

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 480

Michael.

Who was Michael?

According to the bible and many legends of mankind, Michael was the most powerful archangel in the heavens and was second only behind God not only in prestige but also in strength.

The reality was not much different and one of the major differences was that in contradiction to popular beliefs on Earth, Michael was not more powerful than Lucifer in any way.

However, the aforementioned did not mean that this powerful archangel of the Seventh Order did not have his ways of making demons suffer. This was because 80% of those who joined the Demonic Army used powers based on dark elements and Michael's mighty flames powered by the light powers that the angels could use to perfection thanks to their modified records after joining the Army of Heaven were the natural nemesis of the powers used by most in the Demonic Army.

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"With just you?" Michael looked at Crow from inside the column of burning flames and said disdainfully, "Two thousand years ago, the most you could do was to use that strange poisonous treasure of yours to wound me; wounds from which I recovered after a few months. On the other hand, my flames burned your filthy black feathers to ashes. Have you forgotten who it was that yelled and writhed in my flames? If it wasn't for that tomboy woman over there saving you just in time, you would have turned into a roasted bird by then!"

Valiant didn't react at all to Michael's insult directed at her. Her stance was as firm as ever as she clung to the two hilts of her still sheathed swords with extreme calmness.

Compared to Michael who had lived millions of years, Crow was like a small child if they compared their ages. If this was taken into account, it was not at all strange that Michael's strength surpassed Crow's since even if they were both Seventh Order beings the difference in levels between them was not only colossal but the purity of Soul Power was also something to take into account.

But just as Crow was about to step forward to prove to Michael how wrong he was if he believed that Crow was still the same Crow from two thousand years ago, a person stepped forward.

"Michael, retract your flames. This is not a place where you or any of us have the qualifications to go crazy."

Michael's expression turned a little ugly when he saw the person who had stepped forward from the Demonic Army's lineup. With a scowl on his face, he muttered through gritted teeth:

"Luciah..."

Luciah was a beautiful woman whose hair was completely white. Not only was she extremely beautiful, but she was also the most powerful existence within the Demonic Army just below Lucifer. She usually did not attend most of the meetings as she seemed to be too busy most of the time, however, no one questioned her strength.

If Fire Sorrow was considered Lucifer's shield, then Luciah was undoubtedly his strongest spear.

Another curious fact was that Luciah was Lucifer's blood sister. The only difference was that unlike Lucifer, who had talent for both melee combat and magic, Luciah was a pure warrior who wielded a spear as black as the starless night.

Everyone knew tactically that if it weren't for Luciah being too quiet and usually minding her own business, Lucifer's right-hand person wouldn't necessarily be Fire Sorrow.

No one knew the common past between the Demonic Army and the Army of Heaven, and therefore, no one knew what kind of relationship demons and angels might have. However, Lucifer and the Lord of Heaven were undoubtedly two of the oldest existences and only a few could compare the two.

So, the number of beings who knew a little about the situation was so limited that no one knew anything.

"Michael, retract your flames." Said the God of the Bible in a soft but at the same time deep voice. As he looked Lucifer in the eyes, he smiled weakly and said in a warm voice, "Don't you know how casual my old friend can be at times?"

Michael snorted in response and as his flames grew weaker and weaker, he said viciously, "These damned traitors.... You better watch your mouths!"

The always calm Fire Sorrow suddenly seemed to have received some stimulation after hearing Michael's words. Her violet eyes blazed with a level of anger that threatened to burn the heavens but just as the mana inside her body stirred and the magic coursed through her veins, Lucifer waved his hand and said in a lazy voice:

"It's okay, Fire Sorrow. Why bother yourself?"

Then, Lucifer looked at Michael and his eyes black as night flashed with a hint of coldness as he said in a low voice:

"Who is the traitor and who is not? I think we are all clear." Lucifer turned his face to look at the warm-looking man in front of him and said with a smile that wasn't necessarily a smile, "Aren't we, Medes?"

"... Medes, uh..." God sighed and looked up into the dark, hollow space above his head as he said quietly, "It's been.... How many years since the last time someone called me by that name? I might have forgotten it a couple of hundred millennia ago were it not for the fact that you always remind it to me before that happens, Lucifer."

"That can't be allowed." Lucifer shook his head and as he put both hands in his pajama pants pockets he said serenely, "We must not forget who we are, we don't have the right to forget who we were.... And even less to forget that the place where we are is due to the help we received in the past. So, don't worry, old fart. I will continue to remind you of who you are as many times as necessary until it reaches a point where it becomes impossible for you to forget."

While the Demonic Army and the Army of Heaven were engaged in a strange meeting filled with hatred and nostalgia, the leader of the Heavenly Moon Army seemed impatient.

A man wearing gray leather armor and whose hair was also gray as were the claw-like gloves on his hands stepped forward and said in a loud voice:

“All of you, why do you all keep coming to this place? Do you still have thoughts of going into the constellation of the Heavenly Wolf Sirius? Have you no shame?”

