

Righteous Ps 401

Chapter 401: The Denizoya in the Past

Salvatore frowned, put the cigar he just lit in his mouth, and flipped through the paper Longjing Tea handed in seriously.

Previously, he did not have a smoking habit.

Due to the curse [Never-Sleeping Reflection], Salvatore was forced to stay up late every day and could not fall asleep until 3 am. As a result, he could only sleep for up to six hours a day, living on the verge of sudden death every moment.

Whether it was cigarettes or alcohol, he did not dare to touch them. Among the stimulants, he only dared to intake those with lower side effects and more capability to nourish and rejuvenate the body.

After all, he could not make up for the sleep he had missed.

This was Salvatore's biggest problem.

The difference now was that he had successfully advanced into an alchemist.

His cigar was a curse vessel he made especially for himself. What was inside was not tobacco leaves but an unknown drug refined by him that could be used to repair the body.

"Alchemist" was a Silver Rank ancient profession. However, it had not yet been phased off even in modern times, and there must be reasons behind this.

The rise of Alteration Wizard was primarily because transcoders in the "Blood War" era were easily hunted if they lacked self-protection capability.

In that era, many old rulers and countries had fallen apart. The exceptions were only limited to the Austere-Winter Dukedom, which was established by the Austere-Winter Family when the Old Grandmother was still hibernating. Then, there was also the Papal Kingdom, which gathered a lot of upright deities and quickly erected a small barrier.

At that time, the Papal Kingdom had not yet established a sky city, and many churches huddled together on the ground. The crusade between the upright deities' churches was enough to turn the Papal Kingdom into a mess.

On the flip side, no one would go to the Austere-Winter Dukedom.

Austere-Winter Dukedom was lacking in agriculture, especially during the winter year. The Austerians even had to eat plenty of raw meat from the Frost Beasts for vitamins, not to mention the snowstorm that blanketed the country.

At that time, many Austerians were forced to flee the Austere-Winter Dukedom and became mercenaries of other countries. A large part of the Austere-Winter Blood that remained in other countries today came from this historical background.

Transcoders could only head to the territories of the Silver Sire and the Elegant Elder.

At that time, the Silver Sire lived in the Noah Kingdom's capital, and the Elegant Elder resided in the capital of what was now known as the Denizoya Kingdom. The remaining transcendents immediately began to kill each other with these two places as the center.

But at that time, the Noah Kingdom was not established yet. Denizoya was still a principality. It was not so much a crusade by various countries but a brutal "expulsion war" to compete for territories.

Coupled with the fact that there was no Underground Federation at that time, the wise people realized that after a large amount of land was lost and the Great Barrier collapsed, it would instantly lead to a shortage of resources. Moreover, the limitation of the Gray Mists and the barrier would limit the ability of the people in each barrier to communicate with each other.

The resources after that might not be enough to keep everyone alive at that time.

So they needed a war to ease the population issue and redraw the tenure of habitable land.

It was a war that did not require prisoners. It was also the first war in the world that did not focus on resource and population plunder.

Even if the warlords on all sides knew that everyone might gradually merge in the end, the fewer the people left on the enemy side, the better their life would be, and the higher their authority.

"Austere-Winter" had irreplaceable significance because only they could tame the Frost Beasts, and the Frost Beasts were the only food for the winter year.

The first generation of "Noah" had extraordinary political wisdom in the aspects of persuasion, deceit, betrayal, alliance, and so on. Finally, a ruler was established with absolute military superiority under perfect operation.

The Papal Kingdom eventually established the "House of Purity" instead of installing another king. The popes of the seven deities took turns serving as the Supreme Pontiff.

At that time, the Denizoya's Grand Duke was the first to establish himself as the king and voluntarily gave up most of the king's power to establish the Privy Council.

In the "Denizoya Privy Council" system, the Privy Council was divided into three levels: "Advisory Council", "Committee," and "Member Council".

The Elegant Elder's contemporary pope would appoint the "Chief Advisor", who had the right to select several people from the committee to serve as advisors each year. As for "Committee" and "Member Council", they had the right to propose a new bill or amendment to bills to the senators. After the proposition, it would require the Member Council's approval before sending it to the Advisory Council. At the same time, the Member Council's propositions could be sent to the Advisory Council directly.

The power of the advisors was greatly exalted. Core ministers, including foreign affairs, finance, national defense, culture and education, and the high court of justice were only selected among the advisors. As long as the majority of the advisors agreed, they could veto a law without the king's intervention. The only power reserved by the king was to "remove advisors". In other cases, the king was only on the same level as other advisors.

The first-generation advisors were directly selected from the local nobles. The right was purchased at a sky-high price.

There was no doubt that Denizoya Grand Duke directly sold his existing political power.

His purpose was that rather than trying to preserve the unsettled power he had as the new king after the war, he might as well use a portion of his power that might be taken away later as bait to end the war.

His action was like drinking poison in the hope of quenching one's thirst. However, the Denizoya Grand Duke instantly gained the support of many great nobles in the principality who were initially opposing him or neutral. He then raised a considerable amount of funds in a short period.

Then, he used this massive sum of money or the quota privilege of the "Advisory Council" to bribe the great nobles of other countries. This allowed him to purchase secret intelligence or ask the nobles to betray his opponent at a critical moment. He also used the quota privilege of the "Committee" to recruit a large number of transcoders, outstanding technology, and military talents. At the same time, he used the "Committee" to amass veterans, workers, and businessmen.

The betrayal of many nobles and transcoders and the betrayals that might happen at any time in the future created panic in Denizoya. No enemy was in unity. Those nobles who defected to Denizoya also entered the committee.

In the end, the Denizoya Kingdom had formed.

Due to the decisiveness of the Denizoya's Grand Duke, they were the quickest to end the Blood War and establish a stable country. Because of this, they suffered the most negligible losses in the end and even gathered more talents than the Papal Kingdom.

As for Fildes Archipelago's surrender, that was after the Blood War was over.

The transcoders who were unwilling to join or even simply hostile to the Noah Family and the Denizoya Family had only one last place to go after the establishment of the Noah Kingdom and the Denizoya Kingdom.

That was underground.

In the underground world at that time, it was a forbidden place with no morals and laws.

The alteration school was established in the early days of the Blood War: to enable them in contributing to the war and be effective in combat when alone. In return, the "Alchemist" legacy was utterly outdated.

However, for Salvatore, it was the "Alteration Wizard" being outdated instead, straying away from its original path.

The core idea of Alteration School was to use what was already here to create what was not there.

Thus, it had been a long time since there were no new inventions from the Alteration Wizards.

Decades had passed, and almost all of them were improvements on old inventions.

There gone the days when many new inventions came out every year.

Although Salvatore did not know how far he could achieve, he did not want to admit defeat before trying.

Chapter 402: The Pretty Self-conscious Salvatore

“So, your spell composition is made up of the Instant Spells: [Emergency Dodge], [Movement Prohibition], and the Guided Spells: [Truce] and [Range Attack Prohibition]?”

Salvatore frowned slightly, “It's all combat-type support skills? Are you not going to learn [Reveal True Name]? And you're disregarding spells that enable self-protection like [Spell: Paralysis] or [Spell: Eternal Pain]. If you want to complete a set of spells, be patient. Edict Wizard is unlike me, and its ability for self-protection is quite strong. On the contrary, [Revealing True Name] may be more crucial.

“Or, do you plan to learn it after the advancement into a transcender?”

“Yes.” Longjing Tea nodded and admitted it directly, “His Royal Highness Annan may need me quite soon. So, I must advance as soon as possible and immediately become a reliable combat power after I advance to help him.”

“What if Annan needs [Reveal True Name]?”

“Anyone can take that role as long as you have the money.” Longjing Tea's thoughts were clear. “But I am the only Edict Wizard who can fight for His Highness Annan. Since I can be resurrected, I will definitely be sent to the frontline.

“However, I'm not the only combat power His Highness has at hand. When it comes to combat, Jiu Er and Delicious Wind Goose are much more proficient in it than me.

“Then, the only thing I can do well is assist and collaborate with them.

“[Emergency Dodge] allows my teammates to dodge undetectable sneak attacks from blind spots; [Movement Prohibition] allows my enemies to be hindered at the critical moment of dodging; [Truce] can effectively rescue our combatants from the melee attacks or force the enemy into a long-range battle; [Range Attack Prohibition] can make all projectiles within a considerable range lose their kinetic energy and immediately fall to the ground.”

These were all low-difficulty but practical skills in team fights.

