

Righteous Ps 391

The Righteous Player(s) C391– Monster Lord

Chapter 391: Monster Lord

Just yesterday, when Citalopram had nothing to do, she was flipping through books and looking for information.

Then, she found out the reason for Dove's incident in [Cat's Name].

This immediately caused a commotion on the forum.

Dove was irritated and groaned.

After she understood the mechanism, she was a little reluctant about whether to swap back to her human body.

It's certainly not some bug.

After being translated into the player's language, the mechanic was triggered in this manner:

When the hunter's [Shared Perception] skill reached LV4 or higher, if he entered the Elf Ruins with his animal companion at the same time, a soul swap would be triggered.

This mechanic continued to work until Gold Rank.

In other words, it was an easy job to change it back. She had to revisit the ruin, and the matter would be done.

Originally, Dove had always wanted to change her body back. However, she was a little hesitant after learning that it was so simple.

Dove had gotten used to the serval's body.

If it weren't for the fact that Chocolate often used her human body to roam around, Dove would not want to change it back now.

Under the buff of the hunter's skill, the minimum value of each attribute of Chocolate would gradually grow closer to the human body.

As a result, even though Chocolate's Strength attribute had reached 6 points and her constitution was similar to the host, she still had the agility of the cat's body. For some reason, she possessed a color vision of the full spectrum of colors that cats should not have. Additionally, she still had the dynamic vision of cats.

She even acquired the skill effect of [Stalker] that she learned at Level 7. For enemies she had injured, she could see the movement route left by them.

As a result, she gradually became a little addicted to it.

The strength of this “body” was superb. At least in the early stage, that was indeed the case before she got any new powerful transcended abilities.

With the wisdom of a cat, it was difficult to utilize this body perfectly.

So Dove occupied the body after learning the truth.

It was like when playing RPG games, the players would take off the NPC teammates' equipment who joined the team and then put those equipment on themselves.

A serval had gained strength more muscular than a robust and healthy human adult male and a constitution that could withstand two heavy blows from hammers. Even the agility attribute was more than doubled. What kind of monster would it become?

The final product was the current Dove.

When the Child attacked her with all her strength, it was difficult to even touch Dove.

As a matter of fact, he was not an ordinary swordsman but a [Forest Walker] who could utilize vines, earth, and air to attack.

At the current state, the Child had mastered Aero Strike. At the same time, he could send out wind blades sharp enough to tear through iron armor. Coupled with [Geo Strike]'s transformation on the terrain, Wandering Child alone could fight a small mercenary group.

For him, the vines, the earth, the water, the ice, and the air condensed into a blade could be fired at the same time.

In words that were easy for players to understand, the Child was fully equipped with practical skills. None of his skills would not be handy.

However, even with the Child at this capability, plus Citalopram and Suuankou, the group still found it difficult to fight against Dove and Chocolate.

Indeed, the four players were relatively free in Roseburg while waiting for news from the Royal Capital.

They were not Lin Yiyi, after all.

They did not particularly get close to Kafni when she was cold to them.

As a result, they started playing with each other during the day and then headed back to the feudal lord's residence to sleep at night.

For example, Suuankou used the money he stole from the previous beginner mission to make some traps. Then, he sold the traps and exchanged more money to make better trap devices, and his craftsmanship gradually became more proficient.

The Child took short-term bodyguard jobs, searched for materials, found a blacksmith in the city, and asked him to build a new weapon based on the ring blade he used in his dream.

Thus, he was in the process of getting used to his new weapon and stayed on the training ground during the day. After he got used to the weapon, he would head to the military camp in the south if there were no new updates from the Royal Capital. He planned to build rapport in the military base.

Citalopram had nothing to do except read books and browse the forums. Sometimes, she would flip through the books that Longjing Tea copied from the wizard tower. Although her authority level was only at Level 1, a few books were available already.

In fact, she was a [Half-dead Enchantress]. If ordinary people discovered her, it might cause a commotion.

Only the players would not dislike a half-undead with a cold body temperature, who needed to eat and drink like ordinary people but did not need sleep and was infertile.

Even if she only came into contact with others in a physical state, it would slowly absorb the vitality of the other party, making the other party weak and sickly. For ordinary people who were not transcoders, it would only take less than half a month to bring death upon them if they were to get married; even if the frequency of contact was not so high, they might get sick if they were to shake hands.

For the Noahs, the Half-dead Enchantress was roughly the same as “Wolfman” and “Centaur”, which only existed in legends. After seeing them, it was best to run away from the “monster”.

At the same time, Citalopram also found a hidden setting.

When she was in her peak physical condition, she could slowly increase her experience point when she was in contact with others and absorbed their vitality!

Since she discovered this, she would fall asleep holding the humanoid Chocolate or the cat-shaped Dove every day when she went offline. With that, she gained some experience steadily every day. Even though it was not much, the stability mattered.

After all, the players were not afraid of this.

The temperature had also started to warm up recently. “Chocolate” was not as heat-resistant in the cat's body. Sleeping with the cold Citalopram at night was like a soft and temperature regulation pillow.

Although it hurt the body a bit, she could tolerate this level of damage as a transcender.

When the four of them were free, they would occasionally brawl. Dove and Chocolate would make up a team, while the rest of the three would be in another team.

Dove's current win rate was 100%.

Generally speaking, when the hunter's and pet's souls were swapped, the hunter would gain combat power because of “the hunting instinct of pets”.

But things were different on Dove's side.

Her archery instinct as a human was stronger than the wild instinct of her pet.

When Chocolate used her body, she quickly mastered the [Archery] skill through the remaining instincts left in the human body. As a result, her shots decently reached 60% of Dove's level.

The cat mastered the speed of archery, even faster than running and sneaking with a human body.

Under “Miss Chocolate” training, the Child finally mastered how to block and avoid flying arrows.

Also, on this day, Kafni received a letter from the capital.

It was a letter from her father. The wording was not formal but strict. He mentioned that Don Juan had returned to the capital, and it was impolite for Kafni to stay at Freezing Water Port, and she should return quickly.

Without a doubt, this was a hint.

The “Dream Stealer” deleted her father's memory again and noticed that Kafni was out of his control.

In the current state, the “Dream Stealer” was threatening her with her father's life.

Realizing this put Kafni in a bad mood.

After thinking for a long time, she finally made up her mind.

This time, she did not plan to run away.

She wanted to eradicate this nightmare that had haunted her and her father for more than ten years.

No matter if it was the Dream Stealer, Teacher Nicholas, or even those demons in the capital city...

Kafni's cherished memory flashed through her mind.

The boy had a serious face and cold eyes in the splendid sea of crystal flowers.

He reached out to her, who was regarded as a monster.

She still remembered her fingertips that touched the shivering low temperature and the warmth that came into her heart.

Your heart is so scary. I have never seen so much snow.

Naturally, my heart is like ice.

Are you a monster too?

Yes, I am a monster. My name is Annan.

Her “Monster Lord” has returned.

“He said he would protect me,” Kafni whispered, closing her eyes slightly.

Her bright red eyes were still much clearer than when she first came to the Freezing Water Port, not so lost and dispirited.

No more. She denied her previous self-perception of being weak.

As a monk, I must have a firm will.

She threaded the Fallen path, which had no turning back, and her mentality should be even more so.

If her will was not firm enough, she would not live long.

Kafni reached out and held her beloved gemstone in her arms, feeling the familiar coldness.

She took a deep breath and raised the corners of her mouth.

"I'm wrong. I should be the one to protect him instead." Kafni opened her eyes slowly.

The words were full of calmness and confidence.

From her tender and petite body, she broke free from a majestic aura that was young but enough to be detected by a keen person.

"Dove." She summoned the alert cat.

After just a few seconds, a serval appeared silently at her bedroom door.

"Meow," Dove replied softly.

"Notify them to pack up." Kafni said slowly, "We will depart tomorrow."

The Righteous Player(s) C392– The Crescendo

Chapter 392: The Crescendo

"Her Royal Highness Kafni seems to have made a move. Would that be fine?" The speaker was Eugene Geraint.

He came over early in the morning and asked Annan worriedly, "Did you get her to come over?"

"No." Annan answered clearly.

But it does not matter. Kafni can come over anytime she wants.

That was Annan's reply.

Instead, Annan stopped thinking of "Roseburg" as a safe place when he realized the situation was getting intense.

Especially when the Old Bread had already left.

If someone wanted to do something against Kafni, Annan would be unable to make it in time.

In this case, it would be safer to have Kafni by his side and be protected by the Paper Princess.

"So, that's how you see it." Eugene nodded thoughtfully.

After many thorough investigations from the Paper Princess, She finally determined that this person was harmless to Annan and a good friend who would benefit Annan's future.

Only then did She allow Eugene to visit every day.

Although Annan was grateful for the Paper Princess's meticulousness, he could not help but laugh a little at her strictness.

