

## The Righteous Player(s)

### C443– You Are Not Allowed To Go –

#### Chapter 443: You Are Not Allowed To Go

In the end, Silver Sire revealed Annan's true identity in public.

Many people had learned of Annan's identity through investigation and pretended not to know, so they could be considered not knowing it in official terms.

But, since Silver Sire declared that “Annan Austere-Winter appeared in Noah”, the nobles could not pretend not to know about it.

Since Silver Sire mentioned in full title and name that Annan was about to succeed Austere-Winter's Grand Duke, it meant that Annan's status had changed from the third heir to the future Austere-Winter's Grand Duke. However, the reason his eldest brother gave up the inheritance of the throne remained unknown.

Many nobles, who wanted to get acquainted with the Austere-Winter Dukedom or even restart cross-border trade, had plans in their minds; all the nobles whose daughters were not married at the appropriate age eyed Annan as well.

If it was an underage mortal Grand Duke, they might have plans in their mind. However, for a future deity, they did not even dare to think about it.

Moreover, Annan was not a false deity like the Venerated Skeleton and Rotten Man, who used ritual to become deities. They could not even find an upright deity they could rely on and were forced to wander between countries. Instead, Annan was under the protection of at least two upright deities, Silver Sire and Old Grandmother. He could become a subordinate deity of true deity at any time.

No one dared to have a grudge against Annan.

They stood no chance of surviving against Annan.

No power or family could resist time. But the deities were immortal and uncorrupted by time. If one attempted and failed, the price would be too great. At the same time, the protection of Silver Sire would put the success rate of any action extremely low.

Therefore, every nobleman would leave the three royal heirs, run to Annan and greet him respectfully after the funeral. Even the three heirs came to Annan to exchange a few words.

However, after seeing Salvatore's gloomy face and Silver Sire still staying by Annan's side, they immediately understood that Silver Sire still had something to say to Annan.

So no one lingered too long around Annan since no one dared to waste the time of an upright deity and a future deity.

It was like attending an idol handshake meeting or visiting a gallery museum. The flow of people did not even stop. Although they did not line up and sit in their seats, the order came naturally.

Everyone came up with a self-introduction. After getting familiar with each other, they politely said goodbye and left. Then, it would be the next one, with things happening orderly.

Those who were eligible to attend the king's funeral were quick-witted. No one would be disrespectful at this time.

“What exactly do you want to do?” After everyone left, Annan asked Silver Sire, “If you want to choose a new king, tell me directly. I will help.”

“Even if I told you...” Silver Sire looked at Annan with a half-smile, “You will also find a way to make Kafni succeed on the throne, right?”

“That doesn't conflict with my support for a certain prince now — or rather, my support for her father.” Annan replied calmly and softly, “Kafni's curse is not in a hurry.”

Judging from the Silver Sire Church's previous actions, he knew who the new king in Silver Sire's heart was.

It could only be Kafni's father, His Royal Highness Albert.

Thanks to Philip's murdering of his siblings, Silver Sire did not have much choice these days.

Since Silver Sire did not express his support for Elizabeth at the funeral. It showed that He was not satisfied with Princess Royal. Not very satisfied, at least for now. Philip did not intend to get Silver Sire's support initially. He just wanted Silver Sire to have no other option.

Then, there was only one answer.

Albert had no outstanding talent, even as a king and noble. His grasp of people's hearts and politics was relatively poor. His emotional intelligence was probably not as good as that of his daughter, Her Royal Highness Princess Kafni.

But that could be his perk too.

Albert had no pros but no cons, either. He was not alcoholic, playful, lascivious, or lazy. He did not have any obsession with power and did not even think about inheriting the throne, so he did not know exactly what his older brothers and sisters did.

His temperament and personality were calm. He wouldn't get angry when scolded, and he wouldn't be anxious if he were to fail.

It also meant that he was an easy-to-manage king.

Silver Sire chose Albert instead of Elizabeth, who was significantly more capable and widespread, indicating that His next goal was to strengthen His control over the Noah Kingdom.

“Are you planning to make a big move?” Annan speculated rationally.

Silver Sire was watching Annan with interest.

Because of Annan's question, the corners of His mouth rose and He blinked.

“If I say that I'm going to make Kafni the King...” said Silver Sire slowly.”

“...What?” Annan was startled.

Then he suddenly reacted and asked, “Why?”

Kafni was a Fallen.

She could turn into a demon at any time — at least Annan did not think it was appropriate for her to be the king in this situation.

Our king was a demon.

Just by saying this, Annan felt that it was terrible.

“This is based on other considerations. The reason why your identity is exposed is also for Kafni's good.” Silver Sire squinted slightly and looked at Annan, “Can you understand?”

“En, no problem.”

“Also, the price you gave is not enough for me to do it myself. We separate personal relations from business. All I can do is send you in person and give you a temporary buff that makes you immune to immediate death.”

“But I think you probably won't watch me die?”

“That's natural.”

Silver Sire smiled, then admitted, “If I confirm you've failed, I'll take you away.

“After all, Bernardino is the Fifth Mirror, and you've only just gotten three pages of the Book of Divine Transporter. He's not the enemy you're capable of facing right now.”

“But if I kill him — it won't be a problem, right?”

“That's natural!” Silver Sire laughed and said in a hearty and loud voice, “For the Divine Transporter, fate-based interference is ineffective. That's because fate is the Wheel of Divine Transporter. So what you do is destiny.

“If you can kill him, it means that he is destined to perish here; if you can't, then it's your fate that you can't do it at all.”

I see. Annan nodded calmly.

Salvatore said hesitantly, “So, Annan...”

“You are not allowed to go,” Annan answered without hesitation.

#### Chapter 444: Never-sleeping Reflection

“Only one Sage's Stone and only me.” Annan said thoughtfully, “If you want to help, concoct me some suitable reagents. Silver Sire has provided me with instant teleportation, so our time is not so tight. We can wait for me to finish the ritual, and everything is ready. I will depart before sunrise tomorrow.

“Before that, I'll ask you to stay up late and help me work on the logistics.” When he learned that what he could give was not enough for Silver Sire to intervene directly, Annan had already decided to attend to this matter personally.

Annan was at Silver Rank. Different from his previous state as Bronze Rank, he had gained a new truth.

If Sage's Stone were injected in again, it would grant him a more substantial combat power than the battle with the Rotten Man that day. There was a chance of defeating Bernardino.

At the same time, only the last bottle of Sage's Stone was left.

And that was Annan's excuse for rejecting Salvatore.

Salvatore, who did not use Sage's Stone, could not go head-to-head with Bernardino.

If Annan didn't know about this, Salvatore would use the bottle of Sage's Stone.

He felt sorry for the newly admitted students as he violated the oath when enrolling and could not secure the orthodox Black Tower inheritance. However, he was resolved to seek his destiny at the Swamp's Black Tower.

If Salvatore learned about this matter privately, he would stop involving Annan and head over secretly.

However, he found out about the situation along with Annan.

Then, things were different.

