

Righteous Ps 65

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 65

The sky was dim.

Dusk was approaching.

Accompanied by the loud downpour, there came the rattling sound of the carriage wheels beating against the water current on the ground, galloping forward.

In the end, the carriage stopped in front of the viscount's mansion.

“Sorry to trouble you.”

A normal-looking young man with a gentle smile on his face opened the carriage door and thanked the coachman softly, “Thanks for bringing me here despite the heavy rain.”

“It's fine, Sir Gerald.”

The coachman laughed loudly, “Should I wait for you here?”

“No, I'll let the viscount's coachman take me back.”

Dr. Gerald responded politely, “The rain is getting heavier. You may catch a cold while you wait here. Please go back.”

“It's fine, Sir Gerald. Even if you don't pay for such a small matter, I will help. Besides, you have given so much money.”

The coachman didn't mind it, “You are such a kind neighbor. There are not many of your kind soul in this world.”

Gerald just smiled and got out of the carriage with an umbrella.

He replied slowly and warmly, “Then, I'm leaving. Tribute to the silver coin for the night.”

“Tribute to the silver coin, sir.”

After sending away the coachman neighbor, Doctor Gerald walked to the courtyard with a gentle smile still on his face.

Four guards were hiding under the eaves, guarding the entrance with their guns on their backs.

Seeing Dr. Gerald approaching alone, one of the guards hesitated slightly and walked over.

The other guards also held their guns vigilantly in the first moment.

The guard opened his mouth and asked, “Are you Sir David Gerald?”

When the guard said this, he held up a square and flat jade tablet in his hand and pointed it at Dr. Gerald.

Though, Dr. Gerald was not at all tired of this.

He replied in a gentle tone, "Yes, I am David Gerald."

After answering this, the jade tablet shone bright white light.

The guard nodded slightly, and the other guards also put away their weapons.

"Come in, sir."

Another guard walked over and bowed to Dr. Gerald, "I will take you in."

Gerald followed him, smiling and joking, "I thought it would be Justin to receive me."

"Sorry, sir."

The guard was silent for a while and replied in a low voice.

His voice trembled slightly.

Gerald's pace paused slightly and then continued walking forward as if nothing had happened.

But there were already transparent ripples spread in his pupils, like the waves in a lake that spread out in circles.

The world in Gerald's eyes instantly turned black and white, just like an old TV. Soon after, everyone else exuded brilliance with different color tones.

[Consciousness Judgment]

Gerald assessed the guard quietly.

Such a strong sense of vigilance? Fear isn't overwhelming. Sure enough, they have a plan. This subtle killing intent... Hehe, if I have not anticipated this, I may regard it as hostility straight ahead.

Dr. Gerald was more certain about his previous speculations.

As a fugitive wizard, David Gerald was expelled from Black Tower. He was no longer directly under the official kingdom. Rather, his status was a "soft" wanted.

It was the so-called "Black Wizard" mark.

In the so-called soft wanted, no one was sent to arrest him. His name was on the wanted order, but it was more of a declaration. Gerald himself could not cross borders, borrow money, marry and have children. Moreover, he would not enjoy the protection of the law at the same time.

In other words, whether the curse hunter killed him or robbed him, it was not illegal. But that was all.

After all, Gerald had only stolen the curse vessel. He had not held an illegal sacrifice, nor had he killed anyone, so he could only be judged as "may cause harm" for the time being. Naturally, there was no one specially assigned to arrest him.

Especially he was a wizard of Soul Snatch school. He was the kind that could escape freely after being overwhelmed by numbers. Wasting precious manpower on him did not make sense.

But Gerald must beware of those curse hunters.

As long as the wizards kept using spells while maintaining the balance of mana, they could continue to increase their strength. For the hunter profession, it wasn't easy to quickly increase their power in peaceful times.

Because they were required to hunt down other Transcended to advance.

There were wanted orders explicitly dedicated to hunters. It was the same as telling them, "You can only kill these people. Killing these people is not counted as a homicide crime, and rewards are given."

Even Gerald would be afraid of hunters.

Who knows what kind of weird abilities the hunters could craft?

The Transcended of this era usually had a good education. Before they advance into a rank, they would try to plan a set of skills to form a cycle. After getting the Bronze Rank's curse, he would start to decide the path he wanted to take.

With that, Transcended could achieve their best under the limited "curse carrying capacity." That was the limit of the number of skills that came with the advancement.

But in any case, these skills were traceable.