This also reminded Annan of the nostalgia and warmth of having parents and relatives looking after him, particularly making friends at school.

After Annan and Eugene chatted for a long time about the political situation in the capital, he decided to move back to Geraint's house from a high-end hotel.

On the one hand, it was to build a good relationship with the Geraint family. On the other hand, he wanted to obtain important information as quickly as possible while keeping himself safe.

In fact, part of the reason was that Annan did not want to let the Paper Princess spend any more money.

The expenses of the King Noah Hotel were too expensive.

With the Paper Princess and Annan in the same room, the cost of their daily accommodation alone, not even including the food and the things she bought for Annan, was 130 pounds.

That was roughly equivalent to 1500 silver coins a night.

Annan felt a little heartache when he looked at it.

Although it was not his money, he did not want to spend the elder's money indiscriminately.

Thus, he might as well live at the Geraint Family's mansion.

At the very least, his daily necessities were taken care of in addition to much more superb security than King Noah Hotel.

As a matter of fact, the backyard of the Geraint Family's Residence was directly connected to the back garden of the palace.

The security force of the Geraint family was the king's guard.

It was still a mix of the royal guards and the secret troops. It was impossible to infiltrate by just blending into the patrol. Coupled with the several surveillance the One-Eyed Crow had installed, it was difficult for even a Gold Rank transcender to sneak in.

From Annan's point of view, moving to the Geraint family was a good choice in every aspect.

Seeing that Annan was tricked into the house by Eugene in just one day, the Paper Princess immediately followed with a worried look.

While this made Annan feel secure, he found it a little subtle.

It was like when he went to stay at his classmate's house, his aunty or elder sister did not feel at ease and came over directly.

Luckily, Eugene's diplomacy was reliable.

The kindness that came from the bottom of his heart expressed to others, his listening skills, and how he took other people's words seriously were enough to get the Paper Princess's acknowledgement.

The Paper Princess had only demanded her presence if Eugene wanted to speak to Annan. She said that when there were no special circumstances, She would not interrupt the conversation between the two.

Eugene was aware that the Paper Princess was worried about him tricking Annan.

But how is that possible?

Paper Princess's concerns seemed a little extra.

Eugene sighed secretly.

He knew very well that Annan was not an innocent child. When he chatted with Annan, the pressure was even greater than chatting with the marquis of the count. He always felt like he might have been tricked by Annan subconsciously.

Of course, this was also because of their identity difference.

Annan was the incoming Austere-Winter's Grand Duke, a future deity, and possibly even a subordinate deity of an upright deity. The status gap between them was massive.

This made Eugene Geraint, the future heir of the Crow Family, keep the distance between him and Annan at all times. He only dared to stay in the position of "friend", daring not to be rude for a moment or to move forward in their connection.

After all, what he wanted to take care of and please was not just "Annan".

The power in the hands of the Geraint Family would be the power of the future king.

If he was too close to Annan, the king might have doubts about the Geraint family.

As the head of the highest intelligence agency, it was concerning to have them establish a good relationship with the supreme ruler of the neighboring country.

If they were regular nobles, it would be a good thing for them to build some deterrence to the king.

It meant that the king would not easily trust their words but would not simply ignore their words. This would push their status in the social circle of the nobles higher and even become the center of social interaction. For example, "the Geraint Family's circle" or something.

But the Geraint Family's position did not allow them to get close to the nobles.

An intelligence agency that did not obey the king, was not trusted by the king, and was distant from the nobles had no value.

At that time, the "loyalties to the royal family" which the Geraint Family had backstabbed upon would take this as their weakness to ask for benefits.

The same would go for Kafni and the other princes.

Eugene kept his politeness and his distance.

This was the way of survival for the Crow Family.

The Crow could only side with the king's crown.

As for his eldest brother, Ferdinand Geraint... Before the king chose the heir, he decisively chose one of the descendants to serve as an advisor and tried to increase the possibility of him being selected as the king. In fact, this was a great taboo.

Therefore, Ferdinand was utterly unaware that the more he helped His Royal Highness Philip, the less His Majesty would choose His Highness Philip.

To Eugene's surprise, Philip did not realize it either.

Unlike his mature eldest brother, Philip had toffee every day. He often went out to play with his friends and subordinates. He seemed just a refined and excited player who did not care about anything else.

However, Eugene had a lot of secret information in hand.

He could easily see that Philip was a pretty smart man.

He was much smarter than Princess Royal. Just by looking at the fact that he did not leave any traces, this trait of his was much more apparent. Still, even though he did not leave any traces, it did not stop others from realizing it was him doing it. Even when the others realized Philip was the culprit, they could not guess his intention, what he wanted, and what he would gain after it.

Eugene even suspected that his eldest brother might be just Philip's pawn.

Talking about Philip, he had to mention to Annan that Philip had recently acquired a new capable man.

Eugene asked Annan, who was in deep thought, "Is that person named Delicious Wind Goose the one you sent?"

His acting skills were so good that even Eugene could not be sure. Did Delicious Wind Goose betray Annan, or was he a spy Annan sent?

Annan just smiled upon hearing those words.

He did not give any reply.

The Righteous Player(s) C393– Philip's Conspiracy

Chapter 393: Philip's Conspiracy

Although Philip was a prince, he would not wear any formal and gorgeous outfit at home.

He just put on baggy gray pajamas and sat cross-legged on the bed.

Behind him, a young girl was sleeping with her back to Philip.

As a Rotten Man believer, he would have no offspring.

If he had no direct descendants at his age, it would draw suspicion from others.

On the surface, he was not acting as a "Rotten Man believer" but as a "Cup-holding Lady's follower".

As the believer of the Cup-holding Lady, it was expected for his private life to be a bit rotten.

After all, he was not ugly, not old, not fat. His baby face was not only pleasing to the eye, and it was deemed cute. His personality was charismatic to others since he could draw laughter and chatters. Naturally, he had many young and beautiful mistresses.

So he was not without descendants. But, he just had no official wife and many illegitimate children.

But no one would have imagined that these mistresses of his were selected by Philip using his divine art and ritual. Instead, they were mistresses who “would inevitably cheat”.

In other words, none of Philip's children were his own.

Of course, Philip knew about it.

But, he did not care.

He had intentionally forged this situation to boost his advantage as a direct descendant of the royal family and to run for the throne.

Princess Royal lost her advantage because her status might be affected by the status and position of her husband if she got married.

On the other side of the Fourth Prince, he was known to be secluded from this matter.

Only one of his children, Kafni, survived. He had only one wife as well. This wife of his was a Rotten Man believer. Due to this, she had killed off all his other children.

That was to give Philip an advantage.

Of those children, Kafni was excluded because of Philip's decision.

Those close relatives of the royal family and Philip's illegitimate children would form a circle. Under Philip's cue, they rejected, hated, and excluded Kafni.

The reason for keeping Kafni was just for Philip's ritual, just in case.

Although he seemed to have many descendants, they did not have Noah's royal blood.

Therefore, he must leave a bloodline descendant of Noah to be sacrificed in the later ritual.

While Kafni was not necessarily required to be a sacrifice, she was kept alive if the situation called for her sacrifice.

Otherwise, Philip would be stuck for not having the last piece of sacrifice.

He would prioritize killing Princess Royal and the Fourth Prince in his next plan. Only if all the heirs were eradicated would his plan not be hindered.

All enemies who could retaliate had to be paralyzed.

Because of this, his current plan was to lure the secret enemy out.

The many flaws he had revealed seemed possible to harm him. However, all of them were traps. Even if he were attacked in these places, it would not affect his plans.

For example, Ferdinand Geraint.

It was already taboo to establish a secret relationship with one of the heirs of the Crow Family. If he were to follow the standard succession process, this matter would be enough to take away his rights in inheriting the throne. Thus, putting him at the bottom of the rankings.

But he did not consider the possibility of a standard throne inheritance process from the beginning.

What he asked for was not the throne at all.

Of course, Philip knew that Rotten Man was not a deity to be trusted. His power was inferior, His popularity was poor, and His character was foul.

But so what?

After He had given the gift of "immortality", it was not so easy to take it back. Philip would become the foundation of the Rotten Man's ritual.

The Rotten Man not only did not dare to abolish his power, He even had to protect Philip.

On the other hand, those deities who were hostile to Rotten Man would not need to target Philip to destroy His ritual. That was because He was so weak that it was unnecessary.

Thus, Philip would be on the safe side.

He only hoped to complete the Rotten Man's ritual of becoming a deity, sacrificing all his blood-related relatives for immortality.

That was utter immortality.

He retained the sense of touch and taste, could enjoy himself like an ordinary person, and could still experience the joy of sleeping. His path to becoming a transcender was not blocked, and he did not even have the physical decay and slow thinking like an old man.

Based on Cup-holding Lady's ritual, he could get immortality in optimal physical condition.

By then, the throne would not matter.

In other words, the throne was just a tool for his enjoyment.

