

Righteous Ps 68

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 68

What kind of curse is that?

Gerald had noticed that these weirdos, not afraid of death, would turn into black dust and drift away in the wind.

It wasn't too surprising if it just happened once.

But it appeared twice in a row. Even if the weirdos died differently, it would bring the same result.

Moreover, their weapons and armors were the same. Everyone seemed not afraid of death.

Gerald's heart trembled. He couldn't help but feel a little frightened.

Is this a rare humanoid curse vessel?

Like the legendary [Three Hundred Heroes of the Red Knight]?

No, this is different.

[Three Hundred Heroes of the Red Knight]. It was the top curse vessel because it was composed of three hundred Silver Rank "knights" who could slowly recover their numbers.

This curse vessel alone was enough to protect a country.

But this group of people was nothing more than ordinary people without ranks. Even if they could be resurrected, they were nothing remarkable.

Gerald came with a new plan:

The somewhat familiar imposter should be an experienced Bronze Rank Wizard. But in terms of his age, he had only become Transcended for three or four years at most.

As far as the information collected so far, the imposter had four spells: Chilling Touch, Impeding Wall, Frost Nova, and Frost Wheel.

He could have at most two instant spells and one chant spell.

Chant spell was nothing to be feared.

Assuming that imposter had the most dangerous [Slothful Eye], the remaining instant spell could counter Gerald's mind control would only be [Frozen Thoughts].

But for now, this Falteration Wizard's fighting style was more biased towards the Noah Kingdom's fighting style. In other words, it would be similar to Salvatore, who focused on dealing damage while remaining rooted on the spot.

After all, if the imposter was the most traditional Chilly Austere Dukedom's Falteration Wizard, then he should be holding an axe or mace now in his hand.

The wizard in that combat style would utilize Frost Nova to make opponents slower than him. On the other hand, he used Slothful Eye to make it difficult for enemies at close range to attack and fend for himself. The Impeding Wall helped to prevent visible ballistic attacks in the distance. Then, he would use [Chilling Mind] to strengthen his will and resist mental attacks.

Supposedly, he would close the distance and attack with an axe.

If he were such a Falteration Wizard, Gerald would run as far as possible.

However, given this person's age and size, it was expected that he was not good at that kind of brutal fighting style.

Gerald quickly thought about countermeasures, glimpsing through Annan's equipment from the corner of his eye.

He saw the saber around Annan's waist. He could tell at a glance that it was a decorative protective sword.

There was no threat to it.

He also saw the waist bag around Annan's waist.

The size of Annan's waist bag obviously couldn't fit anything. It should be the raw material for Salvatore's Alteration Magic.

The situation should be like this...

I need to capture his emotions first and then detonate the fear in this kid's heart. As a Bronze Rank Transcended, he cannot resist my spells.

Then, when he is so scared that it is difficult to use spells to counteract, he will raise his head to look at me, giving an opening to use [Mind Manipulation]!

[Mind Manipulation] might not allow Gerald to affect the young wizard duo into attacking each other autonomously. But, Dr. Gerald could manually direct their attacks against each other.

The whole process will happen silently. Salvatore won't realize that Annan has fallen under my control. He won't be waking Annan up immediately.

As the Bronze Rank Transcended, their will should be more rigid. Gerald thought he couldn't control them for a long time.

But, he was close with Salvatore.

Assuming the control time of [Mind Manipulation] was the same, Annan used Chilling Touch to attack Salvatore and restrain Salvatore. Even if Annan couldn't seriously hurt Salvatore, he could interrupt Salvatore's spells, leaving Salvatore unable to resist his attacks.

By then, Gerald could send a powerful blow to Salvatore, tearing and stripping off Salvatore's soul.

When Salvatore was in a calm mood, this attack could only barely hurt him, even if it was three times as powerful. Thus, Gerald declared an attack previously. Being stabbed at the back suddenly by a

companion next to him, this kind of panic and resentment would significantly increase the power of [Soul Tear].

The two-fold [Soul Tear] was enough to kill Salvatore instantly. Worse come to worst, it should still be a critical injury.

In this way, the situation would develop into a one-on-one duel.

If Salvatore didn't react and woke Annan in time, then Annan couldn't even wake up from the state of [Mind Manipulation].

In this way, Salvatore only needed to order Annan to use the Frost Wheel to his guards once again. This time, the magic activation would surpass the safety threshold. As a twelve or thirteen-year-old wizard, he had no way to fend for himself any longer.

Even if Salvatore woke Annan up, Gerald would repeat the process.

Gerald grew more confident.

He was an expert in controlling emotions. Even if he did not use spells, he could easily confuse people.

Click.

The 2nd second passed.

Gerald's thoughts ran wildly. He thought of a countermeasure in the blink of an eye and decided resolutely.

“Are you immortal?”

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Suddenly, Gerald asked.

He was confident.

When he asked this question indifferently, the opposing party would have a fear of “My secret has been seen through.” Especially when the opponent was fighting with him, the opponent would think about “Has he seen through me at some point?”, “Has my plan been revealed?” and other concerns.

Even if that fear disappeared in a flash, Gerald was confident to hang tightly on it!

When Gerald said this sentence, he had already closed his eyes.

This was to conceal the magic effect in his eyes!

[Consciousness Capture: Fear]

The dark red brilliance flickered within his eyes. All fears would turn into bubbles in his eyes, susceptible to burst.

Click.

The third second passed peacefully.

Gerald shivered suddenly.

This is...

What kind of monster?

Everyone had fear in their hearts, but they were either intensified, surfaced, or deeply buried.

He couldn't immediately determine what the fear of a particular "bubble" was. But, he planned to have "the fear that he wanted to detonate" surface due to his words and then intensify it.

But...

This dignified boy...

There is no fear in his heart at all!

It is clean like a doll.

Not even a bubble is there.

Gerald switched his spell usage without hesitation.

[Consciousness Capture: Anger]

The answer was the same, still no.

The bottom of his heart was clean without any emotion.

But in human history, there had never been a talent who could eliminate emotions.

Gerald trembled in his heart.

His pupils dilated and trembled as if he had realized something.

It's like,

It's just like the deity I saw that day, "the Venerated Skeleton."

"What are you?"

What kind of monster?

He opened his eyes suddenly and looked at Annan desperately.

Gerald was filled with inexplicable grief and anger.

He didn't care about Slothful Eye's deterrence because even if Slothful Eye affected him, it was better than that possibility in his mind.

This little "imposter" may be a false deity walking in the mortal world... or even a true deity!

This is meaningless.

He just wanted to take another look at who the opponent was.

[Consciousness Judgment]!

“What?”

Gerald was startled.

He initially thought he would see the mystical nature, just like when he looked at the Venerated Skeleton's real body that day. His spirit was washed away. His will and thinking were destroyed and then reshaped.

It was like having died once and then reborn again.

But this time, he saw the color that belonged to human beings.

That was the color of emotion.

Extremely strong, incomparably pure, and incomparably worked up emotions.

Excitement, high spirits, self-confidence, love, hope, joy, pleasure...

Gerald shuddered, realizing something was wrong.

This is bad!

I'm duped!