

Righteous Ps 64

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 64

Mike took a deep breath, feeling a little nervous and uneasy.

He paced on the balcony, leaned on the railing to look outside. He stretched out his right thumb to roughly measure the distance and then went back into the room.

“The rain is getting heavier.”

He couldn't help but whisper to his companions, “What should I do if I can't light those barrels then?”

“Impossible, this is the arrow dipped with Black Fire. The rain can't extinguish it.”

His companion shook his head, carefully split the four arrows previously inserted in the quiver, and inserted them back in again.

Black Fire was quite viscous. He needed to regularly split them apart to prevent them from sticking to each other and prevent them from setting aflame when taken out.

Mike sighed and sat on the bed, “I am not worried about the Black Fire being extinguished by the rain. I am worried that when the rain gets heavier, I won't be able to see where the barrels are.”

“Where is the fourth quiver, brother?”

His companion said abruptly, “If you miss even with all the arrows in the quiver, then let me do it.”

“It's better for you to do it,” Mike didn't care. “You can take my bounty as well. To be honest, I don't put my eyes on such a small amount of money.”

“What kind of profiteering work are you hiding from us?”

His companion was taken aback for a moment and asked in disbelief, “Five pounds! If you don't want it, I will take it instead.”

“Five pounds...”

Mike grinned, showing his buck teeth, “Rather, this is the valuable stuff.”

He said, gesturing to the four quivers of black fire arrows placed on the table with his chin.

With a grin, he leaned over and abducted his companion with his arm, “Hey, man, are you interested? We can report a fake number to our higher-ups. Do you know the price?”

As he said, he stretched out his right hand and made a five, then whispered, “I have five barrels. If you want to join the group, bring me at least one barrel.”

“You hid the Black Fire for yourself?”

His companion asked incredulously, “This is a capital crime!”

“Fuck him, is murdering feudal lord, not a capital crime?”

Mike spat on the floor and cursed, "He let our brothers do this kind of work. The old Barber deserves to have no descendant."

"Yeah."

At this moment, they heard a low voice.

They stood up vigilantly, reaching out to take up the weapon beside the bed.

But at this moment, an arrow burning with Black Fire suddenly shot through the window, igniting the bed.

The flame on this arrow was vile, emitting a pungent stench. The black smoke puffing out made it difficult for them to open their eyes.

"Do not move."

The voice continued to sound from outside the window. It seemed a little unclear under the more intense sound of rain, "You know what this is."

With that, a strong and tall man wearing brand-new brown leather armor jumped in.

He held the sword in his right hand and held it up to them. His left hand held a quiver without arrows.

The next moment, another arrow shot into the house. This time it hit the corner of the wall.

But the two people in the house became more nervous.

This meant that at least two people came to attack them!

"Friend...?"

Mike asked cautiously, "We can talk. Would you like to let friends outside come in to take shelter from the rain?"

"No need, we will leave right away."

The swordsman, whose hair was disheveled due to the rain, looked at Mike calmly without moving his eyes, "You said you hid five barrels of Black Fire?"

Unsure which side this person belonged to, Mike didn't dare to talk to him for a while.

But Mike's attitude was a clear reply.

The swordsman didn't hesitate and stepped forward with his sword.

The muscles squirmed abnormally. Robust power pumped from the heart to the arm.

[All-out Blow]!

Mike's companion was caught off guard. He tried to parry with the dagger in his hand.

But just as he raised the dagger, a sword struck the dagger away, sending it out to the side in a whirl!

"En!"

Come and read on our website wuxia worldsite. Thanks

Mike's companion felt his right hand going directly numb. He even felt his wrist was sprained.

But, that was all trivial matters.

Seeing that the second sword attack was approaching, the other perpetrator was full of despair.

Military Swordsmanship!

They are legit people from the army.

The next moment, his head spun out, hit the wall heavily. The headless body fell back weakly.

"You shouldn't be enemies with the Feudal Lord."

The swordsman answered calmly.

At this moment, an abnormal noise occurred outside the window. A young man who was also wet and holding a longbow without armor jumped in.

"Let's go, Old Goose. We need to be on time for the next spot."

The boy urged casually, but his eyes quickly noticed, "Why did you allow a survivor?"

"He hid five barrels of Black Fire."

Delicious Wind Goose replied solemnly, "Tie him up. We will get our man to interrogate him in shifts. Let's go to the next place."

"No torture, please! No, military officers!"

Mike saw that his companion went headless so quickly. He shrieked, "I will tell you directly! I have just been recruited for three months. I don't know anything!"

"If you knew, you wouldn't be left here to do this kind of thing."

Delicious Wind Goose sneered, "Do you think you can get the money afterward?"

Mike was slightly startled when he heard the words. There was silence.

"I never planned to, fuck." He spat mockingly, "I should never do this kind of business.

"Give me a word, military officer. If I get you to the right place, can you spare my life?"

Mike looked at Delicious Wind Goose pleadingly.

Delicious Wind Goose replied calmly, "If we can get what we want, we won't kill you."

"Three of the five barrels of Black Fire belonged to me. I hid them at the lake bottom on the east side. After you see the boulder near the west bank, go along the path. They are scattered under the mud. You can find them after a bit of searching."

Mike was less tense in his heart and replied immediately.

But he soon saw the apparent disappointment in the eyes of the two.

He panicked.

Why?

“Forget it. It's too much trouble. I don't have the time to look for them.”

Delicious Wind Goose shook his head and evaluated, “It's a waste of time.”

“I thought of a game that drew a big circle on the map for you to find someone. In the end, the person is at the corner of the circle.”

The child couldn't help but complain.

“It's a waste of time. I thought I would save the time to move the barrels out. You can have the experience points, kid. I will write down this address in the forum. Those who are free can do that. Tsk, this digging work will probably take a long time.”

“Alright.”

Wandering Child responded happily, took the sword from Delicious Wind Goose, and decapitated the bewildered Mike. The victim was dumbfounded until his death.

Mike died with a remaining grievance.

He could not understand why they were not interested in the Black Fire that he had hidden.

“Oh, Miss Hyphen said you can go. She cleared the last spot alone. Stay in the mansion first. Gerald should be coming to the mansion soon.”

Delicious Wind Goose patted the child on the shoulder, “Get ready to go on your journey, brother.”

“Okay!”

The child was in great spirits and exclaimed excitedly.

He was in good focus and high morale.

Probably...

“Try your best to deliver as much damage as possible. Even if you kill the enemy accidentally, it's not a big deal.”

The child glanced at the countdown to his death. He said in a deep voice as usual, “By now, there is nothing to be afraid of.”

“You're in a bad habit. Don't say those cheeky lines.”

Delicious Wind Goose couldn't help but complain, “After going offline tonight, let's go to K11 for a barbecue.”

“Are you planning to suicide with me?”