

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 976

The sight of the bloodied head with a distorted expression shaped before Kreir's death coupled with the sound of footsteps getting closer and closer, as well as the fact that no matter how hard he tried he simply could not break free of the blood chains restraining him, caused Liang Peng to start roaring and cursing as he writhed ferociously.

"Bai Zemin, let me stand up if you're a man!"

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"Are you listening to me you little bitch!"

"Right... If I remember correctly, when we were stuck in the university you were looking for your family weren't you? I hope you failed miserably!"

"Hahahaha! Just imagining your expression makes me feel fucking happy!"

...

Bai Zemin listened as Liang Peng turned all his fear into anger, and as he reached his side came to a pause. He towered high above his once ally and currently enemy who was glaring at him with eyes filled with fury; fury that failed to mask very well the terror that flashed deep within Liang Peng's pupils.

Liang Peng's words were becoming more and more outrageous, and insulting Bai Zemin was the healthiest thing he did as his spit flew everywhere with each of his curses.

However, much to Bai Zemin's surprise, he did not get angry.

Regardless of whether Liang Peng cursed his little sister, regardless of whether he wished for his mother's death, and regardless of whether he mocked his father's apparent inability to protect his son... Bai Zemin did not get angry.

No... After thinking about it for a moment, Bai Zemin realized that it wasn't about him not getting angry. It was something completely different, something way more terrifying that was hidden beneath his deathly cold expression.

The anger Bai Zemin felt had reached a point so, so high that it would probably not continue to grow by mere words!

'Not for nothing are two triggers of my Blood Berserker's Wrath skill active, I guess.' Bai Zemin reasoned indifferently.

A few minutes later, Liang Peng finally seemed to get tired or perhaps he simply realized that Bai Zemin wasn't going to give him a quick death in a fit of rage no matter how much he verbally assaulted him.

Staring at him panting, Bai Zemin asked from a higher position, "Last words?"

Hearing this, despite feeling reluctance and fear, what Liang Peng felt most was relief. He thought that his words may have had some effect after all, and now at least he would at least be granted a quick death.

With a cocky smile on his bearded face, he said while licking his lips, "Yeah... I really regret not giving that little slut Shangguan Bing Xue a nice fuck. I always wanted to put her little body under mine and listen to her little puppy whimpers."

Saying that, Bai Zemin looked on with an indifferent expression as Liang Peng moved his waist up and down as if simulating something obvious.

"I see." Bai Zemin nodded, and under Liang Peng's confused eyes he squatted down close to his head, "Well, although I doubt whether it's your past or your current self would have had such an opportunity, it's a pity that you have to die with regrets don't you think? I guess what they say about living like it's the last minute isn't too wrong after all."

The last words were muttered under his breath as Bai Zemin extended his right hand at lightning speed forward.

Bang!

"UGH!!!"

The sound of bones breaking apart and turning into dust followed by a loud barely comprehensible groan filled the surroundings.

Liang Peng's eyes widened and he couldn't stop a bunch of tears from streaming down his face as his pupils trembled. He lowered his eyes and noticed, to his horror, that his jaw was now hanging and he could no longer move his mouth at all.

Bai Zemin took one of Liang Peng's teeth between his index finger and thumb and with a casual tug pulled it out by the root, provoking another groan from him.

However, Liang Peng's nightmare had only just begun.

As Bai Zemin gashed his left palm using Liang Peng's tooth and his blood twisted strangely, he said in a flat voice, "You know, it turns out that when I was little... and even now I'm... whatever, I was never good at peeling fruits or vegetables. It's quite strange if you think about it a bit, my current self can work on leather and mutant beast pelts but I can't peel an apple without losing half a fruit in the process."

Under Liang Peng's wide eyes, the blood that had flowed out from the wound Bai Zemin had self-inflicted floated on his palm with a scab of dried blood sealing the wound and preventing the continuous blood flow.

Under the care of the skill Blood Manipulation and over 400 Mana points, a beautiful crimson-colored knife with several elegant endings fell onto his palm.

“Ah. Speaking about apples.” Bai Zemin reached out his left hand and took the tongue of Liang Peng between his fingers.

Swoosh!

“Wuuuu!!!”

Bai Zemin ignored Liang Peng’s high-pitched whine and made smaller blood chains break off from the two that restrained the latter on the ground.

As the blood chains bound Liang Peng’s body and prevented him from continuing to writhe uncontrollably from the pain and horror, Bai Zemin forced half of the severed tongue back into his mouth and with a loud smack sent it down the throat of an increasingly terrified Liang Peng.

“Speaking of apples.” He repeated and grabbed Liang Peng’s right arm. After breaking the bond between the bones that joined the two parts with a tight squeeze that drew another unrecognizable yelp, Bai Zemin continued, “Several months ago I promised to a certain emperor that the next time we meet I would peel his skin as if it were the peel of an apple. But, as I mentioned before I’m not very good with knives and fruits... so, it would be better if I practice a little, don’t you think? We don’t want to disappoint a great emperor after all.”