It could be said that if Longjing Tea used his skills as a hero, he should be a powerful support hero.

“If we put aside your spell choices and only focus on spell compositions, your thinking direction is alright.” After pondering for a long time, Salvatore unexpectedly gave a fairly high evaluation rating. “It seems that you're quite a bright person.”

“Then can I pass?”

“Yes. I can sign it for you here.” Salvatore nodded, scratched his shaggy hair, and let out a puff of smoke. Then, he spoke in his trademark voice, slightly irritable yet peaceful, “You can prepare to advance as soon as possible. My suggestion is to complete it within two weeks. Eh?”

At this moment, Salvatore heard a strange and clear echo from the amethyst behind him.

In the corner of the desk behind him was a triangular wooden frame made of three purple pine wood. The wooden structure was covered with a unique pure black aluminum foil. Above the aluminum foil was a prismatic amethyst suspended by two copper columns, and it swung like a swing in the playground.

This was a simple ritual available to the public that could be used for mailing purposes. It probably worked similarly to a fax machine.

At this instance, the amethyst rang its alarm. This meant that someone was casting a letter to Salvatore.

He turned his head and saw the amethyst swaying slightly. The bottom sheet of aluminum foil gradually faded, becoming a yellowish color and a parchment-like texture. As the color faded, black words began to emerge.

“What?” Seeing the contents of the letter, Salvatore was a little surprised.

The wanted Dream Stealer Danton was revealed.

The 'Purest Spiritual Medium' Bernardino and Dream Stealer Danton had fought?

Danton was even outright killed.

Bernardino was suspected of acquiring Hermetic's Sage's Stone Recipe.

After the death of nearly a hundred Silver Rank transcendents and a Gold Rank wizard, no nightmares were born. So, you needed reliable friends to artificially create nightmares?

Where is this going?

Salvatore looked confused.

It's only been less than a day, hasn't it? How did so many things happen?

He was suddenly lost in thought.

After a long time, he came back to his senses.

Annan wrote this letter to me. In other words, did he think of me as a “reliable” person?

...Tsk. Salvatore frowned and grinned.

Honestly, he was not confident enough to end this ordeal alone.

Annan, are you sure I'm really up to this?

Or, are you writing this letter to the “other me”?

Thinking of this possibility, Salvatore was irritated.

Although Annan was his best friend, the fact that Annan and “Vatore” also had a good relationship always worried Salvatore.

Especially after watching it several times, “Vatore” and Annan could reach a tacit communication without language or even contact, which made Salvatore even more worried.

Why does the relationship between my friend and my other soul seem more tacit than mine?

So, you both are friends.

So what am I?

But having said that, what made Salvatore sad was that when Annan mentioned “reliable friends”, even his first thought was “Vatore”.

Have I tacitly agreed that I am unreliable?!

Although he had already advanced into an alchemist, he was no longer so unreliable.

Technically speaking, Salvatore had completely surpassed who he once was.

In the past, Sal had a 50% success rate in crafting the Sage's Stone. At this moment, Salvatore could reach a 70% success rate if he had the material.

However, this success rate was still far behind the shadow.

Of course, the shadow had not come out after the advancement. So Salvatore did not know how far “Vatore” had evolved.

But at least one thing Salvatore could be sure of.

If he could not solve the problem himself, “Vatore” might help Annan do it.

At least she has a good relationship with Annan.

It is unlike how Vatore treats me. She always wants to snatch away my body every day.

Well, I can't screw up on this.

Salvatore, who was not thinking about success but the consequence of failing first, put his pride down.

He turned around and said solemnly to Longjing Tea, “You better step up your pace. It's best to complete the advancement in two days.”

“What?”

“I'm going to the Noah Kingdom in three days. Annan wrote to me. Maybe he's in some trouble over there. Don't you know about it?” Halfway through, Salvatore asked in surprise.

He remembered that Annan and Longjing Tea could communicate from a long distance.

Longjing Tea shook his head in confusion, “I haven't heard of this yet.”

For some reason, Salvatore suddenly felt a little inexplicably happy after hearing this.

“Then, hurry up and advance. I'll wait for you for two days. It's best if you complete the advancement today, then we'll set off tomorrow.” Salvatore smiled, suddenly thought of someone, and added, “Oh, by the way, I may bring another person. If Annan contacts you, you can tell him.”

“Who?”

“Von Hohenheim. You know that person too.” Salvatore smiled complacently, “He is now my apprentice. For such a grand event, I have to widen his worldview.”

So, what you're saying is to show off to Annan about your student.

Chapter 403: Gather Together In The Capital

Salvatore arrived at the Noah's Royal Capital four days after Annan sent the letter.

Luckily, the situation here in the capital was not urgent.

The curse did build up a lot in the air on the first day. Even some passersby were carried into the hospital, and the transcendents were afraid to go out.

However, the King had an expert to repress all the curses that permeated the air into the body of Dream Stealer Danton on the night of the incident, repurifying the air near the palace.

His Majesty employed a Gold Rank Wizard for this task. He was a man in a white robe and a pure white mask. He had long dark hair and a slender figure, but his age could not be discerned. A creepy smiling face was drawn on the mask with red ink.

He seemed to have a personal connection with the King, who was said to have acquainted him at a young age.

The wizard specialized in Idol School, the “Inscriber” who was capable of banning the curses of many schools. His main mission was to prevent members of the royal family from being located or cursed by the rituals or to bless the spy with a spell that obscured their whereabouts.

At the same time, the abundance of the curse prevented the wizard's lifespan from being reduced because of overusing the power of the elements. This was probably why he was willing to accept the job.

But even so, Annan did not know the person's real name. All he knew was that Eugene would call him Mr. Kai.

It was a monophonic name.

If nothing else, this should be the first phonic of Kai's real name.

He was indeed a true professional.

Mr. Kai used a spell that Annan did not even know the name of. First, he restored the destroyed building to its original state. Then, he absorbed part of the curse overflowing in the atmosphere, compressed the remaining curse into four spheres, stuffed them inside Danton's body, and sealed it completely.

That operation stupefied Annan.

However, there were benefits to it too.

It would be much easier when Salvatore came over to create a nightmare.

So after a month of separation, Annan and Salvatore met again.

Although Salvatore was a little occupied with the boy's name, "Von Hohenheim", Annan did not care much.

Whether he was a Full Metal Alchemist in the future or did he craft a prototype Azoth sword, it had nothing to do with Annan.

"Von Hohenheim", like Michelangelo and Nicholas, were people who actually appeared on the earth where Annan lived.

"Von Hohenheim" was born in Zurich, Switzerland. He was a famous alchemist and physician during the Renaissance and the founder of "medicinal chemistry". In addition, he put forward the vital concept that "a surgeon should also be a physician and vice versa", which promoted the innovative progress of the medical idea at that time.

He gave himself a name, "Paracelsus," which meant greater than the famous Roman physician "Celsus". His full name was quite long, so long that it raised the suspicion of just prolonging the novel's word count.

If things worked similarly to the trajectory of Nicholas and Michelangelo...

On the earth where Annan once lived, he was supposedly a Great Person, and he had the potential to become a Gold Rank at minimum.

But at least for now, the future Mr. Paracelsus was just a wizard apprentice who was curious about the Alteration magic.

"Who collected the curses?" Salvatore was a little surprised, "The technique is quite profound."

"It's a Great Person — Kai. Have you heard of it? A famous Inscriber."

"A famous Inscriber? That's a much rarer profession than an alchemist."

The young and promising alchemist who lacked sleep could not help but sigh softly, "I know this profession. He can even forcibly change the fate of others by changing their real names. I didn't expect such a big shot to be in the Noah Kingdom."

"Let's not talk about that." Annan patted Salvatore on the shoulder and smiled softly, "Since you have advanced into an alchemist, you should be stronger than a typical Alteration Wizard, right? How long does it take to create this nightmare?"

"I have to do more research, and I can't give you a definite answer." Salvatore pondered for a long time, then frowned and replied earnestly, "Give me at least one day. After all, we have no room for failure."

This was the technique pioneered by his teacher.

Since the skill was of the same lineage, Salvatore was reasonably fit for this technology tree. However, he had never tried it, and the situation did not allow him to fail.

"Alright, no problem." After Annan agreed, he went out with the Paper Princess and Eugene.



Kafni, who had just returned to the capital, waited for him at the door.

She had already arrived two days before Salvatore arrived in the capital.

After learning that her mother and Dream Stealer Danton were dead, she had mixed feelings about it.

