

Righteous Ps 63

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 63

Lin Yiyi shrank in a narrow wine barrel like a cat, staring at the empty air intently.

Today, she had a legitimate reason to come to the forum.

She wasn't lazing off work but gathering information. The players had made an agreement previously. Those who left the team were in charge of uploading the news they collected to the forum in real-time and posting them.

In this case, those players who couldn't find mission targets temporarily and couldn't identify any investigation clues could support the operation like an advisor. With that, they would bounce around different posts and provide the information that the other players needed immediately.

Today's forum was in hot traffic.

Purple Hydrangea: "@Jiu Er, have you entered the city? @Yiyi, @Delicious Wind Goose, what do we do!? After the messenger came back, the viscount suddenly asked us to take out the Black Fire from the basement!"

Yiyi: "What?!"

Lin Yiyi was taken aback.

Purple Hydrangea was the player who hadn't been discovered yet when she successfully blended into the viscount's mansion as a guard.

Without waiting for Lin Yiyi to inform her companions, the startled Delicious Wind Goose received notification from @ tags in the forum and quickly replied.

Delicious Wind Goose: "Where is the Black Fire located? Is there a floor plan? Hurry up, take a picture and post it!"

Jiu Er: "We have just entered the city. Just now, a golden tooth bishop named Daryl came to warn the young master and advised arrogantly about 'it's not your hatred over there' and let him not go to viscount's mansion. Then someone from the viscount's mansion came and invited the young master to be a guest. But in the end, the young master agreed."

Jiu Er: "The young master is so witty." Look at this post @Purple Hydrangea. Our young master interpreted that the viscount intends to let his enemy fight each other while he sits out and waits for the results. The perverted dentist must be in the viscount's mansion. "

Sakurajima Muggle: "That person is called Bishop Daryl."

Jiu Er: "Yes, a chubby bishop named Daryl."

Purple Hydrangea: "@Jiu Er @Jiu Er @Jiu Er, don't come! Black Fire is just outside the viscount's mansion!"

Purple Hydrangea: "A lot of Black Fire is taken out! They have connected into one line. If it explodes, you can't get in and get out!"

Purple Hydrangea: A hand-drawn map of viscount's mansion with many circles.jpg

Purple Hydrangea: "I can only be sure that there must be Black Fire in these places. I'm not sure about other places. Viscount has already run away. Our side is about to evacuate. When the Black Fire is placed accordingly, we will follow the viscount to the outskirts. We're going to leave a few people on the higher grounds in the manor and use fire arrows to set fire after the baits enter!"

Delicious Wind Goose: "@Jiu Er. Stop Don Juan!"

"They are planning to burn down Don Juan and Gerald altogether!"

Delicious Wind Goose blurted out.

"Wait a minute. I have an idea."

Suddenly, the child said.

Lin Yiyi covered his mouth immediately with a worried look on her face, "Don't be in a hurry. You have to first think about what you are going to say. Say each sentence slowly, one at a time. Don't just open your mouth and die here."

Due to the curse, the child's life would be in danger if idle chatters or forum posting, let alone discussing the issue with the other players.

"I'm sick of holding myself in."

Wandering Child took a deep breath, "and the feeling that I can't help anything."

"Your mission contribution should have been pretty good. After all, you seem to lure out Gerald in advance. Wait, shut up. Think carefully before opening your mouth--"

Lin Yiyi slapped the child again, and then she comforted him, "You can stay here. You not helping is the best help."

"In case you had another face-to-face meeting with the doctor, maybe he would realize that you came to test him on purpose. You might cause trouble for Don Juan instead."

"Know when to stop."

The child grinned and said, "I don't want to. What I hated the most are 'know when to stop,' 'be patient,' or 'let's wait.' I can still commit. Why should I wait for death here?"

"There are many things that could use my help."

He pointed to himself and smiled brightly, "What silly thing are you talking about? Don't I still have a life?"

"Stop your lame joke."

Delicious Wind Goose couldn't help but complain.

But he quickly reacted to what the child meant.

“Do you want to ignite those Black Fires?”

