

Righteous Ps 62

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 62

It started to rain.

It was a sparse but heavy downpour.

Judging on how the passers-by sheltered from the rain, it seemed that the rains had gone on for a while.

But Annan and the others didn't notice it.

It was as if they had entered another world just now.

"Is it an illusion?"

Salvatore reached out his hand to support Annan's shoulder and asked in a low voice, "Is it that person (Translator's Note: Dr. Gerald)?"

It seemed Salvatore had grown some trust in Annan's wisdom.

"Not really."

Annan replied slowly.

The event made no sense.

If Gerald could easily create a boundary that could isolate passers-by without anyone noticing, even the Black Tower leading graduate would not realize it.

Then, he could easily separate and kill them. With such a stark difference in power, the strategy would be meaningless.

"How much do you know about this person?"

Annan asked suddenly.

"You meant Bishop Daryl?"

Salvatore shook his head, "I only heard the name. This name is unlike a common name in the kingdom. There is no such surname either. Plus, I haven't seen this name in previous newspapers.

"But the news from the Black Tower confirmed that he was indeed the bishop guarding Roseburg. So, I suspect the name might be a pseudonym."

"Can bishops use pseudonyms?"

"Very few, but there are."

Salvatore replied affirmatively, "Because some 'names' are dead already..."

"I think you can understand what I mean."

"I see."

Annan nodded slowly.

With the "Name" dead, the person's true identity was already dead in most people's eyes.

Thus, the usage of pseudonyms...

"You, hello... Dear Sir!"

At this moment, Annan suddenly heard a faint young boy's voice, "Is this Young Master Don Juan Geraint?"

Annan looked back and found that it was a thin boy with freckles on his face. He looked at most seventeen years old. The moment when the boy met Annan's ice-blue pupils, his eyes were glimmering in pleasant surprise. But soon, that gaze was overwhelmed by fear and cowardice.

"It's me."

Annan answered plainly, "What's the matter?"

His voice was childish but calm and melodic. Even if there were many players between the boy and him, the words could be transmitted clearly to the boy's ears.

"It's your invitation!"

The young boy did not dare to look up at Annan but blushed. The boy said in difficulty, "It's Master Viscount Barber's invitation! He prepares dinner for you and invites you to come right away..."

As the boy spoke, he handed over the invitation.

The first player reached out and accepted the invitation. The player then took a photo and handed it to the next player.

The next player did the same thing as well. After taking a photo with the invitation, the player passed it onto the next player.

Salvatore looked at the group of people, shaking the invitation in their ear and then solemnly handing it over to the next person. He felt a little at a loss.

What are they doing?

Is this also some kind of etiquette of the royals?

He stretched out his hand to accept the invitation. Then he subconsciously copied the players' actions, shook the letter in his ear, and then handed it to Annan.

"Pfft."

Salvatore vaguely heard suppressed laughter.

He was immediately upset.

Is my action substandard? Ah, yes, I'm pretty frigid. I don't dare to raise my hand openly.

"You don't need to do that."

Annan looked at Salvatore's troubled state. He couldn't help but advise Salvatore. Then, he reached out, took the invitation, and opened it.

Salvatore nodded without saying much.

But he couldn't help criticizing his subconscious timidity in his heart.

No, it's simple. I'm just quite frigid. Is it because I came from a rural area, so I'm a little shy about it?

I need to overcome this.

The status of these guards was lower than him. Yet, he was a little nervous and a little tense. After meeting the wizard from the royal capital, how could he converse normally?

Fortunately, Salvatore had made full use of his excellent memory and had carved this etiquette deeply in his brain. He had constantly been refreshing his memory of Annan's follower's bizarre actions and silently wrote them down carefully.

At the same time, he also deeply felt the cultural differences between small places like Freezing Water Port, the swamp, and the prosperous capital city.

“Only three people?”

Annan shook the invitation in his hand and asked softly, “Do you understand what it says?”

His ice-blue pupils quietly watched the boy who came to deliver the letter. The boy instinctively bowed his head in fear.

“Yes. Master Viscount specifically asked me to...”

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“I think such a big viscount's mansion shouldn't be too poor to accommodate my guards, right?”

Annan interrupted the boy, “All of us will be there. Just reply like that.”

“Yes.”

The young boy didn't dare to say anything. He just bowed to Annan anxiously and left in a hurry.

Annan looked at the boy's back. He then summoned Salvatore and Jiu Er back into the carriage again.

Salvatore couldn't help but ask, “Are we going? Didn't Bishop Daryl...?”

“It's raining heavily.” Annan replied while steering offtopic, “We have to find a place to shelter from the rain. I don't think viscount's mansion will have rain leakages.”

“No, I mean...”

“Three people.”

Annan interrupted Salvatore again and reminded him.

Salvatore was slightly startled when he heard the words.

He realized something.