To put it into words, it was like the expression on Prince Hamlet's face when he suddenly heard that Claudius had died on the spot and spiraled into the sky when he fled back to Denmark.

Kafni's expression at the time was complicated.

Sorrow, pain, resentment, release, regret, ecstasy, loss, emptiness... Her expression repeatedly changed.

Annan secretly took a screenshot at the time, and it was even a .gif file [1].

The two direct murderers who troubled Kafni for many years died unexpectedly before her revenge. Luckily, her real enemy, Prince Philip, was still alive.

Indeed, there was no word error.

It was "lucky".

If Kafni's enemies were all dead before Kafni returned, Kafni's determination for revenge, her preparations for revenge, and her appeal to Annan would all become a joke.

She had to defeat Philip personally.

This was also the consensus of Annan and Kafni.

But the big news that the "Purest Spiritual Medium" stirred up a few days ago suddenly disrupted the situation in the capital.

The Silver Sire Church's original plan was to carry out the elimination of the Fourth Prince and Dream Stealer simultaneously while the Silver Hand Knight purged the remaining Rotten Man believers.

This was to prevent the news from the higher-ups from spreading to the bottom, causing ordinary believers to escape. At the same time, the goal was also to avoid news being leaked from the grunt below, alerting the higher-ups.

As a result, many Rotten Man's believers were now on their guard with the death of two relatively high-profile Rotten Man believers.

According to Captain Alexander's complaint to Annan, at least two dozen Rotten Man believers had managed to escape from their surveillance.

They were now requesting assistance from the covert intelligence agency "One-Eyed Crow" to conduct another full search of Rotten Man believers.

For the sake of these elusive Rotten Man believers and to keep Philip out of trouble, Annan did not give them a chance. Instead, he took Kafni directly with him and put her under the Paper Princess's protection.

That was to avoid Philip thinking he had the chance again.

After all, Annan and Kafni had something else to do.

### **The Righteous Player(s) C404– Old Grandmother's Words**

Chapter 404: Old Grandmother's Words

Annan was quietly flipping through the newly purchased dragon language dictionary in the guest study room on the third floor of Geraint's residence.

He had almost finished this book.

Annan had vague memories of what the Old Grandmother had spoken to him in the past. He soon recalled and had a rough idea of what was said by relying on those memories.

If Annan was not mistaken, Old Grandmother said at that time,

“You have made it, Annan. If you remember this name, I know you have succeeded. If you feel like you're in danger, go straight to Noah's royal capital and let the Silver Sire help you get home. Now Maria has the ability to fight Rotten Man, and she will protect you well until I wake up completely. But if you have something you must do in the Noah Kingdom, finish it before coming back. Annan, you have grown up. Be like a man, and do what you have to do. I support you.”

The short and complex dragon language became a long string of words after being translated into the Frostwhisper's lingual. Then, it became even longer when translated into the standard lingua franca.

In short, She allowed Annan to adventure as he pleased, and he was welcome to return if he was bored or faced severe trouble.

Annan did not expect Old Grandmother to be such a person, which surprised him a little.

Annan initially thought that Old Grandmother, as the “Deity of Tradition”, should be quite strict and conservative. After knowing that the only heir, Annan, was living in another country and might encounter various dangers, Her first reaction should be to order Annan to return to Austere-Winter Dukedom immediately. The goal was to ensure the stability of the lineage.

Unexpectedly, Old Grandmother specifically asked Annan not to return in a hurry.

“Be like a man”... What does it mean?

Are you asking me to defeat Rotten Man to get revenge?

Annan's expression was a little subtle.

But I can't really defeat him? Or is Old Grandmother referring to something else?

Could it be that She is referring to Kafni?

“...Hiss.” Annan took a deep breath.

Then, he thought about it carefully and gasped, “Tsk...”

It's...possible...

Knowing that the Old Grandmother might know Kafni, Annan felt troubled.

Annan had a favorable impression of Kafni, but there was nothing more than that. He just liked having the opposite-gender friend, who was nice and beautiful, spending time with him. However, it did not reach the level of “romance” yet.

That was why Annan was a little troubled after learning that the “family” was aware of Kafni's existence.

For some reason, this shyness was not hindered by [Winter Heart].

“Also, the Old Grandmother mentioned about me remembering this name. What does it mean?” Annan frowned slightly in thought.

Annan went into deep thoughts for a long time, trying to relate to the memory fragments of the past.

Eventually, Annan realized that he might have transmigrated to this world when he was young or possibly even rebirth in this world if he indeed had his first life already.

This scenario was highly likely because he had heard from Old Alvin that the Little Annan was frail and sick a long time ago. However, Annan preferred the former explanation.

Austerian did not have him at birth, but the name was only given when the child could read and write. This was due to the high mortality rate of newborns during the winter year.

It would be hard to forget the tragedy if the parents blessed the child with a name. Similarly, the parents would not be able to forget how many children of theirs had died. However, the memory would gradually blur if the parents had not given a name to the child yet.

The Austere-Winter Family had another reason. It was the Winter Heart. Without reversing its effect, it would usually make it difficult for the heirs with insufficient quality to live to adulthood.

Annan almost died at the time. At age eight, he received the name “Annan” and officially began to learn swordsmanship from Ivan.

It seemed that it was Annan who put forward this idea and let Old Grandmother help to persuade Ivan Austere-Winter to give him the name of “Annan”.

After all, “Annan” was a neuter-feminine name meaning “kindness”. In Austere-Winter, it was not meant for sons. Masculine kindness would often be associated with weakness, incompetence, burden, and the need for the protection of others.

When the name was pronounced in the accent of Austere-Winter, the pronunciation was more similar to “Anna”.

How could the son of the Grand Duke have such a name?

If nothing else, this was probably to match his real name.

Annan remembered that some rituals needed the “real name” to be activated. Maybe Annan was worried that if he used the other names, he might not be able to meet the “real name” condition, and he would not be able to activate those rituals.

To convince the others of that name, Ivan made up the narration, “I hope Old Grandmother can show more kindness to this child so that his fate will not be too bad”.

Looking at Old Grandmother's attitude towards Annan, how could She have no kindness towards Annan?

The benevolence was almost overflowing.

"No wonder after transmigrating this world, I found that this body has the same name as me." Annan sighed in a low voice.

Just then, he heard someone knocking on the door.

Annan turned around and found Kafni unexpectedly.

"—Your Highness Annan." Kafni, holding the tray of tea and snacks in both hands, called Annan softly.

"Kafni? Hmm..." Annan turned around and was at a loss for a while.

Kafni wore a white waist dress, which outlined her slender figure. The beret that she habitually wore on her head was no longer there, thus revealing her long black curly hair draped to her waist. At the same time, she wore sandals on her feet.

"Are you feeling very hot?" Annan asked subconsciously.

Kafni glanced at Annan immediately, and Annan closed her mouth wisely.

It was also the first time he saw Kafni wearing pure white clothes, and he was a little surprised for a while.

Annan remembered that Kafni usually wore a dark skirt, like a delicate doll. She also did not like wearing shoes. At the same time, she always walked around her room barefooted and wore a thin and fluttering skirt.

Since they were temporarily staying at the Geraint's house, Kafni put on her shoes obediently.

Annan took the tray, put it on the table, took a sip of Kafni's freshly brewed tea, and asked casually, "Are you feeling better?"

"Yes. I'm fine." Kafni glanced at Annan and murmured.

After having an entire day of regulating her mood, Kafni had calmed down.

Although she still looked a little lost, she had also adjusted her mentality.

"What do you want to do now?" Annan closed the dictionary and turned around from the stool. He looked up at Kafni, who stood in front of him, and said warmly, "Do you need my help?"

"Can you accompany me back to the palace?" Kafni hesitated for a long time before whispering.

Annan paused, wanting to agree directly.

However, he had to ask one more question to be on the safe side, "Who are you going to meet?"

If it was Philip, Annan intended to persuade Kafni to come down. It would be fine if it were the Fourth Prince or the Princess Royal.

However, the Fourth Prince had now managed to recover some of his memories under treatment, and he was still in chaos and had not fully recovered. Maybe Kafni just wanted to see what happened to her father.

However, the answer given by Kafni completely exceeded Annan's expectations, "I want to seek an audience from the King."

She said softly, "My grandpa."

### **The Righteous Player(s) C405– Silver Sire In The Garden**

#### Chapter 405: Silver Sire In The Garden

Annan did not know what Kafni wanted to do.

