

Righteous Ps 51

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 51

...Two days?

Annan was a little surprised, "Did it take so long?"

In Annan's subjective view on time, he spent about three hours in the dungeon instance.

Did the first two lifes take too long? Or...

"Because the time flows differently."

Salvatore yawned and lay down on the table with his eyes closed and lazily explained, "Time flies like when you are asleep. The time spent in a nightmare doesn't correspond to the actual time passed. A nightmare may take several days. You may stay inside for three days, but only days have passed in reality. You may only stay inside for half a day, but it's only a few hours in the outside world.

"But generally speaking, ordinary people can't sustain themselves in a nightmare. They can't handle the fear and despair, allowing the curse in the nightmare to draw their vitality and growing itself to become stronger slowly.

"In an orderly zone without gray mist, the early morning is usually when Order Power is strongest. The light of the rising sun can temporarily dispel the nightmare. The citizen will wake up from the nightmare. But because the nightmare still entangles them and is not purified, so they will enter the same dream at night. Over time, they will become weak.

"When our research on Transcendental theory is not adequate, our ancestors address this kind of memory fragments as nightmares. These nightmares have the properties of being eroded and distorted by the curse as well as capable of attracting souls into it."

As Salvatore spoke, his voice became softer, seemingly about to fall asleep.

"Hey, wake up!"

Annan immediately patted Salvatore on the shoulder and shook him up vigorously, "Don't fall asleep! Wake up!"

He was aware of Salvatore's curse binding that seemed to be related to sleep.

"...Um? Did I almost fall asleep just now?"

After Salvatore jolted up, he straightened up vigilantly and stood up from the stool, "Well, thanks, Don Juan. You just saved my life."

"If it weren't because you were waiting for me, you wouldn't have stayed up."

Annan sighed, "Do you think I will wake up yesterday?"

"Yeah, we never thought that you could stay in a nightmare for so long."

Salvatore nodded without disguising his views.

He held the desk with both hands. Then, he kicked his legs and trotted to stay alert, "That's why we let you enter a nightmare in the morning so that you can have the most relaxed time to explore the nightmare.

"But yesterday morning, you didn't wake up yet. I knew you had the talent of a priest, but we don't know how long it will take for you to wake up. The priest doesn't know either. So we can only watch on you all the time. After all, you are in the advancement ritual. It's not the same as a typical nightmare. If you forget to bring a curse vessel, the curse power you brought out of the nightmare will easily dissipate. A new nightmare may form in the town."

"Thank you, senior."

Annan thanked Salvatore gratefully.

Whether it was helping him or helping Freezing Water Port, Salvatore wouldn't get any benefits in any sense. He was about to leave Freezing Water Port and return to Black Tower for his advancement. Even if Freezing Water Port had a new nightmare, it had nothing to do with him.

He was the same as Priest Louis; he took actions based on kindness and a sense of responsibility that he preserved in his heart.

"You have to thank Priest Louis, too."

Salvatore gave a light cough and added, "You are still growing. It's terrible for your body to fall asleep for two days and not eat. Priest Louis helps out in your supplement for the missing nutrition for two days. Of course, you got to thank me too because I paid for the treatment in your stake."

"Thank you, senior. I will also thank Priest Louis in the future."

Annan did not hesitate to thank Salvatore solemnly, "I'm grateful for your help to my citizens and me."

Annan was never reluctant to say thanks.

As long as it was something he should do, Annan had always done it well, including thanking or apologizing at the right time.

But Salvatore was a little bit embarrassed to see Annan thanking him so straightforwardly and solemnly.

He coughed lightly again, leaned against the table, and pretended to grab a sip. He took a sip of the teacup indiscriminately.

Then, Salvatore looked out the window, and the corners of his mouth raised, "For me, this is what I should do. But not many of the nobles are willing to thank someone sincerely.

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"We, Transcended, have stolen power from the curse. Thus, we have to take corresponding measures. At least we must not let the curse overflow and harm innocent people. If we can help stop anything disaster, we will do it. If we can help anyone in any way, we will not hesitate.

"Although I personally think that my moral level is average, I can't compare to those living saints, who have extraordinary power, to help the weak and uphold justice. Sometimes, I have selfish thoughts and

occasionally use my power to get some benefits. But, we are all Transcended from a legitimate background, after all. We still have to abide by the rules.

“This is for everyone, but also myself. The “Transcended Manifesto” said so...”

The man with a tired face and thin body chuckled softly, chanting in a low volume solemnly:

“From now on, I will bear my curse, keep others' secrets, keep my vows, and follow the common rules. We will stay true to our words today, and it will be the same in the future.' You shouldn't forget it, Don Juan.

“Got it.”

Annan nodded slowly. The relaxed expression on his face gradually turned serious.

He put his right hand lightly on his chest; his icy blue eyes slightly widened as he looked at Salvatore.

He responded solemnly and earnestly, “I will remember that.”

Hearing Salvatore's words, Annan's heart was vaguely moved.

In his transmigration journey, he had not come into contact with much Transcended.

It wasn't until he heard Salvatore's words that Annan had a vague idea of the Transcended society of this world.

A gloomy and bleak, but not a dreary world.

There was a group of secret keepers bound by the curses, abide by oaths, abide by the rules, and walk-in silence on their respective journeys.

A group of loners not in solitary.

“Alright,” Salvatore said briskly, “It's time to tell me your curse binding. I'll be your secret keeper.”

“Just say it directly?”

“En, at least for you, there is nothing particular about it yet.”

Salvatore smiled and said, “Of course, remember not to be the secret keeper of Gold Rank Transcended easily. If possible, it is better to stay away from them. Don't ask about them. Don't let them know your name, let alone hold rituals simultaneously with them, or say their names out in a nightmare.

“After all, Transcended at that level is not a human being.”

Not a human... What do you mean?

Doubt and confusion rose in Annan's heart.

But he just kept an eye on it and noted down the question secretly. He didn't plan to ask about it at this time.

He thought about his curse binding and summarized it to Salvatore, “My curse binding is [Use a kitchen knife to kill one person every month].”

As soon as he finished speaking, he saw a new prompt in front of him:

[Establishment of the Secret Oath.]

[Currently Established Oath: 1]

Did I establish the oath just like that?

Annan was startled slightly.

An idea suddenly popped up in his heart.

If I tell all players about my oath, will I get a bunch of secret keepers right away? Anyway, the players must protect the "faction leader" from their standpoint. I don't have to worry about them targeting me.

This is equivalent to getting a bunch of secret keepers for free!

So, what if players bring this news back to their world and spread it through the Internet?