

Righteous Ps 72

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 72

The frost lingering in Annan gradually dissipated. His skin returned to its original color.

Only the frozen courtyard was left, and the viscount mansion was still ablaze.

Annan was stunned in place and expressionless while staring at Gerald's corpse. The pulsing flames were the only sign of life in this scene. Salvatore couldn't help but pat Annan on the shoulder.

“Are you alright, Don Juan?”

Seeing Annan like this, Salvatore started to regret it a bit.

Although Don Juan Geraint had a strong talent, he was only a child after all. As Bishop Daryl said, he had no part in this hatred.

Perhaps, I should have done it instead.

“En?”

Annan raised his head and looked at Salvatore blankly.

Annan reacted quickly afterward.

Oh, I forgot to change my expression.

When thinking about something, CPU usage is too high. The application named “overlay acting” has stopped responding.

Annan shook his head. A slightly solemn but resolute expression appeared on his face naturally, “Don't worry, I'm fine.

“I'm just thinking about something else. Don't worry about me.”

This was indeed the truth.

What Annan was thinking just now was about why he was so awesome.

Probably.

“Well, alright.”

Although Salvatore still felt something was wrong, he realized that Annan didn't want him to interfere, so he wisely stopped.

Don Juan probably wants to take this opportunity to train his mind.

Salvatore thought so.

After all, the Gerant family was facing a catastrophe. People who were too weak could not survive.

Salvatore could see that Annan was kind, rational, selfless, and uphold justice. But for a qualified nobleman, this was not a good character, nor could it save him from the catastrophe.

But it doesn't matter.

Salvatore thought to himself.

Because he was the selected Black Tower son.

All power in this world comes from curses. The wizard tower was no exception.

Every wizard tower was the most advanced curse vessel.

The towers were the most loyal curse vessels and the most adaptable.

There was almost no cost to the wizard tower too. As the tower master stayed in the tower, the tower would continuously provide the tower master with eternal life. The age of the tower master would stagnate.

This was a blessing and a prison.

But the wizard tower would only obey the strongest wizard.

This meant that once a more powerful wizard entered the tower, its ownership would change. The previous tower master would be released immediately, and the stronger wizard became the new tower master.

Some tower masters would exile or even kill talented young wizards to gain illusory eternal life. But more tower masters desperately hoped that someone could save them and give them freedom.

In the latter case, the "son of the tower" emerged. Taking the Black Tower in the swamp as an example, the full name of the son of Black Tower was actually "Swamp's Black Tower's first heir."

The Swamp's Black Tower was of Alteration School. Salvatore was the most talented one in Alteration School, more talented than the tower master of the year. This meant that he might have the opportunity in the future to become a stronger Alteration Wizard than the tower master. Then, he would follow the contract to take over and release the former Black Tower Master.

As a replacement to the contract, after Salvatore advanced to Silver, he would obtain privileges. The higher his rank, the better the privilege.

At that time, it would be easy to shelter a count's son.

Even the king would never offend the Black Tower Master.

Alteration School was the wizard best at large-scale wars. The Noah Kingdom needed to rely on these Alteration wizards to defend against the invasion of enemy countries. Not to mention the security issues they would be facing after offending these bombing experts.

The alteration wizard was not as straightforward as the destruction wizard. Any conflict would stir up big news.

Salvatore had made up his mind.

As the prize for taking the curse vessel and curse, Salvatore would immediately bring a group of elite wizards to Freezing Water Port to protect his innocent and kind friend when he advanced to Silver Rank and officially became the Black Tower's Son.

Thinking of this, he felt less guilty for having Don Juan do the killing blow.

"According to the agreement, I will absorb his curse."

Salvatore said softly and stepped forward, "Do remember to help me."

"Alright."

Annan responded succinctly.

Although he didn't know how to help, he agreed first.

Salvatore stretched out his right hand and pressed on Gerald's corpse.

A blood-red flame ignited silently on the edge of his palm, melting Annan's ice quickly.

Annan looked around and suddenly realized something was wrong.

No, it doesn't seem to be melting.

Under this strange flame, the ice was altered into black dust, thus disintegrating the ice.

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This black smoke seemed similar to Benjamin's Alteration Product at a particular stage, but it skipped part of it.

While Annan was thinking about it, Salvatore quickly melted the ice, exposing Gerald's left hand.

Annan looked over attentively, planning to see how Salvatore absorbed the curse.

