

Righteous Ps 60

### **The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 60**

In Roseburg's very center, there was a crimson castle that penetrated the sky.

Its name was also Roseburg.

It looked like a broken sword basking in the vile dragon's blood, pointed to the sky unyieldingly.

In the lingua franca, the original meaning of the word "Rose" was "broken sword" or "extinct heir." In addition, it also meant to describe the eunuch.

But the irony was that Roseburg's owner did not have an heir.

The old viscount sat back on the throne for the third time.

He was already more than eighty years old, soon approaching his nineties.

Forty-five years ago, he passed his city lord position to his eldest son, who was also his only son. Unfortunately, the eldest son died while having an enjoyable time with the ladies seven years later, so the viscount position went back to the old viscount.

Fortunately, at that time, he was still young.

One year after his son's death, he got a son in middle age and had a new son, Allen Barber. When his son was 24 years old, he passed his title and city lord position to his son.

Unfortunate events took place. His second son died after seven years. This time, Allen Barber died in the study. The old viscount didn't even know who to vent his anger away.

At this time, Alvin Barber viscount was already 82 years old.

Even if he utilized spells to strengthen his vigor, he knew for sure he couldn't produce an heir in the future.

Amidst the misfortune, his young second son had an heir.

The year Allen died suddenly, his wife was pregnant. A year later, she gave birth to a baby boy and then died during child labor.

Now, Alvin's grandson would soon be six years old.

He was born without a father or a mother; his only blood relative was his grandfather – Old Viscount Alvin. Perhaps because of the premature birth, Old Alvin's grandson was sickly and often ill in bed.

Roseburg was about to become an actual "Broken Sword Fort."

"Don Juan?"

The old man repeated the messenger's words with his voice murky and weak, "He came to Roseburg. What is he doing?"

The old viscount was a tall and thin elder. He had thin silver-gray hair that was delicately combed. On his head, there was a circlet inlaid with fine chipped gems.

Outside his thin figure, the most eye-catching characteristic about the old man was his eye sockets that were so deep with his muddy eyes embedded in them, sunken down. They were like the moon covered by dark clouds.

Compared with his skinny figure, this comfortable leather seat looked much larger. He didn't seem to sit on it securely but rather 'fell' on it weakly.

Behind Alvin's seat stood a tall and sturdy bald man.

The bald man appeared in his early thirties. There were three bronze rings of different sizes and shapes on the fingers of his right hand. He had a heavy bronze necklace hanging around his neck. It appeared not so much a necklace as a heavy dog chain.

Although this bald man looked like a personal guard or an underground fighter, he was, in fact, the Barber family's housekeeper.

His name was Justin Kney.

A "curse hunter."

"I smell Transcended, my lord."

Justin Kney whispered, "There are two of them, both of which are Bronze Rank. They did not carry a powerful curse vessel."

Justin's voice was deep and honest; he sounded like a calm and reliable person.

"Oh, it seems that our little crow also brought a helper. He's not an easy person."

Alvin Barber sneered silently, "Sure enough, exactly like his father.

"Oh ya, repeat to me again, how many of them are in our territory? How long have they stayed in Roseburg?"

He sat on the seat, tilted his head slightly. He crouched his back and stared at the messenger who was kneeling on the ground and said slowly.

Alvin always kept his head down. Keeping his head up was a burden on his cervical spine. His neck posed a challenge to lift his head; his legs and arms were as thin as matches.

Being stared at by the old nobleman who had experienced three generations of being a ruler and soon to be the fourth generation of a ruler, the young messenger couldn't help but shudder.

"He... There are 22 of them, sir. He should be entering the city by now."

The messenger said tremblingly.

Just being stared at by old Alvin, he felt his back chill.

"Let's welcome them."

“What?”

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“I said... Invite them as a guest. Are you deaf?”

Old Alvin smiled. His voice was hoarse albeit clam, “By the way, let's only invite two people. No, three people are invited. The blue-eyed bird is allowed to bring two guards over. He gets to choose who he wants to bring. Are you clear?”

“Yes, my lord.”

The young messenger was hesitant to speak but quickly responded.

However, he was still not clear about this somewhat vague instruction. For example, what should the rest of the people do when they should enter the venue. But the messenger knew that now was not the time to ask these questions.

He realized that Alvin intended to get him to leave, so he quickly excused himself.

After he left, Old Alvin turned his head slightly and hissed, “Justin.”

“Yes.”

“Go and inform our guest.”

Old Alvin said word by word softly, “Go and invite him to dinner, saying that we are going to have a good talk about cooperation. It's time for him to express his stance. By the way, give him another big surprise as a gift. “

“I don't recommend this, my lord.”

Justin was straightforward and refused the idea, “Once there's a fight, I may not be able to protect you.

“The two Transcended just entered the city. One of them has a strong curse. It should be the son of Black Tower. He and Wizard Gerald should have hatred for each other. He is an Alteration Wizard. If there is a conflict, the entire Roseburg may be in danger, let alone you.”

“Why protect me?”

Old Alvin glanced at Justin, baffled. He sneered, “I invited them to the banquet, but I didn't mean that I would attend. Is this their wedding? Do they need an elder like me to give a speech?”

“What do you mean?”

“After you notify the guest, you will bring the children up. We are staying at a suburban winery tonight. Remember to leave the guards and servants here. The banquet needs to be happening too. No matter who dies, it is a good thing for us. Best if they both have losses, then you go and kill them all. If one of them is seriously injured, the other is in good condition. We will side with the winner temporarily.

“As for Roseburg...”

When the old man said this, there was a faint disgust in his eyes.

His rough and crooked fingers tapped the armrest twice and whispered coldly,

“A pile of rubbles. Don't worry about them.”

On the other side, at 13 Rusty Water Street, Gerald Dental Clinic.

The ordinary-looking young man with a gentle smile suddenly raised his head, frowned, and sniffed the air. His complexion changed slightly.

But with constant movements in his hands, he pulled out the patient's teeth under him and threw them into the small box beside him. He took out a small fragrance packet and stuffed it into the tooth hole.

“Drink some porridge these three days. Avoid overly hot food.”

He ordered softly, smiled, and said goodbye to the client after receiving the money.

The young dentist frowned slightly and unconsciously turned the delicate silver ring on his left middle finger.

“Old Alvin suddenly became hostile to me. Does he want to kill me?”

He murmured, “That's weird. Why so?”

“I shouldn't be exposed.”

Gerald thought for a moment, reached out, and grabbed the silver hammer on the table. He took out the small box with the teeth with the other hand.

He took out six bloody teeth and inserted them into the side of the hammer one by one.

It was like inserting bullets. Every time a tooth was inserted, there would be a strange “click” inside the small hammer. It did not sound mechanical but rather like a creepy sound when the cervical spine was moved.

He reached out until all six were inserted, held the small hammer, and turned it upside down.

It's still fine.

It's just a matter of killing them earlier or later.

Gerald murmured with a gentle smile on his face, “Let's settle it tonight.”

He pondered for a while and whispered, “The Venerated Skeleton, obstruct the prophecy for me.”

“I'm listening.”

Without warning, a deep, echoing voice rang in Gerald's ears.

Gerald nodded in satisfaction.