

Righteous Ps 41

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 41

Seeing about twenty or so of himself hanging on the ceiling, Annan was expressionless.

He even wanted to laugh a little.

“That's it?”

Annan was disappointed.

It was not that he was brave, nor was it that he had no fear.

From an objective point of view, Annan knew what was scary. In principle, what Annan entered was someone else's nightmare. In other words, in the dungeon instance, he was playing the man who was suspected of being a painter and stabbed by someone.

But these hanging corpses had the face of Annan outside the dungeon instance.

For indigenous NPCs, this trick might send chills down their spines, creating a sense of confusion about whether they were in a nightmare or their real self. But it made no sense to the player.

It was even humorous.

For the players and Annan, their bodies outside the dungeon instance were not their bodies.

If the bodies hanging atop were the Annan before the soul crossing or the players' original body, they might get scared into cardiac arrest.

The players, who had slow reactions and low awareness, could get surprised when they first saw the bodies. However, they might not get why it was supposed to be scary. They would resort to asking the others to help explain after exiting the dungeon instance.

It was pretty humorous that people needed an explanation to understand where the horror part came from.

Before Annan could see clearly, another lightning bolt fell outside the window.

Then, there was a flash of light. Annan saw that the corpses had turned back into portraits in chains as if what he saw previously was just an illusion.

Annan waited for a while, after which no lightning flashed.

So he asked sincerely and politely, “Anything else?”

“If no, I'm leaving?”

Watched by more than twenty dangling portraits, Annan passed the gallery briskly.

The L-shaped corridor had reverted to the dim atmosphere, the same as before.

The only difference was that there was a gap in the wall. It was the place where a hammer suddenly appeared before smashing the wall open.

Although the gap was not large, it was enough to allow one person to pass.

After Annan walked over, he glanced inside.

What surprised him was that there was a narrow and cramped passage. It only allowed one person to pass. Having two people walking side by side would be too crowded.

At the end of the narrow passage, there was a wooden door. It was the same as the door he saw in the last room during the previous two loops.

[Go to the side with painting in the encounter of branching off paths.]

“Is this the supposed road fork?”

Annan murmured.

He looked to the left. There was a dim yellow light at the end, almost the same as before.

The only difference was that there were no strange portraits on both sides of the L-shaped cloister.

At the end of that narrow passage, there was only one painting. On the left side of the door leading to the next loop, there was still a frame that Annan couldn't discern for the time being.

I should probably go this way.

Annan thought, trying to squeeze in through the gap.

He heard “himself” gasped in pain with his breathing speed up. The wounds in the abdomen seemed to be torn as a result.

His body seemed to be out of control.

In other words, it was as if he had entered a cutscene with his body moved on its own.

Did I clear it?

Or is this just the beginning?

Although he was stabbed in her abdomen, Annan had never yelled out because of the pain, let alone made such a humiliating sound. Previously, Annan walked at the fastest speed without worsening the wound.

Annan operated like a machine, precise and elegant.

But 'his' pace now was getting slower and slower. There were some meaningless movements due to pain and even staggered a little. This would undoubtedly worsen the wound.

“Buckel...please...” Annan's body muttered hoarsely.

Suddenly, his throat ached. He coughed violently, and the wound in his abdomen was further torn. He staggered to the floor because of that too.

He felt intense suffocation.

Finally, he coughed up bloody phlegm from his throat.

“Ah...ah...”

He wailed in extreme fear, and there was a gurgling noise in his throat.

Because he saw it clearly, it was not phlegm.

It was an eyeball.

A complete eyeball with a beautiful emerald green pupil.

“Please... don't...”

He begged softly again, staggering to get up. However, the corridor was too narrow and slippery. He had nowhere to support himself back on foot. The sharp pain in his abdomen made it more difficult for him to get up.

So after two failed attempts, he crawled in difficulty on the ground.

But, Annan heard the footsteps sharply.

It was light footsteps.

Annan's body crawled on the ground, crawling forward like a dog. Where did the footsteps come from?

It's behind me.