However, considering that she might not be able to return immediately, Annan dedicated another command to Eugene before the departure.

"Remember to take care of these corpses."

Eugene asked thoughtfully, "Do I just put them in the cold storage?"

"Ya." Annan smiled and nodded.

Bernardino's attack caused a lot of trouble. It even directly disrupted the original arrangement of the Silver Sire Church and Annan.

However, there were some unexpected gains.

When One-Eyed Crow investigated the corpses of transcendents who died unexpectedly in this incident, they naturally found quite a number of transcendents whose identities were mysterious.

For those with relatively innocent identities and traces, the Crows had notified their families to retrieve the dead bodies.

Even if there were some transcendents whose families were not in the capital, "One-Eyed Crow" had already sent letters out.

After those processes, more than forty corpses remained. They were all stored in Geraint's freezer, which put these corpses on standby for identity verification. The Crows could get a ritualist to proceed to the next step — rituals that could acquire some info through the bodies.

For example, the [Forgotten Eye] that traced a specific piece of memory of the deceased before his death, and the [Sniffing Grudge] that could track the location of the murderer.

It was also possible to use the corpses for rituals. For example, it was possible to transform the corpse into a treant, use the spine and ribs to hatch a skeleton bird, or turn the dead's head into an observation ward for peeping.

Corpses were sought-after non-curse materials. Transcendent's corpses were much more valuable.

Not because of high demand, but because of low supply.

There were very few corpses that could be legally purchased.

But not all transcoders or ritualists dared to kill at will.

Annan had Eugene leave twelve corpses for him because he still had a ritual in mind.

That was the Ritual Spell [Chill of the Winter Sun] that he had not yet activated.

The Lord of Frost's influence was required for this ritual. Indeed, Annan could find it easily. At the same time, Kafni was capable of crafting the curse vessel, the "light-concealing ice cube".

There was also the condition of having the "outdoor temperature capable of freezing the water naturally". Of course, Annan could fulfill it easily. The Silver Rank Spell [Frost Tower] Anna had just learned could accomplish it.

The only condition left was the "twelve intact corpses that have completely lost their temperature".

Under normal circumstances, this condition was harsh.

It required "complete corpses" that were much rarer than normal corpses.

At the same time, it was impossible to fool the ritual.

A "complete corpse" in the ritual referred to a corpse that had not lost any part — be it fingers, eyeballs, ears, skin, guts, brains, and bones. Everything must remain intact.

There could be wounds, and thus the cause of death could be excessive bleeding. A blunt force trauma of suitable strength (intracranial hemorrhage) was also an acceptable cause of death for the ritual, but not if the brain was shattered. Death coming from frostbite was fine too. However, the frozen skin surface could not exceed the area of a palm. Lastly, corpses with the cause of death being poison or being scared to death in a nightmare could work normally in the ritual.

Beyond that, it was hard to guarantee that the corpses were intact. Unfortunately, finding these kinds of corpses at the black market was difficult. Unless it was a plotted murder, it was unlikely that such a dead body would be sold.

Annan did not have any particular solution to it.

He planned to return to Austere-Winter, rummage through the snow to see if there were any dead bodies, and retrieve them.

However, the outcome was unexpected.

Bernardino provided excellent support to Annan directly.

As long as Kafni crafted that ice cube, Annan could use [Notion Rain] to induce heavy rain weather and [Frost Tower] to foster the ritual environment to complete the Ritual Spell.

The matter could be settled in two days.

That ability called [Chill of the Winter Sun] allowed Annan to breathe out frigid air naturally. Basically, it could also be called the Dragon's Breath.

Annan did not know if it was an illusion, he felt like he was gradually turning into a young dragon.

“Please come this way, Your Highness Annan.” Kafni expertly guided Annan back from the Geraint family's backyard. For their safety, the Paper Princess still followed behind them.

For some reason, the Paper Princess had been silent since Kafni appeared.

She had been sizing and scrutinizing Kafni, frowning slightly. But She did not chat with Kafni. At the same time, Kafni did not say a single word to the Paper Princess or even look at the Paper Princess, except for a necessary and polite greeting.

In this regard, the Paper Princess was not agitated.

It was not long before Annan saw the vast fountain that looked like an artificial lake.

This was the first time he saw the fountain made of silver metal when he got off the carriage.

“I thought Silver Sire would hate others and cast 'silver' into a non-circulating luxury.” Annan groaned.

But what surprised Annan was he heard a somewhat familiar cheerful voice that sounded beside the three of them, “Actually, I'm not that annoyed by it.

“It's better to say that when there are too many silver coins flowing in the market, we have to recycle the coins and craft them into silverware just to keep the silver coin's value unchanged.”

The one who spoke behind the three was a young man. He had a bright and sunny smile, a long and thin face with curly hair, and appeared less than 30 years old.

He wore a white trench coat, holding a top hat in his left hand, and greeted the three with a smile.

“Tribute to the silver coin, Silver Sire.”

“Silver Sire.”

Annan and Kafni immediately turned their heads and bowed their heads to pay respect to Silver Sire. Then, the silver armored guards guarding the fountain saw Silver Sire appear, and they all knelt in silence.

The Paper Princess had already set her sights on the Silver Sire before He made a sound.

She also nodded, the corners of her mouth raised slightly, revealing a beautiful smile, “Tribute to the silver coin, Silver Sire.”

“You are beautiful today too, Paper Princess.” Silver Sire also smiled, nodding gently to the Paper Princess in response.

“Why are you here?” Annan asked curiously.

It was Kafni who answered him, “Silver Sire usually reads here. This fountain is made of holy silver that Silver Sire himself blessed. They are not ordinary sterling silver.”

“I did not make a fountain out of holy silver but simply altered its property into holy silver.” Just as Silver Sire explained, He turned around to ask, “Where are you going? To see Little Henry?”

“Yes.” Kafni nodded slightly.

“I’m going to ask His Majesty in person. How far should I go before I can inherit the throne?” She said thoughtfully, “And I need to know how His Majesty views His Highness Annan.

“This will determine my course of action from now on.”

Chapter 406: An Immortal Being

“So, you’re responsible for the whole fuss in the capital?”

Nicholas II’s spirit body frowned, “You just committed mass murder in the capital to get the wizard’s marrow?

“I’m starting to regret it now.”

“Regret what?”

“I regret giving you the technology of the Sage’s Stone.”

Nicholas II gave Bernardino a dissatisfied glance.

He had no idea that Bernardino would do such an outrageous thing.

To put it crudely, there are so many Black Wizards in the capital. Can’t you just kill one of them?

Even if you want a spine of better quality, there is no shortage of Silver Rank Transcenders in the capital.

The Sage’s Stone, made with a Silver Rank Transcender, can be used seven to eight times. The length of each use reaches the standard combat duration of five minutes. Do you have to resort to an extreme method of entering the palace and directly extracting the spine?

“I don’t even know what you’re going to do with Sage’s Stone.”

The white-haired young spirit body frowned, took a few steps forward, and reprimanded unceremoniously, “Even if you have a grudge against that wizard, don’t you know how to keep it a low profile?

“Deal with the corpse, man! If it’s inconvenient, can’t you take the whole corpse away? Why do you leave a corpse without a spine?”

This time, I’m afraid I’m going to get into trouble.

I don’t know if I will be imprisoned or probably have Father Stone executing me.

After all, strictly speaking, I can even be regarded as “prison labor”.

When Nicholas II came to this place, he was forbidden to contact anyone.

After he taught Bernardino how to make “Hermes Sage’s Stone”, the old man immediately backstabbed him.

After taking the opponent’s spine, he did not destroy the dead body!

Isn’t this intentional to lead the clues to me?



Bernardino just smiled.

The old man in the wheelchair said unhurriedly, "I just need to use it to continue my life. That's all."

"Sage's Stone is the perfect element essence and the greatest thing in the world. Even if we can't craft it perfectly, it can still completely change a person's destiny."

Nicholas II emphasized, "Don't just treat it as a tool or a reagent."

"No, no, Nicholas." The old man laughed in a low voice and whispered happily and contentedly, "Of course, I wouldn't just treat it as a tool.

"It will be my blood, my fuel, my heart, my life, everything I hold dear, and the beginning of my destiny." Bernardino spoke slowly, looking up from the wheelchair.

Hearing this, Nicholas II frowned slightly.

For some reason, he suddenly had a bad hunch in his heart watching this scene.

At his level, a "hunch" was not just a simple "premonition".

Fortunately, he had also mastered some Prophet magic.

