

Righteous Ps 46

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 46

She bled.

Indeed, although it sounded inexplicable, the painting bled.

In other words, it could be actual blood.

The knife flew out and pierced her chest and abdomen. As if the knife was nailed into the chest and abdomen of a real person, the dark red liquid continuously flowed from the kitchen knife, dripping on the ground in ticking noises.

“Ah-“

The woman in the painting suddenly let out a painful and hysterical scream.

When he heard that sound, Annan suddenly felt an immense headache mixed with drowsiness and irritability. For example, it was like being asleep for three hours of sleep and then woken up by the drill noise from the neighbor next door or upstairs.

It was terrible to the level that you could feel your bed shaking intensely.

Annan was seeing stars. A fluctuating sense of dizziness assaulted his head.

But, Annan was not irritated by it, nor was there anger or resentment from the attack.

Only joy.

He smiled happily, took out a kitchen knife from his back without hesitation, got up, and approached.

Holding the kitchen knife in his backhand, he thrust into the face of the woman in the painting.

Puff-

After the strange and muffled sound came, another bright red droplet gushed from the new wound, slowly dripping down.

But, before the crimson red traces dripped out of the painting, Annan held the other kitchen knife on the painting and pulled it out forcefully.

Scarlet traces splashed out and fell on Annan's face. The white and lovely face belonging to Elle Morrison looked extraordinarily shiny.

“Can you still scream?”

Annan murmured, the smile at the corner of his mouth became more cheerful, “What about this?”

While talking, he proceeded to pull out the other kitchen knife forcefully and then tried his best to pierce the portrait's mouth, throat, eyes, forehead, hands, and background.

To Annan's disappointment, even if he pierced the portrait's mouth and cut its throat, he could not stop the portrait from screaming. When he pierced the eyeball, there was no liquid supposedly in the eyes

dripping out. It was still the same crimson but slimy liquid. Even Annan pierced the portrait's empty background, it sort of still "bled."

But this was not blood. It just looked like blood.

The color of real blood should be darker than this.

As Annan held the kitchen knife in both hands and cut the painting repeatedly, the portrait's screams were getting softer until it reached total silence.

Annan was a little disappointed, shook away the blood-red drop on his hand, and wiped his face again.

"Damn it. It makes my clothes dirty."

Annan murmured, "Amos won't find out about it, right?"

His tone when he said this became more and more similar to Elle. If 'her' father were outside the door at this time, Amos would never doubt his identity.

After reading Elle's diary, Annan had a more profound understanding of imitating Elle:

She usually would not call Amos "father" but called him "Amos." Previously, when Elle called Amos, father, she was expressing her dissatisfaction.

"It's annoying."

Annan sighed lightly and stretched out his hand to wipe the blood-like but greasy, oily red liquid on his hand and kitchen knife on the screaming portrait.

This painting seemed to be alive previously.

For Elle's portrait, which Amos painted, it was as real as a photo.

Then, this screaming painting was like a soul. Previously when Elle tried to look at it from a distance, she couldn't even determine whether it was a painting or a real person gazing at it behind the transparent window.

But because of this, it looked a little frightening.

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

Because it was too much like a real person. It had exceeded a limit and become scary.

For now, it had lost its soul and became ordinary. It was just like a normal portrait. At a glance, it didn't seem to have the illusion of "having an individual hidden in it."

But at this moment, Annan's footsteps suddenly stopped.

He vaguely heard the sound of someone downstairs opening the door with the key.

Damn it. I'm a bit short of time.

What happened had delayed about fifteen minutes.

Annan quickly ran back to the desk, putting the two books he had read back to the original spot.

He looked at the third book, "The Curse and Seal of Soul," that he had no time to read, and he hesitated for a moment.

"I should grab it along as well."

He made up his mind.

After all, that painting was already ruined. If Amos came back to this room, he would notice something was wrong. It made no difference for having the book missing or not.

So, Annan stretched out his hand to mess up the row having "The Curse and Seal of Soul," making the gap less conspicuous. Then, he stuffed the book close to the inside of his clothes.

Fortunately, Elle's figure was relatively petite. The book did not take up the space of the shirt very much.

The clothes tolerated a room space for a thick book to be stuffed into it.

Then, Annan patted 'her' (Elle) chest. After confirming that the book would not fall out easily, he put the smaller kitchen knife back to his waist. He approached the portrait, held the kitchen knife on it, and pulled it out forcefully.

Annan looked at the painting frame that had become tattered and covered with red paint, which rendered him speechless.

Then, he turned it over and put it back in place.

"Amos shouldn't notice it at first sight."

Annan murmured, quickly opened the study door, and ran back to her (Elle) room.

From the time he heard the sound of the door opening until he ran back to her room, it only took less than ten seconds.

Then, he took the book out and put it under the pillow. He took out several kitchen knives and put them on the dressing table. Then, he took off his "blood-stained clothes," rolled them into a ball, and stuffed it into the closet.

After that, he took out another long skirt.

But, he did not put it on yet.

Annan pretended that he was going to put on clothes, but he stopped halfway.

Then, he kept this motion, waiting until Amos opened his room. He deliberately didn't close the door.

Sure enough, he soon heard footsteps getting closer.

Only then did Annan start putting on clothes.

"Elle, I'm back. Oh, sorry..."

"Please go out first, Mr. Amos!"

Annan pretended to be angry, then turned around and shouted, "Go to the restaurant and wait for me. I'll come out soon."

Watching Amos leave in embarrassment, Annan's face turned expressionless again.

Great.

As long as Annan did this and said so, Amos would neither search Elle's room immediately nor return to the study in a hurry.

Annan had simple ways to manipulate others. They were talking techniques that even ordinary people could master.

Indeed, I am just an ordinary person. Therefore, I should be more cautious.