

Righteous Ps 61

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 61

After paying the entrance fee for more than 20 people, Annan and his party entered Roseburg smoothly.

Of course, Salvatore must have paid for it. After Annan stared at Senior Salvatore for a while, the senior surrendered. He was embarrassed to go out with such a small child and had the child pay for it.

Annan was now seriously considering whether to hurry up and get some money, at least enough for daily expenses.

He had been treating Salvatore like a dumb rich guy in those movies. Even if the senior didn't mind, his acting would reveal some flaws one day.

It was worse than stingy.

How could there be such an impoverished nobleman?

"Excuse me."

Suddenly, Annan heard someone outside the carriage raise their voices, "Is Young Master Geraint in the carriage?"

Who is it?

Annan was alerted, but he did not reply.

He looked at Salvatore, and the other person understood, "I am Salvatore Blacktower. Who are you?"

"Dear Black Tower son, I am the Silver Sire's bishop, Daryl."

The man outside the car smiled and said, "I think you might have heard of me."

"I have indeed heard this name. He is the bishop in Roseburg. He is said to be capable."

Salvatore looked at Annan and asked in a low volume, "Shall we take a look?"

"We could; maybe he's here to help us."

Annan said solemnly, "After all, this matter has something to do with that person."

Salvatore understood.

Annan glanced around, motioning the players to stick closer to him.

Salvatore had already agreed with Annan to let Annan make the decision after entering the city.

Soul Snatch Wizards were experts in manipulating people's minds. Even if they didn't use their spells, they were usually good at this aspect.

After all, Salvatore had murderous intent against Gerald. Gerald should also realize it. This meant that he was likely to use Salvatore's murderous intent to lead Salvatore to make mistakes.

Annan didn't know Gerald at all. This meant that the enemy had no way to influence his mind. He could remain calm at all times, especially when the two of them came into a disagreement. Salvatore had to reflect on whether he had been unknowingly affected once quarrels happened.

This was the countermeasure that Annan and Salvatore discussed on the carriage during their journey to this place.

Naturally, Jiu Er also broadcasted the whole process live while she was staying next to Annan.

On the one hand, the players were nervous and excited about the enemy's strength they were about to encounter. They were also convinced of the conjecture that "Don Juan was the protagonist of this game."

Although the cover of this game was Don Juan, there were always exceptions.

For example, there were games where the signboard girl [1] had no presence in it.

Was it possible for ordinary people to be so smart when they were twelve or thirteen years old? When they are twelve or thirteen years old, could they think so calmly and collected?

Annan's words of wisdom had convinced the players to be united and wait for the kill arranged by the plot.

After all, they had been exposed to the Transcended power of this world many times now. They had also realized that although they could easily defeat the private armies disguised as robbers, their combat prowess was hardly worth mentioning compared to those Transcended.

There were only two Transcended in total in their entire team.

So, I'm just there to trigger the cutscene, doing miscellaneous work, and clear the creeps, right?

In the end, it must be a series of CG cutscenes. Young Master Don Juan and Panda Eyes are going to show off their power, right?

The footmen, which Don Juan brought, thought optimistically.

Sure enough, Annan's thought was completely different from that of the players.

He silently and nonchalantly said to the short girl beside him, "Protect me, Jiu Er. Use your life to protect me."

"I will! Uh...huh?"

Jiu Er responded briskly.

But she paused, and suddenly there was a look of surprise in her eyes.

She did not hesitate, said very firmly and fluently, "Don't worry, young master. I will never let any danger approach you."

Salvatore could not comprehend it every time he saw this scene.

How did Don Juan find such a group of diehard guards?

But in reality, Annan just sent a temporary mission to Jiu Er.

[Temporary mission: Personal Guard]

[Mission requirement: Limited in Roseburg. Protect "Don Juan Geraint" from any arrows, spells, poison, and daggers that might strike. Before this mission fails, the resurrection does not require any cost and ignores every day's resurrection count.]

[Special requirement: The final reward is based on the satisfaction of "Don Juan Geraint."]

Seeing this mission requirement, Jiu Er understood the gists.

The support player flickered over to interrupt the opponent's onslaught [2]. She was exceptional at this.