To put it crudely, wasn't being a king just for pleasure?

Could there be royal heirs who would sacrifice their lives and all their energy to compete for the throne "for the purpose of making the country more prosperous"?

That would be absurd.

At least Philip never believed in this possibility.

It was all just for the pleasure of power.

What would these powers be used for?

Naturally, that was for sole pleasure.

To achieve perfect enjoyment, immortality was the most befitting blessing.

How many emperors pursue immortality? Would the royalties resist such temptation if immortality was put in front of them?

It just so happened that the blood of Noah's royal family of the previous generation had been wholly cut off.

His father, now Henry VIII, was the only "blood in the cup".

Henry VIII had no siblings at all.

In other words, Philip only needed to sacrifice a few of his siblings.

In the three generations of the royal family, aside from his dying father, there were only his siblings he had to take care of.

At the same time, he had no descendants.

Every time Philip had sex with his lovers, he would use the Rotten Man's divine art to prevent birth, and he was confident that he would never leave any children.

So far, everything had been going well.

As Eugene gradually inherited the work of the Crow Family, his secret friendship with "Ferdinand Geraint" was also exposed.

In this way, all the people who might be hostile to him have emerged.

Philip needed to wait patiently until his father died of old age and quickly killed Princess Royal and the Fourth Prince. Then he would be the first in-line successor of the throne.

He could quickly kill, imprison or exile his opposers and get his underlings to take the higher-up positions.

On the surface, Philip seemed to have many heirs. Even from this perspective, Kafni, who was young and had terrible fame due to the suppression of his "illegitimate children", would not be accepted by other ministers of a neutral stance.

In this way, Philip would soon be able to grasp the authority of the kingdom.

He only needed to sever the royal blood and castrate himself after he ascended the throne, and he could complete the immortality ritual.

His castration was only infertility, not incapable of doing the pleasurable things between men and women.

It was a bright future in Philip's eyes.

He recently recruited a powerful subordinate.

"Mission completed, Your Highness." Delicious Wind Goose knocked on the door and entered the room, half kneeling on the ground.

He did not look at the woman behind Philip with a bare back but just lowered his head silently and respectfully to the Third Prince Philip.

As he spoke, he handed over the box containing the head.

“I brought the man's head in your command.”

“Very good!” Philip's eyes lit up, and he took the wooden box.

When he opened it, he saw a head with black lines all over its face and a vague protruding bone on its forehead.

That was the head of a Fallen, named the “Blood Fiend”.

The Righteous Player(s) C394– Blood Fiend

Chapter 394: Blood Fiend

It is actually Blood Fiend. Stroking the gruesome head, Philip was in a trance for a moment.

He did not expect his new recruit to kill the notorious Blood Fiend.

These Fallens who followed Nicholas Flamel in the capital under the name of “Hermes Scholar” always made Philip vigilant and uneasy.

As a prince, Philip was not short of occult knowledge.

He knew very well that Fallen differed from the transcendents who walked the Ascension Path.

Silver Rank was an essential and indispensable stage on the path of transcendence.

For a mortal to have transcended power, he had to corrupt his soul with a curse. Only the soul that had undergone this process could spontaneously absorb the energy of the curse from the outside world.

No matter if it was strengthening the body to a new stage, soaking the soul to boost the perception, or using the curse to temper one's will, the requirement was to have the soul absorb the curse.

Although these curses would strengthen the body and soul, the curses were mixed with many impurities.

Resentment, pain, desire, grief... Absorbing the curse with a mortal body equated to absorbing the will lingering the curse.

These were “impurities”.

They would strengthen some of the negative traits of the transcendent, such as gluttony, lust, irritability, jealousy... In addition, the transcendent had just acquired a new power. Therefore, they, who had not seen much of the world, usually had an arrogant disposition that would expand accordingly.

That was why the Bronze Rank Transcendent was the easiest to succumb to desire.

However, after attaining Silver Rank, the moment the soul condensed into a dew from a gaseous state, these external impurities would be discharged. Still, this did not automatically turn people into saints. It only purified the negative influences that did not belong to them.

Fallen did not just suffer from these negative traits.

They even had to keep increasing their erosion rate to reinforce and manifest this negative trait.

The Fallen would extract one or more desires to transform oneself to acquire one or more aptitude-type abilities. The stronger the desire, the more new mutations would be added; each time the erosion rate was increased, the aptitude-type ability would also become more robust.

This meant that every Fallen was a paranoid and lustful lunatic.

It was just that what they cared about was different.

For example, Kafni was relatively stable.

Although Philip did not know what kind of desire her ability came from, it must be related to the ability she showed.

The ability to turn shadowed into powerful tentacles might be due to her low self-esteem for her weak and powerless body.

But in short, the threat level of “the Shadow Demon” was not too worrying.

She had not yet shown “appendages” or demonic body parts, indicating her desire was not too strong. She was still considered a normal person.

But the “Blood Fiend” was different.

Of course, Philip knew the true identity of Blood Fiend.

On the surface, his identity was the new apprentice of the famous curse material store “Howl's Antique Store”. But in reality, he was a serial killer on the run, dubbed the “ritualist killer” by the authorities.

He often lurked in various material stores, used bookstores with occult books, and tried to see if the owner was a ritualist. If not, he would steal the money from the store and leave quietly.

However, if the shopkeeper were a ritualist, he would find a way to learn rituals from him, learn the occult knowledge there, and quickly master this knowledge.

Then, he would use the new ritual he had learned to kill his teacher.

These teachers of his were only found out after they were killed. However, since the “ritualist killer” was the culprit, the officials had no idea which rituals the ritualist killer possessed.

The investigation would soon enter a dead end.

No one knew what the “ritualist killer” was trying to do.

However, the officials were certain that he was a transcender. It should be a general profession of a [Hunter]. However, the murderer's profession details and rank were still unconfirmed. Still, it would either be bronze or silver.

Three years ago, the ritualist killer disappeared.

Some people say that he might have been seen through and killed by an experienced ritualist, but others say that he might have been studying under an erudite old ritualist, so he did not act.

When the police station found the ritualist killer again, they were surprised to discover that he had already embarked on the Fallen path.

He was one of the Hermes scholars in the capital, a Fallen nicknamed "Blood Fiend".

He had similar abilities to Kafni.

His aptitude ability as Fallen was that he could control his blood at will. Not only could he extract the blood out of the body and turn it into a hardened shield or dagger, but he could also speed up the blood flow to increase his strength and agility. Furthermore, the blood could be turned into needles for long-range attacks. He could even lay the blood needles as a trap against his enemies. The needles would flow along the blood vessel and attack the target's heart or brain.

The blood of those he killed would be completely drained.

This should be the unique ability of his [Hunter] profession.

Unlike before, Blood Fiend was loyal to Nicholas or temporarily loyal.

He had never killed anyone outside of his target before. However, under Nicholas' command, he roamed and killed many stray wizards and black wizards. Even when Nicholas asked him to kill the wizard from the towers of various countries, he did not hesitate.

He was also proficient in crossbows, poisons, daggers, melee combat, and traps. At the same time, he mastered various rituals and was fluent in the wizards' combat styles.

This made his hunt flawless without any failed attempts.

However, Blood Fiend's blatant hunts revealed Nicholas was secretly hunting down wizards; only Nicholas dared to accept such a person as a follower, which finally aroused the vigilance of the higher nobility in the kingdom.

After that, Philip finally found out the true identity of Nicholas.

"the inventor of Sage's Stone, eh?" Philip narrowed his eyes slightly and muttered in a low voice.

He had no idea which side Nicholas belonged to.

However, Nicholas might have succumbed to misfortune already.

With the disappearance of Nicholas a few months ago, Blood Fiend grew more active and fanatic.

On the basis of constantly hunting down wizards, he returned to the previous hunting mode again, lurking at the "Howl's Antique Store".

However, this place was the capital after all.

Unlike the rural area, the Crow Family quickly found out his identity.

But none of them dared to act rashly.

When the Blood Fiend hunted, the ritual he used for disguise would no longer work. There would be conspicuous incantations visible to the naked eye on his face, and horns had grown slightly on his forehead.

This meant that his strength was quite close to Gold Rank, and he could break through his limit anytime.

When his horns were fully developed, a real, sane “demon” would hatch.

At that point, Blood Fiend's abilities could affect people other than himself.

Originally, Philip wanted to wait and see the event's development.

At least he would wait until his plan was completed and then mobilize secret troops or elite transcender teams to encircle and suppress the fiend.

But as Blood Fiend's hunting frequency increased, his combat strength soared. It seemed he was about to become a Fallen completely before the king's death.

However, Philip did not intend to send his men to kill the fiend.

He did not have the kindness to purge the fiend. It was just that he did not think his subordinates could eradicate the Blood Fiend.

Although Blood Fiend did not make a move on Silver Rank wizard, he would not even get hurt when he killed Bronze Rank transcendents. It was as simple as killing a chicken for him.

