over the opponent's nose tip.

A faint frost trace swept over from the tip of the blade. It thrust right at the young guard's right eye.

The frost trace spread on the opponent's head swiftly. The opponent's head was covered with a layer of hoarfrost. Even his movement in turning his head and his face muscles' twitching became stiff; visible frosty mist engulfed the skin.

The surprise in that person's eyes was even more intense than Annan:

“...Frost Sword? You—”

Before the young guard had finished speaking, his throat was covered with frost that was still spreading.

After spreading to the heart, the frost traces magnified and spread directly to the whole body. The young guard fell backward hard with blood drained from his face. His eyelashes were covered with frost like a frozen corpse that had been frozen for a long time in the winter.

Even Annan was shocked by his sword power.

He had always been cautious. He wanted to retreat just now and then reconsider his options.

—Wow, I am so strong.

“I got to experiment it more to find out what the upper limit of Frost Sword is.”

If I can't complete the dungeon instance's main mission in this life, then I should at least find someone to test out my damage points. Otherwise, it will be difficult for me to know what are the enemies I can beat outside this place.

They said use Hamon if you could beat the opponent, run away if you couldn't beat them [TN: Jojo reference; if you get it, please comment the original line]. Being self-aware would prevent oneself from getting murdered.

Annan quickly made up his mind and started to clean up the corpses in the room. It didn't require much effort. He only buried the corpses below the wine barrels.

Anyway, this was just a dungeon instance. It would be fine as long as no one entered the room and noticed it at first glance.

After tidying his clothes, Annan walked out of the room calmly and walked back along the original path.

When he returned to Don Juan's room again, he slowed down in advance.

After walking to the door, Annan heard someone fumbling the items inside blatantly.

“Search again carefully!”

Klaus's deep voice came from the room, “That item is a piece of paper. It can be anywhere. Carefully go through every book too! Check if the item is in bed!

“Also, look for the ring and the stamp carefully! We will fail our delivery mission if we don't get those items. If anyone dares to keep the item for themselves, I will throw him into the Black Sea!”

Delivery mission?

Annan frowned slightly.

He glanced at the mission panel.

[Find out the true identity of the betrayer] (Completed). But, the latter two missions were not completed yet.

He did not alarm these people but slowly backed out. He planned to visit the captain's room to take a look.

Before he arrived on the deck, he heard swords clanging from the deck.

Annan focused on his hearing. He could make out that at least three groups of people were fighting based on the sound. He did not know if the wizard was a friend or a foe. If the wizard was his ally, he was at a dead-end already; if it was an enemy, then showing himself was merely digging his own grave.

But at this moment, there were rapid footsteps behind Annan.

There are enemies both in front and behind me.

Annan had nowhere to go.

“Heh, am I discovered?”

Annan laughed, “They doesn't seem to be too stupid.”

Live until dinner begins?

Stop Don Juan Geraint from drinking the poisonous alcohol?

Annan did not intend to do these two things at all.

Annan heard it crystal clear that there was an extra reward for decryption. He would then need to go for the best result – He must make everything clear and get the most benefits.

He couldn't be resurrected outside. If he was timid in a dungeon instance permitting his resurrection and failed to do it perfectly, how could he deal with the outside world that was far more dangerous with only one life?

There was no choice to begin with.

Annan didn't hesitate anymore. He kicked the door of the deck directly and went up.

As soon as he got on the deck and looked around, he saw the captain's cabin's location.

Without hesitation, he rushed there. When the two parties on the ship saw him suddenly rush out to the captain's room without hesitation, none of them could confirm which side he was in for a while.

But soon, someone from the side with more people reacted.

“Kill John!”

Someone shouted, “Kill him if you want to survive! He can't be persuaded to surrender!”

“Shut up!”

Annan ran at his limit; he spouted, unwilling to accept defeat. “How do you know if you don't try!?”

He threw the scabbard far away; he struck the person trying to intercept him with Frost Sword.

Upon impact on the opponent's sword, it deflected the opponent's slash. At the same time, an agony cry could be heard. The long sword in his opponent's hand dropped to the floor.

Annan knocked him away with a shoulder tackle. The man didn't intend to stop Annan anymore. He just screamed while holding with his right hand.

The person's right hand emitted cold air, paled with blood wholly drained. It was a stark contrast with the healthy left hand.

The long sword he threw to the ground quickly frosted and fixed to the deck.

At this time, Annan finally rushed to the captain's room.

As he expected, there were only two people in the captain's room.

Or strictly speaking, a half-alive man.

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Don Juan was tied up and hung in the corner, looking at Annan with a complicated expression.

