

Righteous Ps 52

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 52

Annan still didn't know exactly what the oath number was for.

So his inclination to do so was not too strong.

But if Annan found that this thing was handy later, he would explore this idea.

"It's a simple curse binding."

On the other side, Salvatore, who heard Annan's curse binding, choked, "Is there no additional requirement?"

"Yes."

Annan explained, "The kitchen knife must be the one that is in use. It only counts if the kitchen knife chopped on the vegetables a day ago."

"That's still too simple. Your curse binding has no chance of being exploited. It's much better than mine."

Salvatore smacked his lips, looking envious.

Annan was startled slightly and realized something.

He tentatively asked, "Can you tell me how you choose back in your time, senior?"

"It's fine to tell you directly. Anyway, you almost guessed it."

Salvatore sighed, "The curse binding I chose at the time was [I must go to bed after three in the morning and get up before nine in the morning]. But I don't want this curse binding.

"I saw the shape of a person who seemed to be sleeping. I thought the content of this curse binding was to make me sleep more every day, but I didn't expect it to make me sleep lesser than before. Worse still, I am a person who likes to sleep very much."

He sighed again with a sad face, "I'm so annoyed. It's irritating. My days are too bitter. Life is meaningless."

"I can understand."

Annan nodded sympathetically.

His colleagues continued to work overtime when he got home from work early. When his colleagues looked at him to pack his things and go home, they should be in a similar mood.

But Salvatore was miserable.

He was forced to work overtime.

But...

It turned out that other people couldn't see the specific content of curse binding under normal circumstances.

In this case, there was an explanation as to why Wizard Benjamin chose the conflicting curse binding.

Because he could only see the approximate type of curse binding via the bubble. He could roughly infer what type of curse binding it was, its aspect, and what it was related to through the bubbles.

But he did not know the specific content of curse binding.

Annan suddenly realized that this might be his advantage. Although it might not necessarily bring any benefits, it guaranteed that he would not be scammed.

For example, if he could not see the content of curse binding, then Annan would probably choose that eyeball to be on the safe side, among the eyeball, a kitchen knife, and a backstab. The eyeball looked the least bloody, after all.

But that eyeball was the biggest problem.

The eye's curse binding might happen at any time. Once the enemy learned about it, there would be assassins camping in shifts, waiting for Annan's curse on the eye to trigger. Or probably when Annan was doing something serious, the curse might trigger and interrupt him.

"Then, I'm considered lucky."

Annan chuckled and said, "Even if others learn about my curse binding content, they can't deal with me.

"If they can siege control on me and prevent me from getting a kitchen knife or touching a person in thirty days, then they could have killed me a long time ago. It's simply unnecessary."

"Yes, it is."

Salvatore nodded in agreement.

He thought for a while, then asked, "Speaking of which, Don Juan... have you heard of the saints?"

Annan shook his head calmly.

Once you ask, I gotta reply I don't know.

Anyway, since you asked me in this tone, it means that this knowledge is not common. With Annan's behavior, even if he knew, he would pretend not to know.

This was Annan's unique chat technique. He would say you're right, yes, indeed, awesome. Then, with an expression of admiration and seriousness, it was easy for the other party to brag about it. They couldn't help but reveal some information. Something that shouldn't have been said.

When one's social status was higher than that of the other party, the effectiveness of this technique would increase exponentially. If you have a gorgeous face, you can double the effectiveness again.

Under Annan's bluffing and coaxing onslaught, Salvatore quickly poured out this knowledge in a daze.

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Sure enough, this was a valuable hidden knowledge.

In this world, there was a special kind of Transcended called Saints.

They were the truly noble Transcended that Salvatore said before, "They have a true heart of justice. Their motivation for obtaining extraordinary power is to help others".

They would make a public oath to make all their curse bindings public to everyone so that the world could be their secret keeper and be their supervisor to get the most potent oath power. In this way, even if they continue to die from the most distorted nightmares, the erosion rate would hardly increase.

In this way, they could walk through various nightmares to purify the most terrifying and dangerous nightmares.

Oaths and curses.

Order and distortion.

This was the duality of all transcended power in this world, like the yin and yang.

It turned out that the meaning of the attribute "Currently Established Oath" he just got meant this.

Annan's expression became slightly serious.

Then he had to start preparing for it. Even if he couldn't become a saint, he must at least find a way to tie the players to his side.

"Right," Salvatore reminded, "Do remember to perfect the information from the nightmare, and write down the parts you still remember."

"I'm irritated once you remind me of this."

Annan was annoyed, "The information you gave me is not right at all!"

"What?"

Hearing this, Salvatore was startled.

"Are you sure?"

Annan explained, "I followed the clues and almost died indefinitely. I changed my mind to purify the nightmare only after realizing that I had died several times."

"It turns out to be like this."

Salvatore frowned slightly.

But he thought for a while before adding on, "But I still think that the priest is not malicious."

"I know."

Annan narrowed his eyes slightly, "I will also mention this to Priest Louis later."

He could see that Priest Louis didn't want to hurt him. Because he recorded a lot of dense information on the strategy he gave Annan, and most of them were useless details. This was the memory of his hard work.

But unfortunately, Priest Louis still couldn't help Annan much.

Because Priest Louis wasn't scamming him, but he was terrible.

Of course, there might be another possibility.

Judging from Salvatore's statement, it seemed that these people entered the nightmare for a limited time.

This meant that it was likely that Priest Louis had not defeated the dungeon instance many times at all.

He only dragged to the end of the time during the dungeon selection process, and then he was automatically invited out of the dungeon.

Can this be considered purification? It shouldn't be.

So, is it right to say that Priest Louis has never purified the nightmare?

"Speaking of it," Annan suddenly remembered something critical, and he asked Salvatore solemnly, "Senior, have you heard the name, Amos? He should be a painter who lived in Freezing Water Port. He was famous decades ago. The full name is Amos Morrison."

"Wait, I'm familiar with the name. I saw this name in that old newspaper a few days ago. Wait for me."

Salvatore suddenly heard the name.

He flipped the pages for a while. He found the clues in an old newspaper forty-five years ago. It was even hand-copied, and the pages were old and yellow.

On the front page above, there was a line of bold characters:

"Famous painter accused of consecutive homicides"

It was written as such:

"Recently, Mr. Amos Morrison, a famous artist and painter of Freezing Water Port, was arrested by the public security guard for consecutive homicides."