

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 1067

The thought of losing her loved one for the second time was something that Fire Sorrow did not want to cross her mind.

Only someone who had lived through millions of years of regret and sorrow would be able to understand how she felt, others would simply see it as a massive exaggeration on her part.

It was true that Bai Zemin might not be the Sirius that Fire Sorrow knew.

It was also true that Bai Zemin might not even be the reincarnation of Sirius' soul.

However, even if it was only a slim probability that the young man she met was the soul of the one she loved so much in the past, Fire Sorrow didn't want to let go of that probability no matter what.

She could sense that Bai Zemin was alive, but as Long Tian pointed out in a disdainful voice his life was fragile and weak like a broken wooden boat floating deep in the ocean during a night of thunder and raging winds.

It was only a matter of time before the small flame of fire that kept the candle wick burning would be extinguished.

'Definitely not!' Fire Sorrow was willing to make her greatest sacrifice to prevent such a thing from happening. 'I don't want to live with any more sorrow. No more... Not a second time!'

It was only when her purple eyes filled with anger and sadness looked into the eyes of one of the few people she could call a friend that Fire Sorrow calmed down a little, and when Lucifer used the two words 'old friend' to refer to her that slight calm slowly grew.

It was unusual for Lucifer to refer to her as anything other than Fire Sorrow since Fire Sorrow herself had asked him and the few who knew her real name to address her as such.

Lucifer shook his head slightly and muttered something to himself as he gave Fire Sorrow a sidelong glance before turning his focus back to the Dragon God again. His usually lazy eyes were as serene as a deep lake that suffered no alteration in its waters regardless of how hard the wind blew or how much the earth trembled, "So, are we betting or not?"

Long Tian looked at Lucifer in a daze and blinked several times before his face contracted slightly in what appeared to be a restrained guffaw.

"Very well, if you want to bet then let's bet." The Dragon God nodded. He bit the thumb of his right hand, and as a thin line of blood ran down the side of his finger he said in a deep voice, "I, Long Tian, Leader of the Dragon God Realm, pledge with my deepest records as a guarantee that if the human currently facing the nine-headed dragon manages to kill or defeat his enemy, I will unlink myself from

the Fragment Firmament of the Revival Goddess and hand it over to Lucifer, Leader of the Demonic Army. Even if the human receives help from other humans, as long as the dragon falls it will be considered the victory of the human."

Long Tian's words had only fallen when a strange white light surrounded a drop of the golden blood running down his finger.

None of the Higher Existences observing the scene were surprised to see the drop of blood enveloped in a small sphere of white light floating in the air between Long Tian and Lucifer.

Lucifer did not beat around the bush and immediately made his own vow: "I, Lucifer Aztaroth, Leader of the Demonic Army, pledge with my deepest records as a guarantee that if the nine-headed dragon currently in combat against the severely wounded human kills or defeats his enemy, I will unlink my skill Manipulation of Darkness and hand it over to Long Tian, Leader of the Dragon God Realm."

The same thing that happened with the blood of Long Tian happened, this time with the blood of Lucifer.

When the two drops of blood were close enough for the two small spheres of white light to touch, a flash of rainbow light shone for a brief moment before the two drops of blood merged and disappeared without a trace.

The pact was made, now there was no turning back.

Eternal Phoenix looked at Lucifer and couldn't help but feel that this was a truly mysterious man. She couldn't figure out whether the Leader of the Demonic Army was an idiot or someone frighteningly smart... but Eternal Phoenix knew in her heart that none of the eight Leaders were really idiots.

Among the eight, Lucifer and Medes were the most mysterious of all with Lucifer being the biggest enigma due to his eccentric personality.

Even Long Tian was nervous in his heart even though he felt by logic and visible evidence that victory belonged to him. Although Lucifer was a strange creature, there was no imbecile who could accomplish what he had accomplished. Therefore, the Monarch of all dragons stared at the dense cloud of gas formed after the clash between fire and ice that was slowly being dispersed by the wind, hoping with a heart filled with caution that any kind of too great rarity would not occur.

As for Lucifer, his expression did not change.

He turned slightly and looked at Fire Sorrow, "You said that brat has a skill that allows him to upgrade others, correct?"

"Y- Yeah..." Fire Sorrow nodded despite her confusion.

"In that case let's hope he bet right." Lucifer nodded. He looked toward the center of the white cloud and said under his breath, "C'mon, brat.... This daddy is betting big here."

In reality, Lucifer was also not confident in the victory of Bai Zemin.

A level 100 human soul evolver killing or defeating a level 400 dragon race soul evolver? Even if Sirius grew three times he still wouldn't be able to accomplish such a feat in the past.

This time he was making a great leap of faith.

He wanted to believe that an anomaly like Lilith, who in Lucifer's eyes was the key that had opened the Pandora's box, would not become so fond of a normal human baby.

'Thinking about it...' Lucifer frowned slightly and as he carefully looked around the surroundings he thought, 'Where are you, Bloody Succubus?'

* * *

It hurts...

It really hurts...

It hurts like hell...