After Delicious Wind Goose heard about Blood Fiend's ability, he suddenly claimed that the ability he possessed restrained the opponent and might be able to kill him.

Under the insistence of Delicious Wind Goose, Philip reluctantly gave him the mission.

At that time, Delicious Wind Goose was already dead in Philip's mind.

In the end, who would have imagined Delicious Wind Goose successfully killing Blood Fiend in just three hours?

More importantly, the Goose was not even seriously injured!

How did he do it?

The Righteous Player(s) C395– Let the Villains Fight Amongst Themselves

Chapter 395: Let the Villains Fight Amongst Themselves

“Not bad...” Philip breathed a sigh of relief.

Although he did not know how Delicious Wind Goose achieved it, he did not care.

He never cared about the secrets and private lives of his subordinates. Even if they had an affair with his mistresses, it did not matter. For him, these people were just tools.

As long as they could perform in their mission, he would be willing to offer more if they were to ask for it.

Prince Philip praised, "Killing Blood Fiend is crucial to our plan. You did a good job, Delicious Wind Goose. I'm thinking about how to reward you."

He was indeed delighted.

If the Blood Fiend completed the Fallen process, it could stir up much trouble.

It was entirely another level to control the blood of others as compared to controlling his blood only at the initial stage.

In the best-case scenario, the range in which his ability would affect the outside world was limited to his field of perception. In other words, those who approached him within 50 meters would die instantly without putting up a fight.

Once the Blood Fiend extracted the blood, it would be more than utilizing it as a sword or a needle.

It would be a huge threat when the blood turned into a giant demonoid, a hound, or flying swords.

If the Blood Fiend made a scene, there was no guarantee that this monster would not kill Philip in the palace.

What if Princess Royal and his stupid little brother increased their security level or heightened their vigilance because of the Blood Fiend?

Most importantly, what if the Blood Fiend killed the king directly?

Of course, the king's death was inevitable, but Prince Philip wanted it to happen after he killed his sister and brother.

Prince Philip took the toffee made from Demon Blood for a long time and held rituals related to the Cup-holding Lady and the Rotten Man daily. His might was enhanced to the stage where he could break the iron sword with his bare hands. Moreover, he could even dodge bullets within ten steps of his proximity. Even the Bronze Rank Transcender struggled to achieve this.

Prince Philip was confident that he could kill them instantly when his sister and brother relaxed their vigilance.

As for the evidence of murder?

Who would bother?

Silver Sire should be easy to fool.

He had never cared about the political competition in the world. As long as the taxes were paid on time, the taxes were paid in full, and the business activities in various places were maintained as usual, Silver Sire would not care about anything.

Silver Sire had one notable difference from other upright deities.

He was the only upright deity who accepted "bribes".

In other words, only Silver Sire's sacrifice could be bought infinitely with money—silver coins.

Philip was neither greedy for money nor power.

His enjoyment was nothing more than eating, drinking, sex, and physical pleasure. How much could he spend at most?

As long as Silver Sire was willing, Prince Philip would not care even if he had to give all his money to Him. It would not bother Philip even if he were demanded to have his citizens pay tribute to Silver Sire monthly. He would even build more churches and strengthen the authority of the priests. He did not seek Silver Sire's protection but just hoped that He would not interfere.

Then, Prince Philip would keep enough money to keep the kingdom going, pay enough taxes to satisfy Silver Sire, give authority to the wise and greedy minister, and provide the fief to the brave general with many sons.

At that time, the church, ministers, and generals would naturally restrain each other.

They would fight amongst themselves, while Philip would not do anything and get himself involved. With that, he would not be anyone's enemy.

All of these were for eternal enjoyment.

"I have to think carefully about what I can give you." Philip put the opened box on the table, walked over, and helped Delicious Wind Goose up. He hugged his subordinate warmly, kissed on the cheek, and smiled happily, "You wait here. I'll go to the vault and look for something you can use."

"...Your Highness, is that fine?" Delicious Wind Goose glanced awkwardly at the woman who was sleeping or awake on the bed.

Philip just gave Delicious Wind Goose a deep glance with his ruby-clear pupils and patted his shoulder with a smile, "As long as you want it... You have no idea how much you have helped me. Of course, this is not just a gift to you, but a little appetizer. Don't worry too much."

Prince Philip said, leaned into Delicious Wind Goose's ear, and whispered, "I have a way to make the Child have black hair and red eyes before birth. So don't worry."

Philip liked this reliable recruit.

Loyal, proactive, hardworking, capable, good-natured, and did not seem to understand the corruption among nobles. Most importantly, Philip held evidence that could sentence the Goose to death.

If it weren't for the Goose's appearance and the hair volume not up to his liking...

After saying that, Philip hummed softly and walked out the door.

Only Delicious Wind Goose and the young mistress sleeping with her eyes closed with her back to Delicious Wind Goose on the bed were left in the room.

Delicious Wind Goose thought for a moment.

He ignored the bullet texts of "Please stream it" and "Please don't turn off the live broadcast", and resolutely turned off the live streaming of his perspective.

He righteously sent a bullet text, "Don't do this. I'm a real gentleman."

Then, he took a deep breath and walked slowly towards Prince Philip's bed.

Delicious Wind Goose took a deep look at the wooden box by the bed.

Glancing at Blood Fiend's head in the wooden box, the head and the Goose seemingly gave each other a faint smile.

Philip had apparently overlooked one thing.

Since Blood Fiend could freely control the blood in the body, would severing the head be fatal?

"Wow, why did this guy turn off the live stream?" Annan grumbled. He cast his eyes on the dragon language dictionary somewhat unwillingly.

He hesitated. Given that the Paper Princess was drawing behind him, Annan did not dare to use backend access to spy on what Delicious Wind Goose was doing.

Indeed, Annan would not dare at all.

Annan was the cautious type who would always plug in his headphones during his dramwatching spree, mainly if he was around his relatives and friends.

After all, he could switch to the recorded perspective after the Paper Princess left.

However, he was unsure if the Goose would stoop to such a low standard.

But at this moment, Eugene suddenly broke in from the door.

"Excuse me, Your Highness Annan!" He exclaimed loudly.

"What's wrong?" Annan frowned slightly, closed the dictionary, and spoke in a deep and reliable voice, "It's not your style to be in such a hurry."

"I'm so sorry, but something happened."

"Is it about the Blood Fiend?" Then, after noticing the flustered look on Eugene Geraint's face, Annan became a little serious, "I already know that."

"No, even though Philip's men killed the Blood Fiend a few hours ago and it can be considered a notable matter."

But this piece of news obviously is not worthwhile for me to inform you directly.

Eugene did not say it outright, but that was what he meant.

"What I'm talking about is something that's happening!"

"[Purest Spiritual Medium] Bernardino Telesio attacked the palace three minutes ago without warning! His target may be the Fourth Prince, but fortunately, His Royal Highness Albert is not at home. However, his wife, Princess Margaret, has been killed. The battle with the 'Purest Spiritual Medium' now is..."

Since Annan knew Margaret's identity, Eugene's expression became more complicated when he spoke, "Black Wizard 'Dream Stealer' Danton, who was on the run, was forced to reveal his identity."

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Chapter 396: The Battle Between The Old And New Soul Snatch School

The sky had turned dark.

Dark clouds gathered above the capital, and the cold wind hit the city.

The icy downpour came without warning.

Even when it was already the beginning of spring, such a heavy downpour was rare. The rain was mixed with an earthy stench akin to the smell of corpses; there was also the irritating noise of the rain barraging the buildings.

Even those having something good happen that day would become gloomy and irritated because of the sudden heavy rain, losing their excited mood entirely.

Sure enough, people must be complaining about the rain coming too suddenly.

That was indeed the reality.

Any contact with the rain would immediately turn your mood worse... or, in other words, synchronize your mood to the spell caster.

This was Dream Stealer Danton's signature spell, [Notion Rain] of the Soul Snatch school.

"The Purest Spiritual Medium..." The white-haired old man murmured in a low voice while looking at the heavy rain outside.

His icy blue pupils were as calm as water. Those who caught a glimpse of those eyes would feel at ease.

Danton felt around the wall, staring intently at the wall in front of him. It was like he could see the person outside the palace through the wall.

He was not a hunter and certainly did not have the visionary ability that sees through walls.

But for Danton, the rain in the city was his eyes.

Through the soul state, one could see an ice blue brilliance on Danton's head, which soared straight to the sky.

The light beam penetrated the dark cloud. It resembled a cold, emotionless eye calmly looking at the earth.

Under the dark clouds, thousands of faint silver threads fell along with the raindrops. These lines were connected to the heads of the royal guards.

Without receiving an order, they directly rushed to the side hall where the Fourth Prince was, holding their weapons and fully armed.

Then, the slightly more remote transcender units came.

Then, there were the hidden troops gathered from all directions.

Those exposed to the rain rushed over at the exact moment in silence.

