

Righteous Ps 98

The Righteous Player(s) Chapter 98

It was a “Ball of Flesh” stored in a glass bottle filled with wine.

To be more precise, it was a long-dead embryo.

What is this?

Lin Yiyi endured the pain. Her mind was blank.

Her heart was filled with a strong sense of discomfort and disgust. The bullet texts disappeared again,

“It's this... As long as I still have this...”

A panting, frantic voice came from 'her' mouth.

The “painter” coughed and touched the glass bottle.

The basement, where the flesh was still tumbling, fell into total silence.

The restless flesh on the ground returned to calm as if they had lost their lives.

“What happened?”

The skeletons...

The skeletons all looked at the painter.

Lin Yiyi suddenly felt that the skeletons seemed to be smiling.

But how was that possible?

“Elle. Elle. Protect me!”

The painter stroked the bottle with the “Ball of Flesh” in it and muttered in a low volume, “Let Angelo wake up. Can you hear me? Elle? Elle?!”

“Did you just say...”

Finally, the middle-aged man with the hammer spoke.

He slowly approached the light.

His right arm melted like a liquid and fell to the ground with ticking noises. The liquid diffused into the flesh. Then, the pool of flesh mixed with his blood calmed down.

The emerald-green pupils were like a wild wolf that had lost everything.

His voice was not off old-age but could even be considered young. He had seemingly gone through the vicissitudes of life.

“Is this Elle's child? Is his name Angelo? What a good name.”

The man whispered.

Afterward, he extended his left hand to the painter and held it slightly in the air.

“[Vomit].”

The man ordered.

Suddenly, the painter froze.

The painter (Lin Yiyi) started coughing violently with strength escaping his body.

With something seemingly surging out from his throat, he could no longer hold the bottle containing “Angelo” and dropped it to the ground.

Since the flesh was flowing on the ground, the bottle didn't break as if it had fallen into the sea. Instead, it floated towards the man holding the hammer. Baby laughter came in the air.

But the painter gasped in panic suddenly, like asthma. Then, the coughing became more intense.

In the end, he coughed out something.

He reached out his hand and dragged out what was clogging his throat.

Then, he was stunned.

It was an umbilical cord.

After the umbilical cord was coughed out, a rainbow color flame suddenly ignited. The painter was electrocuted. The umbilical cord shook off from the painter's grasp, making him fall to the ground.

The umbilical cord floated toward the man holding the hammer.

“So that's it. [Deadborn Reincarnation]. Are you planning to use this ritual to resurrect Elle?”

The man sneered, “Do you think that what you sacrificed can be resurrected by this kind of ritual with a low success rate?”

The painter ignored the man with a hammer but called out, “Elle? Elle?!”

His voice was terrified, even a little fierce, “Don't abandon me, Elle! Elle!”

“Elle. Who do you think you are in front of Elle?”

The man with the hammer threw cold stares.

The painter wailed on the ground like an abandoned dog. “I'm Elle's father!”

“Shut up!”

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The man with green pupils roared, “I'm the real Elle's father!”

Hearing this, the painter's trembling body suddenly stopped.

His pupils dilated.

“You are Buckel.”

The painter said incoherently, “But, aren't you dead?”

The man holding the hammer just walked down. He gently waved the left hand holding the umbilical cord. The umbilical cord was like a rope, and the other end was tied to the Ball of Flesh in the transparent sphere.

The other end in the man's grasp plunged directly into his palm.

After the umbilical cord connected the Ball of Flesh, it soon began to swell. It gradually became huge and burst the bottle.

It was like a balloon floating in the air, getting bigger and bigger.

The man holding the hammer became thinner at speed visible to the naked eye.

But his eyes were unfazed.

“I'm not dead.”

The man called “Buckel” said nonchalantly, “You are just my substitute. Where do you think Clara's knowledge and ritual got from? She didn't dare to attack me, so she found you after the divorce.

“If I were a week late, you would have been sacrificed to the 'Black Widow' by her. I saved your life now. I didn't plan to kill you at the time because Elle needed a father... A healthy mortal father not entangled with a curse. So after killing Clara, I left Freezing Water Port.

“I was wrong. I should have taken all the books away. It was my fault, I admit it. I was the one who killed Elle.”

Buckel's voice was full of intense malice.

His right cheek also melted into black mud. His voice fluctuated along, echoing heavily, “I shouldn't believe in the self-control of mortals. You and Clara are just the same kind of people.

“But it's fine. I am alone now without any hope, without attachment. In this way, I have nothing to fear.”

He said, raising the hammer.

This ugly hammer was some kind of powerful curse vessel.

After Buckel aimed at the painter and raised the hammer, the painter's body was frozen and unable to avoid.

But, before the hammer fell, Angelo (the painter and Elle's son) floating in the air like a balloon suddenly opened his eyes and mouth wide in Buckel's blindspot.

A sharp dive.

Then, it was followed up by a bite.

It bit Buckel's head off directly.

Buckel's body below his head instantly turned into mud and fell to the ground.

The painter looked at this scene and was shocked.

Lin Yiyi was also shocked.

Even Annan, who was watching this scene outside, was shocked.

How does it turn out like this?

The painter also shrank in horror, gasping for breath, with no sense of being saved, "Ha...ha...ha?"

"Elle? Is that you?!"

The "balloon" that swallowed Buckel's head didn't reply.

It began to expand, and a colorful flame ignited on the surface. The baby's laughter echoed in the air.

Then it started to grow bigger and bigger...

It grew endlessly.

Suddenly, Annan recalled a sentence mentioned in the newspaper:

"After the drunk man rushed to Morrison's gallery, he found that the police officers were battling with a burning Colorful Ball of Flesh. [1]"

Could that line refer to this?

The dead baby named "Angelo"?

Suddenly an idea came to Annan:

If Elle's soul has been sacrificed to the Venerated Skeleton, but Morrison's "resurrection ritual" has succeeded.

What is this thing brought back to life by this painter who knows nothing about the Transcended world?