

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 940

Seventeen years ago, in a white land covered with snow where the wind blew with a force capable of freezing the bones of even animals, a solitary silhouette could be seen standing next to a snowman.

If a person were to see this small silhouette standing in the middle of such a barbaric environment as this one would surely be alarmed, especially because this small silhouette was a very pretty little girl who looked to be no more than 5 or 6 years old.

The girl was wearing long clothes, obviously not her size. The wool coat she wore hung down to the ground covered with a thick layer of snow, but it was precisely this old wool coat what kept the little girl from freezing to death as the clothes she wore underneath was all tattered and in such a deplorable state that they were a poor choice to wear even on a summer night.

Seven days had passed since the girl had been left behind in this white world where all she could see was flat snow and mountains of snow. During those seven days, the girl had shed all her tears to the point where she had nothing left to shed.

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Half a month ago, the girl had everything. Even she, an innocent and pure mind who knew nothing of the world, could tell that her family was wealthy enough to have a big house and many big men protecting the estate. However, none of that ever mattered to her; she was happy to have the love of her parents, mother, and an older sister who although she didn't spend much time at home had always spoiled her and bought her the many toys she loved so much.

Unfortunately, all that had changed. The change was too abrupt, so much so that the little girl did not have time to accept that she had lost the place she had called home her whole life along with most of her life and her toys when the last doll she managed to carry with her fell out of her hands ten days ago that night when her parents and older sister were running away with her in their arms.

However, despite the love the little girl had for her toys and the pain she felt when her favorite doll left her, her greatest pain came when a week ago her parents hid her under heavy clothing in the cold snow, barely leaving a hole for her to breathe, and asked her to remain silent just minutes before a group of people riding snowmobiles appeared no more than 10 meters in front of her.

The girl was young, very young. But even so, she would never forget what she saw and heard.

"Mikhalev, Mikhalev, Mikhalev... I bet you didn't expect this, did you?"

The mocking voice of the man with different colored eyes was something the girl would never forget along with the pale face of her father when he looked at her older sister standing next to the unknown people.

"Khristina... you.... why?"

The pain in her father's voice as he said those words while looking at her sister was something she would never forget as well as the cold glance her 17-year-old older sister had on her face while she looked at her mother and father as if she was looking at a pair of strangers.

"Hahahaha!"

The man with different colored eyes laughed and said something that the little girl would only understand a little later, something about her sister not really being her sister.

The little girl had to cover her mouth and nose to avoid making the slightest sound as her eyes widened and her green pupils trembled constantly as she saw her parents collapse in pools of blood after being stabbed by the unknown group of people.

"Where is that brat?" The man with different colored eyes frowned looking around the area.

"They probably left her behind trying to hide her in some cave." Said a young man around the age of who at that time the girl thought was her beloved older sister.

The man with different colored eyes looked around the grounds for a while longer before spitting on the bloodless bodies and turning to mount a snowmobile.

"Let's go find her, she must be around there somewhere."

Sometimes, the most dangerous place turned out to be the safest.

Those who murdered her parents in cold blood would never have imagined that just ten meters away, hidden under the snow, a 5-year-old girl managed to stay motionless and silent with no sign of life without being able to do anything but watch as her loved ones left her forever.

Maybe it was because of the last words her parents said to her, or maybe it was because she was too scared... the little girl could not remember the exact reason why even after thirty minutes following the departure of those men, she still remained hidden under the snow without moving.

Despite being so young, despite being so innocent, the red color of the blood was unmistakable. It didn't take the girl even a second to realize that her parents were dead as she dragged her trembling body closer to them.

She cried.

She cried and cried.

She cried so much that despite the cold and hunger she did not move from that place for three days and two nights, only eating what little food there was in her parents' backpack.

The human being was truly amazing, especially when they were pushed to the lowest limits.

Even a little girl between 5 and 6 years old underwent a drastic change in her personality after one week. The purity in her eyes as well as the innocence of her expression was gone, both being replaced by coldness and distrust.

No more home, no more toys, no more parents, no more big sister.

In the span of half a month, the girl had lost everything.

No... maybe not everything.

She looked at the snowman and her cold eyes showed a bit of warmth as with small, careful bites, she finished her meal for the day; a pre-dried cookie.

At least she wasn't alone. She had a friend right beside her.

Although this friend of hers couldn't speak or move and its eyes were stones embedded in the hard snow, at least it wouldn't hurt her.

Suddenly, the girl's expression changed to one of fear as she looked into the distance and noticed a silhouette approaching her through the haze.

Fear turned to terror as a gray wolf stared at her with especially striking red eyes in the midst of the pale white world.

When the beast pounced towards her with a speed that most humans would not be able to respond to in time, the terror grew even more sending a surge of adrenaline to every nerve in her body and with an agility she didn't know she had the little girl managed to jump to the side, narrowly avoiding the wolf's claws that could have ended her life.