In the battle with Rotten Man, he clearly realized that compared with Annan, letting himself use Sage's Stone was a waste. Even if he handed his body over to the Shadow, what he could do was probably limited.

Annan was able to tie the Rotten Man even in Bronze Rank!

At least he remained undefeated for three minutes!

Even though the Rotten Man wasn't much stronger than the Truth Rank transcender.

At the same time, Annan had the protection of the upright deity.

Salvatore still did not know what Silver Sire wanted to do with Annan. However, for upright deities, they would not have to beat around the bushes if they had malicious intent. It was not a complicated technology in this world to alter the mind, modify memory, or even directly enslave the mind.

Annan wouldn't die even if he failed with the Silver Sire's protection.

Salvatore was not a passionate suicide squad either.

He wanted to save the tower master and take back the senior's soul. It was better to take revenge on Bernardino. Instead of rushing head-on and getting slaughtered by Bernardino.

Salvatore was confident that Annan was much stronger than him.

Then, he could only give this opportunity to Annan.

Thinking of this, Salvatore regretted it a lot.

Why did I only make three bottles of Sage's Stone at the time?

If it's four bottles, I can fight side by side with Annan!

"I understand." Salvatore nodded reluctantly.

When he first advanced into an [Alchemist], he thought that he could provide more help to Annan.

But he never imagined that there would be times when something happened to him, and he needed Annan to stand up for him.

When something happened to my family, I could only watch from the sidelines, but my friends are working hard for me. How can things go on like this?

I can't let this happen again.

At this time, Salvatore regretted his choice of profession.

If he attained the exclusive profession "Sacred Fire Envoy" as he became the son of the tower at that time, he could fight side by side with the tower master and use his soul to fuel and heal the tower master.

"Go back, Salvatore." The Shadow's cold and hoarse voice came, "Don't waste your time. Head back to Geraint's house and borrow their best Alteration Lab.

"Then, give me the body. I will make the reagent for Annan myself."

"Alright."

For the first time, Salvatore allowed the Shadow to borrow his body.

"If you have anything else you want to say to Annan, tell him immediately," Salvatore said in his heart and closed his eyes.

After a few seconds, he fell asleep on the spot.

Immediately afterward, dense black runes filled with an evil aura emerged from his body, transpiring with a disturbing thick black smoke that wrapped him in it. His eyes became two blood-red crescents, glowing faintly in the black smoke.

The title "the Shadow Demon" seemed more suitable for him than Kafni.

"What do you need, Annan?"

"Salvatore" asked directly.

“Potions that increase will's power, those that increase Constitution attributes, or those that increase damage resistance. I don't need potions that increase Strength and Agility. It's better to suppress my Strength and Agility appropriately. These are my orders.

“Secondly, I need a potion that temporarily increases the Perception attribute and a concoction that increases my capability to kill spirits. I will give you my sword. If possible, apply those effects to my sword. After that, some healing potions. How far can these be achieved?”

“Don't underestimate me. I will finish those conditions within twelve hours. No, I will finish it for you in ten hours.”

“Salvatore” sneered and said coldly, “I'm not that wastrel. Bring me the sword. You want potions that suppress the Strength and Agility attributes and put those effects in the potion that increases your Will's power, right? Are there any other requirements?”

“No, that's all.” Annan nodded.

“Then, there are two bottles of custom reagents: one to increase Will's power while reducing Strength and Agility slightly, and the other is a reagent that greatly improves survivability. After that, I will make you a bottle of spirit resistance reagent, one bottle of Stoneskin reagent, one bottle of Spiritual Fortitude reagent, three bottles of Whisperer's Elixir, one Mind-purifying Elixir, one Mind-deflecting Ring, one Anti-spirit enchantment, and one dozen of vigorous healing reagents. Am I correct?”

“Salvatore” recited Annan's order with a deadpan expression.

After hearing this, Annan became a little worried, “Why are there so many things? Are you sure you can finish the task?”

“Heh, don't underestimate me. I'm Salvatore's Shadow.”

“Salvatore” sneered and replied coldly, “Go and do your ritual. Before you leave, I will come with something.”

After saying that, she bit her thumb.

[TN: Salvatore's Shadow has a female persona.]

Annan had no idea how she did it.

“Salvatore” turned into a black wind, flying away like a demonic beast in Journey to the West.

At least Annan could be sure that Salvatore could not do this.

“They're not very happy,” commented Silver Sire slowly.

Annan nodded and said nothing.

How Swamp's Black Tower ended up had nothing to do with Annan. Annan was not acquainted with them.

But, he was a close friend of Salvatore.

If Annan did not stop Salvatore, he would die. Annan understood the senior and also the Shadow well. Salvatore was a rational and soft person. He would realize that his resistance was meaningless to the enemy and that he couldn't save anyone.

But the Shadow was different.

Shadow never did “what you should do”, but “what you want to do”. She was Salvatore's most primitive desire, the embodiment of his desire for pleasure, revenge, and rage: the source of all his driving forces.

Salvatore's behavior was constrained by morality, law, rules, and reason. What he did must take into account the benefit and the opinion of others. The relationship between Shadow and Salvatore was similar to the conflict between the “id” and the “superego” on the personality level.

Salvatore acted with reason and will to contain the Shadow. But now, his reasoning and will were on the verge of collapse. At this time, he would eventually act according to Shadow's train of thought.

This was the essence of his curse, [Never-Sleeping Reflection].

An ever-present mirror of self. At the same time, it was also a defense mechanism based on Salvatore's way of doing things.

When Salvatore encountered an event that he could not handle, the Shadow would appear to resolve it. Salvatore was a person who would not give up easily. When it was necessary to do something, the Shadow would come out to take the blame and lead the body to fulfill its will.

That was the so-called “temptation by the demon”.

It was not just Annan who realized this.

With Pope Benjamin's wisdom, he should have long understood the essence of Salvatore's curse.



That was why he taught Salvatore to strictly control himself, constantly strengthen his self-discipline, and do his best to resist the possibility of the “Shadow” occupying his body.

In fact, this approach strengthened the “Shadow” to ensure that the Shadow could do things Salvatore was afraid to do and unwilling to do at the critical moment.

The Shadow was his reflection in the water.

The more rational Salvatore was, the crazier the Shadow; the more innocent Salvatore was, the darker the Shadow; the more Salvatore thought for others, the more selfish the Shadow would be.

The seal imposed by Benjamin Pope was to protect his student.

It was not just to keep his life safe.

It also gave him an excuse he had to make when faced with the choice that contradicted his heart — and the blame tailored for the shadow.

That would maintain the integrity of Salvatore's personality so as not to leave him with regrets.

“Pope Benjamin liked him as a student.” Annan sighed.

Silver Sire looked at Annan, smiled gently, and shook His head silently.

He did not say much but simply urged, “It's time to do your ritual. If it's two hours late, the ice cubes won't necessarily melt.”

“Then, can you give me a ride?”

“Why not?” Silver Sire laughed, raised His hand, and a newly created silver coin appeared between His fingers.

He threw the silver coin at Annan casually and said casually, “Then, let the silver coin open a path for you—”

At the moment of being hit by the silver coin, Annan was in a trance as if a bridge made of silver coins appeared, floating in thin air.

