

Righteous Ps 69

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 69**

The moment Gerald's eyes met Annan, he realized something was wrong.

Contrary to what he thought, it was not that the other party had no feelings.

In the vision of "Consciousness Judgment," he could see clearly...

Annan had not only positive feelings but also neutral feelings.

Only all the negative feelings were missing.

At a glance, it looked like the sun in the sky, shining and brilliant.

It almost blinded Gerald's eyes.

What the hell?

He almost blurted out.

Since there is no tension or fear in your heart and you never felt this kind of emotion, why do you put such a dignified expression on your face?

And your timing is quite right...

What's your acting for?

At this moment, Gerald had realized his opponent's true identity.

If not all feelings are missing, but only negative feelings are missing. Theoretically, it is indeed possible that...

He is Chilly Austere's Grand Duke's direct descendant. The descendants are equipped with an extraordinary talent skill called [Winter Heart]. On the other hand, the Church of Silent Lady, the Deity of Darkness and Veto, will hold a complimentary ritual engraving Reverse Inscription on them.

With these two skills combined, the effect of "eliminating negative emotions" could be achieved.

But the possibility was even slimmer than the chance of meeting a deity.

Deities occasionally walked among the mortals. But, there was only one such example in the world.

Rumors said that the Chilly Austere family's bloodline curse came directly from Old Grandmother (Deity). In the bloodline continued from true deity, the curse contained in it was difficult to dissolve, making the newborns facing awful odds to live to seven years old. Hence, some children were only granted a name when they were seven.

There was only one family left, retaining Chilly Austere bloodline. The last four people with that bloodline were the current Grand Duke and his three children.

There were probably three people left now.

Among them, there was only one minor.

Ivan Chilly Austere's third child, Annan Chilly Austere!

Yes...

Gerald finally realized why he found Annan so familiar earlier.

A few years ago, Gerald was fortunate enough to meet the "Daughter of the Storm." Except for the entirely different temperament, Annan and his sister Maria Chilly Austere looked almost the same when they were young!

But how could Annan appear here?

Annan was engraved with the Reverse Inscription. Then, he crossed the gray mists, crossed the Black Sea, and arrived at the enemy country, the Noah Kingdom alone a thousand miles away.

Then, he disguised as a son of an earl who was about to be wiped out.

What does he want?

Why did I encounter him?

Gerald was filled with despair.

Fortunately, Gerald failed to kill Annan. Otherwise, once Maria learned about it, she would hunt him down no matter where he fled.

The more apparent problem was that Gerald found himself unable to defeat Annan.

His skills as a Soul Snatch Wizard were nullified, resulting in him falling into an uphill battle against the two young Bronze Wizards.

However, there was still a chance for a comeback.

"Wait."

Gerald opened his mouth immediately.

Yes, Gerald intended to surrender to Annan and pledge his loyalty.

This was the best way for a comeback!

If you can't beat them, join them.

As the Soul Snatch Wizard, he could alter the soul and will of others silently. With that, he had proven his usefulness to the opponent party. Whether the opponent party was exiled and intended to seize power in the future or intended to carry out some spying operation in the Noah Kingdom, Gerald was much more useful than the Bronze Wizard, Salvatore!

As long as Gerald completes the ritual, he could...

At the next moment, intense laziness filled Gerald's mind.

His thinking began to stagnate; his sense of time gradually weakened.

I...want...gold...rank...

“Ah.”

Annan chuckled. The dim light in his eyes gradually dissipated. Gerald stayed rooted on the spot, motionless.

What a strange person!

Annan's eyes flickered.

If Annan didn't guess wrong, this guy wanted to surrender just now.

Gerald has probably recognized my identity. After all, he's a Silver Rank wizard. He sure has some pride. My identity as the count's son doesn't intimidate him, but being the Grand Duke's son is different.

But that won't do.

Annan swore that he interrupted Gerald when Gerald tried to surrender, not because of his greed for the experience.

Annan felt from the bottom of his heart that ending it peacefully was not cool enough.

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Annan even did not find it satisfying enough as he killed Gerald.

After all, this was the first battle to show the players on Transcended power officially!

So, Annan would not accept surrender.

