

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 1054

The battle against the dragons outside the Illinois fortress did nothing but get bloodier and crueler with each passing minute.

The war tanks and IFVs along with the gun-mounted vehicles on the ground proved that while they could not pierce the scales of the dragons they were still useful against them if the weapons were fired by soul evolvers with skills like Bullet Enhancement, Penetrating Bullet, Mana Bullet, Heavy Bullet, and many more.

Boom!!

A battle tank located at the front of the fourth defensive line opened fire. The 120 mm cannon was pointed skyward and after a loud explosion, the projectile powered by a level 46 First Order soul evolver completely shattered the wind resistance and opposed the powerful gravity of the world.

A level 39 First Order dragon with the power to take on a weak Second Order human soul evolver was unlucky enough to be hit by the cannon's projectile. The beast let out a roar of pain mixed with anger as its left wing was torn in half, and although it tried to keep its balance in the sky the weight of its body carried it straight to the ground in a headfirst fall.

Bang!!!

The Second Order dragon was over 20 meters long and over 7 meters tall. Its scales were so hard that even though it had fallen from a height of over 1000 meters, they still did not break after hitting the ground.

From the center of the crater where a large cloud of dust was rising, the beast slowly used its strong legs to stand up. It was then that the dragon sensed something and just as it raised its head it saw two flashes of yellow light beyond the dense cloud of dust that covered it approaching at full speed.

Sensing danger and unwilling to fall, the dragon opened its mouth wide and immediately two magical circles appeared on either side of its body.

Roar!!

The surrounding atmosphere trembled as the dragon roared, and from the two magic circles burst two large purple lightning bolts.

Boom!!! Boom!!!

The dragon felt more confident as it destroyed the two attacks on its way, but it had only taken two steps on its walk to the outside of the crater when its entire body froze and its pupils constricted as it noticed that from the front, from the sides, and even from its back more attacks of a similar nature to the ones it had just destroyed were approaching.

BOOOOM!!!!

...

Followed by a loud explosion that completely destroyed an area of over 400 meters in diameter, burning flames and waves of mana spread everywhere.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!...

About a dozen Phantom fighter planes crossed paths directly above the great cloud of fire and dust that rose more than 50 meters high. The twelve pilots, as if by prior arrangement, looked toward the center of the explosion, and after a few seconds, all broke away again to move on to new targets.

Seconds later, the body of the First Order dragon with two limbs blown off, scales completely broken, and its two wings missing slowly came into view inside a crater more than 700 meters in diameter.

The beast was dead. Even with its defense and natural mana cover protecting its body, it could do nothing as it was bombarded by a dozen of mankind's most powerful aircraft piloted by men with skills focused on improving the machine they controlled.

Similar scenes could be seen everywhere in a diameter of more than 80 kilometers around the Illinois fortress.

Evolved humans and normal humans used everything they had to stop the dragons that kept coming from a distance. However, even though the dragons were falling, the humans were also dying; they were dying at a much higher rate in reality.

To deal with a single dragon, even the weakest of them required at least 5 soul evolvers or the focused bombardment of at least a dozen heavy weapons.

When a dragon fell dead, more than ten humans fell into pools of blood or simply disappeared without a trace that they ever existed in this world; many of them did not even understand what happened even after death.

In the distance, a Third Order level 135 dragon opened its mouth in the sky and from its illuminated throat shot a whirlwind of giant flames straight down to the ground.

The flames had not yet reached their destination but the more than 3000 men on the ground could feel their bodies begin to heat up, their weapons to melt, and the earth they were standing on slowly turn to lava.

"Shield of the King!"

A serious and slightly urgent voice sounded in the distance, and just as the 3000 soul evolvers thought they were dead, a large shiny golden barrier covered with all sorts of strange runes appeared more than 200 meters high diagonally to the ground.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!

As the torrent of burning flames met the thick golden barrier head-on, the sky rumbled and the clouds completely disappeared from an area over 1000 meters in diameter.

The flames spread over the barrier as if they wanted to find an opening, the tiniest of cracks to slip through and continue advancing, but the barrier stood firm despite the initial shudder.

"Lady Andrea!"

"Thank God!"

"We are saved now!"

...

Some fell to their knees as they felt the strength in their legs leaving them while looking up at the armageddon above their heads, others fainted unable to withstand the loud explosion that blew out their now bloodied eardrums, and others shouted in ecstasy and relief as they looked at the brown-haired woman with honey-colored eyes approaching from a distance.

The Third Order dragon, over 50 meters long and over 15 meters tall, hovered in the sky as it stared coldly at the approaching helicopter.

Standing before the open door of an Artemis-type helicopter, Andrea gave the dragon a cold stare back and after a few seconds stepped back as she calmly said, "Anderson, it's your turn."

