

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 8

## Chapter 8: Ritual: The Tongue In The Mirror

...It's a story about the change of kingship.

Annan felt a little stomachache just by hearing this.

The king had turned old, and the new king had not yet ascended the throne. In other words, this kingdom would inevitably be in chaos during this period.

After three more days, the closed beta would start. Players would come to this world. This unknown kingdom would become more chaotic.

Speaking of which, Annan still didn't know what the kingdom was called.

But it would still be fine.

As long as His Majesty didn't seek Don Juan's life from his heart, he could stay low to survive.

Taking this opportunity, Annan could ask what political position “Don Juan” should hold. It would save the trouble of accidentally exposing himself.

“Of course, I agree to join in. Speaking of which, where does count stand?”

“Naturally, it's at Your Majesty's side. That is, the Grand Duke's side too.”

The guard captain sighed in relief.

He thought that probably no one in this world would speak lightly on a prince and the future king, so he relaxed. His attitude was much warmer, “The Gerant family has contributed a role in ensuring Your Majesty to ascend the throne. But you know, Count Crow will not support the Third Prince ascending the throne.”

Annan nodded solemnly.

Nope, I don't know.

He thought a little and asked probingly in John's usual mannerism, “But, I still don't understand. Why don't they direct their effort at the count but at the young master? If something happens to the young master, the count will go crazy. How do we escape?”

“Count won't know about this.”

The guard captain was a little impatient about this, “This ship will be faked as a shipwreck. We will burn the sail and let it float on the sea for a long time before it dock. By then, we have already fled.”

Annan asked a few more questions. Guard Captain Klaus reluctantly replied with an attitude of “I can't beat John anyway.” “What the Third Prince wants is just the stamp ring from the Geraint family.”

-Forged letters!

Annan grasped it immediately.

Klaus and their purpose were to keep “Don Juan” alive and take away the stamp ring! With that, they could forge a letter from someone in the Gerant family; whether it was sent to the count or used as false evidence, it would attain a fantastic outcome.

Annan suddenly felt his stomach hurt even further and wanted to puke.

Why did I get involved in such a troublesome matter?

Moreover, since their purpose was to take the ring, they had probably found it on the ship when he exited the nightmare.

Suddenly, Annan was startled.

Wait.

Klaus lied-

Annan saw Klaus command the traitors to search Don Juan's room during the previous life.

He clearly remembered that they were looking for “a piece of paper.” Don Juan sewed this piece of paper in the clothes interlayer under the left armpit. The ring and stamp were just something they just happened to encounter.

Annan's heart shuddered.

Suppose Klaus was using a slightly less critical matter to cover up another more important matter...

It showed that this piece of paper's value was even more important than a prince's plan to seize power!

But, Annan didn't alert the villain.

He just pretended to be concerned and continued to ask, "What about Sir Benjamin? How do we deal with him?"

"You don't need to worry about it. Just listen to my command."

Annan's acting skills managed to fool Klaus. He was a little relieved and briskly replied, "The young master and we are on the same side. We wouldn't dare to do such a thing without him. This is a task that will bring disaster to us. Young Master has top-secret information on the Gerant family, including Benjamin's weaknesses.

"What a great opportunity for us to head up together. If you are present, the young master will become less vigilant..."

"I have a last request."

Annan hesitated for a while and asked with the risk of exposing himself, "I want the complete ritual process of The Tongue in the Mirror."

"Sure, but I also need to know who your master is."

Klaus agreed without hesitation, "The slow-witted John I know is not so smart. You have pretended to be a fool for so long to get close to Don Juan?"

"Who made you come?"

“Naturally, Lord Duke.”

“...Duke? Hmm...Which Duke?”

Hearing the word “duke,” the muscles on Klaus's face twitched.

He hesitated but still asked. But his voice was much softer, and his tone was not so aggressive, “Is it convenient to say it?”

“A duke with black hair and blue eyes... You know.”

Annan answered vaguely.

He wanted to get around Klaus and ask him some news about the Chilly Austere's Grand Duke.

But hearing Annan's answer, Klaus' pupils suddenly shrank slightly. He was silent immediately, and cleared his throat a little embarrassingly, not daring to ask further.

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“My ritual is the knowledge from the Upright Deity Church. Don't pass it on to anyone. I get it unjustly.”

Klaus just warned, “This is the dungeon instance knowledge that I have previously traded with others. The Upright Deity Church produced it. It hurts me very little while the effect is stable, unlike the rituals of false deities that are easy to go wrong. Keep it in your heart. It's best to understand that once this knowledge is leaked, both you and I will suffer.”

“Upright Deity Church?”

Annan made a reasonably doubtful expression.

Sure enough, Klaus still couldn't bear it and explained, “It's not the Silver Sire Church. Although our Noah Kingdom does welcome the Silver Sire's priest, if you don't have the money, those penny-pinchers won't teach you any magic or ritual.”

Annan immediately made a disappointed look.

At the same time, he took a deep breath and noted down the strange name of “Silver Sire.”

Oh my God, I finally found out the country's name...