A faint yellow halo suddenly flashed in the pupil of Nicholas II's spirit body. A hollow, metal clock pattern was imprinted in his pupil.

This was the Prophet School's spell, [Limited Foreknowledge], which the Time Stopper Eye taught Nicholas previously.

The spell inventor was "Time Stopper Eye" himself. Although it was only a Silver Rank Instant Spell, it could be used to peek into the short future.

The process only happened in a short moment.

At the next moment, just as Bernardino raised his head...

"[Truce]!" Nicholas II suddenly shouted.

There was an indescribable sense of majesty in his Edict Spell.

The moment the words were uttered, they turned into substantial power.

Between Bernardino and Nicholas II, a transparent, crystal-like wall suddenly rose. The invisible repulsive force roared and pushed to both sides simultaneously.

But only Bernardino's wheelchair was ejected, while Nicholas II's spirit was still floating in the air.

"—The lion's crown." Nicholas II's previously anxious voice instantly calmed down.

The wooden floor in front of him collapsed in an instant. It turned into scorching quicksand surging continuously, shining with golden brilliance.

In an instant, the room became arid. It was like a desert on a hot summer day and even more cruel than that.

If ordinary people were here, he would dehydrate after only three seconds; if it were a demon, they would suffer seven times the damage. Contacting the sand would ignite them in the blink of an eye.

These quicksands refined by Nicholas II were actually from the east of the Yaselan Continent, the living desert that almost engulfed the elves and centaurs.

The reason why the demons did not come to Yaselan was not that they were kind but because the demons could not cross that desert.

That was the Epoch Disaster.

Having swallowed and sank by the sea of sand with his bandages began to turn yellow and ignite spontaneously, Bernardino did not look flustered at all.

Seeing this, Nicholas II's expression turned gloomy.

He raised his right hand again and began to chant quickly.

“Kubler's Left Eye. Skip. Lily Wreath. Skip. The wolf that eats the moon should look up—” But, his chant had not yet finished.

Nicholas's spirit suddenly froze under the stare of Bernardino's brilliance's right eye.

How?!

Even if the Spiritual Monk has absolute suppression power over spirit bodies, it shouldn't be so effortless.

“Nicholas Flamel. I have something that I need to explain to you: Sage's Stone. I've succeeded.”

Bernardino said with a smile, “That's because of the spirit body I carry. He is your teacher, adoptive father, and the former Jade Tower Master, Isaac Flamel.”

Hearing this, Nicholas II's expression suddenly froze.

At the next moment, a black cyclops rose silently behind Bernardino.

Then, like dripping oil, countless black liquid feathers emerged out of thin air from Nicholas II's side. It quickly gathered towards the center, sticking to Nicholas II's spiritual body piece by piece.

Nicholas II suddenly felt immense powerlessness when the first feather touched him.

He turned into a black stone sculpture in just three seconds, unable to move.

When Bernardino was about to be entirely engulfed by the sea of sand, the cyclops behind him reached out its hand and lifted him out of it quickly.

The skin was burned to the point where the bones were visible, but Bernardino did not panic.

Under Nicholas II's astonished gaze, his skin quickly healed under a whiff of white smoke.

The exposed skin was soft and smooth, not as old as before, but with dense tattoos on it.

Nicholas II could see at a glance that it was covered with alchemical symbols of the Jade Tower's lineage.

“This is the miracle you have created, Nicholas.” Bernardino laughed out loud.

He pulled the bandage off his face and stood up from the wheelchair.

The incomparably aged face had recovered to the age of less than 30.

His tan curls fell to his shoulders, and his deep jeweled eyes sparkled with confidence. It was just that his face, neck, and every part of his skin was engraved with transmutation circles.

Nicholas II instantly realized the truth after seeing the transmutation circle on his face.

Did he refine himself into a Sage's Stone?!

It wasn't the Sage's Stone of the Hermetic School at all. It was more of a half-finished product.

It was to inject the liquid Sage's Stone, whose completion reached no more than 70%, into the blood vessels. That would contain its power through the rune on the skin and continuously activate it.

“Immortality, the power of infinite elements, and the 'herd' gather around me. Now, I have reached the limit of mortals!”

Bernardino laughed and looked at Nicholas II, with a smile on the corner of his mouth, “Thank you for this, Nicholas!”

Nicholas II suddenly found himself able to speak again.

He said solemnly, “So, do you want to take away my spinal cord too?”

“—as a token of appreciation to me?”

“No, I just want you to live a little more clear-headed.”

Bernardino had a mysterious smile, “When you go back, remember to cut your wrists in the sun and read out an occult knowledge about Mr. Ray.”

“What?!”

“Let me tell you a secret, Nicholas.”

Bernardino interrupted Nicholas II.

He opened his mouth with the majesty of a divine judgment.

“—[You once killed innocent people indiscriminately in the capital];

“—[You once founded the Nicholas School];

“—[You once created numerous demons].”

After hearing these three sentences, the Younger Bernardino smiled and waved his hand.

Nicholas II's spirit body slowly sank into the black mud.

But at the next moment, he suddenly woke up.

When Nicholas opened his eyes from the chair, he suddenly felt ticklish in his throat.

“Where did you go?” Father Stone's voice came from behind him, as always.

“I—” But Nicholas opened his mouth but said nothing.

He had indeed opened his mouth, but no words escaped from his throat.

In this instant, Nicholas realized all the truth.

### **The Righteous Player(s) C407– Henry VIII**

Chapter 407: Henry VIII

As Kafni led the way, the two did not encounter anyone stopping them.

This surprised Annan a little.

“Why is the palace so quiet?” He looked back at Kafni and asked curiously, “Is it the same as usual?”

“Of course not... and there are many more people than usual today,” whispered Kafni.

She looked a little uneasy, seemingly regretting bringing Annan over.

Typically speaking, having a stranger visiting the palace without prior notice might put the visitor into custody and interrogation. Even if Princess Kafni led the way in such an important place as the palace, Annan might still be arrested by the guards.

After all, it was Kafni and not Princess Royal Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, as the default first heir, was virtuous and prestigious. Even if she brought strangers into the palace, the guards might close their eyes to it. At the same time, many among the guards were her men.

She came from the army, after all.

Many guards were recruited from her immediate family. Many among them were promoted to officers and captains.

But, Kafni was on the opposite spectrum. Even though she vowed to be the queen, no one believed her.

It actually made sense.

After all, Kafni's soul erosion rate was too high before she met Annan, making her mental state chaotic and unstable.

It was precisely because of this that Dream Stealer Danton failed to grasp Kafni's heart fully. That was because even he was worried that his soul might be contaminated after stepping into the depths of Kafni's memory.

While Kafni was not quite a demon yet, she was a lunatic.

Even the Fourth Prince occasionally felt a strong sense of fear when looking at Kafni.

Ordinary people would feel chills stinging on them, their muscles twitching, and a strong sense of vomiting because of the fear of looking at her. Those with an inferior will would pee their pants out of fear.

It felt like being targeted by some monster.

In this context, it was only natural that people feared, alienated, and even hated Kafni. The Fourth Prince was like the puppet, falling under others' manipulation. He could not help much with Kafni's situation. Even he was afraid of his daughter.

After staying with Annan for a long time recently, she gradually regained her sanity.

At the same time, Philip was still ruining and interfering with Kafni's social status.

Everyone they encountered on their journey was stern without disrespectful stares. The guards on both sides had their armor and weapons polished brightly.

"I see." Annan reacted quickly, took Kafni's hand gently, and comforted, "Don't panic. I have already understood the situation."

It should be Count Nolan who had reported to Henry VIII that Annan would be visiting the palace.

After all, they had been staying at Count Geraint's house these days. The most crucial duty of Count Geraint was to pass important information directly to Henry VIII.

Although Annan said nothing, Kafni immediately believed Annan.

She breathed a sigh of relief and calmed down, nodding slightly.

Annan's expression was a little more serious.

If Henry VIII already knew who he was, then he was no longer Kafni's friend to see her grandfather.

Instead, he would meet King Noah directly as the future heir of Austere-Winter Dukedom and the soon-to-be Austere-Winter's Grand Duke.

Annan quickly calmed down, passed through the front hall, and entered the second floor of the main hall from the spiral staircase on the west side.

The first floor of the main hall was the banquet hall that Annan saw when he came to Noah when he was a child. Looking down from the second-floor handrail, Annan saw the spot where he smashed Philip's head in the nightmare.