Without waiting for him to move forward, the bridge moved independently.

In the blink of an eye, Annan reached the other side.

When Annan opened his eyes again, he was already in the Frost Tower.

Geraint and Salvatore had not yet arrived home.

#### Chapter 445: Stern Old Grandmother

Annan took out the mirror given to him by the Man in the Mirror and slowly lifted the curtain.

In the mirror, which was about the size of an adult head, nothing was reflected from it.

It merely shone with pale gold nihility brilliance.

After absorbing Annan's lifespan worth a day, Annan's mirror image finally appeared in the pale golden mirror. Besides that, there was still nothing else in the mirror. The frost runes of the Frost Tower behind Annan were still not reflected in the mirror.

“—[Reguetto].” Annan called upon Old Grandmother's real name in dragon language.

Calling the true name of any deity in front of this mirror could summon the other person's reflection in the mirror without consuming the corresponding occult knowledge.

After a delay of about three seconds, water waves visible to the naked eye appeared in the mirror. Annan's face slowly grew a pair of pure white, curved dragon horns like ice sculptures; fine silver dragon scales also appeared at the junction of his cheek and neck.

His hair turned snow-colored, and the short hair reaching his shoulders spread beyond the mirror. Then, his face turned into a mature and indifferent look at 27 years old.

The reflection was similar to Annan, Maria, and the Paper Princess. However, it did not match the “Old Grandmother” moniker and looked like the Paper Princess' elder sister. Moreover, she did have a strong elder aura.

The Old Grandmother looked deeply into Annan's eyes. The corners of Her mouth rose for a moment and then flattened back immediately.

She said solemnly with a stern face, “It seems that you have found something that you have to do in Noah.”

“Yes, Old Grandmother.” Annan was silent for a moment, then nodded slowly, “It's for my friend. I need to defeat a strong foe.

“So I need an Advanced Influence of the Lord of Frost to complete the 'Chill of the Winter Sun' ritual. I'm sorry to bother you.”

It was only then that he knew what the Old Grandmother meant to him when he first met the Venerated Skeleton... that time when he first heard Old Grandmother's real name.

[—If you have something to do in Noah, just deal with it and come back. Annan, you have grown up. Do what you have to do like a man. I support you.]

What She meant should be precisely what was happening in the current state.

It was not the challenge for Annan to fend off the Rotten Man.

Instead, it was to have Annan defeat 'the Purest Spiritual Medium' Bernardino.

Old Grandmother did not have the ability related to prophesy but what She said was the problem Annan was facing now.

She had seen through Bernardino's mind long enough to guess what Bernardino would do.

The Silver Sire was probably in the same shoe too.

After all, He had lived in the human world for thousands of years. He was not the kind of deity holding on to a supreme status beyond mortal affairs, but the deity blended in the human world. All in all, the twelve upright deities were ancient beings proficient in grasping human psychology, personalities, and desires.

What Mysterious Lady told Annan back then was that he might not be suitable for the “justice” sacred bone.

She should have seen through Annan's heart.

Since Old Grandmother would suggest Annan stay in Noah, does it mean that Annan would ignore these troubles and leave directly in the first life?

Then, I would rather be who I am now.

The reflection in the mirror seemed to notice what Annan realized.

Old Grandmother nodded slightly.

“You're still a child, so it's natural for me to take care of you. But I won't do everything for you. I won't be able to raise good children that way, but a spoon-fed kid. This is your destiny and your mission. You want to overcome it with your desires, set the path with your will, then get it done with your actions.”

“I will.”

"I'll give you the influence you want; I'll give you blessings. But I'm not going to guarantee you from dying. Since you've made up your mind to do it at the risk of dying, I won't depreciate the value of your self-awareness. In this world, awareness itself is a priceless treasure.

"Listen clearly, Annan. If Silver Sire wants to protect you and save your life when you fail, don't accept his kindness but remember to thank him.

"Be confident in yourself with what you have now. If used properly, it is enough to achieve your goals. Giving yourself leeway will only dull your sword at critical moments.

"[The invincible, strong enemy] is a snow mountain, and the process of challenging it is a ritual; if you die at the hands of the Spiritual Monk, I will kill him to avenge you."

The Old Grandmother said sternly.

That was significantly different from the casual air between Silver Sire and Annan.

The Frostscales Dragon King had strict requirements for Annan.

She did not like Annan's use of the deities' power to fight with the guarantee of safety. It was not a battle but a skirmish or a duel.

"Are you determined?" Annan pondered for a long time, then nodded slowly, "I probably understand a bit."

I'm still too weak...

So I can only pray for a miracle; So I can only seek protection.

For the first time, Annan's heart ignited a desire for stronger power and a higher rank.

It was not intense, but pure enough — like the first light in a mirror.

As if seeing through Annan's mind, Old Grandmother nodded again.

"Remember this desire, Annan. Keep it firmly in your mind. When you're trying to dye your soul, remember to recall it." The Old Grandmother uttered heavy and complex dragon words, "Listen, Annan — a strong enemy is wealth.

"A weak enemy is just a stumbling block. But an enemy who is too strong to defeat, it becomes a [Ritual] when his hostility is aimed at you.

"Every life and death challenge is a rare experience. The flowers that bloom from Noah can never withstand the cold of Austere-Winter, but the flowers that grow on the land of Austere-Winter will not freeze to death. "

Strong enemy. Ritual.

Old Grandmother kept repeating those two words.

Annan realized that it was a hint from Old Grandmother.

He suddenly froze and realized something.

“I will, Old Grandmother.” Annan said earnestly, “I will do my best to fight the enemy fairly and will not seek retreat and leeways.”

“Good boy.” Old Grandmother's tone gradually softened.

Her voice gradually softened, “Also, call me grandma.

“For you, I'm not the [Old Grandmother], but I'm your grandmother.” Then, the image of the Old Grandmother disappeared into the mirror.

The next moment, two lines of prompts appeared in front of Annan's eyes:

[You are blessed with a new mark, “Supreme Advanced Influence: Winter Love”]

[This effect does not reverberate and therefore does not disappear over time; while holding this influence, you will no longer receive any influence from the Lord of Frost.]

It was not [Advanced Influence: Remains of the Frost Deity].

It was the “Most Advanced Influence” that Annan had never heard of, and it would not generate nightmares.

Is this the power that only belongs to the popes?

Annan vaguely guessed why even if the pope did not use transcended power, the power of the ritual was several fold that of other bishops.

There was the secret, “Supreme Advanced Influence”!

This was a great power that only upright deities could bestow. It was a pity that Annan could only use it to complete a ritual.

But that was enough.

Immediately afterward, several new prompts appeared in front of Annan's eyes:

[You got the blessing of the Deity of Frost and Tradition “Old Grandmother”.]

[Within seven days, it only triggers when you use the spell of Energy Falteration School. Your spellcasting level is increased by ten extra levels.]

[You got the secret about “Austere-Winter”, read it in Frostwhisper's language, and it will cause an unquenchable blizzard.]

