

Righteous Ps 94

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 94**

As Wandering Child opened the door at the end of the corridor for the second time, he entered the third level of the nightmare.

The live broadcast screen suddenly started to shake.

The noise[1] made his figure blurred.

The strategy group watching the stream outside of nightmare was a little flustered:

“Is there a static screen on your side?”

“It seems there is signal interference. Stop for a moment! Stop rushing forward.

“Go, charge for your life!”

“Damn it. Something seemed to flash past my screen just now.”

“I don't have the energy to rush anymore. Hiss.”

Wandering Child took a breath and held the wound in his abdomen.

It was not that he didn't feel the pain previously, but that he chose to bear it for a while and rushed to the end.

It hurt no matter the intensity. It seemed better to run quicker and progress the plot.

Wandering Child was clear about his position.

He had learned from the backseat gamers that he would lose memory after death in this dungeon instance, but the audience's memory would not be reset.

So, he planned to use his life to investigate the bush [1] and see if there was any death flag behind.

“How many players are on the third level already?”

Wandering Child relaxed for a while. Then, he bucked up and asked the bullet texts.

“Only you.”

“It's fine. Let's look for clues.”

“Go~! Charge~! “

“Stop with the nuisance chatters. If you make trouble again, I will go to your house and 'chat' with you.”

Apparently, the Crazy Goose sent that bullet text.

Crazy Goose was not referring to finding the person at Freezing Water Port's residence but going offline to confront the person in the players' real life.

This 1.9-meter bald man who was an armorer combat sports enthusiast was quite an intimidating image. As soon as Crazy Goose spoke, those who watched in excitement immediately got a straight face and began to discuss the plot, "But I think the child has no more energy to move forward."

"Fuck you. I'm still young. I can still rush if I want to."

Wandering Child snorted casually.

He squinted his eyes and looked ahead.

In the second level of the nightmare, it should be the chandelier and the hammer that might cause death. But at that time, the Wandering Child judged that the chandelier couldn't hit him, so he didn't stop and ran over at full speed. It was the same with the hammer. Since the child didn't hesitate, he wouldn't be injured at all.

He left the place unscathed.

But if he stopped because of fear, he would die.

But the third level was different.

All the lights in the gallery were all extinguished. The gallery became pitch dark. Only when the thunder came outside the window could the player vaguely see what was in front.

Fortunately, the terrain hadn't changed much.

"Brothers, there seems to be something hanging over there."

Wandering Child muttered and moved forward cautiously and vigilantly.

Wandering Child didn't play horror games often. According to the standard routine, if there was nothing scary about the first two floors, there should be key events on the third floor.

But the very purpose here was to adventure the unexplored part of the game. Without any warnings of "potential event ahead," he felt flustered.

Wandering Child approached the hanging objects, trying to investigate them.

Suddenly, thunder flashed outside the window.

Wandering Child's pupils trembled suddenly, alongside his body having a sudden jerk.

With the glimpse of thunder, he saw the picture frames, tied up by countless ropes, hanging crookedly on the ceiling!

Every painting looked at him.

Men and women of different ages.

But the corners of their mouths had precisely the same exaggerated and weird smiles while staring at him!

"Hahahahaha."

“Hehehe.”

“Hmph...”

Different laughter sounded from all directions at the same time.

Wandering Child felt chills crept upon him. He subconsciously stopped in place, afraid to move forward.

At the next moment, a blast of thunder sounded!

The laughter stopped abruptly.

The sudden strong wind blew the window open with a bang. The cold and humid air blew over in an instant, making his heart skip a beat.

The torrential rain rang outside the window.

Only then did Wandering Child realize that his back was soaked.

The gust of cold wind blew at him, making his back cold and uncomfortable.

The wandering child looked around vigilantly, like a thief. He took a step and looked around, slowly approaching the window.

“Stop watching me play. Give me hints.”

Wandering Child's voice trembled, along with his hands too.

Come and read on our website [wuxia worldsite](#). Thanks

He admitted now that he was a little scared.

Initially, Wandering Child planned to close the window. He was worried that when he approached, he might see a silent black shadow outside the window.

But when he walked to the window, he found a letter outside the window.

That letter should have just been recently placed. Under the heavy rain, it was not wholly drenched yet.

Wandering Child didn't hesitate and quickly scooped the letter in.

“At least, I'm smart with my actions.”

He muttered, vaguely aware that something was wrong, “Hey, can you guys talk? Hello, can you hear me?”

At this moment, a barrage of bullet text invaded:

“We've been talking. Can't you see the texts?”

“Brother, we have never stopped typing.”

“Is the bullet text minimized? Perhaps, bad signal?”

“Wait, is the signal terrible?”

Wandering Child was annoyed, "When I got to the third level, I lost my bullet texts. Does anyone else have this situation?"

"Not the third floor, Child. It seems that the bullet texts will stop after triggering something."

Delicious Wind Goose suddenly sent a bullet text.

Upon hearing this, Wandering Child lifted his spirits, "Oh! Then I understand it is the same as background music (BGM). When BGM suddenly stops, it represents a key event!"

The Child suddenly found new courage in his heart.

Since there was a key event warning, he shouldn't be scared anymore.

"Bro, open the letter!"

"What are you doing? Stop dazing around."

"Okay, okay. I will open it now."

Wandering Child reacted and urged again as he opened the letter, "Don't stop the bullet text. You can send 11111 if you don't know what to say."

"I'm planning to eat while watching your stream. Maybe I can call you the Food King."

"Don't stop the bullet texts. You're making me laugh."

Utilizing the bullet texts to suppress his fear, Wandering Child slowly opened the letter.

At first, he was worried that the letter might be bloody or something scary might appear. But unexpectedly, the letter contained a serious content:

"On March 27th, I have followed Amos to Roseburg to paint for Mrs. Viscount.

"Amos is in a bad state today, and I am a little uneasy. I have never seen him paint like this. Although I have never learned to paint, you must first draw bone when painting portraits, right?"

"This painting makes me a little sick. The painting is indeed beautiful, but I always feel...

"It always feels like the corpse outside the glass window."

The letter ended here.

It was like a diary with a torn page.

Suddenly, the Wandering Child froze.

He suddenly realized something and raised his head cautiously.

Fortunately, there were no more corpses outside the window.

But he did not relax but carefully closed the window and hung the lock back carefully.

Then, he turned around.

Thunder fell at the same time.

Wandering Child saw...

It wasn't portrait tied under the hanging ropes.

There were a bunch of corpses hanging on the beams!

There were men and women, young and old.

Their heads drooped. Their eyes were muddy. The bodies swayed in the wind, but there was a neat, weird smile on the corner of each of their mouths.

All the corpses looked at Wandering Child.

All were staring at him.

Different low laughter surrounded him. Fear made Wandering Child gurgled.

Suddenly, Wandering Child noticed something.

“Shadow...”

My own shadow seems...

Extraordinarily long?

The upper part of the shadow gradually bulged.

It was as if a person, slowly raising the huge hammer above his head.

He turned his head back abruptly.

Only to see a pair of empathetic eyes.

Then, the glass window shattered.

[1] MOBA game reference. Usually, the enemy will lurk outside the vision (bush). Wandering Child is like the scout in this case.