

Righteous Ps 70

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 70

Chilling frost gushed out from Annan's body.

Before Annan managed to take out his kitchen knife, Salvatore swiftly pressed on Annan's arm and blinked at Annan.

Even though Salvatore suffered frostbite pain, he gritted through it.

He watched the players behind them vigilantly and commanded loudly,

“There is nothing left for you to do here! Time to disperse. Get someone to notify the public security bureau to put out the fire!”

“No, no... it's fine, Salvatore.”

Annan just gave Salvatore a gentle smile. He gestured to the players not to leave.

Hearing two opposing orders, the players were a little dumbfounded for a while, not knowing whether they should go or stay. Their hesitation resulted in them staying where they were.

The players looked at each other for a while and finally decided to obey Annan's orders.

Although both were NPC and both were wizards, the faction leader had a higher hierarchy.

After Annan stopped the players from leaving, he looked back at Salvatore.

He took out the kitchen knife drenched with blood from the waist bag he carried with him. He swung the knife, disposing of some excess blood to the ground. He operated like those nurses who emptied the air in the needle and prepared for injection.

This exaggerated action forced Salvatore to retreat, preventing the blood from tainting him.

When the players saw this scene, they came to total silence.

They watched in horror as Annan took out a Blood-stained Kitchen Knife. The inside of his waist bag was covered with blood as if the knife was something that shouldn't be carried around.

They started to regret not following Salvatore's suggestion to leave.

Are you going to silence us by putting us to death?!

The point is don't deduct the affection rate even if you want to kill us!

“I remember that you have to use the item beforehand, right?”

Salvatore asked awkwardly and cautiously, “Are you sure you have used it?”

“Yes, I cut a slice of ham with the knife and ate it before we went out.”

Annan nodded and replied in a low volume, “I wanted to cut the bread at first. But I found that this was not possible. Because the bread would be soaked with blood. The knife would spurt blood desperately, and the whole bread turned red in the end.

“On the contrary, if I sliced a piece of ham, but there was not much blood on it. I can still eat it after rubbing it a little.”

At first, Annan planned to grab a kitchen knife from the Freezing Water Port City Lord's kitchen. But, this might leak his curse among the local inhabitants. It was far worse than revealing his info to the players.

Moreover, he would be wasting resources.

After all, no matter how encompassing Annan's heart was, it was impossible to put the used knife back in the kitchen.

He couldn't smile at the approaching customer, serve a table full of dishes, and then introduce, “Come and taste this dish I made with the knife that killed Gerald,” “You must taste the dishes made with the knife that murdered Viscount,” “This is the dish I made with the knife killing Salvatore. It's good for nutrition.” or something.

If Annan kept ushering the servants to buy new kitchen knives, they were likely to suspect that Annan took these kitchen knives out to do something evil.

By that time, some terrifying rumors would spread and affect Annan's image.

But if someone wronged him for losing the kitchen knife, it would be a pure shame. Even if Annan wouldn't blame the other party, he was still wronged for no reason.

In the end, Annan could only use the kitchen knife that came with this curse.

It was better than bothering others.

Annan unexpectedly discovered that this kitchen knife was not as inconvenient as he thought.

If he held it in his hand and walked around, the scene would be terrifying. But if he put it in a bag, its blood dripping speed would slow down a lot.

The curse item's description was, “A kitchen knife with its blood impossible to be wiped off.” Annan ran a simple test on it. If he were to hang the knife upside down, it would drip about one milliliter of blood every minute. But, if he tried to wipe off the blood on its surface, it would immediately leak more blood out in the next second.

If the other way round, the surface was covered with blood, or it had been immersed in blood, it would stop dripping blood.

In other words, the reason it kept oozing blood was to maintain the requirement of “having blood on the kitchen knife.”

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Probably this was it and its last unbending will.

It was quite a pity.

Annan originally planned to hang it upside down for a continuous supply of plasma source or something. If it was human blood, it allowed the production of blood bags. If it was not human blood, it could be made into different cuisines.

Unfortunately, the rate of it releasing blood was too slow.

When Annan put the knife back into the bag, there wouldn't be blood dripping out from the waist bag.

So Annan carried the knife with him. Every morning or evening, he would use the curse knife to peel fruit, slice ham, or chop meat. Anyway, it could be eaten after rubbing it. Annan did not see a problem with it.

This also guaranteed that Annan could take the knife out and use it to resolve his curse whenever he encountered an enemy.

Annan raised the bloody kitchen knife and smiled gently and cheerfully at Salvatore, who avoided him,

"I plan to use him to resolve my curse. Do you have any objections?"

"I have no objection, but they..."

Salvatore looked at the players hesitantly.

Annan replied without hesitation, "I believe them. They will keep it a secret for me. This is an agreement that I made with them a long time ago."

The players were suddenly at a loss.

When did we have an agreement?

But they were all smart people. No one asked about it but took it as their own "character settings." The players nodded in affirmation.

"But you should explain to them what curse is. I haven't told them in detail before. You know the reason."

Annan skipped this part in a vague tone and then replied with integrity and seriousness, "Because I think they all have the qualifications to become Transcended."

"Well, if that's your wish."

Salvatore shrugged and glanced at Gerald with ice engulfing him. He was still struggling slowly and constantly making muffled noise. Amidst that, Salvatore approached the players.

What an excellent opportunity for me to introduce some world settings to the players!

Annan breathed a sigh of relief and approached Gerald with his kitchen knife. He assessed the situation roughly.

A few slashes will do the trick.

Otherwise, he will freeze to death first.

"Sorry, friend."

Annan smiled briskly and said in a low volume, "We have indeed no hatred against each other, but I don't accept your surrender.

"You should give up struggling. Let me give you a quick end. Please be kind and bless me for more experience."

As he said, he swiftly chopped with his kitchen knife.

The blood on the kitchen knife instantly turned frozen white. It was sent out and nailed into Gerald's body. Then, the frosty blood on the kitchen knife began to melt again.

The frost traces silently entered the frozen Gerald body, making cracking sounds that Annan was already familiar with.

Are you not dead yet?

Annan was a little surprised. He made another slash and yet another one.

[Kill a Silver Rank enemy in battle. Obtain 1240 Shared Experience points.]

In the next moment, when Annan just finished marveling in his heart that "The Silver Rank wizard is fat" [1], he suddenly realized...

Hmm, the resistance that I felt when I committed the Frost Sword for the third time is far less than before.

Thinking of this, Annan opened the attribute panel immediately.

[1] In-game terms, fat indicates someone has many resources (item/level).