At the bottom of their pupils, there was a faint, icy blue halo.

That was the trace of the Gold Rank's standard Soul Snatch Spell, [Full Control].

Whether it was a mortal, a ritualist, or a transcender, those who fell under the spell would lose control over their body if the Will attribute checks succeeded. [1]

Unlike Silver Rank's [Mind Manipulation] aura, [Full Control] did not require the spell caster to look directly into the opponent's eyes. As long as an object or sound was used as the medium, it would rob away the victim's will out of thin air.

As long as the medium was not interrupted, the mind-controlled state would not be dispelled even when the target was far away.

Danton could also feel the state of these "zombies" under his manipulation and control of the individual actions precisely.

He could take those in a poorer state to the backline and send those in the peak state to the frontline; he would have the ordinary mortals resist the ghosts' attacks and let the transcendents work together to kill those evil spirits in the rear.

Of course, they could not see where the ghosts were.

But Danton was able to do it.

Through the spell [Notion Rain], he shared his vision with his puppets, allowing them to see where the spirits were and focus on attacking.

Faced with death, people would be timid, angry, and mad.

Compared with people who could release their full potential in the face of death, most people had no tactics and calmness in the face of the crisis.

For a Soul Snatch Wizard, that was not a problem at all.

Those were not his bodies.

They were not his lives.

What he manipulated, modified, and discarded was nothing but the "others".

The wizards of the Soul Snatch school had the poorest moral standards.

For them, "people's heart" was within reach. It was the last thing they did not need to care about or pay attention to.

They just had to modify it — others' will, feelings, and memories.

In addition to the instant spells used in battle, the Soul Snatch School also had spells that subtly changed the target's will.

It was like the players with a console command in their hands.

Sometimes, the players would lose control of themselves when their anger was surging, even if they knew from the beginning that their fun would be gone if they pressed that tilde button.

The “Purest Spiritual Medium” in front of him was another direction of the Soul Snatch school. He was from the “traditional school” of the Soul Snatch Wizardry known as the “Necromancer” in ancient times, manipulating the souls of others at will.

Different transcendents could come together to form a “school” because they had something in common — a core idea that their group could agree on.

Just like the Alteration School had a core idea, “to give birth out of nothing”.

The core and essence of the Soul Snatch school were “everyone shall serve me”.

Whether it was manipulating the mind and will or manipulating the souls of living and dead, it was an act of manipulating others as pawns.

But, they eventually split.

The reason was that even if the will was robbed, the victim could break free at any time; as long as the victim's will was strong enough, the controlled person could regain control of his body at any time. At most, it would only end in death.

However, the necromancer was different.

Spirits could not resist necromancers.

They had only two options: to be controlled or evade it. The control was permanent, usually enslaved to fight or used as a ritual material.

At the same time, ordinary people could not even see spirits. Most living beings were vulnerable to the attack from the spirit bodies that the necromancer harnessed.

In the end, the public hated necromancers more than the Soul Snatch Wizard, who altered others' will silently.

The fear was based on “having absolutely no way to resist”.

These wizards, who also pursued the core concept of “everyone shall serve me”, preferred death over the living.

Then, external suppression, internal exclusion, and resource plundering came.

As a result, the necromancer was wiped out.

The “Purest Spiritual Medium”, Bernardino Telesio, was the last Gold Rank necromancer of this era. He was also the only one who knew how to evoke a spirit body from a corpse that had been dead for more than a hundred years, how to summon a spirit body from the immaterial world, how to pull out the spirit body of the living, and how to attach the spirit body to himself and acquire blessings. He had inherited a complete necromancer lineage.

His death would represent the complete severance of the necromancy lineage.

Dream Stealer Danton certainly knew about it.

Not just the “Purest Spiritual Medium”, he was also a Black Wizard excluded by the righteous.

The official Soul Snatch Wizard was usually based on memory manipulation. They could make others forget a specific memory or let someone quickly learn a particular skill and spell. At the same time, they would also simulate a conscious space that offered infinite death. Plus, the wizards could interfere with others' nightmares and break into them for rescue.

The Soul Snatch school was a vital wizard school.

It was precisely because they could easily alter the minds of others, so they cared so much about their reputation and morality.

However, Dream Stealer Danton was different.

He quietly stole others' skills and privacy under the pretext of helping others with mental illness. He soon became a veritable all-rounder and used the memories he got from the minds of others to go against the original skill owner. With that, he snatched a lot of wealth and gained high status under different false identities.

So far, his actions had not been discovered.

Instead, the high-level wizards acquiesced his actions.

He was wanted while providing psychotherapy to the royal heir of the United Kingdom. After taking away all his memories, he killed and destroyed the body directly.

He used the ritual he had learned from the minds of others to act as two people at the same time. Then, he disguised the other person as himself, let the “Dream Stealer” leave the capital, and used this as an opportunity to replace the heir directly.

In the end, when he was trying to seize the throne, he was personally caught by the Elegant Elder, who could not stand it. No one had doubted him before that.

So his act of stealing the country was wanted by the five countries at the same time.

It could be said that the “Dream Stealer” and the “Purest Spiritual Medium” were the spokespersons of Soul Snatch Wizard on two paths.

They were the typical example of two unforgivable sinners who utilized Soul Snatch spells for personal gains.

Therefore, all the eyes in the capital were focused on them.

But there was no one stopping the battle between them.

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Chapter 397: Utilizing Dream As A Cage

The souls of the dead filled up the sky.

In terms of quantity alone, the Spiritual Monk had a limited amount of spirit bodies he could control concurrently.

He was a [Spiritual Monk] after all, not the [Lord of the Spirits], and not the [Exorcist].

Instead, the profession [Spiritual Monk]'s unique trait was to possess a remarkable connection with the spiritual body he enslaved.

Boom!

That was the salvo of spells.

The wizards whose minds were under manipulation sent out a barrage of spells on the giant mass of spirit bodies. These spells took different chant duration, preparation, and projectile speeds. Thus, the wizards had varied positioning and target.

Under Danton's control, the movement of the spirit bodies was restrained through words. Immediately after, a magnetic force originated from the ground. It resembled a fishing net, capturing the souls to the ground and then rising again for the next catch. A chill was imbued on the net, making its victim much more vulnerable.

The number of spirits imprisoned by a multitude of spells, divine art, and transcended abilities was only six. At the same time, they were gathered in a small area, and the distance between them was no more than five steps.

Immediately after, there came a Silver Rank Destruction Wizard's finishing move. It was an ordinary-looking vermilion fireball that descended slowly like a thrown basketball.

Those attacks that attempted to intercept the fireball were deflected and teleported away by the Edict Wizards.

As the fireball slowly landed in the middle of the souls, it began to shrink while twitching. Its color quickly turned white at speed visible to the naked eye.

Then, the fireball exploded!

Harsh winds were sent out in multiple directions.

The shockwaves smashed the surrounding people. However, it only reverberated in a small space within a radius of five meters, as if an invisible barrier contained it. The explosion ran rampant, tearing the ground. The powerful spiritual body inside vanished in the blink of an eye.

Unimaginable heat seeped from the inside of the sphere, burning the ground into lava. The heat waves in the air expanded and roared, silently roasting the people around them into pitch-black and crisp coke.

Those a little further away also had scalded blisters on their skin.

But they were fearless and continued to advance.

Waving the weapons in their hands that the Idol Wizards or ritualists blessed, they faced those spirits without fear.

Nearly 20 people die at the hands of the spiritual bodies legion every second.

The number of people who died at the hands of people was far more than this. Even the most useless and sickly ordinary people were used to block the attacks and resist Bernardino's spells.

However, under Danton's ruthless and precise operation, like a top real-time strategy player, he ensured that the first to be sacrificed was always those with the lowest combat power.

Wizard, Ritualist, Hunter, and hidden troops... Those troops that could effectively kill the spiritual body accumulated in numbers, which boosted the power in Daanton's hand.

Soon, there were hundreds of them.

And then it numbered nearly a thousand.

When a thousand people were standing together, it was a massive crowd. It was hard for one person to resist them, let alone confront them. Not to mention, they were scattered around with Danton at the center, who hid behind the ghost expelling protection made by the ritualist. The combat was carried out methodically. The offense was launched steadily in waves.

Under the offense, the spirits around Bernardino could hardly even attack.

They could not even leave Bernardino's side because the lurkers and hunters hidden in the dark were aiming at Bernardino's head at all times.

This is what's called an unstoppable power;

The power of the "group";

The strength of the new generation of Soul Snatch Wizard!

You old freak!

Dream Stealer Danton felt great pleasure as he maneuvered his fearless puppet legion and sensed the steady increase in his numbers at the royal capital.

It did not matter even if his identity was revealed. Margaret was already dead, and there was no point in him being here.

Instead, he had suppressed his power and hidden his ability for too long.

It had been too long!

But at this moment, Bernardino chuckled, "Do you know why I am attacking at this time?"