#### Chapter 446: Perfected Chill Of The Winter Sun

In the next moment, a sentence appeared in Annan's mind.

The Old Grandmother directed the message to him via the dragon language. Just hearing this, Annan felt his [Health Points] dropping rapidly.

“[Austere-Winter] was born before the four seasons and even before the birth of light and fire. It was originally used to describe the nascent earth, the sky's stillness like a dying old man; The hatred of things...”

I'm at my limit!

Annan had already lost consciousness.

His health was at a precarious 1% when he woke up again. The interior of the Frost Tower was covered with another layer of enchanting frost.

However, the first two sentences of the “Secret of Creation” were firmly engraved in Annan's heart.

“You said with a straight face for me to fight by myself with determination and will...”

But didn't you give me a bunch of good stuff in private?

Annan muttered softly.

He was blessed with the Supreme Influence of the Lord of Frost.

There were additional gifts from the Old Grandmother too.

Next, the ritual would officially start.

Annan placed the transcender corpses in a circle around him according to the twelve points on the clock.

The corpses all lay flat with their faces up and their palms down. Annan had already shaved their hair bald previously. Those bald heads were in a circle, leaning against his feet.

Annan took out the “light-concealing ice cube” curse vessel Kafni made for him.

It was like an oval ice grain the size of a grape and looked like a light bulb. However, it was not dazzling and probably at the same brightness as a desk lamp often used by students.

They were stored in a small women's lantern. The lantern had a white silk lampshade, and it was even embroidered with patterns composed of hollow sterling silver and finely polished crystal.

This was Kafni's favorite lantern... and also the lone lantern she lit behind her when she decimated her enemies as the “Shadow Demon”.

When Annan's hand was on the lampshade, he could even feel a touch of warmth. That was the heat of light left behind when the light struck the lampshade. If it wasn't for the fact that Annan's [Perception] attribute was very high now, he might not have noticed the difference from room temperature because he was in the freezing Frost Tower.

But when Annan touched the ice, he felt an immense chill.

That was the “feeling of having the chill adhere to his skin surface”.

It was like licking a metal railing in winter or touching dry ice with bare hands. However, the sensation was down by a notch.

But if ordinary people were to touch this ice cube, there was a high probability that they would suffer immense frostbite.

The ice cube obviously stored light, but how was it colder than ordinary ice?

It was in a container made of crystal, but it did not melt at room temperature.

But there was white mist puffing out of it when Annan's hand held it.

Annan gently placed it under the corpse's tongue and closed its mouth to hide the light.

The transcender corpses that had been frozen for a long time in the freezer showed a blemish hue on their skin. Not to mention any body temperature, the body was frosty.

But even so, the “light-concealing ice cube” would melt once it left its original transparent container.

On the other hand, Annan stood in the middle of all the corpses with his eyes closed. His face showed signs of calm breathing.

The heavy rain outside the tower was unstoppable.

The rolling clouds gradually gathered and became lower in pressure.

The citizens had already returned home, and the heavy rain roared in the city.

With Annan's current mana pool, it was not difficult to keep the [Notion Rain] running. Noah was already about to rain, and Annan's effort was merely the icing on the cake.

However, it did rob away the light under the sky.

It was pitch black inside the Frost Tower.

Annan stood quietly in the center, motionless. The twelve "light-concealing ice cubes" kept shining in the same rhythm as his breathing.

The highest-level influence Annan held was like the eye of a storm, attracting the magic power from the surrounding heaven and earth from afar.

The incomparably overcast and cold magic power continuously gathered from the Frost Tower and the heavy rain outside. Part of it was absorbed into Annan's body, and another part sank into the corpse beneath his feet.

The light hidden in the body could not penetrate the restraint of the corpse. Soon, the corpse gradually became like glass, transparent and shining.

"Old Grandmother [Reguetto]..." Annan whispered Old Grandmother's real name.

With Annan's chant, incomparable frost power oozed from Annan's side.

A thin layer of frost gradually formed on the skin of Annan and the corpses. Even Annan's heartbeat slowed down. He felt freezing energy remodeling his lungs, trachea, and nasopharynx.

He quickly opened his mouth and read out Mr. Ray's real name again: "Baldr...protect me..."

"—I can hear you, Divine Transporter...Is something wrong?"

Some familiar voices sounded in Annan's heart, "It's [Chill of the Winter Sun], right?"

"Let me help you."

The next moment, an incomparably splendid, brilliant golden light burst out from Annan's body.

He was covered in a layer of ice, but it did not stop the light from shooting out.



It was like a “light-concealing ice cube”.

Twelve hours, twelve months, and twelve corpses form the symbol of twelve upright deities.

Immense chill air and brilliance seeped out from the twelve corpses. Annan stood in the middle, and the cold air gradually froze his body. The radiant light roamed freely in his body as if he were carving or healing something.

The brilliance on the twelve corpses gradually faded, and the ice cubes melted completely. On the other hand, Annan was in a standing state, enclosed in ice, and his body exuded a dazzling light.

The light resembled some kind of liquid. It trembled and dripped off the ice, gradually seeping into Annan's lungs.

This process was repeated for several hours until sunset.

As Annan's mana properties were altered, the “ice” and “light” disappeared simultaneously.

Then, Annan slowly opened his eyes.

He took a deep breath... It was like taking a puff of a cigarette and slowly exhaling it, but what he exhaled was a frigid cold wind capable of freezing mortals instantly.

[You have completed the ritual perfectly. Therefore, your Will attribute receives +2 bonuses.]

[You have acquired the aptitude type ability “Chill of the Winter Sun”, and the aptitude is termed the “Frostscale Dragon”.]

[Chill of the Winter Sun (Aptitude): You can freely alter breathing as “Chill of the Winter Sun”, and this process will continue to consume order mana.]

[When inhaling, you can extract living creatures' heat and life energy from the air. The extracted life energy can be used to restore some of your injuries.]

[When exhaling, a frigid cold wind will be sent over. Its effect is equivalent to the Dragon's Breath used by the “Frostscale Dragon” of the same age. Living creatures killed by this wind cannot be resurrected by all means below the Truth Rank.]

Chapter 447: Winter's Harvest

Done...

Valtore took a deep breath, "Luckily, I have finished in time."

Her dark red pupils shone with an unsettling, ember-like fire, and her face was filled with exhaustion that could not be concealed.

However, she couldn't help but laugh out loud.

The laughter was full of contentment.

"As expected of me, I have completed this level of demanding requirements." Of course, she did not tell Annan what he was asking was very hard.

Limiting Strength and Agility attributes was not the challenge. The difficulty lay in strengthening the Will while "reducing Strength and Agility appropriately". It was necessary to express the medicinal properties but also to make it less reactive at the same time. Only when the reagent's effects repeatedly canceled each other would the reagent be crafted.

The reagent that would protect Annan's life was even more crucial.

How powerful was the reagent had to be so that Annan could survive in front of that level of enemy?

Salvatore did not know.

Neither did his Shadow know.

All they knew and could do was to give it their all.

They would make the most potent reagent they could muster.

This was a battle belonging to the "Salvatore(s)".