Of course, in the timeline of reality, Annan did not commit this deed. But that did not stop Annan from suddenly feeling excited and nostalgic when he saw that place.

It was the excitement of "Oh, I know this place."

It was like the players of the assassin's creed game, and it gave off the feeling of "I have been to this place" when the player went abroad to travel and visit the place. There was even a strong urge to climb the roof.

Annan followed Kafni's lead, walking clockwise down the corridor.

The second floor of the main hall was a circular passage. It appeared that it could fit seven people to traverse side by side. Many portraits were installed on the left wall, while the railing was installed on the right. The passage extended to eight directions, with a 45 degrees gap each. From a bird's eye view, this place resembled a brilliant sun emblem.

The core concept of the design was to have a fully armed guard standing on duty in every nineteen steps. The first guard would be stationed on the left, the next on the right, and so forth.

However, the guards did not block the entrance to the inner passages. Instead, a guard would be standing at the right railing, monitoring the entrance.

What surprised Annan the most was the salutations. Each guard would raise a fist in front of his heart and lower his head upon seeing Annan.

This was an Austerian etiquette.

If they were allowed to speak, it was possible that they would greet with respect, "Old Grandmother loves her child, my brother".

Just watching this scene made Kafni squeeze Annan's hand nervously.

"I have no idea about this." She explained to Annan in a low voice.

Annan shook his head slightly, signaling her not to panic.

He understood what Kafni meant. She was saying that she had not notified Annan's identity in advance.

But now, the situation had become clear.

The scale extended further than just Henry VIII realizing Annan's identity. It was probable that everyone knew Annan's presence on his first day in the capital.

Even the guards know about it. Princess Royal and Prince Philip must have known about it.

Why did Henry VIII reveal his identity?

If they were going to do something terrible to Annan, then they definitely would not reveal Annan's identity. It was different in the malicious against Annan without "knowing" his identity and after knowing it.

Of course, what they showed on the surface about being aware of Annan's identity might not be the fact.

It was more about the evidence showing whether they "knew" it to the outside world.

The duo bypassed the corridor on the west side. After passing three corridors, they walked toward the northernmost entrance.

As they treaded to the corridor's end, they came to the king's residence. Firstly, they entered the study and then entered the bedroom in the study.

After Annan and Kafni walked into Henry VIII's study, they finally saw the king, who was "said to be dying of old age".

But Annan was shocked after seeing the king.

Henry VIII had short black hair and dark red pupils in the hue of dried blood. He looked like a teenage Fourth Prince.

The two people were quite identical.

The king appeared too young, much younger than Annan had imagined.

The king looked like he was only in his early 40's and 50's. If the fact that he was the king were not pointed out, Annan would even think he was the Fourth Prince's older brother.

Is this the person everyone thought he was going to "die of old age"?

### **The Righteous Player(s) C408– The King Who Doesn't Understand Human**

Chapter 408: The King Who Doesn't Understand Human

Pa. Henry VIII gently closed the heavy book in his hand.

Annan glanced at it and noticed that the cover read "Higher Linguistics – A Study on the Special Meaning of Syllables to Rituals" in cursive writing.

What is this?

Live and learn even at old age?

Henry VIII raised his head, looked at Annan with a smile, and gestured for Annan to sit beside him. At the same time, he had not spoken a word yet.

So Annan was the first one to speak tacitly.

He did not pay salutations, pleasantries, nor formal greetings to the king.

He glanced at the book on the table and said softly, "Are you reading Higher Linguistics?"

"Yeah, but I still can't understand some Dragon linguals. It would be nice of you to come and visit me."

"I think you expected me not for leisure chatter, right?" Realizing that he had fallen into a passive state, Annan decisively interrupted the previous topic.

Henry VIII was not irritated.

He glanced at Kafni with a smile, then looked back at Annan and asked with interest. "It was you who approached me, right? Isn't Little Kafni bringing you here to see me?"

When Henry VIII mentioned Kafni, Annan felt Kafni's hand tremble and lowered her head. Then, she somewhat timidly and quietly let go of Annan's hand.

Annan did not look back at Kafni, but he grabbed her hand lightly and held her wrist.

Kafni was shocked and looked at Annan in surprise.

However, Annan did not say anything. Instead, he looked at Henry VIII calmly, "You already knew I would come with Kafni today."

“Since my current actions are still in your plan, you're expecting my visit first.”

“It's not exactly planned.” Henry VIII smiled slightly. His tone was calm but emotionally inciting, “I have revealed your identity to show that I have no ill will towards you. No matter whether Philip wants to do something to you or no matter what Elizabeth is planning, you will be safe as long as I reveal your identity personally, isn't it?”

That's indeed so.

After all, Annan was not an average noble or royal family.

As a direct descendant of the Old Grandmother, Annan was under the patronage of the Old Grandmother. It would be excusable if Annan was injured, persecuted, or disrespected without the culprit knowing his identity. As long as Annan was not dead, it was inappropriate for Old Grandmother to execute law enforcement in another country.

But after Annan's identity was revealed, anyone hostile to Annan would encounter the Old Grandmother's revenge during the snowfall in winter.

Old Grandmother had always been vindictive. At the same time, the dragons had a different concept of time than ordinary people.

For Old Grandmother, who could sleep for dozens of years, she could stay awake for 40 years in a row.

After all, Old Grandmother's asylum month was December. The snowfall every winter was deadly to anyone she wanted to kill.

The culprit could never go out in December. There would be a blizzard as soon as the culprit left the house. When the culprit contacted the snow, he would be turned into an ice sculpture.

The Old Grandmother's revenge was not measured in days or months. It was normal for her to focus on her vengeance for decades. Even after the culprit died of old age, she would attack his descendants if she could not find a chance.

It was a “tradition” for the son to pay the debt in his father's shoes. At the same time, it was a “tradition” to protect one's kin and a “tradition” to take revenge for blood relatives.

She would never stop taking revenge until Old Grandmother thought the score was settled.

No one wanted to provoke such a deity except lunatics.

Old Grandmother was notoriously unreasonable.

Therefore, Annan's safety in the Noah Kingdom was guaranteed after his identity was announced.

Since it was announced by the king himself, those people couldn't use the excuse of “I don't know about this”.

“Thank you very much.” Annan was silent for a long time but thanked the king in a low voice.

He immediately asked again, “But...?”

Do you know exactly what Philip and Elizabeth are going to do?



"I stay here all the time, but I know a lot. Much more than what they reveal. The Crow Family is forever loyal to the crown, even if it's rusted and dull."

Henry VIII sighed softly and said gently, "I know everything, be it Philip's relationship with the Rotten Man Church and the Little Crow, or Elizabeth's tricks in infiltrating the army, school and my guards, and even the matter of Margaret and Danton.

"Of course, including Kafni and you."

"But why?" This surprised Annan a little.

He thought before that Henry VIII should know more or less of what was happening, but he did not expect the king to know it so comprehensively and so much.

But he obviously knew everything, but why didn't he do anything?

"Because I'm dying, Your Excellency Annan." Henry VIII narrated calmly.

"But I can see that you are in good shape."

"It has nothing to do with that. I'm just a temporary substitute."

The old king smiled, "No matter whether it's the territorial war with Austere-Winter, the contract with the Underground Federation, or the diplomacy with the Papal Kingdom, I can't change a fact no matter how well I handle it.

"I am not a naturally born human, but a 'Child in the Cup' created by the power of the Cup-holding Lady to continue the royal bloodline. It's just a tool for the transition and continuation of the bloodline.

"My father has imposed the setting on me. I can only live until 65 years old and have to give up the throne to my children. Even if I can live till 98 years old, the result is fixed. That is to avoid political turmoil between my child's generation and the grandchild's generation as long as I live long enough."

The corners of Henry VIII's mouth rose slightly, revealing a smile that was either pitiful or sarcastic, "Yes, my father is afraid of me and fears me. So he imposed a curse on his only child, me, during my birth – just for the continuation of the kingdom."

"..." Annan went silent.

Facing Henry VIII's words, he did not know how to respond for a while.

Should I agree? Disagree? Comfort? Or encourage?

However, none of these make any sense.

After a long time, Annan asked slowly, "So, you don't love your child?"

Hearing Annan's words, Henry VIII showed a relieved smile of being understood and nodded lightly, "If what you are referring to is the love between parents and children, then yes."

He admitted it.

“Some people have said that the 'Child in the Cup' has no feelings. They may be right. The truth is that the 'Child in the Cup' wakes up too early.