He frowned and said in uncertainty, "But, there are only two of us."

"That is his plan."

Annan replied, "Since we have two Transcended, he is declaring his hostility if he directly said that only the two of us are allowed to enter, which meant only transcended is allowed to enter. Such conditions are way too blatant."

The black-haired and blue-eyed boy looked at Salvatore and asked seriously, "The question now is, senior... how did he know that we have two Transcended?"

"It is easy to detect."

Salvatore quickly replied, "Those with the profession 'Hunter' can do it."

"Hunter?"

"Well, curse hunter. A relatively rare profession. They can delineate their 'hunting ground,' monitoring curses' existence, and locating the opponent's location. Transcended and nightmare are both curse carriers. The only exception will be those equipped with the ability to hide curses. Otherwise, all the Transcended will be revealed within the hunting ground."

Salvatore frowned slightly and warned, "There will be Gold Rank hunters at the underground passages' entry points in various countries. Hunters will also guard many grand rituals. Transcended living in big cities will be summoned from time to time for identity checks.

"Viscount Barber is a veteran nobleman. It's expected for him to be able to recruit hunters. But it should be noted that the Transcended hunters can absorb new curses through ritual. They can also get some abilities from it.

"It's unlike the typical method to destroy the Transcended curse vessel and acquire the Transcended's abilities through inheriting the curse. Curse hunters establish a new curse. They alternate the opponent's curse vessels to be a curse vessel of their own temporarily, bypassing the existing curse to utilize the abilities.

"Generally speaking, in the new curse established among the hunters, they can't utilize the same method they used to kill the Transcended in harming others. Therefore, the higher the hunter's rank, the more limited the fighting style. But it is usually powerful in the first place."

"So, are we being targeted by hunters?"

Annan laughed instead.

Annan was more confident with the speculation in his mind.

First of all, this must be a Hongmen Banquet [1].

They had already faced off against each other. If Viscount and Gerald were in the same group, he didn't need to commit such an extra move.

In general of Transcended common sense, a hunter and a wizard duo must be far superior to the two young wizards duo. Worse still, one of them was the Alteration wizard with no way to fend for himself at all. This was in the condition where the viscount had not recruited any other Transcended for the battle. He already occupied the higher ground.

After all, as Salvatore said, a wizard's capability largely depended on age. The older the wizard, the greater the power of the spell.

The opponent couldn't know that Annan had four times the mana value of ordinary wizards. In other words, the viscount had underestimated Annan's combat power.

With this dedicated invitation for Annan to bring in only two people, Annan would refuse to attend the banquet out of vigilance.

After all, this was tantamount to revealing the truth that a "hunter" was likely to help the viscount, revealing the hunter lurking in the dark.

As a matter of fact, the viscount didn't even dare to send a large army to intercept Annan on the road. The current way was the surefire way to kill Annan. Even Annan didn't know how to deal with it, resorting to escape at any time.

But as soon as Annan entered the city, the viscount made a move. But, the viscount still dared not send an army but tried to assassinate or poison Annan at the banquet.

In other words, the viscount didn't take Annan to heart at all. He didn't regard Annan as an equal enemy to fight against, but an enemy that could be easily killed through conspiracy.

Annan sneered.

But this was also reasonable. Annan's age was the best disguise. Especially for an elder like Master Viscount, he would undoubtedly be more contemptuous of Annan's young age than ordinary people.

Because the viscount's only advantage was "experience." This was the strength he relied on to maintain his dignity and prove his wisdom. Of course, he would not discard this strength.

Therefore, the viscount would design a conspiracy out of "experienced advantage." He would never overestimate Annan's wisdom. He might think that Salvatore was the team leader.

"That's how it is, senior."

Annan calmly analyzed, "The question is, what would you do if you were the leader? I mean, without encountering Bishop Daryl."

"I will still attend the banquet."

Salvatore thought for a while and replied softly, "Because our number is a disadvantage in front of Gerald."

"He can control many people. The more your guards, the greater our danger. Having the three of us go in, it will be easier to act if a fight breaks out."

"That's the problem."

Annan said, "There is no doubt that the viscount must also know this. He knows that our number is a disadvantage in front of Gerald."

"So, they exposed one thing."

"The two of them are not on the same side."

Salvatore's pupils shrank and blurted out.

"That's why I asked the messenger to go back and inform Viscount. I will bring my men in." Annan added calmly, "From how the viscount plots his strategy, I'm sure he will back down. A dozen elites who follow Gerald's command are undoubtedly a threat to him. So no matter if he has left the banquet or not, he will leave after hearing the reply. When we enter the banquet, I am afraid we will never see the hunter nor the viscount."

"There will only be one person waiting for us—Gerald. But this is our chance."

Annan crossed his fingers and put on his knees. He said humbly, "This is my simple analysis."

That was common sense in planning.

[1] Banquet set up intending to murder a guest.