

## **Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 382**

Bai Zemin and Wu Yijun talked for more than two hours about the matter of potions and brews.

While the foundation of the main matter had already been settled, there were still many details that needed to be discussed in greater depth. After all, this was by no means a small matter.

The matter of potions and brews could decide the future of the faction, it was no exaggeration to say that the survival of many was tied to this. Nor was it an exaggeration to say that a single potion could save the life of a soul evolver as, for example, the critical hit effect was activated in the midst of desperate combat, the tables of battle would turn immediately.

Even for Bai Zemin himself, regardless of his personal strength, the boost he could get from potions and brews was important to the point of being completely impossible to ignore. Even more so considering that his stats were higher and higher stats represented a higher percentage when it came to being boosted by the potion or brew consumed.

In the end, Bai Zemin and Wu Yijun came to the conclusion that it was better to allow a small portion of the Second Order's blood to be saved instead of being used to dissolve in water. In this way, the botanical team and the team of investigators that the faction was nurturing would be able to use a small part of the blood to test the effect it would have with different herbs.

join telegram for latest update

Who knows, in the future, there could be Mana recovery potions, Stamina recovery potions, potions that would speed up wounds recovery, and so on. The possibilities were almost limitless, limiting themselves only to what they already knew for fear of the unknown was definitely not the way to go; at least, it wasn't if they wanted to go far.

Before Bai Zemin and Wu Yijun knew it, the sun slowly began to settle on the distant horizon.

The view from Bai Zemin's room on the top floor of his personal villa was splendid, to say the least. The sky devoid of gray clouds was tinged crimson red with hints of orange in the immediate vicinity as the sun slowly set to signal the end of a day and the fall of a new night.

As Bai Zemin looked out at the outside world with a steady glance, hundreds of thoughts flashed through his mind at practically the same time. From the moment his eyes opened to the moment they closed again during a few insignificant hours of sleep, his mind was in constant turmoil so the fatigue he felt was unimaginable to many.

Am I doing it right? Could I do it better? How can I make everyone stronger faster? Should I start destroying the settlements of other powers without trying to be so merciful? Such thoughts were always alive inside him without anyone knowing, without anyone realizing that beneath his firm and confident appearance was actually a young man who in many senses of the word was a first-timer.

As Wu Yijun secretly looked at the face of the man beside her illuminated by the crimson sunset, she could not help but let her eyes moisten slightly. The erratic beating of her heart surprisingly calmed down and her breathing turned steady and smooth enough for anyone to think that she had fallen asleep.

When was the last time she felt so peaceful? So peaceful to the point where she could stay inside this room without moving for an eternity of time. Although Wu Yijun was a strong and considerably

independent woman because her family's upbringing required it in order to survive in the political world, at the end of the day, she was a 23-year-old young woman.

At such an age she should be enjoying her best days at university, making new friends, meeting new people, committing mistakes and learning from them. She should be enjoying this time, a time when she was like a flower at its most beautiful and brightest point in life. However, everything had changed. That quiet and seemingly bright life that was promised to her was taken from her hands even before she realized it.

As they both stood in silence with thoughts that shared some similarities with each other but at the same time were intrinsically different, time passed.

A few minutes later, as her gaze was lost in the horizon and her dark eyes lit up at the beautiful sight in front of her, Wu Yijun said almost in a whisper:

"If you were given the choice to choose to go back to your previous life, just before everything changed, would you be willing to go in reverse?"

Bai Zemin did not look at her, as his indifferent eyes that made it difficult for people to understand the depths of his soul gazed into the distance, he thought about what the beauty beside him had just asked him and easily came to a conclusion.

"If I were given the choice to choose to go back, to have everything return to how it was before this entity called Soul Record reached our world and be assured that my life and the lives of my loved ones would never again be dragged into a hell like the one we are living in at this very moment, then why wouldn't I do it?"

Wu Yijun was surprised to hear his response, but when she turned her face slightly to look at him and realized that he didn't seem to be joking about his decision, she couldn't help but ask:

"Even if it means losing all the power you've gained so far after fighting countless battles to deaths? Even if going back and making everything return to normal means going back to being just a normal citizen with no power over anyone.... Ah, I'm sorry. I don't mean to offend you..." She hastily apologized realizing that her words could easily be misinterpreted.

Bai Zemin smiled slightly and shook his head as he said, "Your words do not offend me in any way. For me, being just a normal citizen with no power is nothing to be ashamed of at all. On the contrary, I believe that normal citizens have more qualifications to be proud of themselves compared to those wealthy or powerful families.... Because different of them, we, the poor and normal people, achieved everything by our own efforts while they remain mommy's and daddy's children until the end of their days."