For the first time, Salvatore and his Shadow reached a consensus. They stood in the same position and tried their best to accomplish a goal.

Many reagents were not difficult for an alchemist. The difficulty lay in its quantity. Without Alteration equipment supporting batch productions, making so many reagents in a short period was difficult.

Crafting Alteration products would take a lot of time.

Even Senior Sister "Vatore" could operate only six furnaces simultaneously. With the assistance of Salvatore himself, she could barely craft all these things out.

However, no time was delayed.

The sky had already turned a little bright.

She immediately picked up the agent and left the basement.

The place where these reagents were crafted was not far from Annan. After all, they were both in Count Geraint's house. The only difference was their location: the backyard and the basement.

However, when she was about to reach the place, she suddenly slowed down her pace.

What's going on here?

Count Geraint's backyard turned into an icehouse [1] with hazy white smoke permeating everywhere. As Salvatore approached, he felt the chill on his feet gradually seeping into his bone marrow.

She looked closely and saw that Annan had come out of Frost Tower.

He stared at the rising sun.

The white chill visible to the naked eye was swirling around him like a vortex following the rhythm of Annan's breathing.

Annan's hair had also turned into the same frosty white color as Maria's. His icy blue right eye turned into a vertical pupil. Delicate and soft silver dragon scales grew from his neck near his collarbone.

Senior Sister Valtore felt that Annan's threat level had increased significantly.

As the instinctive side of Salvatore, her intuition was much more accurate than Salvatore's.

If she came to control this body, Annan wouldn't be able to kill her despite having the profession of an alchemist. However, things became different.

She was like a puppy approaching a sleeping beast, as if the other party could easily take his life away.

It was an instinctive trembling and fear.

After hesitating for a while, the Shadow retreated, "Annan?"

Salvatore opened his tired eyes, rubbed them, and walked toward Annan as if nothing had happened.

The most significant difference between him and Shadow was that Salvatore never thought Annan would be his enemy. He did not even have the slightest hint of it.

Because of this, Annan's deterrence did not hold up in front of him at all.

“Annan?” Salvatore said in exhaustion, “I have done my part here... Cough...”

While talking, he realized that he had not eaten or drunk for 14 hours straight. Not only was his throat hoarse, but he was also even a little dizzy. He was covered in sweat, and his limbs were a little weak.

“Thank you for your hard work, senior.” Annan nodded, and the icy blue vertical pupils gradually changed to human's round pupils.

However, the fine scales that appeared on his skin did not disappear.

After he completed the Chill of the Winter Sun ritual, Annan unintentionally completed a mission he had received previously.

[Completed: Path of Archaic Bloodline]

[The evolution of the talent “Winter Heart” is completed.]

[“Winter Heart” (Reverse) has evolved to the next stage: Winter's Harvest (Reverse)]

[Winter's Harvest (Reverse): You will not feel all negative emotions; the damage of the “frost” element you emit will be permanently increased by 50%; you will be completely immune to the damage of all “frost” elements below the Truth level.]

[After all professions have been promoted to Gold Rank, Winter's Harvest (Reverse) will evolve to the next stage: Winter's Blood (Reverse)]

[Winter's Blood (Reverse): You will not feel all negative emotions; the damage of the “frost” element you emit will be permanently increased by 100%; you will be completely immune to the damage of all “frost” elements below the Truth level.]

[After awakening the Winter's Blood, you will recall the form in the depths of your bloodline.]

Compared to Winter Heart, it was much more robust.

The reversal of Winter's Harvest also made Annan less likely to hurt himself.

Silver Sire's increased resistance to instant death for Annan;

Benjamin provided the Sage's Stone to Annan through senior;

The Old Grandmother granted the blessing and the mystery of the world's creation of "Austere-Winter";

Winter's Harvest, given to Annan by the Silent Lady, engraved with the Reverse Inscription;

Mr. Ray blessed him with "Chill of the Winter Sun" personally.

And the many reagents provided by the seniors.

Annan felt all the kindness.

Although his mood was calm and serious, the corner of his mouth rose slightly.

He felt that he was truly loved.

To be watched, to be blessed, and to have anticipation placed on him.

Maybe the others would be stressed...

But Annan loved this feeling—

Annan took the reagent package from Salvatore.

Without hesitation, he raised his head and drank all the bottles he recognized.

Then, he paused for a while after seeing the two bottles of reagent that he had never seen before.

Annan never thought that Salvatore could achieve it.

[Salvatore's School, the Heart of the Radiant Glory Elixir.]

[Type: Consumable (Purple)]

[Description: Salvatore has designed a reagent for his friend Annan Austere-Winter, which can weaken the Strength and Agility while strengthening the Will.]

[Effect: Will+5, Strength-1, Agility-1. The effect lasts 24 hours after consuming it.]

["I hope you can do it" – Salvatore-Shadow]

[Salvatore School, the Heart of Hope Elixir.]

[Type: Consumable (Dark Purple)]

[Description: Salvatore has dedicated a reagent for his friend Annan Austere-Winter, which can greatly improve vitality.]

[Effect: After taking it, when taking damage more than 50% of the Maximum Health, you will not faint due to fatal injury for 24 hours; Obtain the ability of aptitude type “Unyielding”: The effect only activates once. When Health is reduced to below 0%, it will continue to decrease. Then, Health will recover by 30% after three minutes.]

[Cost: If “Unyielding” is triggered, your Constitution will be reduced by 20 points temporarily. 1 Constitution attribute will be restored daily; if the Constitution attribute becomes lower than 0, you will die immediately.]

["I hope you will come back alive" – Salvatore Blacktower]

Chapter 448: I Will Lead The Frontal Assault

[Annan's Sword]

[Type: Weapon/Accessory (Dark Blue)]

[Description: The original noble saber of Don Juan Geraint. It's strong, light, and elegant; after being used many times by Annan Austere-Winter with the Frost Sword ability, its inner structure was damaged, and the blade became colder. But Salvatore has now repaired the damage to the interior.]

[Effect: The wielder will be afflicted with the curse “Arctic Cut”.]

[Arctic Cut: When it causes “cut” damage to living enemies, it can cause additional frost damage that is difficult to dispel; when it causes “cut” damage to ghosts and spirit-type enemies, the damage is converted to frost damage.]

Eh.

It's a weapon similar to that [White Guillotine].

But that sword is too heavy and too large to carry around.

So, Annan only brought three curse vessels: Elves' Hand, Annan's Boning Knife, and Annan's Sword. He also brought along the boning knife satchel with the reagents and elixir in it.

“Then, I'll be going.” Annan said solemnly to Salvatore, “Leave it all to me, senior.

“Trust me.”

Then he nodded to Silver Sire, who appeared beside them at some point.

Before Salvatore could respond, Silver Sire threw a silver coin at Annan.

Like an afterimage, Annan instantly disappeared in front of Salvatore's eyes.

"I haven't said goodbye to him yet." Salvatore lowered his hands a little decadently.

He murmured in a low voice, "Come back alive... Annan..."

"Let's talk to him when he comes back." Silver Sire gently advised Salvatore, who was somewhat lost.

