

## **Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 1094**

Xuanyuan Wentian did not move immediately, perhaps thinking that Bai Zemin was playing some kind of joke on him.

Who would let a person who made an attempt on his life escape? A person who fired more than one nuclear missile on different occasions, someone who could have caused a disproportionate deal of damage, someone who took him away from his family and all communication with them after forcing him to go to another world?

Xuanyuan Wentian thought that even the angels would not be so merciful.

Now, was Bai Zemin stupid? Xuanyuan Wentian didn't think he was.

Just as the young Leader pointed out earlier, it was impossible for someone with only pure strength to reach his current position solely using brute force; eventually someone, probably an ally, would take him down the moment he least expected it using any means necessary to achieve it.

Truth be told, Xuanyuan Wentian had hated Bai Zemin to the marrow of his bones when he was thrown into the under dungeon just as he had come to hate his own flesh and blood. However, with so much darkness and silence as well as all the time in the world to think, the former president of China had more than enough opportunities to reason and think through things with rare care.

Eventually, that hatred turned into neutrality. At the end of the day, the reason the two sides clashed was only because they never tried to understand each other to begin with; this was especially true for Xuanyuan Wentian himself.

After about 20 minutes, the man finally moved.

The bones in his legs, particularly his knees, boomed like thunder in the sky as he stood up for the first time in a long time.

Xuanyuan Wentian looked at the bracelet capable of blocking mana, that object he had hated so much for robbing him of his freedom, and then looked at the place where he had spent so many months; months that felt like years to him.

With a sigh that only he could understand, the former highest authority of China took his first step towards the outside of the small square box that had deprived him of everything. He stopped for an instant before breaking beyond the allowed perimeter, but when he took the first step and nothing bad happened he no longer stopped and continued walking.

His eyes had already adapted perfectly to the darkness so he could now faintly see the faces of other prisoners as he went higher and higher.

They were all powerful soul evolvers, some even already in the Second Order. Yet, for committing acts that were harshly penalized by the current government or for refusing to surrender they were turned into nothing more than barnyard lambs awaiting their final judgment.

A Second Order soul evolver was a feared power but such powers were captured alive and thrown into the dungeon like garbage bags.

It was then that Xuanyuan Wentian realized that the outside world had definitely changed a lot. His level was 100, peak Second Order; he had been stuck there all this time for obvious reasons.

Facing Third Order enemies below level 170 was normal for his former self, but the current Xuanyuan Wentian could probably only fight enemies below level 140 or even 130; that was how hard his overall strength had fallen.

If it weren't for the fact that he had a single-use skill that allowed him to regenerate a limb he wouldn't even be able to get that far. But even then, with one less arm it would be difficult for him to return to his past glory.

Xuanyuan Wentian dragged his sore, tired, and suffering rusty body to the outside. On the way, he encountered the jailer only this time he did not bother to look at the man but squatted down to pick up the large black cloth cloak on the ground.

As he moved the cloth, a small paper note fell to the floor. When he read what the paper said, his hand trembled imperceptibly.

Under the watchful and somewhat fearful eyes of the jailer, Xuanyuan Wentian put on the cloak to cover his body and then put on the hood to cover half of his face before taking, for the first time in what seemed to him like an eternity, his first step into the bright sun.

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Like all the other bases, the Xicheng District base also had a privileged area where only the most important could enter.

Even if Bai Zemin wanted a world where equality prevailed, it was clear to him that such a thing was nothing more than childish thinking. Such a thing as equality would never really exist, and in fact its existence would cause more harm than good.

Those with ability and skill were entitled to privileges that others were not, that was the way the world worked and that was the way every society moved.

In addition, the privileged zone of each base had far fewer soldiers but more soul evolvers guarding the area so the safety of these important and capable people was more assured; something the faction leaders appreciated.

Xuanyuan Wentian had no trouble sneaking in.

Even if his level had been stagnant, he was still a great human potency after all.

The only thing that hindered him a bit was the great feeling of oppression that hit him when all the mana roaming the world hit him hard. It was only at that moment that he realized that things had probably changed more than he expected, and that the monsters outside were most likely creatures that even he could not underestimate.

After recovering some of his Mana, it wasn't hard to activate several skills that allowed him to go unnoticed, and dodging as best as possible all the patrols he approached a certain street in the privileged area before finally stopping silently on the sidewalk opposite a quite nice two-story house with a large garden.

Using different skills to avoid attracting attention and camouflage himself, Xuanyuan Wentian managed to stand there for hours so that even when the time came where the sun began to descend to make room for the moon there was still no one who had gone to question him despite his extremely suspicious attitude and appearance.

During all this time, Xuanyuan Wentian could see some soldiers with futuristic-looking weapons patrolling and also saw with his own eyes a group of soul evolvers patrolling with mutant beasts that had somehow been tamed acting like police dogs alongside them.