Salvatore reached out his hand to pick out the bronze necklace on his neckline. He held the bronze necklace with his left hand and pressed his right hand on Gerald's silver ring, chanting in a low volume,

"I'm here to establish a curse-

"I will inherit the vow you made and bear the curse you carried."

After speaking, Salvatore closed his eyes and mumbled.

He took extra measures to guard against those players who had not left yet.

A strange mist spewed out of the silver ring suddenly.

The silver-gray mists dissipated in the rain and quickly turned into a black eel-like beam-shaped object in the air. It drilled into Salvatore's right hand. The black lines visible to the naked eye surfaced on his skin. It was like bugs squirming in his left arm.

Then, they exuded from the skin again, slowly entering the necklace in the form of silver-gray mist.

After that, Salvatore felt an electric shock, suddenly loosening his grip on the silver ring and shaking his right hand nervously in the air.

Annan noticed that the two fingers of Salvatore's right hand pressing on the ring had turned blemish. It swelled as if a hammer had hit it, with signs of blood leaking out.

“Destroy it, Don Juan!”

Salvatore immediately shouted, “Don't touch it with your hands!”

Annan didn't hesitate, raised his knife, and slashed over.

Within the first slash, Annan cut off the silver ring diagonally, along with Gerald's fingers.

The remnants of the silver ring suddenly inflated and burst. A strange gray-black mist appeared on Gerald's corpse.

The corpse's flesh, clothes, and the outer ice layer were quickly eroded, leaving only a white skeleton in the blink of an eye.

“What is this?”

“This is the curse he set up when he advanced to Silver. Neither you nor I can absorb it. This is not something we can resolve.”

Salvatore said in a relaxed tone, “Don't worry about it, just let it turn into a nightmare on its own. It shouldn't be too difficult to crack. After all, I assimilated half of the curse already.”

“Although I don't know what Gerald's obsession is, I guess it is to defeat Gerald, who is fully prepared. You see how sorry he died. If it were me, I would hold resentment even after death.”

“Of course, you don't have to worry about what happens after the nightmare emerges. There is a senior bishop stationed here, unlike the Freezing Water Port. This incomplete curse will soon be purified. The officials won't let the nightmare spread out. “

“It's not in a hurry.”

Annan got a wild idea. He shook his head without saying much and watched the nightmare generated in front of his eyes intently.

His first reaction was:

“Hey, my players have a new dungeon instance to participate in.”

Then, Annan realized that Bishop Daryl would purify this dungeon instance quickly. This dungeon instance was far inferior to that dungeon instance of Freezing Water Port that lasted for a long time.

Unfortunately, this could only be a limited-time event.

If the player could tackle the dungeon instance, it would be naturally best. Annan would have the opportunity to view the player's perspective through the administrator's authority to observe what was happening in the dungeon instance. He was also thinking about whether or not to turn on the live broadcast function. The first beta test on live broadcast could take place in the forum.

Even if the players failed to tackle the dungeon instance, it didn't matter either.

Anyway, the players had to pay with Annan's currency to deal with the erosion rate. It was directly equivalent to "Annan's affection rate." If the players died too much, Annan could also recover the excess affection rate.

A steady stream of death count could prolong the dungeon instance as well.

Except that Bishop Daryl might be a little confused, wondering how this nightmare couldn't be cleansed. But, it was a good thing for Annan.

After Annan collected enough information from the adventure team, he could participate in the dungeon instance to collect experience!

Suddenly, Gerald's bones had a sudden jerk, struggling and shivering to reach Annan.

Although it was in a fantasy world, this supernatural scene still surprised the players and frightened Salvatore.

Annan's expression was delayed for half a beat. Only then, he also showed a frightened expression.

Hmph, why did this thing jerk so abruptly?

My expression came late.

"Ann...nan..."

From the white skeleton's throat, a vague mumble sounded.

The sound was too vague. Everyone else would think it was a meaningless roar.

Only Annan realized that the white skull was calling his name,

"Annan-"

Then, at the moment it stood up, it suddenly disintegrated in pieces from its knees and shattered to the ground in the blink of an eye. The spooky skeleton had returned to dust.

It was like the skeleton had suffered decay for a long, long time.

Among the ordinary broken bones that had utterly lost the curse effect, an intact hammer inserted into the ground, slanted.

"This is what it looks like when the nightmare is born."

Salvatore sighed and was somewhat disappointed.

He whispered, "Although the conditions of entry are unclear, there is no doubt the nightmare is born.

"It belongs to Gerald's nightmare."