He spoke in an unpleasant, monstrous hoarse sound.

Bernardino sat, paralyzed in his wheelchair. His face wrapped in bandages lifted slightly.

The rune began to change drastically in his right sapphire eye with many facets.

Afterward, each facet lit up, refracting and enhancing its brightness. Then, his right eye shone with glaring rays.

In each facet, a spirit body emerged.

"Dusk is coming." Under Bernardino's crow-like laughter, hundreds of powerful spirits filed out from his right eye.

His left eye, the premium quality chrysoberyl cat's eye, emitted aquamarine brilliance.

The bright golden vertical line in the middle of the chrysoberyl cat's eye floated out gradually, incarnating a brilliant golden beam.

Then, the beam spread to both sides as if a door was summoned.

Upon getting struck by the light, the legion fell to the ground with no exception. Their souls were stripped away in the blink of an eye. White chains appeared out of thin air, seizing more than 70 brand-new spirit bodies and dragging them into his right eye.

At this moment, dusk finally came.

In Bernardino's right eye, the recent spiritual bodies roared out.

Every spiritual body was equivalent to a transcender that lacked physical weakness and could use transcended power infinitely without worrying about turning into a fallen.

Nearly two hundred spirit bodies joined the battlefield, and more than four hundred enemies had their souls taken, which instantly reversed the situation on the battlefield.

Danton's face turned ugly.

He was tricked.

He did not dare to read Bernardino's mind or interfere with Bernardino's memory because he was worried that Bernardino's elemental power had something to do with it.

His element with the highest level of awakening was [Dream], which was not an element that could easily gain an advantage in the battle of the mind.

If he could not gain the upper hand in the battle of elements, he would not dare to read Bernardino's mind. The opponent could use the power of elements to set up an ambush in his mind, ignore the physical distance and obliterate his soul.

But he never imagined that Bernardino was too old to fight properly.

Bernardino's elements were awakened to the limit, but the soul was so weak that he did not dare to use the elemental power at will.

Thus, he would only attack at this time.

That was because the wizard could instantly restore all Chaos Power at sunset.

This was a stupid trick that only low-rank wizards would use out of desperation!

That was to wait and gather the transcendents.

Then, the wizard would proceed to use two folds of the Chaos Power to make a significant impact on the battlefield!

Bernardino only used his spirit body to attack, not because he was probing Danton, but because he had lost the ability to fight back with elements!

However, Danton had been intimidated by this, giving up his greatest advantage.

"I'm foolish." Danton gritted his teeth and muttered in a low voice.

His pupils turned into two hollow, dark abyss, and he raised his right hand forward.

As the world turned pitch black, the fire of his will traveled through countless light balls like electricity. In the blink of an eye, it darted into Bernardino's mind, which was burning with black flame.

Countless memory fragments appeared in Danton's eyes.

These memories came into his mind like bullets.

But he, as a skilled Soul Snatch Wizard, completely ignored this level of resistance.

He turned into an incorporeal flame, avoiding the impact of the memory flow; he flew up and down skillfully, avoiding many illusory crystal-like walls.

Then, his icy blue figure, outlined with lines, finally emerged in Bernardino's memory.

"The [Dream] element—" He chanted in a low voice, raised his right hand, and pressed it forward, just like his actions outside the dream, "Take the dream as a cage, and take me as a mirror..."

"You will be my prisoner—"

The icy blue flame trembled, spreading out from his skull. In the blink of an eye, his entire right arm was burning with icy blue flames.

In the firelight, his right hand seemed to push open a heavy door. Under the ethereal creaks, the burning [Dream] element led Danton directly into the deepest part of Bernardino's memory.

He narrowed his eyes slightly and looked around.

This place appeared to be a fishing village somewhere in the United Kingdom.

The Righteous Player(s) C398— Bernardino As A Child

Chapter 398: Bernardino As A Child

Danton looked around.

He vaguely remembered this place.

The familiar hot and humid sea breeze allowed Danton to recognize this place instantly. This must be the Fildes Archipelago of the United Kingdom.

But which island exactly?

Fildes Archipelago consisted of seven islands of varying areas. The largest would be the Gushing Spring Island was about 12,000 square kilometers, while the smallest among the islands was the Treasure Diamond Island which spanned only 6,000 square kilometers. Its population was capped at a few hundred thousand people, far lesser than the number of residents in Noah's capital.

Every island in the Fildes Archipelago was once a kingdom or a principality. As the losers of the Blood War, the Elegant Elder gave them mercy and sent them out to the small islands after they dedicated their wealth to the Denizoya people.

So the laws vary from island to island.

Even each island had its wizard tower. From this perspective, the United Kingdom might have the highest density of wizard towers.

Danton's illusory body outlined by icy blue lines was suddenly painted with a layer of flesh and clothes, turning into a middle-aged man wearing a fisherman's hat with a slightly red and cracked face.

The question was simple.

He would need to locate the iconic buildings on the island.

The icy blue circle in Danton's eyes lit up slightly and then went out. Then, a thick layer of gloomy clouds quickly gathered atop the island.

A soft drizzle came from the sky with the wet and cold sea breeze passing by.

His perception range immediately spread to the entire island.

With that, he noticed the huge dark blue lighthouse in the north. At the top of the lighthouse was a huge hemispherical diamond with thousands of facets reflecting iridescent aurora.

This was a building that was too iconic to be copied.

"Azure Diamond Tower..." Danton murmured, "So 'the Purest Spiritual Medium' is from Treasure Diamond Island."

This surprised him a little.

Aren't the people from Treasure Diamond Island usually Edict Wizard or Guard Knight?

How did he venture the path of the traditional Soul Snatch Wizard?

Danton was actually from the United Kingdom too.

But he was different from those country folks. He had the pure blood of Denizoya.

Even though their nationality consisted of both “Denizoya & Fildes Archipelago United Kingdom” in name, they would tend to identify themselves as “I'm from the Kingdom of Denizoya” or “I am from the such-and-such island”.

The reason being they were the countries that were forced to unite at the end of the brutal world war — “Blood War”. To the Denizoyas, the Fildes Archipelago was nothing more than many villagers conquered by their ancestors who had lost their country in the Blood War.

If the Elegant Elder did not provide them with the Fildes Archipelago, they would be pushed to the Great Barrier. Worse still, they would have been completely wiped out in the Blood War. They could either go underground or be exposed to the Gray Mists.

But for the Fildes Archipelago, they never lost their country. It was just that they had no people, no money, and no army.

So far, they still retain the inheritance of the throne of many kingdoms and principalities, and the royal blood had not been completely cut off. It could be said that each island was a small kingdom, but no one recognized these kingdoms.

After all, the formulation and implementation of laws depend on what the Parliament and the Prime Minister said.

The words of the “kings” carried no weight in the kingdom of the Elegant Elder.

The royal family was only a slightly prominent noble in the United Kingdom.

“He's born in the Treasure Diamond Island.” Danton frowned slightly.

Azure Diamond Tower is not known for the Soul Snatch School. Is that why he took a different approach?

Maybe I can ask him myself.

He had already located the master of the dream through the drizzle.

Danton stepped out, and his body instantly turned into a blurred phantom.

He reappeared beside a little boy with dark skin and a thin body.

The boy was about nine years old, and his skin was rough. He wore mud-stained slippers, khaki shorts, and a somewhat worn shirt. At this moment, he squatted on the beach with his head lowered, sketching at the ground with a branch.

No matter how I see it, he is an ordinary fisherman's child.

Is this what “the Purest Spiritual Medium”, Bernardino Telesio, looked like as a child?

The very person who drove me to a corner... the very person who is considered a top-level powerhouse in Gold Rank...

Danton was surprised and speechless.

But there was no delay in his movements.

Although the passage of time in the dream was slow, he could not waste time arbitrarily.

With the icy blue flames in Danton's eyes flickering slightly, his image was utterly replaced from his feet up.

In the blink of an eye, Danton had turned into a stern-faced middle-aged man in a purple robe.

The purple robe was the characteristic of the Elegant Elder's priest. It was like Silver Sire's priests would wear a long white robe.

Danton did a rough reading of his mind and learned that this was the person that little Bernardino respected the most, a well-known sculptor and priest of the Elegant Elder.

"Bernard," Danton spoke in a commanding voice behind Bernardino.

Hearing this, Bernardino immediately raised his head, stood up, cleaned away the dirt on his body, and replied. "Yes, Father Ludwig."

"Have you done your homework today?"

"Yes, I have completed it."

Little Bernardino did not raise his head. Instead, he just lowered his head and muttered vaguely, "I came to play after I had finished up the clay sculpture."

"You should work harder, Bernardino."

Danton skillfully applied the memory he had stolen from Bernardino's heart, admonishing Bernard dignifiedly, "Have you finished both [Human Anatomy] and [The Beauty of Solidification] I gave you?"