Really, it had only been a few months but so much had changed. He sighed in his heart.

When the horizon had turned into a beautiful, faint orange glow with red afterglows, Xuanyuan Wentian calmly watched as a military jeep stopped in front of the house he had been staring at all this time.

A beautiful woman who looked to be about 35 years old with a very charming body stepped down from the passenger seat. She was wearing silk clothing that clung to her body delicately, lots of jewelry, and a bit of makeup that emphasized her flamboyant features slightly.

When the driver's door opened, Xuanyuan Wentian saw a stout man who appeared to be between 29 and 30 years old descending from the car. This man wore rather elegant clothes, and when he turned around to walk toward the woman he chuckled as he slapped her on the butt, drawing a delighted giggle from the lady.

The man was a First Order soul evolver level 48, very close to the peak of the First Order so it probably wouldn't take long for him to become a Second Order soul evolver if he managed to complete all the requirements.

The woman was only a level 8 soul evolver, but what Xuanyuan Wentian cared about was something else; her identity.

"Demand a lot from yourself and expect little from others. That's the only way to save yourself heartache... Now I understand a little better what my father wanted to tell me before he entered his eternal sleep."

Hearing a voice behind them, both the man and the woman turned around in astonishment.

Seeing a person wrapped in a black cloak on the street in front of them, the stout man frowned slightly and said in a deep voice, "What are you doing standing there...? Who are you?"

Receiving no response, the man's arms bulged and he let go of the woman's slender waist before taking powerful steps towards the stranger. Although he wasn't too strong compared to many, he was still a level 48 soul evolver and thanks to his position and services he had managed to earn himself a rather nice house in this place.

Although Xuanyuan Wentian's face was covered up to half, the remaining half was enough for the beautiful woman to feel that she had seen him somewhere. But it was the next thing he said that made her heart leap and her face turn pale.

"I always advised you to dig the well before you were thirsty so that you would be ready for the future... But perhaps it is I the one who should have listened to my own words."

The stout man reached out his hand with lightning speed, but was surprised and then startled when he couldn't catch anything.

"Wh-what..." The stout man subconsciously took several steps backward when he realized that the person in front of him had disappeared without a trace.

The woman's face was as pale as a sheet, because unlike her lover she recognized that person.

How could she not recognize the man to whom she had been married for so long and with whom she had made a family?

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Xuanyuan Wentian sneaked into a nightclub several hours later and sat in a corner while he waited. According to the note that person had left him, someone he wanted to see would be arriving soon.

With his hawk eyes fixed on the entrance as the loud music boomed furiously in his ears, ignoring all the young couples twisting uncontrollably and laughing loudly as if nothing bad was happening outside.

A few minutes later, a group of 6 people, three males and three females, entered the club and under the guidance of a man dressed in a suit went to a more secluded corner on the second floor where there were fewer people but it was still noisy with music blaring through the walls of the club.

Xuanyuan Wentian followed them like a ghost and no one noticed his presence.

The group of 6 chatted and laughed for a long time. Alcoholic drinks came and went as more and more bills of the new national currency left the pockets of the group and entered the pockets of the members of the place.

Suddenly, one of the females, quite attractive and probably no more than 20 years old, said a little drunk: "Hey, do you know anything about your dad? It is said that he was captured alive but has not yet managed to free himself to be so strong."

The expression of one of the young males changed slightly, and a venomous glint like that of a snake shone in his eyes as he sneered, "That useless old thing might as well die as far as I'm concerned. Peih, he couldn't even beat that little b- despite being just such a young girl."

"You make it sound like you could beat her just because she's a girl." Another young man burst out laughing.

"Good thing you stopped before you finished your words or I would have had to beat you to death for speaking ill of the goddess of my heart." The other young man also laughed as he raised his glass of alcohol. "Hey, who drank my rum?!"

Xuanyuan Wentian, who had already heard what he needed to hear, stood up with the intention of leaving.

The young man, who was obviously Xuanyuan Wentian's eldest and legitimate son was drinking and smiling when a somewhat hoarse voice sounded from behind him.

"When you drink water, remember the source. Forgetting where it comes from will make you lose sight of the essentials.... Unfortunately, I focused too much on one flow of water and ignored the other."

The young man's expression changed, but despite turning abruptly, there was no one there anymore.

He looked at the girl sitting across from him with the intention of asking if she had seen that person to help him confirm his suspicions, but seeing her drunken state he realized she would be of little or no help.

That voice... He definitely recognized it.

But... how could such a thing be possible...

Xuanyuan Wentian's eldest son felt some regret in his heart but in less than a minute all that regret flew out the window. With a snort of contempt and a look of disdain, he continued to drink and get drunk without caring about anything but himself.

Sometimes, those we cared most about were the ones who paid us back in ways we least expected.