

## The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 5

### Chapter 5: Changes

The conversation between Annan and Don Juan this time was slightly different from the previous one.

Annan didn't ask Don Juan about the black-haired and blue-eyed boy Klaus asked. When Don Juan left the room, his expression was not so serious.

This time Annan took the initiative to ask,

“Young master, where are you going?”

“I'm going to find Sir Benjamin.” Don Juan added, “If you need to find me in an emergency, head directly to the captain's room. Don't bother with whoever talks to you, and don't be distracted by going to other places. Make it a swift trip.”

“Got it.”

Annan responded.

At Don Juan's age, he was considered quite cautious. He did almost everything he could. Unfortunately, he did not consider the loyalty factor.

His mistake was putting too much trust in the guard captain. For a vulnerable noble like him, he should not trust anyone. After all, Don Juan possessed a precious item and might probably have offended someone previously.

That included John too.

Annan sighed in his heart, watching Don Juan leave. His mind was occupied with many thoughts.

Sure enough... I had altered something subconsciously in the previous life.

The main mission was to stop Don Juan from drinking the poisoned alcohol. This showed that in real history, the young master should have been poisoned to death during dinner.

But not long ago, when Annan found Don Juan, he had been tied up and put away. It appeared Don Juan was going to die on the spot. There was no need for poisoned alcohol, nor could he wait for dinner.

The only possibility was the words he said to the young master previously had made Don Juan suspect the guard captain. He had probably confronted the guard captain.

After that, a series of chain reactions arose. It alerted the villains.

Probably, the old wizard would not die at this time. Just because of Don Juan's mistake, the plan went ahead of time.

I didn't say anything extra this time around.

Then, the script should develop according to the original storyline...

[Erosion rate increased to 4%]

Annan frowned slightly.

In other words, after entering this dungeon instance, if there are multiple opportunities to read the files, is it best to try to replicate the original owner's choice for the first time? Hmph, not necessarily. The owner has minimal information instead.

For example, John doesn't even know who the betrayer is.

I wonder how to reduce the erosion rate. I should try my best not to die just in case...

When Annan thought of this in his mind, a blockbuster data stream suddenly appeared before his eyes:

[Main mission: Complete John's unfulfilled last wish]

[Find out the true identity of the betrayer]

[Live until dinner starts]

[Don't let Don Juan·Geraint drink the poisonous alcohol]

But soon, the following three lines gradually faded and then shattered.

In their position, a new line of writing emerged:

[Kill guard captain Klaus]

[Kill all betrayers]

Is it possible to inherit the progress of the dungeon instance after death?

Annan suddenly came into realization. He thought of many new ideas in his mind.

Just by looking at these two new mission goals, he couldn't help but laugh out loud. The laughter was disproportionate to John's honest face, "Things just got simpler..."

Once the mission was simplified to "where to go," "what to kill," and "how many to kill," every player would breathe a sigh of relief.

Compared with the complex decryption and other troublesome mission goals with no hints to achieve them, such missions were more straightforward and precise. It would make the player motivated as well.

Annan didn't wait for Don Juan to go far because he knew the young master wouldn't return this time. He began to search the room proficiently.

In just over a minute, he found Don Juan's dagger, ring, pocket watch, and John's sword.

This time, Annan did not bring the stamp and letters but put them all in the room. He wanted to see if the guard captain got these letters but didn't get the ring, would he "trigger" some new conversations.

After losing his fear and anger, the world had become more and more like a game for him. Even if Annan logically agreed with its dangers and knew that this was his reality now, he did not have any particular feelings.

Annan breathed out gently and slowly as he drew the long sword.

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He left the sheath directly in the room.

The reason was also simple; it was inconvenient to carry around.

After all, he was not here to practice swordsmanship.

He intended to hunt and kill.

Annan did not stay for long. He took the things and went straight out.

At this time, Don Juan had not gone far. Probably, he had not faced off with the villains yet. The three who received the guard captain's mission to monitor John hadn't come yet.

They were probably afraid that Don Juan would return.

But Annan didn't have so much fear at all.

His pupils moved quickly, continually looking at every place where there might be people. His steps were light, and his breathing was calm. It was to prevent the others from hearing his breathing but not to interfere with his listening.

When he walked out of the corridor, he heard a string of messy footsteps.

“Can't you just go in and tie up John?”

“No, although that fool is dumb, he is still quite powerful. Whoever makes a move will probably get hurt. At the very least, I don't want to get hurt.

“Hmph, I don't want to either.”

“Don't do anything extra. Just follow the order...”

They're coming.

Everything was as expected. Hearing the trio's complaints and small talk, Annan sneered and silently retreated into the room closest to him.

Fortunately, this room was not locked, and there was no one inside. This saved him a lot of trouble.

At least, when he entered the door, he didn't need to subdue or kill everyone inside.

That was how Annan used to do it when he played stealth games in the past.

He wielded a sword and leaned against the door. His body's weight was evenly pressed on the door as he listened carefully to the trio's voices.

He pressed his weight equally on the door to prevent the squeaking sound of the aging door shaft when he leaned forward. Hence, he left the door open slightly at the very beginning.

In this case, as long as the door was opened fast enough, there would not be much noise when opening the door.

“Anyway, let's just stay here,” a somewhat lazy voice sounded, “It's safer to monitor John than to deal with the old man. He's a real wizard, not a trickster.”

“I think it's best to stay here.”

The guard who was the first to be killed by Annan previously interjected, “In case the sir's plan fails, we have a reason to explain ourselves. Anyway, we did not participate in sieging Sir Benjamin, so we just said we were lazing around here. Punishment is better than a death sentence.

“If the Sir's plan is successful, we have also done something. We will not suffer in the end. This is the best outcome.”

“Yeah, after all, John can't beat the three of us...”

The guard who Annan had frozen to death previously also agreed with him, “What you said makes sense. So, we are lucky.”

“Of course...”

Listening to the three people's voices getting closer and then gradually moving away, the corner of Annan's mouth rose silently.

He opened the room door, walked out of the room without hesitation, and raised his sword.

Frost trace area of effect [1]-

Among the trio, one of the senior guards heard a voice coming from behind and glanced back subconsciously.

He had never thought from the beginning that John might leave Don Juan's room and lie in ambush here, so he hardly had any vigilance.

Therefore, at the moment when he was astonished, a frost trace cut straight to his head!

The ice-white traces spread rapidly from the cheek as the contact point and instantly covered the entire head, making him unable to make a single movement. The frost trace continued to spread downward—

When the other two heard the abnormal noise, they stretched out their hands to the weapon around their waists vigilantly.

But before they even turned their heads, they felt a chill at the back of their heads. Then, they lost consciousness.

“—Behold my righteous backstab, yet again!”

Annan's warning was three half beats slower.

Although there are many changes, your fate of eating backstabs will not change!

[1] Area of effect (or AoE) is a term used to refer to an effect or an ability that takes place in an area in whichever shape or form.