From the Evolution Army, a handsome man wearing a gala suit stepped forward while holding a glass of blood and said:

“Lethar, probably neither you nor I were born when the Heavenly Wolf Sirius disappeared from the cosmos leaving behind as the only proof of its existence this constellation imprinted in the firmament. What makes you think your fake wolf faction deserves to obtain the Firmament Fragment that lies within?”

Lethar was the name of the leader of the Heavenly Moon Army. His temperament, like his race, was fierce and direct so the words of the leader of the Evolution Army were naturally not to his liking. However, just as he was about to say something, someone else intervened.

A hooded silhouette stepped out from the front ranks of the Immortal Bloodlust faction. The silhouette slowly removed the cloak covering his face revealing a man who had the appearance of an extremely handsome young man in his early 20s whose hair was yellow like sunlight.

“I think my old friend Salazar is somewhat correct in what he just said. To be honest, I don’t even know why we are wasting our time instead of doing what we all know will happen sooner or later.”

This young man’s name was Nikolay and despite looking like a young man in his early twenties, he was actually a vampire who had lived for several million years.

Werewolf and vampire factions did not get along at all. Even if among all the factions of Higher Existences there was rivalry for natural resources, treasures, talents, new recruits, etc; the hatred between these two factions went beyond this and no one knew exactly the why.

So, Nikolay naturally would not pass up the opportunity to bash Lethar when it came before him. Regardless of how small the damage might be, even Lethar’s anger was enough to make Nikolay smile for several days.

Lethar did not say a single word in response to Nikolay and instead simply slashed his claws across the void before him as he grunted like a wild beast.

Swoosh!

Nikolay chuckled and didn’t avoid the attack at all. A second later, his neck was cut and his head was sent flying; separating from the main body.

The members of the Immortal Bloodlust faction sneered as if they were not worried at all about the fatal attack their leader had received.

Suddenly, the blood on Nikolay’s neck and head seemed to come to life and like countless red wires, the blood on both sides twisted strangely before the “wires” joined together.

Swoosh!

The head slowly returned to the neck and Nikolay opened his eyes with the same elegant smile as before as he calmly said:

“As expected from a rabid dog. No dialogue at all.”

When things seemed about to get out of control, the red fire phoenix whose beauty was capable of leaving everyone at a loss for words suddenly spoke:

“Army of Heaven, Demonic Army, Heavenly Moon Army, Immortal Bloodlust... No matter what your personal problems are, don't you think you are being a bit arrogant? All of us are waiting for you and even though time is not something to worry about it's not like I want to stand here and watch you all biting each other with nonsensical words either.”

This crimson fire phoenix was Eternal Phoenix and although no one knew the real name of the phoenix nor had anyone ever seen the human form of the phoenix, the voice of Eternal Phoenix was undoubtedly the voice of a female.

It was said that Eternal Phoenix in her human form was in reality a divine beauty that did not lose at all to Uriel's beauty of the Army of Heaven. This rumor was supported by the fact that all the phoenixes who had previously revealed their human form proved to be beautiful beyond words, however, until proven true a rumor would remain a rumor.

The leader of the Dragon God Realm whose name was Long Tian stepped forward which caused the void to tremble at his presence. His powerful voice traveled several kilometers away as he said in depth:

“Eternal Phoenix is right. Let's stop playing games and get started on this. The sooner we get started the sooner we can go to our homes, don't you think that's a good thing?”

Then, Long Tian looked to the side that was only occupied by a single existence and said in a deep voice, “Star Devourer, your faction is not joining in this time?”

The beast that looked like a mixture of several powerful animals did not open its mouth but its voice reached everyone as if it was telepathy, “It is not necessary. My Mana alone is enough.”

Long Tian snorted and said in a serious voice, “That had better be the case then.”

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Long Tian was not only the leader of a faction that altered the soul records of others to turn them into dragons but he was actually a true thoroughbred dragon who had almost 0 difficulty on his way to glory. Therefore, he and Star Devourer never got along as both were fierce beings who would not accept the slightest disrespect.

Salazar, leader of the Evolution Army and a powerful Eighth Order zombie just like all the other leaders of the different factions of Higher Existences, nodded and said with boredom, “Although I honestly have no hope for this, let’s just get it over with as soon as possible. Then you guys can fight as much as you want. I promise your corpses won’t go to waste at all since I’ll eat you all hahahaha!”

God, whose real name was Medes, looked at Lucifer and said with a small smile, “What do you think?”

Lucifer’s eyes flashed strangely for a moment before they returned to normal. He nodded lazily and said in between yawns, “Let’s get started and get it over with quickly. I need to sleep for a couple of months to recover this waste of energy.”

After these words, each leader returned to the files of their factions and began to make different preparations.

Since this was the first time for her, Lilith was confused about what to do. After all, Lucifer had never explained anything at all about what was about to happen.

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