“Humans have the instinct to love babies. Babies feel kindness and love from all directions, so they think they are the kings of the world, and they dare to extend their consciousness. So they will store this kindness and love as a way to meet and treat others. They are the fuel for the children to get to know others and love others.”

The old king said slowly, “But when the Child in the Cup is still in the cup, he has already become conscious and can understand all the words before he opens his eyes. People aren't averse to what they said before the unborn fetus.

“Yes, maybe it's the Cup-holding Lady's little mischief or a gift. The Childs can understand everything when they're in the cup before birth. However, they lose this ability after they're born.

“In other words, they have been soaked in the blood of human desire before they feel 'love'. They can feel hypocrisy, desire, disgust, and regret from their 'father' and 'mother'. Then, there only comes the 'love' that is revealed on the surface.

“The Child in the Cup is not a continuation of life, but a copy of life. Anyone who sees his Child in The cup will instinctively feel disgusted because this baby is exactly like himself, which is the proof of their life failure.

“Can an artificial being understand human love? It's a joke. I haven't felt love since I was born, so how can I love someone?”

Henry VIII looked at Annan, “To my father, I am his continuation; to my many children, they are my continuation. What if they were killed? It doesn't matter if they are poisoned, kill each other, or have their mind controlled. It has nothing to do with me.

“This is not revenge, but just the statement of facts.

“Since my father sees me only as a vehicle for the continuation of the kingdom and the royal blood, I don't need to express opinions on matters other than this — which is undoubtedly in line with his stance.

“If Philip or Elizabeth came to see me, I would lie in bed and pretend to be confused. But unlike them, you're not my descendant. When I see you, there's no need for me to be wary or put up a facade.

“Anyway, this year is the 65th year of my life. Next Wednesday is the day I will die. I don't care about it anymore. Let them do what they want because I have no 'love' for them.

“To me, they're not as interesting as a book.”

He spoke words that were contrary to common sense, but he did not hesitate at all.

Annan completely understood the king's situation.

Henry VIII had no “love” for the Noah Kingdom and his children.

In his heart, there was only hatred, responsibility, and indifference. His hatred for the “father” who copied life to him and set a boundary on his lifespan. He was indifferent to the responsibility for the “royal family” and “kingdom” that shackled his life and to the future destiny for him and his children.

He did not understand love.

It wasn't that there was no need for him to understand it.

But, he simply did not want to understand it.

### **The Righteous Player(s) C409– The Secret Of The Seventh Luminary**

Chapter 409: The Secret Of The Seventh Luminary

“I see,” Annan murmured in a low voice.

His gaze met Henry VIII's eyes. Those ice blue eyes were as pure as jade and crystal clear as mirrors. Yet, at the same time, the king stared at him with a false gentle smile that seemed indifferent.

In other words, Henry VIII watched what unfolded in front of him on an equal footing.

Even though their eyes met, Annan still felt like Henry VIII was not looking at him.

Those eyes were like Kafni's eyes when she first saw Annan.

It appeared like what entered the king's eyes was not “Annan”, but a painting called “Annan”. Or perhaps he was staring at something behind Annan.

Kafni's supernatural vision ability could be directly inherited from Henry VIII.

Henry VIII's ability to “know everything” was probably born from this supernatural vision.

By now, the answer was already obvious.

Why was Henry VIII so indifferent to his children but fervent to himself? He did not care about his own life or death, nor the kingdom's existence, so why should he express kindness to Annan?

He was not afraid of Old Grandmother.

But because he was interested in Annan.

Annan and Henry VIII were similar but the opposite of one another.

The contrast was like the inside and outside of a mirror.

The unreversed [Winter Heart] and the Child in the Cup identity the king was born with. They were unable to feel the “love” from their parents since childhood, and they were the only heir to the kingdom. However, they took opposite paths in the end.

“You should probably talk to my eldest brother beforehand.” Annan was silent for a long time before replying in a low voice, “I may not be able to give you the answer you want now.”

After all, his [Winter Heart] was reversed.

His previous memory might also have been completely wiped.

Perhaps the former Annan could echo Henry VIII to a certain degree before the amnesia. However, he was now completely different from a few years ago.

Without the memory of that period, the personality attached to it was no longer there.

However, what happened at this moment was quite odd.

In Annan's typical behavior, he would not have spoken so much.

Instead, he would listen to Henry VIII's words and try to earn rapport from the king to snatch some benefits from the encounter.

But somehow, Annan did not want to lie, which would be only limited to Henry VIII and this topic.

Annan's instinct instigated him to participate in the topic and value Henry VIII highly — just as Henry VIII valued Annan.

However, facing Annan's statement, Henry VIII just nodded gently.

“—I know. I see what you mean.

“But it doesn't matter if you remember the past or not. That's not a 'mirror' about me.”

“Mirror?” The strange word startled Annan.

He knew that Henry VIII was neither a transcender nor a ritualist.

He might have learned some occult knowledge but would not go too deep into it. Some of that knowledge would bring a burden to the soul. Without embarking on the Transcendence path, souls might go crazy after learning the knowledge.

No matter how Annan looked at it, the “mirror” had nothing to do with the current topic.

Unless...

“Your guess is right.” Henry VIII nodded and said in a flat and dignified tone. “Not long ago, Pope Benjamin came to see me once.”

He was like a Soul Snatch Wizard who was proficient in wizardry involving reading minds, saying precisely what Annan was thinking.

However, Annan did not feel any trace of the spell at all.

Benjamin?

How could he have anything to do with this?

However, it might be related to the “Man in the Mirror” since “mirror” is mentioned.

Annan frowned slightly and blurted, “If I make up a 'mirror' composition with you and I'm a 'mirror' with a person, could it be that I am the center of the ritual?”

“Yes.” Henry VIII answered.

“And you're just a part of the ritual?” Annan asked again.

Seeing that Annan could understand the situation to this depth the moment he heard “Benjamin”, Henry VIII could not help but smile in gratification.

He just said calmly, “That's natural, Your Majesty Annan.

“[The deities are born from the Light Realm, and they know that the radiance is born in the mirror and falls into the void.] [The Rays of Seven Luminaries have never fallen into the mortal world], [The 'mirror' without equal weight becomes the hatching egg, and the true light will not descend from the Light Realm].”

Henry VIII spoke in an intricate rhythm.

Annan felt a weight burdening his soul upon hearing it. It was like putting a stubborn rock in a half-full water bag, which made the water bag heavy. But, at the same time, it made the water level called “consciousness” rise until it overflowed.

Still, Annan was familiar with this feeling.

It is the mysterious “weight”.

He accepted this weight, which meant that Henry VIII had taught him this occult knowledge.

But if it is the knowledge of [Light] and [Mirror]...

Annan realized something.

“Then, Your Majesty... If you know it, and if you can tell me.” Annan frowned slightly and asked earnestly, “What is [Me]?”

“You are the [Divine Transporter].”

Faced with the philosophical question, Henry VIII answered without hesitation, “The great thing summoned by the 'ascendancy ritual' is the last light that transcender sees, and the first light that deities see.

“You may be the hand of the Divine Transporter, or you may be the Divine Transporter itself, or even just a ray of light. But what you are does not depend on the past but the future.”

As expected.

Like his granddaughter, Kafni, Henry VIII was a mystical person. From this point of view, Kafni was the only one who perfectly inherited Henry VIII's talent.

Henry VIII's supernatural vision was even far sharper than Kafni.

What Kafni saw was the essence of Annan's soul. In comparison, what the king saw was the existence of a real image in Salvatore's mirror.

But what Henry VIII saw was not a person, not even a thing, but a concept.

He could even see Annan's Book of Divine Transporter.

However, the “hatching light”?

Is he trying to help me?

But that doesn't make much sense for Henry VIII.

In other words, all this means nothing to him.

Is it because of what Benjamin said to him?

Thinking of this, Annan was silent for a while.

He turned to ask, "Then, Your Majesty, do you need anything from me?"

"Yes." Henry VIII nodded and immediately turned serious.

He replied firmly, unlike the kindness he had portrayed previously, "Remember, you must come to my funeral and come as the 'Austere-Winter's Grand Duke'. You should tell Nolan about it.

"I'm going to die in four days, and the funeral is next Sunday. It's important, and you must come."

"Alright." Annan did not ask why but just nodded.

This was bound to cause a lot of trouble for him. It might turn many people into his enemies, revealing his location and letting his enemies track his whereabouts.

But, so what?

Annan knew he wanted to be there as well.

So, it had been decided.

