

Righteous Ps 66

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 66

Black Fire?

Hearing this name, Gerald turned his head away and ran without any hesitation.

Gerald knew how potent they were.

After all, he sold the Black Fire to Viscount Barber.

As expected, the door was opened from the inside. A thin young man with a Black Fire bucket in his right hand and an ignited torch in his left hand was stunned. He rushed out desperately.

He had no idea how Dr. Gerald realized something was amiss.

Considering Gerald's mind control ability, Wandering Child made a big circle, avoiding being noticed by anyone else in the viscount's mansion. He took more than half an hour to circle back to the door carefully.

But he was still found out!

“Wait, don't run.”

As soon as the Child opened the door, the possessed guard did not hesitate but shot at the Black Fire bucket in the Child's hand.

The high-speed rotating lead bullet hit the bucket filled with Black Fire within less than ten meters!

Boom!

Heatwaves spread out.

The scorching heat roared. A mushroom cloud burst out, engulfing the Child and the shooting guard at the same time!

But this was only the beginning.

At the moment the flame exploded, the temperature in the surrounding air began to rise abnormally.

Immediately afterward, the Black Fire barrels buried nearby were also ignited.

The fire spewed out like a fountain!

The viscous dark brown flame spewed out, scattered in the air into countless small droplets, tainted the building, and intensified the ongoing fire.

Flames steaming with terrifying black smoke surged into all directions, instantly igniting the viscount's mansion entirely!

Immediately after the explosion, the fire permeated the area, condensing into a dense line of fire. If one were to look down directly above, you could see two rapidly spreading fire snakes swimming outward. The entire courtyard was warped in the snake's wrath.

“Ah.”

Gerald looked at the Black Fire that ignited in front of his eyes, covering the last escape passage. He stopped with regret.

I'm still five seconds late.

If that person did not open the door in such a hurry but were shot through the door five seconds later, then the timing would be just right.

Dr. Gerald could escape safely in this tight timing.

Contrary to the current situation, he would not be trapped in such a narrow space but entered a wide street. Subsequently, he stood a chance to manipulate a wide range of people's minds, setting up a territory he dominated.

The sidekick that Gerald did not even see the face clearly might seem useless, but the person bought time with his own life.

“Salvatore, you have plotted against me!”

Standing in the fire, he shouted without fear, “And you...”

“You're a fake imitation! You all come out!”

Only Gerald knew that this batch of Black Fire was defective.

It was not an Alteration product of the well-known Wizard Benjamin but a counterfeit. The kind that said “Produce by: Benjamin,” but it was a defective product his apprentice made.

However, due to some special reasons, its value was higher than the real one.

Black Fire was an unstable and dangerous Alteration product. The Black Fire was highly explosive under a high temperature, violent impact, or vibration. It was usually used for siege, city defense, or to prevent the opposing cavalry from launching a charge.

Therefore, the sensitivity of Black Fire was important.

It was best to make the shallowly buried Black Fire explode due to violent vibration when the cavalry corps was passing by.

But because of its creator, Salvatore's curse directly caused this batch of Black Fire to be defunct. It would not detonate when the cavalry passed by. Worse still, it might not even explode even if one were to slam them with a hammer.

It was incompetent to be classified as a dangerous explosive. On the other hand, it was a handy viscous combustion agent.

Not only Benjamin, but even Salvatore himself didn't expect these defective and failed products to have any value.

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Through keen evaluation, Gerald identified the value and acquired this batch of “defective products” anonymously through internal channels. Then, he found an opportunity to sell them to the viscount.

Indeed, Gerald's had an ulterior goal.

Even Viscount Barber didn't realize Gerald was using him.

[Condition: Without participating in the whole process, witnessing the “creator” being murdered by their “own work.”]

This was the highest sacrifice ritual among all the rituals related to the Venerated Skeleton.

As long as this ritual was completed, Gerald could officially advance to Gold Rank.

What a pity.

“I'm so close.”

Gerald sighed, “I just needed two more days.”

Dr. Gerald didn't know where the guy posing as Don Juan Geraint came from.

Without his intervention, or even if the imposter (Anna) only came to Freezing Water Port two days late, Gerald would now have successfully advanced.

He vaguely realized that this imposter might become his biggest enemy in the future.

“Are you thinking 'This imposter may become my worst enemy in the future.?'”

Annan said nonchalantly outside the flame curtain,

“Do you still think you will have a future?”

At the next moment, the hot ground quickly cooled down. Frosty white traces slowly condensed and spread.

The fire wall slowly lowered its height and was suppressed to the ground level.

Falteration Wizard?

This characteristic is consistent with Don Juan Geraint.

Gerald retreated vigilantly to the spot where the frosty white traces hadn't invaded.

After a few seconds, a small opening revealed on the encircling flame curtain.

Annan and Salvatore walked in through it.

Annan's skin became abnormally pale and bloodless. His eyes lit up with eternal blue light. Frosty air exuded his skin all the time, resembling the appearance of transparent ice.

These white mists quickly settled on the ground, slowly spreading outward.

Is this Frost Nova?

Gerald did not hesitate and lowered his head, averting Annan's eyes and backing away.

Behind him was steaming flames, while tenacious rice was in front of him.

The courtyard, which initially looked wide, became so narrow after the fire-made colosseum was formed.

The players guarded outside. Each was holding a sharp weapon guarding the only opening, but no one walked in rashly.

It was Annan's order.

Annan looked at Gerald calmly, "Shouldn't you declare your attack?"

As Salvatore said, Gerald had a deadly but powerful curse if it was not overcome.

Its name was [Declaration of Attack]:

[Before launching an attack on others, the curse bearer must warn three to ten seconds before attacking and reveal the attacking target. At the same time, the closer the warning was to ten seconds, the greater the power. If the attack was launched within three seconds, the attack would be reflected back to oneself; if the attack was on the third second, the power output would be twice the normal value; if the attack was launched within ten seconds, the maximum power would go for three folds; if an attack was launched after ten seconds, the attack was deemed undeclared.]

Gerald did not warn Annan yet.

So, Annan was now in a position where he could not attack Gerald!

Annan raised his right hand and chanted in a low volume:

"Frost element

"The frost is the wheel. David Gerald is in the way!"