Klaus chuckled then replied, “This is the 'Mysterious Lady' ritual. I don't know how much Grand Duke told you, so I will start from the beginning. Keep your ears clean. I will only say it once. The more I said, the harsher it will be for your spirit to bear.”

As he said, his voice suddenly changed, becoming low and hoarse. It was like opening a tape recorder in the throat and playing out a voice that belongs to others:

“The materials for the ritual are:

1. the soul of the person who remains silent despite knowing in advance on a crime that is going to take place
2. the blood of male adults who have never killed anyone
3. the tongue of a bull who died of voluntary poisoning
4. shoes that have never get in contact with mud

5. a mirror no larger than the size of one's head  
6. a scoop of seawater that has left the sea for no more than a day.  
“The ritual is simple. The specific procedure is to engrave or embroider any of the secret text(s) belonging to the mysterious lady on the bull tongue as a 'lock.' Then, you engrave or embroider its symmetry body on one's tongue as a 'key'.”

“After that, mix the blood and seawater, put the bull tongue on the mirror with the secret text(s) facing up. Release the sinner's soul, put on ritual shoes, and walk around the bloody ground clockwise and counterclockwise as you like. But do remember the number of laps. With that, 'open the door' ritual is complete.”

“After that, you can't leave your ritual area too far. The specific limit is your own 2,600 steps. If you exceed this distance, you are responsible for your consequences.”

“To release yourself from the ritual, wear those shoes again. Then, use the number of laps you set yourself and walk in the reverse direction once. That will be 'closing the door.' But before February 1st, you must release the ritual, regardless of how long the ritual has lasted. For the same reason, don't use this ritual until February has passed. Otherwise, you will be at your own risk.”

At this point, Klaus's strange state of “retelling” was also over.

He cleared his throat, cast his gaze at Annan. At the same time, his right hand moved closer to the hilt without a trace: “It's that simple. Hmph, you're still fine.”

“...I'm good.”

Annan made a troubled expression, took a deep breath, and nodded slowly.

Klaus nodded with concern, but a hint of disappointment flashed in his eyes. His right hand returned to the previous position, “It seems that you know a lot about this ritual previously. You still have a bit of knowledge about it and didn't ask for those taboo knowledge that your spirit cannot bear.”

Annan didn't speak but continued to nod vigorously, making himself appear like struggling.

But, Annan was at a loss deep inside.

Annan probably knew what the opposing party was planning.

In Klaus's opinion, if he said this knowledge, “John” might have lost himself on the ground and become completely vulnerable. Klaus must be plotting something terrible.

But, the outcome was different from what Klaus thought.

Annan didn't have any particular feelings at all.

It didn't hurt or itch, nor dizzy. At most, it felt that he had exercised too much just now and a bit hungry since mealtime was approaching.

That was why Annan could put up such a great act.

In terms of Annan's acting skills, it felt like a shame for him to perform at this level.



But the problem was that Annan didn't know what to do precisely-

What could he do? He was in a desperate situation.

He didn't even know whether he should have nausea or headache, vomiting or chest pain at this time. He could only make an expression of holding in his shit.

Anyway, no matter what the uncomfortable state should be, this expression was universal.

Seeing Annan “digesting the taboo knowledge quickly,” Klaus gritted his teeth and continued casually, “Also, do remember to arrange a guard in front of the ritual area? Otherwise, if someone replaces the tongue, your ritual's control will be taken away. It's just like what happened to me. The demand for this unpopular ritual itself is low. The Bronze Rank Transcended can use it. Since it comes from the Upright Deity Church, there is no random chaotic effect...”

When he said this, the corners of his mouth rose ironically, “But, under normal circumstances, this ritual can only be used by the deity who can engrave inscriptions on the soul. It must be 'Reverse Inscription.' But the only church which has mastered 'Reverse Inscription' belongs to the 'Silent Lady,' the deity of veto and darkness, not the 'Mysterious Lady'.”

“Thanks to the Third Prince who found a special magic mirror for me, I was able to operate this ritual. It was made by the Mysterious Lady Church, specifically to replace the Reverse Inscription to operate this ritual mirror. Since it is not activated normally, I still need to compensate many souls to maintain the ritual barely. When the body decays, the ritual will automatically end, which is beyond my uncontrol.”

Speaking of this, Klaus smiled triumphantly, “Learning this is not useful because you have to find a way to get such a mirror first.”

This is probably the reason why he just agreed forthrightly.

Annan smacked his lips, then sighed again. He followed Klaus without saying a word.

This made Klaus feel much better.

But Klaus couldn't see it; Annan looked at him with pitiful eyes.

This hapless kid...

When Annan got this ritual, Klaus was desperate. How long did it take him to get a “curse” mirror that could barely be used as a substitute? It was like a stupid kid who had finally bought a 3A game [1] masterpiece and found out that his computer couldn't run it at all.

But we are different.

Annan remembered that “Reverse Inscription.”

I seems, probably, maybe...

having it.

[1] In informal classification used for video games produced and distributed by a mid-sized or major publisher, typically having higher development and marketing budgets.

Chapter end