This time Liang Peng finally realized how bad a situation he had fallen into. No no, he already knew that his situation wasn’t good but he didn’t expect something like this.

“Nnnmmmm! Mmmnnn!!!” With his jaw broken and his tongue cut off, Liang Peng made intangible sounds as he shook his head desperately.

Bai Zemin looked at his pleading and fear-filled expression as if he did not understand while saying in a perplexed voice, “Why are you so scared? The young women of different ages that you deprived of their destiny by handing them over to the goblins experienced something similar and even worse you know? Don’t worry, even though it doesn’t look like it this knife is probably as sharp as a Rank 1 dagger... Ah, but come to think of it you probably have a passive to enhance the toughness of your skin so you’re likely to feel a little more pain. Sorry man.”

Seeing the knife slowly approaching his hand, Liang Peng howled and shrieked with snot, drool, and tears making his face an even bigger mess.

“Don’t get freaked out, Liang Peng. I’ll make sure not to kill you.” Bai Zemin carefully ran the knife barely grazing the skin of Liang Peng’s index finger, and as the skin peeled off and revealed the red flesh below, he said in a cruel voice, “I’ll let you experience every second... Even fainting won’t be allowed!”

...

Time inside the Collector's Pocket World ran ten times faster than in the outside world.

When one hour in the outside world was gone, inside the Collector's Pocket World ten had passed.

The Collector's Pocket World was, as the name of the skill of the Collector's Pocket Watch suggested, as big as an entire world.

As to how big that world was, Bai Zemin certainly didn't know since he had never explored it fully and it was highly improbable that he would ever in the short term do so since he didn't have that much free time.

In a certain part of said world that had once been silent, the howls and fierce high-pitched squeals of what sounded like a live pig being thrown into a tub of boiling water resounded continuously and without pause for ten whole hours.

Ten hours later, Bai Zemin looked at the scene in front of him with a cold expression.

"Really... How can I be so bad at this knife and apple thing." He muttered to himself as he swiped the back of his bloody hand across his face to wipe away a drop of blood, instead causing part of his left cheek to be covered in red at his negligent movement.

There were several shreds tossed casually to the side. Some shreds were thin and long, others were thick and short, and there were more "shreds" that could not be considered shreds as they were as small as the size of a fingernail; a result of a failed cut.

Liang Peng was alive, Bai Zemin had made sure of it. Not only was he alive but he was also conscious; he had been for the longest and cruelest ten hours of his life. Bai Zemin made sure to use Blood Manipulation to wake him up every time he fainted without giving him even a single moment of peace.

However, there was nothing that could possibly identify the current Liang Peng with the Liang Peng of the past. The present him was no different from a piece of bloody meat.

All the skin was gone from his body, it was those shreds of different sizes casually tossed not far away.

From the tip of the little toe on each foot to the top of the skull, there was no skin at all.

He was crying, his appearance was horrible and he couldn't even close his eyes now that both eyelids were pulled off. Even the running tears that once caused him so much pain no longer hurt, not after all the pain he had been submitted to.

But, Liang Peng was wrong if he believed that there was no greater pain than what Bai Zemin had put him through.

“Because of you, because of your stupid lust of wanting to stay as the highest authority of a minor base, Zhong De was killed. Because of you, because of your arrogance, thousands of women among whom some were young enough to be your daughters were abused in ways you probably can’t imagine.” Bai Zemin took out a bucket with a strange white powder from his storage ring and picked up a handful; the smell revealed that the white powder was actually fine salt.

“I am not a saint. I have certainly committed sins, and among them are some that I regret but would certainly commit again if necessary.” Bai Zemin looked at Liang Peng with cold eyes and asked calmly, “What about you? Do you regret some of your sins?”

While crying, Liang Peng simply moved his head a little in a nodding manner.

He just wanted to die and that was it. He would agree to whatever Bai Zemin said for the sake of dying.

“I see.” Bai Zemin nodded, and at the same time as he opened his fist stuffed with salt over Liang Peng’s body, he muttered under his breath, “But, Liang Peng, I’m not God...”

“WUUUUUUU!!!!”

The burning not unlike flames scalding the exposed flesh made Liang Peng’s eyes almost explode outward as he let out the most terrifying howl so far as proof of how immense his suffering was.

“And since I am not God I don’t have to forgive those who regret their sins.” Bai Zemin muttered as he bent down and took another handful of salt.

Twenty minutes later, Liang Peng finally got his wish; his death.

When Bai Zemin noticed his body convulsing and going into a stage that even his Blood Manipulation skill could not control, he pierced his heart before it stopped as he stared into his eyes as if to make sure Liang Peng would remember him in his next life.

If there was one, of course.

Bai Zemin let go of the blood sword and it soon turned into a red puddle.

He raised his head to the sky and closed his eyes, and as he took a deep breath all he could smell was the now so familiar and to some extent warm as an embrace smell of blood.

Several seconds later and with a strong surge of pain and weakening, Bai Zemin opened his eyes.

No more red.

His eyes were black, midnight black.