Afterward, Annan did not even bid farewell to the king but silently pulled Kafni, who was still a little dazed and overwhelmed, and left.

Behind them, Henry VIII smiled and looked at them calmly.

As Kafni was pulled away by Annan, she looked back subconsciously as she was about to leave the door.

She was not sure if it was an illusion.

Kafni always felt that the king's smile was similar to the smile when she first met Annan a few years ago.

But, it was by no means the same smile.

Kafni suddenly remembered that Annan had read a poem to her.

It was a poem written by a poet in Austere-Winter that Kafni did not understand at that time.

But she memorized the poem in her mind.

The poem went like this:

"I will fall into the abyss one day.

"My body is burned to the ground, my teeth have rotted, and my flesh has decomposed.

"But until then, I will walk with the light."

I see.

He is not reading the poem to me and not to the king either, but to the future Annan through me.

Kafni finally realized that Annan was decisively different from Henry VIII.

In the eyes of Henry VIII, no one ever existed.

On the contrary, there was always someone else in Annan's eyes, no matter the past or the present.

It seemed the light of hope always shone in Annan's eyes.

### **The Righteous Player(s) C410– Dream Elixir**

Chapter 410: Dream Elixir

“What are you doing here?” Salvatore looked blank.

He wore an unbuttoned white coat with sleeves rolled up to his elbows.

He had just left the basement of Geraint's house, strolling in Geraint's house while trying to find Nolan or Eugene to report the latest situation. Unexpectedly, as soon as he walked to the Gallery of Mirrors, he saw Annan and Kafni walking in together through the back door.

Looking at their clothes, it was indeed quite formal.

Annan had put on a new tuxedo the Paper Princess bought for him, imported from the United Kingdom. On the other hand, Kafni did not wear her typical dark dress. Instead, she put on a long skirt with the color combination of white and purple like a petunia [1] and a pair of silky white lace long gloves.

Salvatore might have thought the two of them were going on a date.

But, isn't it too formal?

“Have you gone to seek an audience from His Majesty?” Salvatore was a little surprised.

It seems like they have met the king, judging from their appearance.

But I heard that Henry VIII was so ill that he was bedridden. Because of this, Princess Royal Elizabeth reigned over the government.

“You look quite surprised.” The corners of Annan's mouth rose. “I'm from the Austere-Winter family, and Kafni is the princess. Is there anything strange about us seeing His Majesty?”

“No, it's just...” Salvatore frowned slightly and murmured, “I was just wondering if Henry VIII was feigning illness?”

Hearing this, Annan and Kafni looked at each other.

Annan asked in a low voice, “Why do you say that?”

Salvatore scratched his fluffy, somewhat dry, and dull brown curly hair in anguish, thinking seriously, “What I'm thinking about is that if the king is ill, then he won't let the heir of another country, which is you, to approach him.

“Not because the king will be worried that you have bad intentions against him, but to avoid anyone trying to use this as a reason to start a war.

“If the king dies shortly after you left, no matter if he died of illness or old age, it will undoubtedly arouse suspicion as long as anyone mentions that you have seen him. That's because Her Royal Highness Kafni's words won't clear the suspicion of you harming the king.

“If they bribe the guards or get Prince Philip or Princess Royal Elizabeth to frame you, you won't be able to exonerate yourself from the blame. This will be a sharp blade in the hands of the wicked, which will stir up the Noah Kingdom's civil unrest.”

Henry VIII would avoid this to ensure the kingdom's continuation unless he knew from the start that he would not die anytime soon and there must be more than one person who knew about this.

“It's even possible that they're feigning illness for a purpose... for example, to lure the enemies?”

“You are quite sharp.” Annan smacked his lips.

Although Salvatore was not as capable as the “other him”, he was still quick-witted.

However, there was a problem with the most crucial point. For example, Henry VIII did not care about the Noah Kingdom. But, the problem was that Salvatore was short of this piece of intelligence.

Regardless of his omission in this regard, he had guessed everything available to him.

“Fine, just tell me if it's inconvenient to tell me.” Looking at Annan and Kafni's tacit glances, Salvatore clapped his hands in dissatisfaction.

With his left hand on his waist, he took out a bottle of medicine from his pocket with his right hand and handed it to Annan, “Here you go. I have completed it.”

“What kind of medicine is this?” Annan took over the medicine suspiciously.

Then, the glimmering panel immediately appeared in front of him:

[Salvatore School — Dream Elixir]

[Type: Consumables/Ritual material (Gold)]

[Description: The Dream Elixir was crafted with the technique invented by Benjamin. It uses all the curses contained in the souls of 11 Bronze Rank Transcenders, 51 Silver Rank Transcenders, and 1 Gold Rank Transcender as raw materials, in addition to the brain of the Dream Stealer Danton as the curse material. There are a total of 63 tablets.]

[Effect: After taking at least one tablet before falling asleep, you will enter a unique “Distortion” difficulty level nightmare, which has a unique property of “phantasm”; each tablet can also be used to nullify a death count, and you will wake up from the nightmare after the drug is completely dissipated.]

“I have improved the teacher's technique, and I call it the Dream Elixir.”



When Annan looked down at the panel, Salvatore explained complacently, “I was thinking, since I would be making the nightmare here, and it was not naturally formed, why shouldn't I alter it slightly to my wish?”

“Using this agent I invented to enter the dream, you will be kicked out automatically when you die. Although you won't be collecting the souls of those transcendents, their remnants remain in their curses. I can use this remnant to deceive the nightmares, purifying the nightmare with a 'non-existent puppet'.”

“That's genius.” Annan couldn't help but praise from the bottom of his heart.

This could be the first nightmare in the world with a “safety net”.

It's not that it can't be done, but no alchemist has ever wanted to do so.

After all, ordinary transcendents would struggle to reduce the erosion rate on their souls. It was totally unlike Annan and the players who could enter the nightmares and grind [2] their progress as though they were games' dungeon instances.

For them, the nightmares were more of a “natural disaster”.

Only a few people in urgent need of power would actively seek nightmares to improve themselves.

Only the priests would treat the nightmare purification as their duty.

So, why would an alchemist want to help a priest?

The alchemists were occupied with their work without any spare energy. At the same time, they were prideful and thus would not think of this possibility.

After all, the status of alchemists and priests has been different since ancient times.

Even Salvatore thought of this to help Annan instead of helping the priests to purify the nightmares more safely.

“Annan, we don't have Danton's soul here. Without the soul as the cornerstone, we can't extract historical projections from the dream world and turn them into nightmares.”

Salvatore said thoughtfully, “So I have installed a setting—

“I used the ritual of 'the Man in the Mirror' to make this nightmare into a mirror mode. That is to say, I did not forcibly install a story into the nightmare but utilized the soul of the drug user as the cornerstone to import a story into the nightmare. Then, the curses and the power of the elements in Danton's skull will serve as a catalyst.”

After Annan pondered for a while, he slowly said, “In other words, if I take this elixir, what I will enter will be my nightmare?”

“Yes, it is equivalent to yourself being the dream key of this nightmare. If you distribute this elixir to someone else, the nightmare he sees will be different from yours. However, you may stray into other people's nightmares since I haven't perfected the segregation technique.”

Salvatore warned earnestly, "So it's a compound nightmare — like a gallery. It will be more complicated than a typical [Twisted] difficulty nightmare.

"Your advantage is that the nightmare you see must be something you have experienced. However, the challenge also lies here. The consciousness remaining in the curse of others will lead the story in a completely different direction from the actual history. That's also the possibility of falling into someone else's nightmare once in a while and coming back very quickly.

"You must give up your habitual thinking route to escape the nightmare.

"This nightmare is unlike a gallery. It will not erase your memory. The details of each entry may be different, so I recommend taking at least three pills at a time, allowing you to have three opportunities to restart.

"But, don't take more than five tablets. Otherwise, it will put too much pressure on your heart and affect your body. Although it's not that I can't treat you, it's always better to be careful."

Hmm, turning the memory of the past into a nightmare.

But I have absolutely no memory of Annan Austere-Winter's past.

In this case, can the dream world still import nightmares normally?

Is it better to have me complete it than the past "Annan"?

Annan stopped overthinking.

"I understand." Annan nodded, looked into Salvatore's eyes, and replied seriously, "I'll take the elixir tonight."

Kafni held Annan's hand worriedly, "How about I accompany you?"

"No, it's fine. I can do it myself." Annan immediately rejected Kafni.

His juvenile version and Kafni's juvenile version were different.

But are they still Annan's nightmare?

What could it be?