

Righteous Ps 77

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 77

Justin Kney raised his head suddenly, looking out the window with a solemn expression.

There was a strange light red glimmer in his pupils. They reflected a pattern similar to a crosshair.

“What's the matter, Justin?”

Viscount Barber raised his head and spoke with a low, hoarse voice, “Is the winner decided?”

After a while, Justin recovered and nodded to the old viscount.

“Yes, my viscount.”

He said in a deep voice, “Gerald is dead, and neither of those two was injured.”

“Oh, unfortunate.”

Viscount Barber nodded nonchalantly and hummed, “Then, keep observing them.”

Immediately, the viscount lowered his head; he proceeded to chew the food slowly and indifferently.

He crouched with bones protruding from the back of his thin body like thorns. His arms and thighs were thin as if he was haggard. It seemed like there was only skin enveloping on the bones. In the sunken eye sockets, his eyes were murky and without emotion.

He tore off a piece of pigeon meat, stuffed it into his mouth, and chewed slowly.

Although Viscount Barber was old, he had always rejected eating bland food. He would rather put seven or eight false teeth than give up eating meat.

In front of him, there was a plate with roasted pigeon, a foie gras with apple compote, lobster stewed with butter, tomatoes, and basil leaves. Lastly, a plate of grilled shellfish.

For Viscount Barber's age, this was undoubtedly a high-risk diet. But, even if his age were to be deducted by twenty, this meal could be life-threatening.

But he had maintained this diet for more than 30 years.

In the past, there were always young priests who had just come to Roseburg and stopped the viscount from doing so after witnessing it. But, Viscount Barber completely dismissed these so-called healthy eating recommendations and didn't bother to listen to a word.

He was only in his fifties that year.

For now, he was about to be ninety years old.

The priests who had persuaded him to maintain a healthy diet gave up due to his stubbornness.

Justin was also roughly used to the old man's weird character.

If someone refuted his opinion in the face, Viscount Barber would generally not be offended as long as the proposition was reasonable.

But if viscount didn't ask while the other party kept babbling, he would be annoyed.

As long as no one asked, he didn't bother about it.

Justin was sitting at the same table with the viscount for dinner, but they were far apart from each other.

This was not because of the viscount keeping a distance for the sake of maintaining the status quo, etiquette, or anything.

Just because “there was not enough space for the servings.”

Yes, there was indeed not enough spacing.

Unlike the exquisite food in front of the viscount, the food in front of Justin looked unrefined. It was just a pot being put directly in front of him.

But in contrast, the amount of food in front of Justin was exaggerated. There was a plate spanned half a meter of diameter filled with sausages, boiled meats, and barbecues piled as high as a hill. The food was topped with a thick sauce. Ordinary people couldn't eat half of it even if they ate it for three days and three nights.

There were no vegetables and no rice.

The only serving that was not meat was the honey syrup treated as a drink.

On the whole, it was undoubtedly terrifying.

But for Justin, this was a necessary “ritual.”

Every time he thought he might be about to usher into a battle, he would request viscount for a rich and meaty dinner.

This was related to his curse:

The curse he held was called [Overload Hunger].

[No matter how much food is stored in the abdomen, you will inevitably fall into a state of extreme hunger after one hour as long as you are injured once. At the same time, if you have not eaten raw vegetables in the past three days, you can get a temporary ritual: Overload Hunger]

[Overloaded Hunger: You can “overload” up to seven days of food intake in advance. No matter how much food you eat, it will not affect your Agility. Each “overload” stores a day's worth of energy. You can get twice the extra speed of physical strength recovery.]

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This was a pretty powerful curse.

If the overload exceeded the maximum threshold, Justin could get a steady stream of physical strength recovery within an hour of entering the battle. No matter what kind of fierce battle had taken place, it won't make him feel tired.

Therefore, he would use hammers and axes to fight. After being overloaded, he could even run at full speed for an hour or untiringly wield his weapon at full strength for an hour.

But, it was also a costly ability in terms of money.

This meant that Justin couldn't eat vegetables.

Otherwise, every time he wanted to use the curse, he had to wait three days. If Justin wanted to go all out, he must continue to eat enough food that worthed 160 hours of digestion.

Among those foods that were not easy to digest, meat was the easiest to swallow. On the other hand, it was still reasonably easy to avoid vegetables.

But Justin didn't tell Viscount Barber that he could eat other foods. So far, Viscount only thought that his curse needed to be triggered by eating meat.

After all, Justin didn't sell his life to Viscount.

They were just in a long-term employment relationship. So naturally, Justin would not tell viscount about the specifics of his curse. Knowing the curse of others was usually tantamount to mastering the life and death of others.

For the dinner that Justin requested from the viscount, there were also many weird details while the request being hefty. The purpose was to distract the viscount's attention and misdirect his thinking.

For a veteran hunter, hiding his true curse content in the daily abnormal behavior could effectively increase the survival chance.

After all, their profession was relatively hated.

Justin ate for a while, then suddenly paused.

He sensed that two Bronze Rank Transcended had separated.

This information must be reported to the viscount promptly.

Justin immediately notified, "The two of them are separated. One continues to stay at the city lord mansion, and the other rushes towards this place."

"That's great."

Alvin Barber narrowed his eyes and murmured, "It seems that you won't be needed tonight."

"You look confident."

"Yes, because I will give him a condition he couldn't refuse."

Viscount Barber chuckled, "Actually, I left two people there.

"If Gerald wins, the tax officer, Mr. Nottdamm, will speak to Gerald. He will tell Gerald directly what price I can offer him. I can't say that, but Mr. Nottdamm is an ordinary person. He didn't know Gerald's identity, so he could voice it out for me.

“If Don Juan wins in the end, it will be Deputy Police Chief Ferdinand to speak to him. The purpose is to hint to him that Roseburg's security is under my total control. I admit those attacks are my idea, but he can't use those words against me. After all, the entire police station is mine.”

Viscount Barber said calmly, “Don Juan Geraint is a relatively weak man, just like his father. With his silly little clever-clever but inexperienced mind, he thought he could come to Roseburg and find fault in narration, using the evidence of my illegal purchase and hiding of Black Fire to go against me.

“But he doesn't know that evidence is only effective when he is in a dominant position. So I have Ferdinand hinted to him that I'm under Gerald's mind control.”

“But will he believe it?”

Justin asked subconsciously.

“He has to believe it.”

Viscount Barber sneered, “Because Gerald is dead. The dead can't speak, but I can. They can't get evidence.

“He came to Roseburg to find evidence, but I detonated my house along with all the Black Fires. Of course, I blasted it for him to witness, telling him that it is impossible to find evidence of me breaking the law.

“In the end, all the previous evidence is destroyed. That's no evidence proving that those are my doing. Don Juan could only endure it bitterly, come to Roseburg and negotiate for peace.”

The old man said slowly, “I asked Ferdinand to hint to him that all the unhappy events we had before can be forgotten. With me reconciling, he has only three choices left:

“Either, bring Salvatore over, kill you and me, and then push all the faults on Gerald; or admit the bitter loss, leave decisively, and find the next opportunity.

“Either, he came alone. This means that he took the initiative to disarm his weapon, gave up resistance, and negotiated with me. After all, he can guess that since we can maintain a balance of power in Gerald's presence, at least we are not weaker than him. Without Salvatore's protection, Don Juan himself must be weaker than us. He can't afford to conflict with us. In other words, he has given up.

“I naturally wouldn't make it too ugly for him. After all, we don't have any deep hatred.”

Old Viscount was unfazed, “I only troubled him and made him exhausted, stopping him from being active around these months.

“After a few months anyway, the Gerant family will be no more .”