

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 6

Chapter 6: Broken Mirror

“Hu...”

Noticing that he had stealthily killed three people with three consecutive attacks, Annan relaxed and let out a long sigh of relief.

Annan suddenly had a strong intuition in his heart – if he were to deliver the fourth slash, he might die.

Although knowing that he would theoretically not die from the frost's injury, the racing heart made Annan withdraw his thoughts to commit the next slash.

For the first time, he felt that the breath he exhaled was so cold, like the wind blowing from the freezer. His chest was also chilly; his right hand holding the sword was frozen numb. A stinging chill spread from his wrist to his arm.

At this time, an icy numbing sensation finally came to the shoulders from the wrists.

Immediately, there was an intense itch in the chest, mixed with numbness.

“Cough...cough...”

Annan's body stiffened and coughed twice. There was a sharp pain in his chest.

But this pain was mixed with soreness and itching. It felt as though he did an excessive amount of torturing workouts. Annan couldn't help but feel a strong sense of joy emerged at the bottom of his heart. The pain that put him unable to move had faded.

Luckily, his reasoning restrained him, telling him, "You have to take a rest." With that, he resisted his desire to move around and puke blood all over.

Annan immediately stopped in place and began to take a deep breath to adjust his state, trying to exhale all the cold air soaked in his lungs. After repeating it six or seven times, he felt a little warmth in his chest with his limbs gradually warmed up.

He thought this pain was unusual.

To be on the safe side, he still opened his panel.

In the dungeon instance, attributes, profession, and the other status seemed to be invisible. Annan could only see his health and erosion rate:

Health: 70%

Erosion rate: 4%

"This Frost Sword hurts a little..."

Annan frowned slightly. He took note of it immediately.

He knew his limit. He was not using Annan's body, but John's.

John hadn't suffered any injuries previously. After using Frost Sword three times in a row, it deducted 30% of his health immediately.

When he used Frost Sword previously, he obviously didn't pay any price.

He suddenly recalled the memory fragments that belonged to the original “Annan”—

The young Annan only delivered one or two slashes at a time, and he looked exhausted. It didn't seem to be the lack of strength due to young age. It was more like his current state now.

There should be an inherent cool-down period [1] in Frost Sword. It could only be used twice in a row at most. Otherwise, it would burden the body.

“This sword technique deserves to be the ultimate secret of the Duke family.”

Annan sighed with satisfaction.

Typically, the more burdensome the skill, the stronger it should be.

Like in the Naruto universe, Kakashi and the Might Guy had suicidal techniques to kill the opponent while sacrificing their life.

The identity of “Annan” should probably be a direct descendant of the Chilly Austere's Grand Duke.

He was the Grand Duke's son!

Although he didn't know how many children the Lord Duke had, he could be regarded as one of the duchy heirs. From now on, he could look forward to the leisurely days of prosperity and wealth while waiting for death.

Annan exhaled another cold breath. He straightened up his posture before dragging the three corpses into the room one by one.

It was like the stealthy assassination game he had played. (TN: I think the Author refers to Hitman: Agent 47)

After killing someone, you must hide the body. Otherwise, the kill is useless.

It was a pity that there were convenient things like a trash can or closet that could store many dead bodies.

Annan gave it a few thoughts and stuffed all three corpses under the quilt. The corpses were placed intimately with each other. He revealed the backs of their heads only.

He showed the side that was not frozen and looked relatively intact.

As long as no weirdos come in this room, it should be fine. These three dead bodies should stay hidden until the end of the dungeon instance.

Annan could not help it if he encountered a pervert who dared to enter the house and take a closer look after seeing such a horrible scene. Who in the world would get excited to lift the quilt and take a closer look?

After all, human psychology was magical.

Annan waited for a while. He found that even though he no longer exhaled cold air and the pain was relieved, the health value that had dropped did not recover.

He smashed his lips in disappointment.

I don't have a natural recovery...

My injury had recovered, but my health value did not rise accordingly.

...Or is it because I'm in a “nightmare,” thus the recovery rate for my internal injury is slow?

Annan squinted his eyes slightly and said nothing.

He no longer delayed time. Seeing that his health had not been restored, he walked out directly, planning to carry out the next hunt.

Annan repeated the same plan. He would stealthily approach the enemy before delivering the backstab. His routine allowed him to kill all the patrolling guards and resting guards at the lower deck.

Including the first three people, there were eleven people in total.

It sounded like a grand plan. However, under the premise that no one had received any warnings and all the guards had not attained a rank, this only delayed Annan for half an hour.

However, he wasn't sure everyone he killed was a traitor.

