

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 1096

Bai Zemin watched the trajectory of the missile with wide eyes, and it was only after seeing the nuclear weapon turn in a southerly direction that his racing heart calmed down.

If the nuclear missile launched by the European faction continued on its initial course, Bai Zemin had probably immediately ordered to launch his own missiles in the form of retaliation; this was because the initial course of the nuclear missile seemed to be aimed at his China!

Approximately 1 minute later, a blood red circle slowly expanded on everyone's map.

The red circle that was once a small dot grew, covering approximately 20 kilometers around what appeared to be a small island. From the edges of the blood red circle expanded an orange circle that covered another 30 kilometers, and from the end of the orange circle came a new yellow circle that covered another 50 kilometers.

The red circle represented the entire area directly affected by the explosion, the orange circle was the maximum extent of damage caused by the shock wave after the detonation of the nuclear weapons, and finally, the yellow circle represented the limit affected by the radioactive force released during and after the explosion.

100 kilometers of pure destruction.

The area flashed constantly with warning messages.

Wu Yijun looked at the screen in front of her in concern, as did everyone in silence. After several seconds after the nuclear detonation, she looked at Bai Zemin with worried eyes and remarked in a soft voice, "It seems a new enemy appeared in Europe..."

Although they didn't know much about the European faction, Bai Zemin and his team discovered that the first ones to conquer an entire country had been them. Furthermore, from what their orbiting satellite had captured it seemed that the number of survivors of the European faction was not much less than that of China even though Italy was a much less populated country in comparison.

What did this mean? It meant that Europe had been able to respond much better, faster, and stronger than all the other countries in the world.

Such a group was definitely frighteningly strong... and yet, they were forced to fire a terrifying weaponry of mass destruction that did not distinguish between allies and enemies.

"What happened...?" Sun Ling, mother of Wu Yijun, frowned and whispered under her breath, "They fired into the sea and not into their territory..."

Bai Zemin stared at the island that had been hit, and his eyes flashed as he saw that it still was holding up even after what had just happened.

Shangguan Bing Xue had noticed it too, and she was quick to point it out, "It looks like the enemy is near the coast of Italy."

Invasion?

Such a word flashed in Bai Zemin's heart as he stared at the map in front of him.

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Europe, Italy.

The battle between the Catholic Church and the demon race had broken out half a month ago, but during the first week the Catholic Church had faced constant defeats at the hands of these powerful new enemies.

Not only had the Catholic Church lost part of its territory, but they had also lost millions of lives along with a colossal amount of weapons and artifacts that were extremely helpful in the fight.

However, things had changed when the most powerful troops of the Catholic Church confronted the demons.

The strength of the Legion of Holy Knights that was rumored to be undefeatable proved that their reputation was by no means undeserved. When they clashed with the demons for the first time in the center of Pisa, the Supreme Pontiff who personally led the operation to exterminate the invading demons single-handedly annihilated approximately 40 million enemies in the short span of several minutes.

The strength and skill exerted by the Supreme Pontiff was recorded for all to see.

With unstoppable might, the man closest to God led the mighty Legion of Holy Knights with firm steps and forced the demons to retreat step by step back into the ocean from whence they had come.

All the followers and members of the Catholic Church believed that the definitive victory of their faction was just around the corner as they saw how in every video the demons were slaughtered with such ease. However, things had suddenly changed several days ago when these videos stopped arriving.

Had it not been for the fact that the higher-ups were still at the base, it was likely that the survivors would have lost all faith and might even have thought that they had been abandoned after failing to defeat the terrifying demons.

As for the reason why the videos stopped arriving?

Approximately 6 or 7 days ago, the Supreme Pontiff Israfel as well as the Legion of Holy Knights finally encountered enemies they could not underestimate.

The seemingly divine words of the Supreme Pontiff did not seem to have a great effect on the two Fourth Order demons leading the enemy troops, and the power of these two leaders forced him to focus on them so the Legion of Holy Knights had to prove their courage and power by facing a sea of over 10 million demons.

"Your words do nothing but tickle my ears, priest!" The Fourth Order demon leaped skyward and with a kind of black energy covering his right arm he struck downward with all his might.

His power was so great that the sky rumbled and the earth shook even though his attack was still over 200 meters high.

The female Fourth Order demon did not hold back either as with a swift movement of her right hand she began firing arrows at lightning speed. Each blackish purple arrow seemed to be enveloped in a kind of colorless flame that incinerated the air and raised the temperature of the battlefield horribly.

Israfel dared not underestimate these opponents, and as he felt the sheer amount of power the incoming attacks carried he could not help but frown. This would be by far his toughest battle to date.

The Supreme Pontiff's eyes flashed with chilling coldness, and as if frozen he let the enemy attacks reach him.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!

Two horrific explosions overlapped to create a single one even more terrifying than the two separate ones. The shockwave spread for over 1 kilometer, blasting everything there until it flattened the ground and turned the rocks to dust.

Just as the two demons were perplexed, a golden shadow shot out from within the cloud of fire and in a flash appeared in front of the startled female.

"In the name of the Lord... Repent!" Israfel completely untouched clenched his right fist which was covered by a strange golden gauntlet and struck fiercely forward.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!

