

Righteous Ps 84

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 84

At the next moment, Annan made a subsequent attack on Justin.

In other words, the moment when the hammer touched the back of Justin's hand, all the books in the library trembled suddenly.

Justin felt a familiar and intense chill again.

He felt his skin tensed up.

It was as if he had put on tights.

That's a curse related to control!

Justin immediately realized the problem in his brain.

But his body couldn't react at all.

An invisible halo centered on Justin suddenly spread.

While being swept by that halo, it seemed as if all the books, documents, and newspapers had come to life at the same time.

[Page Lock]

All the [Carrier of Knowledge] (words) wriggled like dense insects, embedded in the light, and became dense, mosquito-like skeletons.

Countless light streams formed a dense chain of light, swept from all directions, capturing Justin's body instantly!

Justin's right hand still maintained a forward grasping posture. He stomped on his knees hard with his muscles bulging. His expression was hideous. His feet stood on tiptoe, exerting strength to his kick on the stool. The hunting posture was frozen in the air by chains!

Those chains wrapped around him a few times and nailed into his body. They were like pulsating electric lights, injecting hundreds of knowledge into Justin's mind at the same time.

“Ah-“

Countless light streams converged to the center. Justin let out an extremely painful roar, and his eyes trembled violently.

Then, his eyes were instantly bloodshot as blood gushed into them. Soon after, blood quickly overflowed from the eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Blue veins grew visible on his head, and dark purple traces spurt on the skin surface.

However, Justin was still unable to break free.

Crunch-

Realizing that Justin wanted to break free, the chains began to tighten immediately.

The intense pain weakened Justin's body, while the heavy knowledge stunned him.

Justin was not without the ability to resist.

He used his trump card immediately.

Two of the three bronze rings on the fingers of his right hand lit up.

One of them was a curse he got after hunting down a female wizard.

[Pain Loss]!

The curse was simple. After usage, the user would lose the sense of pain and touch. He could be unfazed no matter what kind of torture and torture at all.

After activating this curse, Justin felt that his numb brain from the severe pain finally awakened a little.

Then, he activated the second curse to get him out of trouble!

It came from a "Gladiator" Justin once killed with a backstab.

The gladiator's combat power was powerful, even stronger than Justin. Justin could not contend against the gladiator.

[Break Free]!

This was a curse that could only be used when the user was trapped. The price was that the user had to be bound and freed once a week. Otherwise, the bones and muscles would jump directly out of the shackles of the skin.

The curse would enable the user to multiply his strength several times when the situation forced the user to "Break Free!"

It ignored pain while granting the user to break free of control. It strengthened his muscle. His odds became better under the compliment of the third curse that he had not used for the time being. This curse could be used once a month to restore the injury to one second before death.

The mentioned instantaneous ability granted him the confidence to fight the wizards.

This was the ability system Justin arranged and constructed.

Justin believed that this set of abilities would never fall at a disadvantage to any Transcended of the same tier.

"It looks like I can't hold back."

Justin, who had recovered his sanity, sullen his face and whispered to Annan.

His seven orifices were still bleeding, but he didn't feel pain anymore.

Under Justin's skin, thick blood vessels wiggling back and forth like worms. The muscles turned dark red at speed visible to the naked eye, and a faint white mist evaporated.

“Ah...”

He roared, slowly mustering his strength.

The next moment, the binding chain began to tremble.

The books in the entire room began to burst into cracks.

The first thing that broke apart was the newspaper.

Like cracked earth, deep tore surfaced on the newspapers. The cracks began to set aflame.

Although Annan couldn't see it, the same situation must have appeared inside the book.

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After all, Alvin Barber was just a viscount. This was only his manor, not his viscount mansion.

The knowledge recorded in the books in this study was naturally impossible to be so secretive. Thus, its binding power was not sufficient, and it could still be broken.

But Annan had already expected this.

Before [Page Lock] was broken free by Justin's brute force, Annan had already stood in front of him and whispered,

“Go to sleep.”

A dim light flashed under Annan's eyes.

It was Annan's instant spell, Slothful Eye!

Justin, who was directly imparted with a strong “lazy” feeling, stagnated his body for a moment. His “struggle with all his strength” was also interrupted.

Justin was witty. He canceled out the “loss of pain” at the moment when his consciousness became slow.

Under the impact of intense pain, this laziness disintegrated in an instant.

But, just a moment of controlling Justin was enough.

Even if Justin immediately regained consciousness in the next moment, those chains of light that had already begun to tremble had already been strengthened the moment Justin's ability to “struggle with all strength” was interrupted.

“Ughah-“

Justin screamed again and was tied tightly again by the chain.

This time, Justin had no chance of escaping.

As Annan's body exuded frost, the irresistible cold breath penetrated Justin's body.

Annan regained control skillfully. Soon, Justin stopped struggling.

But, Annan didn't intend to end Justin's life with the Frost Wheel, even though it might be cool to use the strongest ability as a finishing move.

However, Annan was always cautious in his doings.

The Frost Wheel lacked travel distance, resulting in its destructive power being lackluster. There was also the threat that Justin would escape because of the destruction of the bookshelf.

So Annan opened his waist bag.

Then, he took out the kitchen knife dripping with blood.

The curse on his wrist was unsealed. The black mud burned on his arm again, forming an abstract and winding broken sword pattern.

Butcher's Knife was activated.

"You're under my mercy."

Annan smiled and looked at Justin, who was frozen in mid-air while maintaining a pouncing posture.

Annan's eyes were still pure and clean; his ice-blue pupils were filled with delight and content.

In his heart was the excitement and joy of defeating a powerful enemy.

He didn't care about Justin's background story at all. He didn't care how many innocent people Justin killed, how much hatred Justin carried, who were those Transcended Justin hunted.

Because Annan was honest.

He was only happy because he defeated this powerful enemy.

He knew he didn't kill Justin because of those people. Of course, if the family of those people showed up in front of Annan first, he might accept the mission of "revenge for them" because of pity and sympathy.

But at least for now, Annan assassinated Justin to kill Viscount and leave this place smoothly.

So Annan believed that this killing intent came from his selfish desires.

Both matters were unrelated.

Indeed, Annan had no hatred for Justin, but he felt no guilt as well.

Just like a child tearing down the wings of a butterfly, his heart was filled with pleasure.

What if you hate a monster? What if a monster wants to attack you? What if a monster guards the treasure chest?

Kill him if you can.

The players would answer like this.

But even those genuine players who had entered this world couldn't continue with this pure player mentality after seeing this realistic world.

Acting only for fun regardless of difficulties and dangers, ignoring the consequences, and be like a fearless monster. They couldn't do it anymore.

Because they started to care about this game, this world.

But Annan...

—Annan is fearless.

Therefore Annan believed that only he was the real and only player in this world.

“I will give you a quick death, Brother Justin.”

Annan politely saluted Justin one last time. He raised the bleeding knife in his hand, “I don't care about the rest.”