The next moment, He tossed a silver coin out.

Then, he disappeared in place in an instant and followed Annan over.

Their location was less than 200 meters away from the ablaze Swamp's Black Tower.

Even at this distance, Annan had already felt the surging heat wave coming at him.

However, when those heat waves approached Annan, they were naturally cooled by the cold air that Annan exhaled. The ground under Annan's feet also creaked with tiny cracks due to the sudden chilling effect.

"Is it this place?"

"Yes." Silver Sire nodded calmly and suggested, "But you are not ready yet."

"What else?" Annan was about to say that he had done everything he could prepare for.

He could even fight with a demi-deity.

Silver Sire just shook his head.

"Do you know why he is your Fifth Mirror?"

"That's because you and him both use the power of others to achieve your goals. The Fifth Luminary of the Sun is the light reflected in the pupils of the world. That is to say, you and he are similar but opposite in that—"

"He possesses undead while I have my players?" Annan suddenly understood everything.

That was why Silver Sire had me complete Henry VIII's funeral first.

Was Henry VIII's death my fault?

He had to give me this power right away, so...

Then, Annan dismissed the hesitation immediately.

“What am I hesitating about?”

He murmured in a low voice, “There is only one enemy.

“Then I need to do my best and kill him.”

If Annan was committed to giving it all, he should not save even a shred of energy.

The players were powerless against the Purest Spiritual Medium, but they were strong enough to fight the undead... at least guarding Annan's back.

“I see...” In the palm of Annan's right hand, the rune, which looked like a power button, gradually lit up.

He closed his eyes and whispered, “If you can hear me, please help me.”

Just then, Annan saw two new buttons in his backend interface:

[Generate a promotional video.]

[Set a teleportation point.]

I can understand the second option. But what's the deal with the first one? When did it come out?

Annan was startled.

He was so used to using his power that he forgot he was not alone.

—He was never alone.

He was not a solitary monarch who could be bullied arbitrarily.

“But it's half past five in the morning...”

How many people can be summoned for such an urgent call?

For them, it's just a game.



Although the players already knew this was a real otherworld, what they got from here was no benefit to them in their original world.

The players could not bring back any special abilities or treasures in this place.

Everything they were involved in was just giving — disrupting their beautiful dreams or plans for work and school and having them as Annan's tools to challenge powerful enemies while unprepared.

How many people will come?

Annan murmured and closed his eyes.

No matter how many people were summoned, he would surely win.

Under their watchful eyes, they won an upright victory.

Generate a promotional video...

After Annan clicked that button, the world in front of him suddenly opened up.

It was like a fantasy-like soaring with Annan's hand reaching up to the light above the abyss.

The light suddenly expanded.

Annan saw Salvatore and his apprentices walking between Swamp's Black Tower.

Salvatore caught up with a girl, patted her on the shoulder, and asked, "Is there really no problem? I think you are still a little hesitant."

"No...teacher, I..."

The girl whispered shyly, "It's just that I'm too embarrassed to say..."

"Say it out. No one will laugh at you." Salvatore rubbed his dark circles, revealing his signature dead fish eyes and his signature gentle tone, "We are family."

When the screen changed, Annan saw wizard apprentices chatting lazily in class. Clarence frowned, scratched the blackboard with his long fingernails, and made an unbearable creaking sound.

"Listen to the class!" He raised his voice sternly, "If you don't listen to the class now, what will happen in the future?"

A boy below muttered softly, "We don't necessarily have a future..."

After that, he was glared at by Clarence and lowered his head embarrassingly.

The scene changed. It was Clarence confronting the younger Bernardino in the black silt.

“How are my students?” Clarence asked Bernardino nonchalantly.

Countless golden chains locked Bernardino firmly.

The screen moves toward Bernardino, revealing the corners of his mouth that suddenly rise slightly and a disdainful smile.

“Keke.” And the sneer that was so low it was barely audible.

The scene changed. Bernardino was holding four long bloody nails.

Bernardino sneered, “Try to sever your fate. Until the end, he believed in this kind of thing.”

Annan's voice resounded loudly, “—But as long as you can lift your spirits, you can climb up with me.”

In the abyss, he slowly reached out his hand to hold the incomparably fragile spider thread, and shouted loudly, “Then, let's climb together!”

Then, there came the determined Annan's climb.

It was a long climb.

A hopeless climb — and an expected fall.

“Give it up, Hugo. You have no chance of winning. I won't do anything to your students if you're willing to surrender.” Bernardino's voice sounded in the dark.

“Are you short of time?” Another voice that Annan had never heard before echoed across him.

In the black abyss, an invisible and colorless flame seemed to ignite.

Annan was still falling.

The light in his eyes was shining brighter.

“Human...” Annan murmured, clenching the spider's thread for the hundredth time.

A whisper sounded at the bottom of the hopeless abyss:

“Without wings, how can you go up?”

Obviously, it said such decadent words.

But Annan showed a brilliant smile. His pupils were brighter than the stars.

Failure could not defeat him.

“Have you had enough rest?” Annan's voice sounded at the bottom of the abyss, “As long as you can lift your spirits and climb with me—

“Just follow!”

Like a waking ant.

The crowd gradually followed Annan, climbing up the thread without knowing how many times they tried.

The camera soared from the abyss.

At the moment of leaving that glow-filled summit, it became the Black Tower that was looking down and blazing.

“Swamp's Black Tower is on the verge of annihilation.” Silver Sire's voice came from outside the screen, “Except for you, Von Hohenheim, and Longjing Tea, maybe all the Black Tower Wizards are dead.”

Followed by Old Grandmother's voice, “It seems that you have found something that you must do in Noah.”

“Yes, Old Grandmother.” Annan's voice sounded slowly in the darkness, “I need to defeat a strong enemy for my friend.”

“Leave everything to me, Senior. Trust me.”

Salvatore's hoarse voice came in a low voice, “Come back alive... Annan...”

Annan slowly whispered the name, “Bernardino...”

Then, there came Hugo's icy voice.

It seemed to overlap with Annan's voice, “If you want my soul, then come and take it.”

The final picture suddenly appeared. The frame was fixed at the burning Black Tower, with Annan walking forward under the tower.

The production of the promotional video is completed.

“It's well made.” Annan was silent for a while, then murmured in a low voice, “Then let's publish it to the players.”

Finally, set the teleportation point to the [Swamp's Black Tower].

Annan slowly drew the blade out, “If you want to come, just follow...”

The brilliance flashed again in his eyes.

“And I'll lead the frontal assault—”

#### Chapter 449: The Players Are Gathering

Xiang Tiange put on his sneakers, opened the door, and walked out while doing chest muscles training.

The strong muscles visible to the naked eye tensed and relaxed powerfully with his movements.

After entering “Mist Continent”, there was a significant improvement in the recovery of his physique.

Xiang Tiange was used to getting up at 0:00 every day. After 5 hours of live streams, he would go for a morning run until 6:00 a.m. Later, he would visit a breakfast place before returning home. Usually, he would then go for a bath and some reading.