If it weren't for fear of troubling the young master, she would cling to Annan physically. After leaving the carriage, she would stretch out her arms and yell,

"Bram [3] is here!"

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

Of course, when this mission appeared, she took a screenshot and posted it to the forum immediately.

She even poked Lin Yiyi a bit on this.

Taking into account her impression in Annan's heart, Jiu Er just smiled reservedly, then opened the carriage door diligently and helped Annan out of the car.

Seeing this scene, Salvatore got out of the car, unable to understand the situation.

Especially after seeing that other guards heard this command and cast jealous eyes on Jiu Er, he felt even more confused.

These people are weird. All of them don't make sense to me.

Are the guards from the royal capital so good-looking, powerful, and reliable?

Are the rumors false?

Don Juan Geraint isn't the least favorite son of Count Geraint, but his primary heir.

Was his eldest son just a cover? A target to protect Don Juan from assassination.

Salvatore could only think so.

After getting out of the carriage, surrounded and protected by the players, Annan saw the person who stopped the carriage.

That was a man who looked like Silver Sire's priest.

Bishop Daryl had a generous face, kind eyebrows, and big ears, which could be called chubby for the time being. His hair was shaved entirely; he put on his usual warm smile on his face. Although he looked old, his skin was still delicate. Annan could not identify Bishop Daryl's actual age.

Bishop Daryl wore a white outfit of the same style as Priest Louis. However, the clothes on the bishop could not endure the hardships to contain the bishop's large figure. The same white dress that looked extraordinarily slim and handsome on Priest Louis only seemed to prove the fabric's superiority on Bishop Daryl. The fabric on the belly looked a little taut as if the buttons would be shot out at any time when the bishop bent over.

In his chest pocket, there was a silver pocket watch similar to Priest Louis. Unlike Priest Louis, his pocket watch was smaller and looked more like a silver coin.

But compared with Bishop's intimidating figure, what was more memorable at a glance was the two rows of golden teeth that he showed when he smiled.

Indeed, he had a mouthful of gold teeth.

When Bishop Daryl smiled, it shone exceptionally brilliantly.

Annan was envious.

"Tribute to the silver coin, Bishop Daryl."

Annan and Salvatore respectfully paid tribute to the bishop.

The players behind Annan reacted slowly and followed Annan's actions to pay tribute.

Bishop Daryl just smiled in response, took out his pocket watch, and opened it with a snap, "May you be loved by Silver Sire today, lovely children."

"I'm young, so you can't find fault with my question."

Annan made full use of his advantage and asked without shame, "Since you stopped us, did you have anything to say to me?"

"Yes, little Sir."

Bishop Daryl said with a smile, "Count Geraint wrote to me in advance and asked me to take care of you."

"Did my father meet you?"

Annan asked, a little surprised and a little wary in his heart.

The bishop waved his hand and said with a smile, "In fact, I'm not acquainted with your father, but I'm familiar with your grandfather.

"I'm your grandfather's friend, little Sir. You should call me grandpa."

The fat and bald bishop, who looked at least fifty years old, smiled like a Maitreya Buddha.

"Then, Grandpa Daryl."

Although it felt as though this boastful grandpa was taking advantage of him, Annan did not hesitate at all. He went straight back to the previous topic after clarifying the address, "What do you need from me?"

“A suggestion. It's for the sake of my acquaintance.”

The smile on Bishop Daryl's face subsided slightly. His tone became more formal, “Alvin Barber will invite you to a banquet later. I advise you not to go.

“This is not your hatred, even on both sides.”

As he stopped speaking, a dazzling electric light fell.

Annan blinked, and the fat bishop had disappeared.

Until then, he suddenly felt a cool breeze, and his chest felt cold.

The sudden thunder in the distance rolled like a tank's roar. The surrounding passers-by screamed. Their pace hastened up, rushing back home to take shelter from the rain.

Annan suddenly realized-

After the strange fat man appeared...

No one passed by on the street, nor did he feel the cool breeze in the heavy rain.

Annan looked up; he saw that the sky was gloomy and dark clouds were over the city.

The wind was getting stronger.