Wu Yijun was plunged into deep thoughts as she listened to what Bai Zemin had just said and, to her surprise, she realized that he was right. Wasn't she, a grown woman, still being cared for and supported by her family? Even her future work would probably be influenced by her family.

She blushed slightly, feeling for the first time in her life truly ashamed. It was only then that she understood the reason why Bai Zemin never felt beneath anyone despite his normal birth.

Still, she couldn't help but say:

"But... Losing all your power, are you sure you would be willing to let go it so easily?"

Wu Yijun found that hard to believe. After all, humans were greedy and ambitious creatures by nature. It was extremely rare and close to impossible to find a truly pure and conformist soul, capable of being happy with little. Many might say otherwise, but the truth of life was that one could not live off love and affection; money and power had the capacity to move mountains, let alone to move the human heart.

Unfortunately, Wu Yijun was wrong. She clearly did not know Bai Zemin at all.

“The reason why I fight and the real reason why I am extremely fierce and tenacious against my enemies but also myself is all due to my family.” Bai Zemin said in a deep voice as he gazed into the distance with unwavering eyes. “Each and every step I have taken since the first day this world became the hell it is today, always and without exception, has been expressly to secure the future of those I love and will love. You and many others may see me as a godlike existence at this moment, but that is only because so far I have always managed to overcome every obstacle that has crossed my path.... But only I know that in this great universe, my existence is more insignificant than a grain of sand in the middle of the ocean.”

Although Bai Zemin’s voice sounded indifferent and seemed as if he was recounting something insignificant, Wu Yijun could faintly notice the pain, regret, and self-shame he felt.

What kind of burdens was weighing him down? What were those secrets that he hid deep in his heart so that no one would see them for fear of being hurt? Wu Yijun had countless questions she wanted to ask the young man at her side but when she heard his next words they stuck in her throat.

“Because in the past I was weak, I could not protect the past of those I loved, because today I am weak, I cannot protect the present of those I love...” Bai Zemin said with self-reproach. His eyes flashed with resolution and his voice was filled with murderous intent as he said, “But that will not be like this forever.... There will come a day when I will be strong enough to protect the future of those I love.... And from then on, I will take care of their future presents.”

Wu Yijun felt her heart squeeze slightly as she felt Bai Zemin’s self-disdain and self-reproach in his voice. He was the man most acclaimed by countless women within the faction, he was the most powerful person everyone had ever known, a being with the ability to make the heavens rumble and the earth tremble; but that same man seemed to have a very low opinion of himself.

In fact, Bai Zemin did not consider himself a genius as Lilith always said. What was the use of being a genius? At the end of the day, being an amazing talent did not change the fact that he was weak; it did not change the fact that because of his own incompetence those he loved had to experience so much suffering and would probably experience many more even if he tried his best to prevent it.

The only thing that others saw were his positive or negative points, his good deeds or his bad deeds. But everyone seemed to forget that he was also a human.

Still, Wu Yijun couldn’t help but say in a choked voice:

“Aren’t you being too hard with yourself? You have already done and are doing an excellent job. You’ve done it better than anyone else because I don’t think anyone could have done it better than you. I think you should be a little proud of yourself.”

Bai Zemin looked at her for a second and smiled bitterly as he shook his head.

Proud? Of course, Bai Zemin was very proud of himself. He was always a proud existence and this was not so just because he had recently acquired a bit of power that in the eyes of the truly strong was insignificant. However, Wu Yijun still continued to fail to comprehend it.

As he looked into her eyes, he noticed real concern in her stare. That beautiful pair of dark eyes were moist with small beads of tears that seemed barely contained and on the verge of falling.

In a moment of impulse and believing that at the very least, she deserved to know about the condition of his heart, Bai Zemin extended his right hand toward her.

“I think once you see this you will understand..... And I also believe that once you see my heart, you will be able to make a better decision about what to do with your own heart.”

His heart? Wu Yijun looked at his outstretched palm and then looked at his face again. Seeing that smile that contained a hint of helplessness, bitterness, but at the same time gratitude, she finally understood.

She finally understood that perhaps, the existence called Bai Zemin knew and thus carried burdens that neither she, nor Shangguan Bing Xue, nor any other woman could ever understand.

Perhaps... Perhaps only a true goddess of heaven could possibly understand. She thought as she reached out her delicate hand towards his.