

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 1087

Riding a War Horse with affinity to the light element, Matthew Sanchez along with the ten most important and powerful generals within the entire faction called Holy Church watched with solemn expressions the great cloud of dust, as well as the great black cloud, approaching from the distance.

A beautiful woman who appeared to be no more than 21 years old with silky smooth black hair silently murmured the name of a skill and her eyes immediately turned golden. She looked at the dust cloud and the black cloud as if analyzing them.

"Naomi, do you have the estimation?" Matthew Sanchez asked as he slowly unsheathed his sword.

Naomi was his little sister, a powerful soul evolver focused on magic, unlike Matthew's chosen physical path.

The sound of the metal blade scraping against the scabbard that held it should have been muffled by the monstrous shrieks of the seemingly endless sea of demons charging towards them, but not only was it not muffled and instead, the flash of silver light surrounding his sword encouraged the army of only 20,000 mounted men behind to unsheathe theirs.

The beautiful woman named Naomi nodded and blinked. Her eyes slowly returned to their natural bright blue hue as she said in a soft but solemn voice, "Approximately forty million of them."

"... Forty million?" Matthew frowned and a glint of doubt shone in his eyes.

A man as big as a bear looked at the demons closer and closer with both arms folded in front of him, and after a moment's consideration remarked, "Forty million won't even be enough to scratch our itch... Naomi, did you find out anything else?"

The beauty by the name of Naomi whose level was 168 nodded and said with a slight frown, "Over 70% of them are already in the First Order. As for Second Order, I can only say that there are more than our total numbers here."

It was then that everyone understood what was going on.

If it came to fighting numerous enemies at the same time, none of the soul evolvers from either the magical or physical path were afraid. Each of them could face tens of thousands of Unclassified enemies without any problem.

However, facing tens and even hundreds of thousands of First Order demons, as well as over 20,000 Second Order demons, and only God knew how many Third Order demons, was something that even the Legion of Holy Knights had to take seriously.

"Our Legion of Holy Knights has not experienced a major baptism of blood since we fought the Zombie-Beast alliance in the last fort in southern Italy several months ago." Matthew took over as commanding

general and raised his silver sword towards the sunset, and after a brief pause said in a solemn voice, "It is time to make these vile and cruel creatures pay for their deeds."

They were all preparing to charge the moment the demons crossed the heart of Pisa, but just as Matthew was preparing to slash his sword downward and order the charge of all the knights a soft but irrefutable voice sounded from behind the ten Warhorses.

"Wait."

Matthew froze in mid-swing and a flash of surprise shone in his eyes. He turned his body and said in amazement, "Your Holiness? If we wait any longer we will miss the best time to charge and the Holy Song will lose a great deal of effect..."

Supreme Pontiff Israfel advanced slowly. With his silver, almost white eyes fixed on the approximately forty million enemies approaching by land and sky while his cloud-like footsteps did not move a speck of dust despite his footwear.

"Naomi, child. Could you record the battle against the vile demons?" The linen clothes covering Israfel's entire body swayed gently in the blowing wind, but despite how small his back and figure were, everyone who looked at him felt as if they were standing in front of God's representative.

"O- Of course." Naomi hastily nodded. However, she frowned as she remembered something, "Your Holiness Israfel, if I do that I'm afraid I won't be able to focus completely when it comes to using other skills, as I will have to focus on other points on the battlefield."

"You will not fight this cruel war." Israfel shook his head and advanced towards the demons. "The faith of the youngest and even the oldest has been shaken because of these demons, and those willing to follow the path of light have begun to waver."

The demons with ranged attacks immediately stopped either in the sky or on solid ground and pointed their bows, swords, spears, or magical scepters at the Supreme Pontiff.

The sky was filled with colors and glowing magic circles in an instant, and the next instant what seemed to be millions of fireballs, lightning spears, ice pikes, dark slashes, and other attacks flew toward the tiny figure representing the central pillar of the Catholic Church, of the Holy Church.

"I have received the word of the Lord, his message this time is clear." Israfel, God's spokesman, watched serenely as his pupils brightened at the magical flood that came closer and closer. "Avenge the innocent souls, make the vile demons pay, and restore the faith lost by the weakest."