Soon, a man who appeared to be about 30-35 years old appeared in Andrea's place.

When the Third Order dragon saw Anderson pointing his magic staff at it immediately sensed unprecedented danger. However, just as it planned to cast its innate skill Fire Breath an arrow that did not cause any real damage struck its chest.

The dragon felt something similar to an electric shock and for an instant, its brain was paralyzed. Although it was only an instant that passed as fast as a simple exhalation, for the Third Order dragon it marked a before and after.

When the level 135 creature regained its senses, the calm and powerful voice of the strongest mage in the United States of America was all it managed to hear just before the sky lit up.

"Division of the Moon!"

The surrounding mana shuddered as everything surrounding the dragon over 500 meters with the beast as its center took on a silvery glow.

Roar!!!!

The beast let out a pitiful roar of sorrow as its body was lashed by hundreds of thousands of light beams that, while looking beautiful from a distance were extremely lethal and destructive.

Approximately 10 seconds later, the magical skill seemed to end and at the same time as everything seemed to return to normal the bloodied body of the lifeless dragon fell powerlessly from the sky straight to the ground it disdained so much when it looked down at the humans from a higher view.

Anderson slowly lowered his staff as he looked down at the ground. His eyes met Chen He's and after a brief nod of recognition, he retreated back inside the helicopter, closing the sliding door behind him.

Standing atop a mountain, Chen He sighed as he watched the Artemis-type helicopter move into a new battle zone.

"I've even used Deflection of Senses to stop that beast... Those dragons are really scary." He shook his head as his body slowly became blurry. "At this rate they'll end up wiping us out within two nights..."

Although Chen He was countless times more powerful than in the past, it was still not an easy task for him to take care of a Third Order dragon... and if he met two or three of them, he would have to bet his life to come out victorious.

At the end of the day, dragons were geniuses by nature and their records were strong from the moment they were born.

If it were not for the fact that Chen He was a genius among geniuses it would not be possible for him to do what he was doing with apparent ease.

...

The war continued all day and all night only to continue through the morning and noon the next day.

The dragons gave the humans no rest at all.

So far, there were more than 145.000 dragons that had been killed by the American army, but to accomplish such a feat the losses the American faction suffered could only be described as catastrophic.

Fifty-five percent of the heavy armament in Illinois and nearby bases had been destroyed.

More than 25% of the total ammunition that the United States of America had was expended; from low caliber rounds to the more powerful missiles, bombs, and cannons.

As for human losses... Even leaving out the survivors who had died victims of stray attacks, shockwaves, or sonic roars, Angelo's faction had lost a total of 1.4 million troops among which more than 40% were soul evolvers.

Standing on the tallest skyscraper in Illinois which rose over 1000 meters into the clouds, Angelo's expression was sad as he watched the clouds of fire and listened to the explosions getting closer and closer.

Behind him, one of his concubines who had an interesting skill that allowed her to analyze the battle situation in a matter of minutes looked at his back with concern.

"Angelo... We'll be fine won't we? We still have you after all."

This was the first time she had seen him this down.

Angelo would like to turn around and say 'Yes, we'll be fine' with a calm smile on his face, but the situation wouldn't allow it even if he wanted to.

The only reason he had not rushed to the battlefield yet was because he could sense the existence of a terrifying dragon enveloping him with its aura more than 100 kilometers to the south, and Angelo recognized this dragon's aura because they had exchanged blows on more than three occasions during the past wars.

This dragon was a beast that could annihilate the entire faction were it not for Angelo's existence to restrain it.

'Bai Zemin... hurry up.' The handsome young man with sky blue eyes looked straight ahead with a determined gaze... determined to give it all for all or nothing. 'At this rate we won't make it through tonight.'

Things were already this bad that they couldn't get any worse. Even if Angelo stepped forward and forced the enemy leader to act, he had no choice but to do so.

If he stood still they would all die.

If he stepped forward and battled then he would face the leader, and if he managed to kill the leader in the next few hours his faction would survive.

It was as simple as that.

Fight for survival, evolve, and grow stronger.

Nothing had really changed.

Everything was the same since day 1.

Life and death, two sides of the same coin.

50% you live and 50% you die; even the strongest did not have their life bought in this world.

One change was all it took to fall deep into the river of death.

"Seraphim's Wings."

Two bright silver wings popped out to either side from the center of Angelo's back. The wings were about 5 feet long each, and from their feathers, motes of silver light were continuously released which seemed to heighten his aura while at the same time purifying the mana he used.

At the same time and as if sensing the resolve of the human faction's Leader, an earth-shaking aura rose from the distance followed by a male voice filled with pressure and dominance.

"I wondered how much more you could take but it seems this is your limit... Come, let me have some fun before the others arrive."