

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 1085

Surrounded by the City of Rome located in Italy, the Vatican which was the headquarters of the Catholic Church was the most powerful faction in Europe.

They began as a relatively small group of no more than a few thousand, but their power was so overwhelming that even the terrifying zombies and mutant beasts were easily suppressed during the early days of the apocalypse.

The power that the Catholic Church revealed was one that humans should not have, and even the modern armies eventually submitted to their magical arts.

Using abilities passed down from ancient ages and learned over many years of effort by people they considered chosen by the heavens, the priests and holy warriors of the church not only withstood the zombie assault but in less than a month managed to recapture a good portion of Rome and save a great number of lives.

With a strong foundation that had been built up over thousands and thousands of years, as well as secret arts handed down from ancient times, the Catholic Church now controlling the modern army managed to recapture the whole of Italy in just 8 months!

The leader of the Catholic Church was the Supreme Pontiff, a 75-year-old man named Israfel.

Israfel had been on television news a few times in the past, and his gentle smile on his wrinkled face had won the hearts of many people. However, the biggest surprise of all came on the day of the apocalypse when the Supreme Pontiff who was said to be the closest human being to God revealed that despite his age he was actually strong enough to fight high-level creatures without any problems!

Using his own magical abilities and exploiting the enormous advantage of mana, Israfel and his followers quickly pushed the invaders back step by step and regained territory lost by mankind with the power of an unstoppable tsunami.

After regaining Italy in less than a year, Israfel called a halt to his troops and stopped all major action for four months.

During that time, Israfel made sure that each of the Catholic Church's bases was strengthened using technology they had taken from runes found under the Roman Colosseum. In addition, thanks to the different blueprints obtained from fighting enemy races, the power of the Catholic Church and its followers was growing day by day.

About two months ago, the Supreme Pontiff Israfel had led the Legion of Holy Knights in a major operation directly to the north.

The objective was to reclaim Sweden, and thus rid the oppressed humanity there of all evil... or so the upper echelons of the Catholic Church claimed.

The power of the Catholic Church was simply colossal, with many experts and rare treasures that were preserved for countless years and which were incredibly deadly in combat.

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Approximately 250 kilometers into Swedish territory north of Italy, on the outskirts of a walled city, approximately 500 tents positioned in the shape of a tortoise shell seemed to illuminate the area with their pure white color and a golden cross embroidered on the sides.

There were several patrol groups moving among the tents, but the most protected area was definitely the north facing the big city no more than 2 kilometers ahead.

All the soul evolvers were surprisingly wearing pure white magic tunics if they followed the path of magic, silver-colored plate armor if they followed the path of direct physical combat, or ash gray leather armor for those who followed the path of stealth or ranged attacks such as archers. It was truly amazing to see them all moving in sync, and their serious and proud expressions seemed to speak volumes about how serious and steadfast their hearts were about the task at hand.

In the central tent that looked in no way more conspicuous than the others, a select group of people gathered under the call of a single man.

Considering that all those present were powerful Third Order soul evolvers or terrifying existences that despite being in the Second Order could fight against those one Order above them, only one person had the ability and the right to order them to gather all at the same time in one place.

A handsome man with ink-black hair and green eyes took a few seconds to look at the person sitting in the wooden chair at the back of the tent before saying in an urgent but respectful voice, "Your Holiness, we have received reports from Tuscany. I am afraid I do not bring good news on this occasion."

Your Holiness.

There was only one human being qualified to be called as such, particularly since the man who had just spoken was a Third Order level 193 soul evolver.

The man sitting in the wooden chair was none other than the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church, Israfel.

Israfel had silver hair and his eyes were strangely the exact same shade. His body was more on the slender side and thanks to the purity of his Soul Power, as well as his high level which was unknown to all, he did not appear to be more than 24 or 25 years old.

Wearing linen clothes that covered every inch of his body, including his neck, leaving only his head, feet, and hands uncovered, Israfel did not lose his calm as he looked at his right hand and with a gentle smile said in a voice as soft as the spring breeze: "Matthew, take a deep breath and calm your heart first..."

Remember that our Lord will never allow his faithful followers to suffer as long as they follow the right path, the path of faith."

Matthew Sanchez was the full name of the second strongest soul evolutionist in the entire Catholic Church. For some reason that no one questioned but which everyone had become accustomed to and now considered a special quality of His Holiness the Supreme Pontiff, his heart immediately calmed and his mind became lighter as he listened to Israfel's words.

Matthew knelt on his right knee and bowed his head, "Thank you for your kind reminder and reassuring words, Your Holiness."

Israfel nodded with a small smile before saying softly, "So, Matthew. What was it you had to report to me?"

"Yes." Matthew slowly stood up, and now much more relaxed reported with his ever-serious expression, "Approximately 20 minutes ago, strange life forms were sighted on the island located off the coast of Tuscany. So far it was only a few scouts, but these scouts have killed several of our men so we can completely rule out any sign of friendliness even if we disregard their appearance."

"Daring to attack and kill the servants of the Lord..." Israfel sighed and a gleam of sadness shone in his eyes as he said with regret, "Poor stray lambs..."

After a moment of silence, the Supreme Pontiff Israfel asked with his mood clearly fading, "Matthew, you mentioned the appearance of these life forms. I trust you do not discriminate just because they are different life forms from us."

"Of course I don't." Matthew immediately shook his head and said in a righteous voice, "We, the Catholic Church, accept all who accept the Lord into their hearts. We have even forged some ties with the zombie race as proof of that."

Israfel nodded and pressed in a solemn voice, "So? Explain yourself."

Instead of uttering words, Matthew Sanchez turned his right hand over and his Epic-grade storage ring released a faint pale green light, and in the next instant, a box-shaped device no more than 5 centimeters long and 5 centimeters wide appeared.

Matthew injected his Mana into the small device for about 5 or 6 seconds before the various pale blue runes glowed. The center point of the small box lit up and soon a sort of holographic image flashed at the top for all to see.

The various soul evolvers present gasped in shock as Matthew solemnly explained, "This enemy life form has wings, horns, and a tail like that of the demons pictured, as can be seen in this image captured by a member of God's Pathfinder group who sacrificed himself to get the information to us even a second sooner. Although we still don't know much about them, it seems they are preparing to attack which is why all our troops were put on alert."