The possibility of revealing his identity was a trivial matter. The players would only think that they found more character background and clues to further dig upon. This would further assist the players in searching for “Annan's” background story in his shoes.

The most important thing was “character design.” He had to preserve the image of being righteous, gracious, kind-hearted, decisive, and wise. He felt terrible for Gerald not being able to voice out the surrender intention.

If you surrender, but I still kill you, am I still righteous?

This won't work. I'm the good guy.

I got to hurry my pace and kill you.

Annan thought calmly, and the frost qi exuded from his body again.

The unmelted frost traces strengthened again as Annan moved forward, gradually infiltrating the ground and spreading to Gerald.

This time, Annan quickly captured Gerald into the Frost Nova's range.

Silver Rank Transcended had a strong physique. In other words, the resistance to curses was splendid.

Annan's frost didn't kill Gerald instantly, so he had to grab Gerald's throat and seal his eyes with a cold curse. With that, even if Gerald were to wake up from the control of Slothful Eye, Gerald couldn't say a word and couldn't open eyes either.

“No matter what you want to say to me, whether you want to threaten me or tempt me, my answer is the same.”

Annan showed a firm look on his face. He spoke in a cold and sweet voice, “My answer is no.

“For my followers, my friends, my senior, my citizens, and even more for me. I can't accept the possibility of collaborating with a dangerous and cold-blooded villain like you!

“You sold these Black Fires to the viscount and even sent the goons to attack me. You are now buried in my ice and your fire. This is what you deserve!”

Annan blathered loudly and then put the charges on Gerald.

By this time, Gerald had already woken up.

Gerald's first thought was:

How did Annan find out?

After that, his second thought was a strong desire to survive.

Whether it was to control Annan or to shout out Annan's secret and make it public to force Annan into facing off with Salvatore...

I need to open my mouth!

But the ten seconds of frostbite had caused Gerald's internal organs to fail. His mouth was shut, his eyes could not be opened, and the previously announced attack time had been over.

He had no chance of fighting back. He could only extend his neck at Annan's mercy. His body kept making a crackling sound. That was the sound of the gradual bones cracking.

It's a pity that I can't allow you to mouth off with me.

Annan looked at Gerald indifferently and bared his fangs ruthlessly. Frost Nova persisted in devastating Gerald's body as vitality slowly escaped from the opponent while Gerald tried desperately to voice out.

If it weren't for Gerald's mana value far surpassing ordinary people, he would have probably exhausted the mana above the safe threshold. Gerald was on the verge of losing control.

Annan even sighed in his heart with spare effort.

Silver Rank's (Gerald) suppression on Bronze Rank (Annan) is quite robust.

Unless one could destroy all the opponent's curses, any ordinary wizard could not defeat this enemy, even exhausting their mana.

The promotion in wizard rank did not solely upgrade the attributes.

Wouldn't it be more challenging to deal with if it was a Silver Rank swordsman?

Annan was still firing words with his mouth to “fill up the spare time outside the fierce battle” so that the cinematic scene and the plot appear richer. It helped to avoid awkward pauses:

“I didn't just kill you for truth and justice. I did it for myself, but also my friend — Salvatore. However, he didn't tell me why. He only told me that only one gets to live between him and you. Then, I choose to help my friend unconditionally.”

He was implying Salvatore: It's almost time to tell your story, my friend.

Salvatore also showed a hesitant look.

“I'll kill him, Don Juan.”

He thought for a long time, finally made up his mind, and said softly.

A jolt sent across Annan's spine as he returned gaze sharply.

Are you trying to cheat on me and scam for experience?

“Do you have to kill him yourself?”

“No, that's not necessary.”

“I can kill him, but I don't get the curse from him, right?”

Salvatore glanced at Annan with doubt, “That's natural. But, since you have no hatred against him, killing him won't get you any benefit.

“Because I have to get his curse. I will compensate you for it later.”

“How could it not be beneficial?”

Annan answered without hesitation.

I want the experience. Isn't that enough?

Unfortunately, Annan could not tell Salvatore this reason.

Fortunately, Annan had anticipated this a long time ago, so he opened the waist bag and took out the “exclusive excuse to reap experience” he had carefully prepared before.

Blood-stained Kitchen Knife.

Seemingly aware of something, Salvatore became less hesitant.