9 a.m. would mark his next exercise session, lasting until noon. Then, he would play games all afternoon — or come back from errands and enter the Mist Continent on time at 4 p.m.

His schedule was unlike the youngsters like Jiu Er and Lin Yiyi.

Xiang Tiange was not that young anymore. So he prioritized taking care of his body. It just so happened that he had the spare, so it was still vital to keep up with proper exercises.

However, as he was jogging halfway, a sudden buzz appeared in his mind. A line of words appeared:

[Mist Continent has been updated to a newer version.]

[Starting from the current version, it is no longer mandatory for characters to take an 8 hour break before the next login. There is no longer a minimum and maximum time limit for logging on and off. You can deal with related affairs in your reality at any time.]

[Situations such as hunger, dry cough, disease, and excretion of the body in reality can be viewed in the game; all social applications installed in the mobile phone, including text messages and phone functions, have been incorporated into the “mini-programs” of the forum. They can be accessed directly in the game.]

[However, players are still asked to rest before entering the game. Please take care of your real life first, don't affect your study, work, and health for the sake of the game.]

[The teleportation mechanism has been activated, spending 5% of the current level experience to perform teleportation, or you can use the affection rating to purchase teleportation membership from the faction leader; the teleportal range will gradually increase as the main storyline progresses. Players are given access to the missions for the construction of teleportation.]

[After going online, you will automatically receive “Ritual: Return to the Teleportation Point”, which can be used once every three days. After using it, you may return to the previously registered teleportation point; after death, options of “return to the registered teleportation point” and “resurrection in place” will be added. Subsequent players will get this ritual after completing the beginner mission.]

[The open beta version is about to be released. Please pay attention to the follow-up content in time.]

[Do you wish to watch the new version of the promotional video?]

**【Yes】 / 【No】**

This shit looks legit...

Would there be a silly kid treating this like a game? Is there any point in trying so hard to maintain the perception of being a game?

Xiang Tiange—or rather, Delicious Wind Goose couldn't help but complain in his heart.

Although he did not know if he would pass out when watching the promotional video, he chose to walk to the inner aisle. Then, he sat on the steps of the roadside shop so as not to black out and obstruct the passers-by.

He wiped his sweat and closed his eyes.

Meanwhile, Lin Yiyi was still in the game.

She had planned to go offline at 8.00 p.m.. After seeing this update prompt, she raised her head and glanced at the sky in surprise.

“Is this a hotfix?” But after all, she was in a safe place. She opened the promotional video without any hesitation.

Then, she opened her eyes widely.

“Eh...” Longjing Tea was about to quit the game and had returned to his room, so he accessed the promo video without any concerns.

“How come I'm in there!?” As soon as he watched the beginning of the clip, he couldn't help but complain.

He did not even know when this was recorded. The act of pretending to study was conspicuous in the classroom.

It reminded him of when he lowered his head to play with his phone or read light novels during school. It gave off the feeling that his crime scene was recorded, edited, and published to the public...

But he soon got rid of the feeling of being ashamed.

The smile on his face faded away.

“Is the Black Tower destroyed?”

Has Mentor Clarence also died?

—Are you constructing spells now?

—Did I disturb you?

Clarence's concerned voice rang in Longjing Tea's ear.

He still remembered the lazy and nostalgic chuckle when he watched the silly teenagers play.

He still remembered the vast library that shocked him tremendously.

He still remembered those fantastic books. Books that could talk, books that were as delicate as a girl's skin, books that could only be read with heat-insulating gloves, books that could only be read after answering the password...

He remembered the light in those children's eyes.

He remembered his mentor, Mr. Clarence.

“Is Swamp's Black Tower facing annihilation?” Longjing Tea closed his eyes slightly.

He thought for a moment, then opened his eyes faintly.

“I can't ignore this.”

“Annan! You're so cool.”

Lin Erer, who got up from the dormitory and looked at his phone on the bed, couldn't help but smack his leg in excitement.

His roommate was awakened by the smack and glanced at him blankly while half asleep.

This alerted Lin Erer as well.

He thought for a moment and tried to call Lin Yiyi.

At this time, Lin Yiyi should still be in the game. What an opportunity to try this new feature.

The other party took about 10 seconds to pick up the phone. He should have studied how to answer the call.

“Hey?” Lin Yiyi's familiar voice came from the other end of the call. The audio quality was exceptional too.

“Sister?” Lin Erer whispered, “Can you help me to take an official leave from the tutor?”

“Can't you do it yourself?”

“No. I saw the new event. The fight is happening soon. It's not convenient at school. They might check on my dorm. I'm thinking we will be busy in the next few days. How about I crash at your place for a few days?”

While he was talking about the event, he intended to slack off.

At the same time, the food at Miss Jiu Er's house was superb.

Lin Yiyi was a little helpless, “Your leave lasts a couple of days. Would your instructor approve it?”

“Yes! I have good grades, and I am obedient. If the reasons are good, why won't he approve it?”

Lin Erer laughed along and whispered, "Sister, please..."

"Fine, I'll say I'm married, and the family asks you to return to your hometown. That should work, right?" said Lin Yiyi impatiently.

Lin Erer shuddered and woke up completely, "No, no, sister! I've used this reason! You can't marry a second time!"

"What?" Lin Yiyi was silent for a long time and then made a puzzled voice, "What the hell? Why didn't I know that I was married?"

"Just last time..."

"Fine~ Then I'll call your tutor at noon. I'll give you a leave for half of the month."

Lin Yiyi raised his brows and sneered, "But then you don't bother with what excuse I use to ask for a leave."

"Sure, go ahead." Lin Erer replied with a smile.

He hung up the phone and woke up his roommate.

He spoke to his roommate about feeling uncomfortable and got him to ask for a half-day absence from the tutor. Also, he told his roommate not to walk him up for the meal. Instead, he would look for food after waking up.

After all, it looked like he would attend the boss fight with Annan. He did not know if he could finish it in an hour. If the battle lasted till 8 a.m. and it was not done, his roommate would try to wake him up for classes.

If it was found out that he couldn't wake up, it might cause a commotion.

Then, Lin Erer closed his eyes again.

Suuankou, who was still a little sleepy, opened his eyes from the bed.

His identity had become a youth version of a phantom thief in another world.

He saw a post from Delicious Wind Goose on the forum:

"Anyone who is not afraid of death, are you going to help Boss Annan with something big?"

The content of the post was brief, with only one sentence.



“Remember to wait for me when you go, and don't start the boss event first. I'll be there in fifteen minutes.”

That was the first reply to Longjing Tea's post.

“Come on, Old Goose.”

Then Lin Yiyi: “I've already arrived. Please teleport over here! Annan has turned white!”

Jiu Er: “This is my revenge battle! Originally, my mother told me we would go on a two-day-long vacation. However, it seems that it will be delayed by a week.”

Citalopram: “I'll take a leave of absence. Please give me 10 minutes.”

More than 60 people had replied to this post, and the number was still increasing.

Everyone's opinion was unified.

Suuankou couldn't help but reply:

“I'm coming!”

Even though he might be of little use in this kind of battle...