“Not bad, Goose!” Wandering Child admired, “Hurry up and inform Jiu Er, let Don Juan wait for a while. I will leave my armor and weapons here. I will not bring anything but just life. After entering, I will set the Black Fire on fire and let the young master harvest the loot.”

Wandering Child stood up at once, his face without fear as if it was shining.

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“This is what you should call it – bringing out the last lingering glimmer in life!”

On the other hand, Annan thought for a while after hearing the action plan relayed by Jiu Er. He immediately agreed, “Yes, but let us revise the plan.

“Those hiding in the city for ambush previously can be dispatched. First, we need to catch those hiding in the higher areas and replace them with our men.

“Then, let's move some of the Black Fire and transport it to a farther place. We should use the name of Master Viscount in operation. Light those Black Fire up in advance and lead the guards away before the plan starts.

“Of course, we can reserve some Black Fire for them. If there is still some remaining after the operation, send them to Master Viscount.”

Annan pursed his mouth and gave Jiu Er a gentle smile, “Tell him. Sir, you forgot your stuff. Remember to be polite with Master Viscount.”

“Yes, young master.”

Jiu Er's pupils became brighter and more excited, but her voice became softer, “I will send it to him personally when that happens.”

Annan immediately optimized the players' plans as if he had thought of the plan in the first place.

But, that was indeed the case.

He thought of this plan initially, but he didn't plan to say it out loud.

In Annan's common sense, the intelligence he portrayed was only an ordinary young person's level. It wasn't too exaggerated nor ostentatious. After all, his colleagues could keep up with this level of thinking and rhythm.

Then, he would remain at this cognition level.

Viscount Barber, Dr. Gerald, and the fake Don Juan Geraint. Each of the three parties wanted to eliminate the remaining two. Among them, Annan was at the most disadvantage.

Viscount had connections, power, money, and time. The entire Roseburg was his territory, but he had no way to go against Gerald at close range. For him, Gerald was a more threatening enemy than Don

Juan. The only reason he didn't assassinate Don Juan must be his plan to use these two Transcended to counterbalance or even kill Gerald.

If viscount realized that his plan might have variables, he would launch a more radical and practical plan to ensure that it would be foolproof.

With the viscount's age and experience in the army, Annan was certain that the viscount must know the flaws of the dispatching squads one by one [1].

Whether it was "Don Juan Geraint" or Gerald, they would be formidable enemies after returning safely. Hence, the viscount would plot something big to ensure that his plan would be foolproof.

So, how could the viscount achieve this?

Black Fire.

Viscount Barber, who emerged on the battlefield, must grasp the importance of equivalence in combat power.

Only the equivalent explosion power was the only reliable backup power.

Therefore, Annan forcibly brought twenty people in and disrupted the viscount's original plan. He was forcing the viscount to utilize the Black Fire.

Not to kill "Don Juan Geraint," but to kill Gerald, who got more than twenty powerful servants after defeating Don Juan.

According to Salvatore's intelligence, Gerald, as Soul Snatch Wizard, had no reliable defense capabilities.

The more flashy the champion was, the more susceptible it would be under the indiscriminate bombardment of the full coverage AOE attacks [2].

As long as Annan took advantage of his strength, he could make viscount's long-awaited punch hit Gerald's face, who had just entered the door with a bewildered look.

But Annan did not explain these plans to Salvatore. Being a little smarter would make others admire, but being too smart would make others jealous.

Let them exist as accidents and as coincidences.

Annan's plans seemed rather rough and wild, even a little crazy. But in the end, there would always be a miraculous effect because of coincidences of this kind.

So the enemies would continue to despise Annan, "Just a lucky fanatic."

But coincidences would not happen forever. It was not a coincidence that it kept appearing.

No one knew better than Annan.

In this world, there had never been a person who was lucky forever.

The fanatics in the casino only believe in cheating techniques.

[1] In reference to the Chinese metaphor's oil lamp, it's a strategy to dispatch squads one by one, with the following squad holding more combat power than the previous squad. It's just like adding oil into the oil lamp. If the oil isn't enough to light the oil lamp, then add more oil instead.

[2] Speaking of a habit from MOBA games on champion designs.