"Practice your skills well. You are talented. Even if you can't become a well-known sculptor, you won't live just by selling some dolls like your father."

The real "Father Ludwig" certainly would not have said this, given his gentle character.

Bernardino's father was a fisherman.

When Bernard's father was fishing at sea, he was buried at the bottom of the sea by a sudden tide. The only remnant of him left in the world was the somewhat worn bucket hat on Bernardino's head.

However, Danton's fundamental purpose was to blow Bernardino's self-confidence without a trace.

Bernardino subconsciously thought this was the most important scene in his life. As long as Danton ruined the positive effect of this scene on him and even stirred up the suicidal impulses and suicidal desires, these memories would be overwritten and implanted in Bernardino in mind.

When Danton left this dream, he could easily detonate the emotion, causing Bernardino to commit suicide on the spot.

It was not Danton's first use of this technique to kill someone.

Even as a Gold Rank transcender, he had used this tactic to kill one person and seriously wound another.

The only disadvantage was that he existed as a spirit body in the other's memory. Suppose the opponent was a wizard of Soul Snatch, Idol, or Edict school, or priest with purification ability. In that case, the opponent could launch a fatal counterattack once he realized something was wrong.

However, it would be too late for Bernardino to fight back.

Danton's skill was overkill. He did not alert Bernardino but deftly avoided the alarm.

This was equivalent to sneaking in without triggering any alarms. As long as his modifications were not too bizarre, Bernardino would be unaware.

Unless Bernardino realized that he was now in the depths of his consciousness, he would not be on guard at all.

However, facing Danton's "Father Ludwig", Bernardino suddenly raised his head.

"But, Father Ludwig, I don't want to be a sculptor." He whispered.

"Nonsense!" Father Ludwig frowned slightly, "Are you just tired? Of course, you can rest when tired, but you cannot stop learning it.

"We are not blood-related, so I can't support you for the rest of my life. Bernardino, I also have children of my own. I take care of your daily necessities because you are my apprentice.

"If you don't learn sculpting, there is no need for me to support you. Do you understand?"

"No, I'm—" Little Bernardino's voice suddenly rose a little.

But he looked at the priest, and his words suddenly stopped.

Looking at the rustic face with no unique features, Danton showed a bit of disgust and annoyance at the right time, "What do you want to say?"

"I want to study natural philosophy, Father." Bernardino said seriously, "I want to read."

"Who will feed you?" Danton asked.

"I'm not going to feed you." His ruthless and irrational words did not surprise Bernardino.

Bernardino hung his head and said nothing. After a long time, he replied in a low voice, "Yes, I will study hard."

At this moment, Danton's heart tightened.

The moment Bernardino said this line, he was a little shaken and opened up a flaw in his psychological defenses. Danton also dug up more and deeper memories from Bernardino's heart.

This familiar conversation happened four years later in Little Bernardino's memory. At that time, Father Ludwig said that Bernard was old and mature enough, and he could issue a recommendation letter for Bernard to study at the Denizoya Theological Seminary.

If all went well, he should become the Elegant Elder's priest, a philosopher, and a natural scientist.

However, the letter of introduction that Father Ludwig wrote to Bernardino, along with the priest's token and tuition fees, were lost along the journey.

Bernardino was disheartened at the time but did not dare to go home. Instead, he wandered in Denizoya and became a scavenger in the art capital, relying on half-baked sculpture craftsmanship.

It was at that time Bernardino met a Soul Snatch Wizard from the Black Glory Tower. The other party fancied his sculpting skills as if the sculptures had souls and wanted to invite him to become a school worker.

Maybe I can modify his memory in this place.

The Righteous Player(s) C399– Sublime Avatar

Chapter 399: Sublime Avatar

Danton's heart moved slightly.

Ripples appeared around his surroundings. Bernardino grew up into a poor eighteen-year-old man in the blink of an eye. Although he was still in his youth, his stubble and face gave off a vibe that he was 28 years old.

On the other hand, Danton transformed into a white-haired old man.

“How is it, Bernard?” Danton smiled and spoke kindly, “Do you want to go to Black Glory Tower with me?”

“But, I'm seventeen years old. Is that alright?” Bernardino's eyes reeked of self-doubts.

Then, Danton saw the familiar, ignited flames of hope in Bernard's eyes.

Of course, he was skilled in extinguishing it, “Certainly.”

He lengthened his reply and smiled, “As long as you have money, I can give you a recommendation letter.

“Five hundred pounds for a chance to change your fate isn't expensive, right? So, do you have the money?”

Bernardino naturally did not have it.

Not to mention five hundred pounds, his entire fortune was only three pounds.

The smile on Bernardino's face faded, and the flames of hope in his eyes went out again and turned gloomy. Danton patted him on the shoulder and let out a devilish whisper, “But don't worry. If you don't have a chance to be an apprentice, you can be recruited as an unofficial apprentice.”

“Unofficial apprentice?”

“Yes. Our Black Glory Tower is a place where Idol and Soul Snatch schools are the main focus. The practice of many spells requires cooperation. If you want, you can also sit through some lectures. The price you have to pay is to receive spells from other students as a mind-reading subject.”

Danton smiled and said, "Not only it won't cost you any money, but we will provide daily necessities. How about that?"

In other words, that would be a guinea pig.

Soul Snatch and Idol spells were spells that could not be used without a target.

Naturally, these students could not experiment with their magic on the teacher.

But they also would not allow apprentices to experiment with each other.

So naturally, some people had to be hired as "the class subjects".

In principle, if an "unofficial apprentice" could learn any spell while being inflicted with a spell, he could directly be promoted to an ordinary apprentice. Not only would he not be charged with tuition fees, but he would also be given pocket money.

But Danton's goal was to ruin Bernardino's fond memories and plant the seeds of self-destruction in his heart.

So naturally, Danton would not reveal that.

If Danton could find out the moment when Bernardino had a desire for suicide, he would be able to detonate it in the future.

At this moment, this was the "trap setting" stage.

Looking at the decadent "youth" struggling and thinking, Danton patted his shoulder lightly and added in a low voice, "Of course, if you don't want to, I don't force it.

"I just think that since you're so young, you should learn something, or you'll be wasting your youth." Then, Danton pretended to ask inadvertently, "Ah, by the way, do you have ideals? Is there anything you want to do?"

"Ideal." The young Bernardino murmured in a low voice, "Of course I have it."

"What is it then?" Danton said gently, "If it impresses me, maybe I will recruit you?"

Of course, that was a lie.

The goal was to give hope and further despair.

But Bernardino did not ask excitedly, "Is that true?"

He remained silent, shook his head, and looked at the sky.

His eyes reflected the vicissitudes of life in an old man.

"I used to dream of being a philosopher. I wanted to go to a theological seminary. I wanted to know what the world was like. I used to think I was smart and wanted to discover the world's truth. I wanted to know how this world, and how this universe is created."

He murmured in a low voice, "But, I have failed in the end.

“I did not do anything well, and I deserved this.”

“What's the matter?” Danton asked in a warm, concerned voice, “Can you tell me?”

“I'm too incompetent.”

Bernardino shook his head and whispered, “This is fate, and I've missed it.

“As written in the [Mysteries On Fate and the Half Dice], [Fate is the Wheel of Divine Transporter]. Once you've passed it, you can't go back.

“It helps me to let go of what I can't let go and what I can't forget, and finally surrender myself.” Danton listened, suddenly realizing something was wrong.

He turned away and ran without hesitation.

Ice-blue flames rose from the skin like a dreamy thrush [1] made of crystals and took off instantly. The surrounding scene changed rapidly, and he fled backward for a year after flapping his wings.

But at this moment, behind the young and decadent Bernardino, a translucent black giant composed of countless black spiritual bodies suddenly appeared. Its only eye darted around rapidly.

The giant raised his hand, seemingly slowly but quickly crossing the time limit, holding Danton in his hand like catching a real bird.

“Sorry! I was wrong!” Danton apologized without hesitation, “I can sign a contract with you. Any conditions are up to you!”

Stop joking with me...

If Bernardino had revealed himself immediately, Danton would have run away.

As a veteran Gold Rank transcender, he certainly knew what was happening.

This was the characteristic of having obtained the [Supreme Crown] and [Perfected Element Essence]!

The so-called [Sublime Avatar].

There were among the five requirements for an ascendancy ritual.

[Four Rotating Wheels]: Removing all the weaknesses and loopholes in the body and soul in addition to having a perpetual machine that could generate power infinitely.

[Creation]: Complete a great cause that only the host can achieve and change the era with the power of only one person.

[Supreme Crown]: Achieving “absolute world number one” in a particular realm.

[Prototype of Truth]: Find and collect a complete set of Book of Truth.

[Perfected Element Essence]: Awaken at least one element to the deepest level.

The first two were the hardest among the five conditions for becoming a deity. The path chosen by each deity was different.