Although Bai Zemin's brain wanted to shut down as an automatic response to the overwhelming measure of pain he was feeling, he wouldn't let it. He knew that the moment his consciousness came to rest would mean the eternal end for him.

At the bottom of the ocean, Bai Zemin had watched and felt his own explode and regenerate only to explode again into blood mist several times. That pain had been the greatest he had felt to date.

But today, Bai Zemin discovered that even if his body was not completely destroyed despite not being very far from it, there were greater pains.

"Die!"

"Weak human!"

"Just die!"

"Stop prolonging your suffering..."

"You can't win..."

...

This was the first time Bai Zemin faced an enemy so powerful that his attacks contained part of his will.

While fighting against the pain he also had to fight against the mana of the 9-Headed Immortal Dragon that was trying to tear apart the few healthy parts of his body and against the will of the beast that was tenaciously trying to shake his own.

However, he could also hear Lilith's anxious voice calling out to him in his head.

She sounded sad... she was crying....

Bai Zemin wanted to whisper to her not to cry, that hearing her cry made his heart hurt. He wanted to stroke her long, silky black hair, bring a lock to his nose and as he took a deep breath of her scent tell her that all was well.

But he couldn't.

Although his armor had survived with severe damage, all four of Bai Zemin's limbs had disappeared without a trace. His rib cage was a pile of bones that glittered like diamonds with bits of broken and burnt flesh here and there and pieces of melted metal mingling in between.

But the worst part undoubtedly was taken by his head.

His beautiful black hair with red highlights had disappeared along with his handsome face. To say that his face was completely disfigured would be a compliment as not only had his nose been blown to pieces but even his lips were melted and pasted so that he could not open his mouth; even his right eye had been destroyed.

Had it not been for the fact that Bai Zemin barely managed to cover his head with both arms raised in the shape of a X his life would have already been over when he was hit by two attacks equivalent to two nuclear missiles.

It was only thanks to his skills that he was still alive, apart from his tenacity.

Diamond Body, Restoration, Overlap Regeneration which he was using to increase his Health by another 7000 points, and last but not least; Blood Manipulation.

Blood Manipulation...? Bai Zemin felt like he was forgetting something, but with so much pain and the 9-headed Immortal Dragon's will constantly eating away at his own it wasn't so easy to focus on something.

It was then that from the small golden dot within his soul that represented the existence of the Collector's Pocket Watch, a flash of golden light shone out and gradually Bai Zemin began to feel the somewhat blurry silhouette of a person form before him.

In the real world it had probably been no more than a second, but to Bai Zemin it felt like several seconds when this blurry silhouette clearly resembling a woman stared at him. Although he could not see, his heart could feel the great deal of emotions from the female silhouette in front of him.

Bai Zemin had felt the overflowing love of his mother since he was a kid, and thanks to Lilith he had experienced the love that a woman not belonging to his family tree could feel towards him.

But, the emotions of the female silhouette in front of him were so overwhelming that for some reason Bai Zemin began to shed red tears from his closed eyes; tears of blood.

He could feel her longing, sadness, pain, relief, but most of all, love; pure and unbounded love directed solely to him.

'Who are you...?' Bai Zemin thought in his heart.

Unfortunately, he could not put voice to his words due to his current condition.

"... Who am I? That hurts... a little bit."

The voice that answered him as if it could read his mind was no more than a whisper, but he recognized that voice.

"I guess it's only natural... you don't remember anything after all."

Lilith...? Though she sounded somewhat different from the Lilith that Bai Zemin knew....

"How much longer do you plan to lie on the ground doing nothing?" The female voice said. Her tone of voice was like that of a little wife scolding her husband for being lazy and not giving his best, but the overflowing affection was impossible to overlook, "Get on your feet, Blood Emperor Bai Zemin. These wounds are nothing to you, aren't they?"

These wounds are nothing? Bai Zemin smiled bitterly in his heart.

Even if these wounds were not enough to kill him he would need a lot of time to recover, and it was obvious that the 9-Headed Immortal Dragon would not give him months of comfort.

Wait... Blood Emperor Bai Zemin...? Why did that title sound so familiar to him even though none of his subordinates or friend had ever called him that before?

"Your memory is sealed... but don't forget, Blood Manipulation is your best friend... Behind me, that is." Said the voice getting weaker and weaker, and a moment later that presence disappeared along with a gust of wind that blew away most of the white mist.

Blood Manipulation... Blood Emperor...

It was then that Bai Zemin remembered two things he had forgotten because of the pain.

No, rather, he remembered one thing he had forgotten because of the pain. The second thing was a memory that he already had but had been sealed in that seal that the old spirit of the Collector's Pocket Watch put on his soul.

What Bai Zemin had forgotten because of the pain was the fact that he had evolved Blood Manipulation to the Fifth Order using Soul Manipulation.

And the memory he recovered was how to use that new activation in the most optimal way... as if he had used it millions of times over thousands of years to save his life in the past, in some other life.

Bai Zemin could not open his mouth to say the name of the new activation that Blood Manipulation had gained by evolving to Fifth Order, but it was not necessary.

He could say it in his heart, and the rune in his soul would certainly respond to his call.