Annan reacted quickly.

Someone followed behind me quietly, tiptoed.

But “his” mind seemed to be in chaos, crawling forward with difficulty on the ground. His breathing was in a mess, and he groaned from time to time.

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For just a dozen steps, he crawled for a long while.

Until he touched the door, he was ecstatic.

“Ah...haha...ha...”

He raised his upper body, half crying and half laughing, trying to open the door and return to the vast gallery that at least allowed him to stand up and walk.

But, his smile quickly froze.

Because the door was locked.

The door would not budge.

It could not be opened at all.

He shook the handle vigorously in panic but realized that he couldn't open the door at all.

The door was locked at the other end.

At this moment, his gaze gathered, and his pupils dilated.

Because he suddenly realized that the shadow cast on the door was larger than the upper body, he propped up.

Someone is behind!

There was a bulge appearing on top of the shadow.

It was as if a person slowly raised a hammer above his head.

As soon as he realized this, Annan suddenly took back the control of this body.

It was luring him to look back out of reflex.

But, Annan still remembered the precaution.

-Whether it was the warning from Priest Louis or the old man's words at the moment he entered the nightmare.

"Don't look back."

Annan ignored the hammer that seemed to be smashed down in the next moment but raised his head decisively and stared at the painting on his left.

He saw it clearly.

It was a teenage girl with blond hair and blue eyes. She was sitting on the bed, wearing a white dress with lantern sleeves with lace edges on her arms. The dress covered half of her thighs, revealing her smooth knees.

She had a cute smile as she looked out of the portrait.

Though, her bright smile did not cover the creepy part of the portrait.

The left eye of the girl's portrait was burning with a circle of fresh burn marks. It ruined the overall warm beauty of it. At first, it was the size of a cigarette butt, then it gradually spread.

After meeting her eyes for more than a second, Annan suddenly entered a trance.

"Don't move, Elle."

He suddenly heard a somewhat familiar voice.

It seemed to be the painter's voice.

From Annan's mouth, there was a clear and lovely response, "Okay, Dad."

At this time, the world in front of him gradually became clear.

He found that his angle of view was slightly lowered. He sat on a soft bed, at least much more delicate than the bed in Salvatore's room.

He felt that the cuffs had a lace-like touch; he roughly guessed that he might have entered the body of the girl in the painting.

Opposite him should be the painter with a knife stabbed in his belly.

The painter was about 30 years old now, with brown hair, blue eyes, and some stubble. But he still looked handsome and graceful, and he was in a good state of mind.

Wait, brown hair and blue eyes?

Annan was silent for a moment and looked at the painter with pitying eyes.

“Smile, Ai Lei.”

The painter raised his voice, somewhat dissatisfied.

At this time.

The system prompt finally appeared in front of Annan's eyes.

Only then did he finally receive the belated main mission:

[Entered the Gallery: Elle Morrison (Third floor).]

[Main mission: Play the role of Elle Morrison until tomorrow morning]

Immediately, packed smaller fonts appeared below this line of words:

[Complete the portrait.]

[Explore the secrets of Amos Morrison.]

[Live.]

Seeing the main mission prompt, Annan immediately understood everything.

Oh my God...

Priest Louis had no system. Sure enough, the strategy was not reliable at all.

—The gallery is a place for you to choose your level! Every time you pass through a door, you enter the next floor. Looking at the portrait is the key to open the deep nightmare!

He finally knew how he died in the last two lives.

Annan had most likely walked to the end of the gallery and entered the last few floors. In theory, it was the highest difficulty dungeon instance that needed [Gold Rank and below] to tackle.

Priest Louis was probably the typical player who “still hasn't figured out what the plot is after the game is cleared.”

Under the increasingly dissatisfied gaze of Amos Morrison, Annan showed a sweet, professional smile before he urged him for the third time.

“Okay, Dad.”

Annan imitated Elle Morrison's tone and said the same words that sent chills down his spine.

It was a pity that Mr. Amos, who was opposite Annan, did not realize anything. He still felt a bit cold on his back, though.