The latter three conditions were relatively simple. First, the Book of Truth picked its candidate on its own. No external force could alter the outcome. For the other two, it was easily manageable as long as the person had talent.

Among the latter three conditions, satisfying [Perfected Element Essence] and any one or two of the rest could be called [Sublime Avatar].

That was, in the true sense, of “demi deity”.

If all three were present, it would be a well-defined giant spirit. However, it would take shape on the truest desire in the heart and soul's true nature.

Bernardino did not have a Book of Truth, so his [Sublime Avatar] was muddy and indistinct.

But even so, this was not an enemy Danton could resist.

“We have no conflict at all. The Purest Spiritual Medium, what do you want?”

“What I want...” Bernardino murmured, the corners of his mouth raised, “I don't think you'll be able to give it to me.

“Because what I want is your spinal cord.”

After he said that, he threw Danton's soul into the belly of the [Sublime Avatar] behind him.

When Bernardino opened his eyes again, the crowd that had been attacking him incessantly was already stunned in place.

They realized quickly.

Thousands of people huddled together; they were screaming, shouting, fleeing, or randomly attacking.

No one could stop Bernardino.

Soon, an elf spirit body walked out of the palace holding a string of bloody spines.

Feeling the approach of several powerful auras, Bernardino smiled without panic.

“So, you like to sit by and watch us fight among ourselves. Fine, I will give this body to you.” Bernardino murmured in a low voice.

He summoned his sublime avatar again and threw his spine into it.

Then, he sucked all those spirit bodies into his right eye.

He tilted his head and lost his vigor in the wheelchair.

The Righteous Player(s) C400– Annan's Relationship With Salvatore

Chapter 400: Annan's Relationship With Salvatore

“So, is the Dream Stealer Danton dead?” Annan's tone was mixed with surprise.

But he obviously did not trust this information, “Are you sure that the one who died is really Danton? He might have escaped, you know.

“Have you sent a professional team to examine the corpse and traces of spell casting?”

With the ability of Gold Rank Soul Snatch Wizard, Danton could use another person as a substitute and modify the memories of all witnesses so that others would think he was dead.

However, Eugene shook his head and denied the possibility.

“He really died, and he died very quickly.” Eugene frowned. Obviously, he was not in a good mood despite having the enemy he planned to eliminate previously die inexplicably, “His soul may have died in Bernardino's memory, or may have been lost. It's even possible that he has escaped through some secret arts.

“But, his body is dead. Bernardino ripped out his spine. Thus, his soul is completely dead.” From this point of view, it was fair to consider him dead.

Without his body, Danton's only way to survive was to seek asylum from the false deities before his soul dissipates. His chance was to find out if any big shot was willing to accept him as an envoy.

However, he could not survive anymore.

Even the soul of a transcender could not possess other people's bodies because the bodies were not in harmony with his soul at all. Even if the soul were only deposited in the body, it would continuously inflict damage to the body as it tried to correct the body into the shape of the soul.

Obviously, the human body could not be simply altered like plasticine.

The only possibility was for the stranded soul to create a completely identical body or simply put the soul into the unborn fetus. Only in such a way could it be used to accommodate the souls that had lost their bodies.

For example, Don Juan Geraint.

After Benjamin saved his soul, it was sent back. However, the Geraint family obviously did not have the technology and ability to remake his body for him.

Therefore, the current “Don Juan” had been sent back into his mother's womb. Of course, it was not his biological mother but a girl with the Geraint bloodline whom the Old Crow found. After all, his biological mother had been dead for many years. When Don Juan was born again, the name “Don Juan” could no longer be used.

Annan straight up called it reincarnation on the spot.

But obviously, no one would do that for Danton.

He had already offended everyone.

No one would try to find and carefully preserve his soul nor search for a suitable fetus for him to be reborn.

But...

“Spine?” Annan asked in a low voice.

He frowned slightly, thinking of something.

For example, the Sage's Stone of the Hermetic School.

When Annan met Bernardino for the first time and when Bernardino asked him about the details of the “resurrection” ritual, he learned that Bernardino's soul was about to be burned out.

Annan speculated that he might look for Sage's Stone at that time.

But as Annan learned more about Nicholas II, he realized that was unlikely. If Bernardino knew or could communicate with Nicholas, he should not have asked Annan at the risk of being killed by the Paper Princess.

As long as he acquired the Sage's Stone, he would be able to maintain longevity.

Why the need for an unnecessary “rebirth”?

“Speaking of which,” Annan asked again, thinking of Bernardino, “Who killed Bernardino? Or did he escape?”

“He committed suicide.” Eugene replied, “Bernardino and Danton are troublesome types. Danton could invade Gold Rank Transcenders' consciousness and modify their memory from a distance of several hundred meters. On the other hand, Bernardino is unkillable.

“So the high-level transcenders in the capital began to wait and see from a safe distance after deploying the rain-proof device or ability at the first moment.”

After all, it was their fight. No one would pity either of their deaths. Instead, it would be good news if they both died together.

“It's just a pity that Bernardino is not dead.” Eugene sighed, “Spiritual Monk's resurrection ability is foolproof. He must have soul fragments placed elsewhere.”

“Is it possible to investigate where he came back to life?”

“We're certain it must have happened in the capital, but it is impossible to determine the exact location.”

The man with an ordinary face shrugged and said helplessly, “I have no way to investigate that either.

“No one dares to investigate 'the Purest Spiritual Medium'. After all, the curse on him is too troublesome. His combat strength is not weak either. A direct hit of his [Soul Departing Ward] can deprive the victim of his soul. Even a Gold Rank transcender dies instantly.”

“So even if it is possible to investigate it, we will still end up with no results.” The Paper Princess interjected.

Eugene spread his hands, “Yes, my lord. That's the case.”

“What are the fatalities?”

Annan asked concernedly, “A lot of transcenders must have died, right? How do you plan to deal with the nightmares that arise?”

Eugene seemed a little surprised that Annan would pay attention to this issue.

“Wait a minute, Your Highness.” Although it was a little troublesome to query the data, the corner of Eugene's mouth rose slightly with a sincere smile.

Annan keenly caught the light smile.

This guy is a kind person.

It's a pity that he is born into such a family and to be in this line of work.

Eugene carefully rummaged through the documents on the table and meticulously looked at the stacks of documents for a while. He wrote and drew on the paper for a long time, then turned around and answered Annan, “For now, the casualties may be more than 700 people.”

“That's a lot!” Annan was startled.

“This is the calculation of the minimum number. There are some victims who 'disappear' directly. They even completely disappeared with their bodies. Transcenders are in a much better position. By calculating the curse in the air and adding the corpse numbers that have been discovered, we can calculate the exact death count, which is 11 Bronze Rank transcenders and 51 Silver Rank transcenders.”

“How come there is so much more Silver Rank than Bronze Rank?” Annan asked with suspicion.

Eugene read the document and explained slowly, “It is said to be because of the [Soul Departing Ward]. Bernardino unleashed his ward once and killed everyone within the 40 degree field of vision in front of him, including the Silver Wizards formation. Among those who 'died with their corpses left', more than 60% have been hit by this one attack alone.

“As for the nightmares, the number of nightmares currently spawned is zero.”

“What?” Annan was stunned.

“Because there are no transcenders' souls, Your Highness Annan.” Eugene sighed, “Bernardino took away all the souls of the transcenders. It's starting to get a bit foggy outside. But without the souls as anchors, there would be no nightmare.

“We can't let it go on like this. There have been cases of female servants and guards in the palace falling ill. When the curse spreads, I'm afraid the king's body will not be able to survive even if the king's room is closed urgently.”

“What shall we do?” As soon as Annan asked, he paused slightly.

He nodded and suddenly realized something, “Have you already made a plan? Let's hear it?”

Eugene nodded slowly and asked earnestly, “Do you remember Don Juan?”

Hearing the name of the person he impersonated and the second brother saying it out, Annan still showed no surprise.

He understood what Eugene meant.

Since there were only curses and no nightmares, then create a nightmare.

This was what Benjamin used to do.

“Do you want to summon Master Benjamin?”

“No. His Highness Benjamin has a distinguished status.” Eugene's face was bitter, and he shook his head again and again.

He explained, “But he has left us with the technology. It only needs the Alteration Wizard of Silver Rank to complete it. However, considering that the person responsible for generating nightmares may be able to manipulate them, it is necessary to let the people we can rest assured to do it.

“Your Highness, is there anyone you can trust?” Hearing such a cautious question, Annan chuckled softly.

Will there be a shortage of Silver Rank Alteration Wizard in the capital?

It's also possible. But this is more likely to be Eugene... or rather the Geraint Family's test.

Although Eugene was a good person, he was used to the indirect manner of speech.

What he was asking Annan was, “What is your relationship with Black Tower's Son?”

Is it a superficial brother? Or a real bro?

Of course, there was only one answer.

“Okay, leave this to me.” Annan responded calmly, “I will write a letter to ask my 'reliable friend'.”