Benjamin, the “Silver Rank Wizard” in a robe, was already lying on the table. The silver ring on his right hand cracked. Countless trembling eyeballs emerged from the gap. On the other hand, his mouth was overflowing with blood; his teeth and plates were stained red. His eyeballs were entirely white, with no distinction between pupils and iris.

“John, are you the Grand Duke of Chilly Austere?”

Don Juan asked Annan softly with a complicated expression, “Are you the spy that someone else arranged beside me...?”

Annan asked with interest, “How are you sure?”

The young master didn't have any struggles. He was probably mentally prepared for his fate.

He was silent for a while, then answered Annan's question in a low voice,

“I saw it. You activated Frost Sword. You don't have a Rank nor knowing wizardry, but you can freeze others without directly engaging them. Only Frost Sword from the Chilly Austere's Grand Duke's family could do it. They will never pass this technique to someone else with a different surname. You are indeed from Chilly Austere Dukedom too.”

He paused and then asked Annan, “Are you seeking the Book of Divine Transporter too when you came so far to the royal capital? Is Chilly Austere's Grand Duke interested in it too?”

“Nope.”

Annan answered casually, looking at the old wizard who lost his breath. “What's wrong with Sir Benjamin? Is he poisoned?”

“He violated his curse binding and got jinxed.”

The young master answered quickly.

“What is the curse? What is the jinx?”

Annan asked.

Don Juan didn't struggle, just whispered, “You will know when you enter a rank. The Transcended is not a beautiful thing.”

“Tell me more about it.”

Annan shut the door and urged.

Don Juan sighed, only assuming that Annan was crazy. He fulfilled Annan's wish and said all he knew:

“Power comes with a price. In this world, all supernatural power comes from a curse. Every time you bear a share of power, you have to bear the same curse. For example, every time your soul level rises, you have to bear a new curse. The curse is everyone's greatest secret. Every time you violate a curse, you will suffer pain. If you violate all the curses, you will be jinxed and temporarily lose all your power.”

“The two curses Sir Benjamin held are 'Can't eat squid' and 'Can't refuse wine from someone older than him.' I don't know where Klaus learned of his curse. He conspired against Sir Benjamin with a poisoned wine mixed with squid juice.”

“How are you sure I have not advanced into a rank?”

Annan frowned slightly.

If he didn't figure this out, he didn't even dare to use Frost Sword.

This technique was badass, but it would reveal his identity. He could only use it when the opponent will definitely die or when no one notices it.

—Of course, it didn't matter in a dungeon instance.

When Don Juan heard it, he looked at Annan, baffled.

“Isn't this common sense?”

He was a little confused and seemed to be suspicious of Annan's identity.

“Say it quickly. Take it as I'm pleasing myself. You have nowhere to go anyway. We all have to die together—”

Annan spoke quickly.

Don Juan was taken aback, assessed him, and looked at the bronze ring on his hand.

“You don't have a bronze accessory on you?”

Don Juan himself was a little uncertain, “Where do you put your curse?”

“...I see.”

Annan's heart suddenly brightened when he heard these words.

He glanced at Benjamin's broken silver ring, then at Don Juan's bronze ring. He understood immediately.

The supernatural power of this world seemed to be accompanied by a curse. The curse needed a vessel to store it. So, the Bronze Rank was under the Silver Rank.

I see. That's why they are called "Bronze Rank" or "Silver Rank." Is the one above them the Golden Rank?

At this moment, the captain's room door was knocked open.

It was Klaus with a gloomy expression standing in the doorway.

He looked at Annan without saying a word.

"You may not believe me, but I have an iron crotch."

Annan said to Don Juan casually. He then launched a frontal onslaught on Klaus without hesitation.

The first move was already the ultimate move. Annan directly used Frost Sword with all his strength to slash the opponent's head!

But Don Juan's complexion changed immediately,

"Don't hit him from the front!"

"What?"

Annan was taken aback. The frost traces that had spread from his sword had slashed on Klaus's chest.

Klaus didn't evade at all; he just looked at Annan coldly without saying a word.

Annan suddenly felt chills crept upon his chest.

He lowered his head and found a frost spreading quickly across his body. But, the frost only made his body stiff; there was no damage done.

“Is your frost only at this caliber? The frost that can't even freeze an ordinary person to death?”

Klaus said suddenly and sneered, “This will never be Frost Sword.”

He didn't hesitate anymore, took a step forward, and cut off Annan's head with a sword.

—At the next moment, the time had flown backward.

Annan plunged into darkness. All of a sudden, he felt someone pushing him hard.

“John? John, wake up!”

A harsh male voice sounded in front of him, “Why did you fall asleep! Where did the master go?”