The female Fourth Order demon was punched in the chest and sent flying while spitting blood everywhere, stopping only after rolling on the ground over 200 meters and leaving a deep grave in her tracks.

The male demon looked at the three golden spears floating on Israfel's back and noticing that the one in the center was a bit more opaque than the other two he understood what was happening. However, he was amazed by something else.

"Bastard... Weren't you supposed to be a mage?!"

Israfel looked at the demon and pulled out a rather ugly looking old cross. He broke the cross and suddenly a large white colored sphere enveloped the entire area, increasing not only his power but also that of the entire Legion of Holy Knights.

On the other hand, the weaker demons writhed in pain as they felt their souls being attacked. They grew weaker and a kind of blackish smoke constantly rose from their bodies, weakening them more and more with each passing second.

"How could you, vile creatures of hell, possibly understand the strength that the faith in our Lord provides us." Israfel looked blankly at the female demon and extended his hand to the sky as he said in a cold voice, "Golden Lightning Rain."

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Approximately 3 days later, the battle against the sea of demons finally ended with the victory of the Legion of Holy Knights.

Despite their victory, however, no member of the proud legion celebrated.

Matthew Sanchez watched as his younger sister Naomi joined other priests and mages to heal the wounded while another group prayed for the souls of the fallen.

The battlefield was a unique mess to say the least.

Corpses of demons and humans were scattered as far as the eye could see, and in the countless cracks and craters born during the war, pools and rivers of peculiar color formed from the combination of red blood and purple blood.

Matthew sighed in his heart. This had been by far the closest and most fearful battle the Legion of Holy Knights had had in the last few thousand years.

This legion naturally did not have the old members, but it did have the legacy they had left behind. Today, Matthew Sanchez learned that even with such a strong base they could still be shaken to such an extent by outside forces; something he had thought impossible in the past.

Several minutes later, Matthew along with two other Grand Holy Knights arrived at the battlefield closest to the shore. They stood considerably far away and calmly watched the final moments of the battle between the leaders of the two armies.

Standing alone, Israfel slowly drew his fist from inside the mangled chest of the male demon.

The male Fourth Order demon coughed up a mouthful of blood as his heart was forcibly extracted and then crushed before his eyes. But to the Supreme Pontiff's surprise, the demon laughed out loud as he was captured by the neck.

"Human... Human! You think you have won? All this is but the beginning of your nightmare!"

Israfel's eyes glowed coldly and in a colder voice he commented, "There is no nightmare or darkness that cannot be erased by the light... Just as your darkness was extinguished by my light."

In the distance, Matthew and the other two Great Holy Knights saw the demon's head tilt to the side as the Supreme Pontiff clenched his fist and crushed his neck.

Israfel released the demon's body and closed his eyes to embrace the Soul Power he had received. Successfully fighting and killing two Fourth Order demons had given him great rewards, so even with the price he had to pay it was still something Israfel was willing to pay.

"Finally... level 200." The Supreme Pontiff opened his eyes and after exploring his options chose the one he felt was most apt for him, "Holy Envoy... That's a good name."

Feeling footsteps behind him, Israfel turned and looked at his three warriors kneeling on their right knees. Noticing that except for Matthew the other two had wounds of varying levels on their bodies, Israfel held out his hand and said in a pious voice, "You have fought well, child. The Lord will surely reward your souls with infinite warmth."

The two Great Holy Knights kneeling next to Matthew were enveloped by a warm white light and soon felt their wounds begin to heal. Had it not been for the dark energy still plaguing their flesh and blood the speed would have been at least twice as fast in comparison.

"Your Holiness, this battle was too hard even for us? I fear that at least 15% of the Legion of Holy Knights lost their lives or combat ability forever on this battlefield." Matthew Sanchez lowered his head and said with regret, "I am willing to pay my sin for not being a capable leader for all of them."

Losing only 15% of a few thousand warriors while fighting against a mighty army of over 10 million demons among which there were several Third Order ones was an impressive feat no matter how one looked at it. If Bai Zemin were the leader of this troop, he would most likely be satisfied with the result.

However, for Matthew Sanchez and the others it was an embarrassment never before recorded in the history of the Catholic Church. This was particularly true because the enemy was demons, the race they were supposed to be able to easily suppress.

"Matthew, you need not blame yourself for anything that happened. Both I and our Lord know that the enemy this time exceeded our expectations." Israfel looked at the cracked golden gauntlet and then at the wound on his chest, "One of the Sacred Battle Gauntlets received damage that I don't know if it can be repaired, and if it weren't for the Immortal Lord's Armor my physical body wouldn't be in perfect condition by any means."

The hempen clothing Israfel wore had been destroyed during the battle, so now the small but shiny and eye-catching shiny silver plate armor could be seen wrapping around his body.

Leading what appeared to be a new army of demons whose numbers were not inferior to the one they had just defeated but whose strength seemed to be a bit above, a single demon over 5 meters tall with four arms flapped his giant flesh wings as he glared with a fierce grin at the tallest Leader of the church.

"I am the First General of Hell, Azazel.... Human, be proud... because you will be my first meal after hundreds of thousands of years!"