The girl, clearly inexperienced, fell after tripping and knocking over the snowman. However, she did not dare to stay quiet but rolled to the side again and was lucky enough to dodge the wolf's claws; again thanks to a reaction speed that at the time she thought was normal.

Unfortunately, it was impossible for an inexperienced 5-year-old girl who had not eaten properly in such fierce weather to fight off a wild wolf. Although she managed to dodge the second claw attack, the wolf showed its superiority immediately by launching a bite towards her face.

Just before her head was crushed, the girl instinctively raised her left hand and a heart-rending cry of pain echoed in the silent world of snow.

The blood of the girl not only splashed her face and clothes but the previously pure white snow was dyed in crimson, feeding the desire and bloodlust of the beast whose jaw was clenched causing a bone fracture that once again made her howl in pain.

In the midst of her despair, with death looming over her with fierce eyes, the girl tried to do the last thing she could and out of pure instinct extended her free right hand outward. She didn't know what it was that she touched, but when that hard object entered her palm she used all that fear and despair to strike the head of the wolf that a second later collapsed after receiving a strong impact in the temple.

In the midst of pain and surprise, the girl looked at the covered in blood stone in her right hand.

Her snowy friend had saved her life... but it seemed that this was the limit for her.

The pain slowly began to fade, being replaced by coldness. Even with death approaching, the girl did not cry and even as her face contorted in pain she simply gazed up at the gray sky with a dead expression.

It was at that moment that she heard again the sound of footsteps approaching in her direction, but she did not move.

It was probably another wolf anyway. She had only defeated one wolf by sheer luck, how could she be able to defeat another beast in her current condition?

A few seconds later, the sound of footsteps stopped right behind her. However, what the girl heard was not the growl of a bear or the howl of a wolf but the voice of a human.

"As expected of a genetically modified human. Not only did you manage to survive this climate for all this time despite the bad feeding and being without shelter but you managed to take down a gray wolf."

The girl softly moved her head upwards, and there she saw the first human who, although she didn't understand what he was saying, at least didn't look like he had any intentions of harming her.

"We'll see what comes of this."

The man pulled out a syringe and approached the girl's broken and injured arm. She might have cried or screamed in pain in the past at the sight of the needle, but her present self had seen, heard, and lived too much to feel fear over something so small and insignificant. She didn't even feel fear when she saw how much of the flesh on her forearm was gone, forget about a needle.

The girl watched indifferently as the red liquid disappeared inside her body, and soon enough the pain disappeared and the bleeding stopped. Instead, she began to feel drowsy and the last she knew was her body being lifted and carried somewhere.

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"I along with a small group of children was trained by a Russian organization operating from the shadows with no particular supporters. Starting with endurance and flexibility, our bodies were exposed to all kinds of extreme situations. We were trained in all kinds of martial arts destined to end our

opponent's life either by using firearms or toothpicks. For years we were put on trial in environments that even the most tenacious of men would succumb to in less than two hours."

Evangeline opened her eyes and said slowly as she looked at Bai Zemin, "It wasn't until later that I learned a little about my family. My father, Mikhalev Ilyinishna, worked for the right and was an important scientist who with his team managed to develop a drug capable of enhancing the natural qualities of a normal human by two to ten times. When the left-wing government took leadership for the first time, various strings began to be pulled to gradually clean up the influence that the previous government had left behind and still had. My family was among the targets to be eliminated."

Bai Zemin looked at the young woman in front of him in total silence. He didn't know what to say or do as he didn't even have control over his own thoughts or feelings.

Evangeline had only given him a very, very brief summary of her past. However, that brief summary was enough for Bai Zemin to feel a great wave of sadness flooding his chest to the point of almost leaving him out of breath even with two triggers of the skill Blood Berserker's Wrath active.

He could practically see how an innocent and joyful girl went from having everything to having nothing, from happiness to indifference, from purity to cruelty. It was only then that he finally understood the reason why Evangeline's indifference felt so different from Shangguan Bing Xue's indifference.

Shangguan Bing Xue's indifference made everyone keep their distance from her out of respect and feelings of inferiority, but Evangeline's indifference was as lethal as a sharp knife that people would rather stay away from to avoid being cut to pieces.

"I changed my name to Evangeline now. As for Ludmila Ilyinishna, she died when she was 5 years old in some snowy forest far from Moscow."

Evangeline's expression was indifferent as she spoke about her past, but her next words were uttered with excitement as great as that of a child eager for the coming Christmas.

"I want only one thing... If she is alive, I want her life."

"Her?" Bai Zemin looked at her with surprise and confusion.

Evangeline's eyes blazed with such a burning fire that she looked like someone else as she said slowly but firmly, "Khristina Ilyinishna... The person I saw as an older sister and betrayed my family!"