Naomi activated her skill that not only allowed her to record and store but also allowed her to transfer that information to other mediums. Just at that moment, a flash of white light covered Israfel's silhouette and quickly spread outward in the shape of a giant ball.

It didn't matter if it was Matthew, Naomi, or any other powerful soul evolver belonging to the Holy Church; each and every one of them was forced to close their eyes as the pure white light covered them, and for what seemed to be no more than a couple of seconds even their sense of hearing disappeared along with their sight.

The huge ball of white light that had spread outward with the Supreme Pontiff at its core was so large that it not only covered the entire Legion of Holy Knights but continued to expand until it covered more than 5 kilometers around.

A few seconds later and feeling the blinding light begin to weaken, Matthew began to slowly open his eyes as he lowered his free hand with which he had covered his face in a subconscious defensive mode.

"Repent, creatures of darkness."

The voice of the Supreme Pontiff Israfil sounded sacred and powerful in the ears of the allied troops.

When Matthew, Naomi, and the others were finally able to open their eyes and see clearly what greeted them it was a scene they would definitely never forget in their lives.

Standing on a small fragment of earth barely big enough for his two feet in the center of what appeared to be a crater several kilometers wide and at least 500 meters deep, the back of the Supreme Pontiff Israfil was once again visible to them.

However, there were now three magical objects similar to golden spears floating just behind him. One of these objects pointed to the sky slightly tilted to the left, the other pointed in the opposite direction, and the last one, which was considerably less bright than the other two, pointed straight up to the sky.

Under the wide eyes of all who saw for the first time the most powerful soul evolver of all the Holy Church get serious against an enemy, Israfil opened his arms as if to embrace the entire world as his voice spread far and wide across the arid lands.

"Stop your hostile actions."

The demons stopped.

"Our Almighty Lord God has a wide heart and his kindness is boundless so even you can enter his kingdom if you wholeheartedly show your repentance. I have received your word, and the Lord knows that it is not your fault that you were born this way."

Demons of the First Order, Second Order, and even Third Order reacted in a similar manner to the words of the Supreme Pontiff. The weaker ones raised their weapons and activated skills, the stronger ones tried to resist with trembling hands but as if pressed by divine force eventually succumbed.

"Kill yourselves," Israfil said in a soft and gentle voice as he slowly closed his eyes.

Whether in heaven for the winged demons or on solid ground for those who had no way to fly, hell broke loose only an instant after the Supreme Pontiff uttered the last letter of his message.

Rumble...!!!

Amidst constant explosions and cries of pain, the sky rumbled and the earth split as demon after demon began to fall.

Some attacked themselves, others attacked those with the strongest will and tore them to pieces using countless magical skills at the same time over a long period of time.

"This power does not belong to me, it is the power the Lord has granted me to save your souls. Do not fear, losing your fleshly body will only cleanse you of the vile sins you have committed but your souls will be saved and you will go to paradise."

Israfel continued to speak and his voice spread more and more.

While most watched the scene in fear and amazement, those who had grown up and been raised under the teachings of the Vatican such as in the case of Matthew and Naomi dismounted and knelt down to pray as the demons fell like flies.

The burly man whose name was Mikhail sucked in a breath of cold air as he muttered in a voice only he could hear, "You've got to be kidding me... don't you? His Holiness can really talk to God?"

Those like Mikhail who didn't exactly believe in God but followed Israfel because he was strong and had a powerful faction with a lot of security were shocked to the marrow of their bones to see the Supreme Pontiff's practically divine act.

In just 5 minutes, most of the demons in heaven had been wiped out and all those on earth had already died; suicide or killed by their own comrades.

If this was not the power of a true God then what?!

When Israfel lowered his arms, the enemies had disappeared and now there were mountains of corpses before them. The three golden lights on his back slowly disappeared as he turned to look at the Legion of Holy Knights before gently saying, "Children of God, I have received a new message from the Lord."

This time even the most skeptical began to believe in the existence of God, as well as the fact that Israfel could communicate and receive his grace.

He narrowed his eyes and said with the same soft, spring-like smile, "The Lord's command is to free the demons from their torturing carnal body and send their souls to paradise to be purified."