If Transcended wanted to get other skills, they had to rely on the temporary curse, curse vessel, or get random extra skills by inheriting others' curses.

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

The situation was different for the hunters.

As long as the hunter killed Transcended and held a simple ritual, he could plunder part of the opponent's skills for temporary usage.

As a result, every hunter's skills would tend to be messy. Their profession had a fatal flaw – limited combat methods.

But hunters had always used the dark to take down the opponent. After all, the hunters investigated Transcended more often than the other way around.

In addition to the curse that kept protecting him – "I'm Not Here," Gerald's solution was to activate a simple spell every hour or so briefly:

[Consciousness Capture: Killing Intent]

The ripples under Gerald's eyes condensed. Crimson brilliance in his pupils flickered for only a short second.

In this second, he saw a fine line pointed out from the viscount's mansion, and the other end was attached to him.

Oh, as expected.

Gerald pursed his mouth slightly, his eyes cold.

This was the preliminary Soul Snatch spell.

“Consciousness Capture: Killing Intent” allowed Gerald to discover in the first moment where the person having killing intent on him was located.

It was like a mind detector.

Whenever someone tried to aim a gun at Gerald, a line of indication would immediately float in his mind and aim back at the person pointing at him.

Even if the enemy was outside the spell range of “Consciousness Displacement” and “Consciousness Loss,” he could roughly discern where the enemy came from. As long as the enemy appeared in the field of vision, Gerald could lock on it the first moment.

The hunters' primary way of fighting in the Bronze Rank was to capture a particular consciousness that had emerged from the opponent, then either transfer it to another person, reduce it or detonate it.

Until the hunters attained the Silver Rank, they could have a direct killing move.

But if Gerald only captured and did not interfere with consciousness limited to killing intent and it was just a swift toggling between on and off, there would be no consumption of order power. It was unlikely to be affected by opposing anti-detection spells or being detected.

Just after arriving at the viscount's mansion, he noticed a killing intent in the viscount mansion, which was directed toward him blatantly.

Is the viscount determined to get rid of me?

Gerald looked in that direction with the corners of his mouth slightly raised.

That person should be Viscount Barber.

He could feel that there was no curse bound on the enemy. It should be an ordinary person.

Gerald was confident that he hadn't offended other ordinary people at all.

He had been careful in his daily life.

He had never been hostile to others, alienated from others, and had always maintained kindness, even to the point of humility. Furthermore, he had taken down the ordinary people who had the potential to be his enemies.

With that, the error of him guessing wrongly was minimized.

Gerald had never interacted with anyone else in the viscount's mansion.

This was the strategy he adopted after arriving in Roseburg. He would only interact with Transcended so that he could be notified clearly when the viscount desired to kill him.

When there was killing intent, it was the proper time for him to flee.

Four hours ago, he detected a killing intent from an ordinary person in the direction of the viscount's mansion. That could only come from Viscount Barber because no one else had the chance to know him.

Indeed, everything is expected.

A bright and confident smile appeared on Gerald's face.

“Sorry for keeping Master Viscount waiting.”

He spoke softly with his head lowered down.

He was ready to use [Mind Manipulation] at the moment of opening the door to deprive the viscount of having a will completely.

But the guard next to him was startled suddenly.

Fear and panic suddenly emerged in the guard's heart. Then, the guard attempted to reply calmly, “Master Viscount is not here for the time being. He will be back soon. Please wait.”

“What?”

Gerald froze for a moment. He stopped on the spot, three or four steps away from the front door.

He didn't use spells, but he only needed his professional knowledge to determine the guard's words were indeed truthful.

If the viscount is not at home, who is the one behind the door intending to kill me?

For the first time, Gerald turned his head and whispered the keywords he set to the guards beside him:

“Look at me... [Patient].”

The moment he said the keyword “Patient,” a burst of colorful light blossomed in Gerald's eyes.

The guard did not react at all to this.

“Tell me! What exactly did your Master Viscount plan?”

“Master Viscount intends to fool you and feudal lord Geraint here. Then, he will light the Black Fire to burn you all in the mansion.”

The guard replied smoothly, “He and the housekeeper have already gone to the winery in the suburbs.”

“Shoot at that door in five seconds!”

Gerald didn't hesitate to interrupt the guard, stretched his finger to the other end of the killing intent line, and commanded the guard, “Kill everyone who comes out of the door!”

At the same time, he immediately evacuated and ran away. He planned to go to the door and control a group of armed guards to cover his escape.

The guard whose consciousness was seized by him did not hesitate to unlock the rifle's trigger.