“Standing up for my bro. I'm good at this!”

## Chapter 450: Charge With Me!

Delicious Wind Goose rushed home, panting.

Annan's call time was 5:30 p.m. On the other hand, Old Goose was at the place farthest from home for his morning run. Thus, he darted back, and it only took ten minutes to get back on his bed.

He did not take a bath and skipped breakfast.

But, it was not much of a problem.

He had watched the new promotional video.

Like the first promotional video, it was a mix of insane footage. Although the players had no idea what Annan's spider thread was about, more information was provided than in the first promotional video.

—The first Boss-level opponent had appeared.

Although according to Delicious Wind Goose's speculation, there was a high probability that they still could not harm this Boss.

Even though a few players had already advanced to Silver Rank, they still had 80 Bronze Rank in the end.

The only good news was that the 40 new players had completed their Advancement and become transcendents.

Eighty transcendents... They could partake in this turmoil as long as the infinite resurrection was available!

It was a long-awaited adrenaline surge that pumped him up.

It was reminiscent of making a party in adventure games back when he was young.

And now, he was already a leader among Mist Continent's closed beta players.

This was also related to the many strategies he uploaded during the exploration of "Nightmare: Gallery", as well as his success in sneaking into Noah and completing the secret mission.

"Don't start yet. Wait for me..." Delicious Wind Goose grumbled, closing his eyes quickly and entering the Mist Continent.

After he went online, he got the teleportation ritual directly.

The ritual was simple — Tap anything that makes a sound thirteen times in a row, say "Praise the Divine Transporter"; blink at the light source seven times in a row, and say "Reverence to the Divine Transporter". With that, the player would teleport to the previous checkpoint.

He had seen from the forums that there was only one teleportation waypoint at the moment... the Swamp's Black Tower.

According to the information that Lin Yiyi inquired from Annan, the players only need to use this ritual at a teleportation waypoint if they want to teleport to other places.

A teleportation waypoint was not a "coordinate", but a designated "region".

The teleportation would proceed in a general area instead of a pinpoint coordinate.

Those who teleport would randomly appear within the field of vision of an "acquaintance". If there were enough acquaintances in this place, then the location which the ally teleported could be roughly influenced.

The teleportation destination would be unreliable if no allies were at the target location.

“In this case, we have to arrange for someone there to guard the teleportation waypoint in the future.” Delicious Wind Goose muttered in his heart. Then, he performed the teleportation ritual quickly and accurately.

He should now be the one who understood the ritual most among the players.

After blinking at the lit candle seven times in a row, Delicious Wind Goose chanted in a low voice:

“—Reverence to the Divine Transporter.” The next moment, he felt the candle flame suddenly expand and spread.

A bright and dazzling light quickly spread from the center of Delicious Wind Goose's field of vision to the surroundings.

The whole world turned into light.

A mysterious power spread from his eyes to his whole body. After enshrouding him, an immense “soaring feeling” came about. It was as if he had risen to a higher realm.

“You're late, Old Goose.” Lin Yiyi's voice sounded from the side, “Everyone is waiting for you.”

She smiled gloatingly, “Does it feel good to teleport?”

“I thought I would faint and teleport.” Delicious Wind Goose acquiesced to her ridicule. He said helplessly, “Isn't this the typical pattern?”

No wonder there is a fee for teleportation...

He raised his head and looked around, “How many people are here?”

“—Everyone is here.” It was Annan himself who answered Old Goose.

When Delicious Wind Goose looked at Annan, he couldn't help being stunned for a moment.

The thin white robe, the short shoulder-length hair like snow, and the scales on the neck made Delicious Wind Goose instantly think of the dragon character in Final Fantasy 14.

But his hair is too short in comparison.

If it can grow to the waist, it should be stunning... I think adding a pair of dragon horns should also look fantastic.

When such thoughts popped up in Delicious Wind Goose's mind, he suddenly thought of someone.

He immediately turned his head to look at Citalopram in the crowd.

Unsurprisingly, Citalopram's eyes were locked on Annan, focused.

“Thank you very much.” Annan looked at the players with complicated eyes.

He also thought that many players should be participating in this large-scale event.

After all, players like to join in the fun. He had expected about 50 people, given his confidence in the players.

As long as there were more than 30 people, Annan could establish a safe area to outflank the enemy.

If fewer than 20 players came, Annan had to launch a heavy assault to get inside the Black Tower while avoiding being attacked by the enemy from his rear.

But Annan never imagined that all the players would come together.

Most of the first batch of players were streamers. So they had plenty of time, which formed the central power of Annan's forces.

The second batch of invited players included students, executives, and bosses. Each had their life and life difficulties.

However, they left their respective lives behind — choosing to answer Annan's summon without getting any real benefit.

Even though they could not even be considered friends.

Nearly half of these players had never met Annan, let alone establishing a connection with Annan.

What happened here had crossed cultures, civilizations, and even worlds. It signified the connection between “people”.

For a while, Annan was inexplicably moved.

He finally confirmed where he and Bernardino were similar but different.

Like himself, that “Spiritual Monk” snowballed more and more powerful “helpers”. The souls and the players were considered the same aspect.

However, the difference was that the spirits of Bernardino were silent, lacking a mind and lacking freedom.

On the other hand, Annan's players rely on their free will to decide their behavior.

They explored, saved the world, fought the evils, and did it just because they wanted to — without anyone forcing them, ordering them, or enslaving them.

This was not a game where death arrived if they disobeyed Annan's orders.

Annan did not disregard the players' state and summoned them directly — although he did have such authority.

But having it did not mean that Annan had to use it.

Players came chatting and laughing with each other, with no pressure, no fear, and no absence.

They sincerely and earnestly wanted to save everything — destroy the bad, keep the good, avenge the evil in the name of justice, and do whatever they wanted in the name of freedom.

They were unrestrained souls.

These were the players.

They followed Annan like a pack of wolves following their king.

You all taught me a lesson too.

Annan's lips moved slightly, speaking silently.

He looked up at the burning Swamp's Black Tower.

It was as if he sensed Annan's killing intent — many transparent spiritual bodies emerged from the sky and came over.

That was the spirit legion in the number of thousands Bernardino had collected over the years.

In the high-intensity confrontation with Hugo, they had no room to make an attack.

But for Annan and his players, every spirit was an experienced and powerful “elite monster”.

Players were not afraid at all.

They were like wolves with green eyes, looking at the spirit bodies flying towards them with unprecedented enthusiasm.

After they came to Mist Continent, they had never seen such a high density and number of elite monsters!

Annan's only one sentence of pre-war mobilization came at this time:

“Here, I give you the power of infinite resurrection—” He had no plans of continuing to hide his authority.

Players had received prompts that the resurrection would not deduct their level for the time being.

This thoroughly boiled the players' enthusiasm to another level.

Annan drew his long sword and pointed forward.

He pointed it to Swamp's Black Tower, which was haunted by undead.

His eyes were bright, and his voice was inspiring.

“My warriors!”

Annan was the first to rush forward.

A sonorous cry resounded through the sky.

“Charge—”