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But after all, it was just a dungeon instance, only an illusory nightmare. It was a story that happened a day ago. In real history, perhaps the betrayers had already successfully killed their master. They left with the wealth and treasures belonging to Don Juan.

Since he couldn't tell who the betrayers were, he might as well kill them all.

By this time, Annan had realized that something was wrong-

He noticed a detail that he hadn't noticed in the previous life.

Why didn't he see a servant or even a female worker doing chores on this ship?

This was unreasonable. Don Juan was only thirteen or fourteen this year. Even if he was sent to a remote city to be a lord, it was impossible not giving him a single servant.

It would tarnish the noble's reputation. Moreover, an old wizard was with the ship. Who would take care of his daily life?

It was nonsense to say that it was impossible to carry so many servants or that the servants were on other ships. Annan saw many empty rooms. Those rooms were servants' rooms. They appeared like a small space crowded with a few people. There were traces of life, some coats, and even half a cup of freshwater.

Similarly, there was no one inside.

Are they all on the deck? Are they all in the captain's room?

This is unlikely.

So after wiping out all the patrolling guards, Annan began to search each room carefully.

Finally, Annan discovered a room with a foul stench that was presumably used to store domestic garbage. He found these people.

-in the form of dead bodies.

“What is this?”

Annan frowned, a little surprised at his calmness without the slightest nausea or fear.

He shook his head and assessed the scene carefully.

The ordinary people dressed like servants were tied up with ropes and hung upside down, bleeding to death. A rough deduction from the traces told Annan that they should have been arrested first and then killed.

The blood on the floor had turned cold, but it hadn't completely dried up. It should have taken place recently. The smell of blood couldn't be detected from the outside because fresh dirt was applied to the seam of the door and the door handle outside. It isolated the strong smell.

But in the room, it seemed to have been cleaned beforehand without any dirt.

There were only half-dry blood stains and footprints deliberately stepped on the blood. Those footprints were densely packed, seeming to circle the middle of the room several times.

Annan looked carefully, and finally found a clue from the center. Footprints were circling the middle:

In the middle of the room, there was a tongue in the spot with the thickest bloodstains. Judging from the length and width, it seems, probably, or maybe – an ox tongue.

Annan cautiously avoided the bloodstains and walked closer to investigate.

He dared not touch anything, so he could only look from a distance. After assessing it for a long time, he discovered that a weird symbol was embroidered on that ox tongue with black thread or something. Under the ox tongue, there was a small mirror.

“What?”

Suddenly, Annan was startled.

He recalled what happened when Klaus killed him in the previous life.

After seeing Klaus, he decisively launched an all-out sneak attack on the opponent. Klaus looked at him with a closed mouth. Annan was suddenly hit by his attack.

It was like the damage had been transferred. It was unlike reflecting. “John's” height and Klaus were not the same. The blow he hit Klaus's chest should hit his abdomen if it reflected.

It was more like some sort of mapping.

At that time, Guard Captain Klaus didn't know that Annan would not be killed by frost damage. Seeing that Annan didn't die immediately like the others, he mocked Annan's half-hearted Frost Sword.

At that moment, Annan vaguely saw another black rune in Klaus's mouth symmetrical to this rune.

—In other words, the same rune supposedly to be in the mirror's reflection.

The mirror did not reflect the runes on the ox tongue.

The rune on the ox tongue was facing upwards, but the mirror was under the ox tongue. This meant that the mirror image of the runes on the ox tongue was hidden on the “other side” that was not visible and did not exist in the mirror.

If the mirror image existed, then the mirror rune should be precisely the same as the rune in Klaus's mouth!

Annan was startled.

He realized where Klaus's weird ability came from.

Perhaps, this was the source of Klaus's ability to divert his attacks back!

Annan raised his long sword. But, he put the sword back cautiously after a few thoughts.

He only had one handy weapon.

He took out the exquisite long dagger belonging to Don Juan from his arms.

“I haven't practiced dagger throwing either.”

Annan grumbled, standing still outside the bloodstain.

He didn't know how to sabotage this ritual, but it was best not to involve himself in it. He didn't dare to mess up those footprints. Anyway, either he smashed away the ox tongue, destroyed the mirror, or pierced the ox tongue with the mirror altogether. I should try each option one-by-one.

If it doesn't work, I will go out and search the corpses. I can get those betrayers' weapons and smash the items one by one.

At a distance of fewer than three meters, I should be able to hit one of them.

Annan held the dagger for a long time before throwing it out.

Very lucky, or rather, this dagger was determined not to fall short. Annan did not need the extra work. Annan's first attempt pierced the ox tongue altogether with the mirror.

While cutting the rune on the ox tongue in half, it also successfully smashed the weird mirror!

[1] I will refer to the cool-down period as CD from now on.

Chapter end