

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 115

Yang Pei staggered slightly and his face turned pale due to the aftershock of his skill.

His First Order Summoning skill level 2 was powerful, powerful enough to allow him to take on several evolved ones at the same time. This was obvious from how he alone was able to fight the group of three.

Summoning allowed him to currently summon up to two creatures that had the same level as him, consuming 1 Mana points per summon every five seconds. Therefore, it was a skill that Yang Pei could not keep active for a long time, one or two minutes at most; but this time was enough for him to slaughter most of his enemies, as he had done until today.

However, his skill was a double-edged sword as when one of his summons was completely overwhelmed he received the remaining damage as a consequence; just as had just happened.

Yang Pei saw two women and a man with a crossbow approaching from inside the facility. Although the women were incredibly beautiful, Yang Pei was not in the mood to joke around like before. But to his utter terror, a voice rang out from just behind him.

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"Jingyi, are you okay?"

As he hurriedly turned around, was startled to see that at some point he didn't notice, a young man in his early twenties had appeared a few meters away.

"I-I'm fine... Thank you." Cai Jingyi nodded and accepted Bai Zemin's help to sit comfortably on one of the bus steps.

Although there were still ten or eleven hooligans surrounding the buses, they only had bladed weapons and had no power to do anything. Even though some of them had evolved they were only level 2 or 3 at most and without any striking ability, so in the previous battle, they could only watch from the side.

When Bai Zemin approached with Cai Jingyi, they all stepped back with a pale faces and did not dare to say anything. After all, not only was the current situation extremely unfavorable, but the young man in front of them had appeared out of nowhere as if he was a ghost.

Bai Zemin ignored everyone around him and gently stroked the shy Cai Jingyi's hair and praised, "You did a great job."

Although he had not seen the unfolding of events, he was smart enough to judge that the girl beside him had been injured to protect someone weaker; considering that the survivors were covered and Zhong De was fighting the bear, only Kang Lan remained. After all, Kang Lan had focused 100% on the path of magic, unlike Shangguan Bing Xue who could use her ice skill to fight in different ways.

Kang Lan timidly approached and lowered her head in embarrassment, "Jingyi, I'm sorry... Because of me you..."

Cai Jingyi smiled sweetly ignoring the pain, and shook her head gently, "It's okay. An arm wound is nothing compared to the death of a friend. Besides, the bullet went in and out so it's no big deal."

Bai Zemin couldn't help but pat the shy but brave girl on the head. "Kang Lan, heal Jingyi with your skill."

Kang Lan didn't even hesitate and immediately cast her skill twice on Cai Jingyi's injury, just that this time her face didn't turn pale like in the past; after all, the current Kang Lan had already reached level 15.

The blood immediately stopped flowing and the tissues began to regenerate at frightening speeds. Although the wound was still there as well as the pain, two or three days would once again leave the skin on her arm as perfect as it always was.

Bai Zemin turned around and looked coldly at Yang Pei before he began to walk step by step in his direction without saying a word.

To him, his subordinates were valuable to the extent that he was nurturing them with treasures and skills. However, in a matter of minutes, they were all close to being killed.

While it was good for them to experience life and death battles like this to gain experience, if just one of them was killed it would be a great loss for Bai Zemin. Especially Kang Lan; even now he had not seen a second person obtain a healing skill like her and with such high Magic and Mana stats compared to a normal person.

Although Bai Zemin did not speak and only walked, Yang Pei could feel as if a wild beast was watching him and immediately raised his gun to shoot. This was because his Summoning skill could not be activated again until ten minutes after the summonings were killed!

However, before he could pull the trigger, the wind whistled and the gun in his hands was sent flying by an arrow. When Yang Pei stepped back in fright, he saw the young man with the crossbow looking at him indifferently.

Just as the young punk was about to look forward again, a hand shot out at full speed and grabbed him by the throat before slowly lifting him off the ground.

"B-Bastard..." He barely managed to mutter those words between his teeth as he struggled with all his strength.

Yang Pei's fists and kicks landed hard on Bai Zemin's body, making small bangs. However, to the young punk's terror, none of his blows caused his enemy's expression to change in any way, let alone being able to break free from his grip.

Suddenly, Bai Zemin kicked twice without warning, and the sound of bones breaking echoed everywhere followed by a painful choked scream.

Thud

Yang Pei's body was casually thrown to the ground and the young punk writhed in pain as he howled at the sight of his legs twisted at an impossible angle.

"Don't worry, I will soon continue to entertain you." Bai Zemin spoke for the first time before punching and knocking him out easily.

Without his Summoning skill, Yang Pei was simply crap in front of Bai Zemin. In fact, even with his skill, the difference would not be noticeable due to the difference in power between the two sides.

Bai Zemin looked at the approximately eleven gang members with bladed weapons and picked up the Type 54 pistol that previously belonged to Yang Pei.

“Everyone on your knees, now.” He ordered in a deep voice as he pointed the gun forward.

Kang Lan, Fu Xuefeng, Zhong De, and even Cai Jingyi had picked up the other four guns and aimed at the enemies coldly. The four of them had already killed humans and had witnessed how if not for timely help they might all be dead; this convinced them even more that what they were doing was the right thing to do.

Being pointed at by guns, the eleven gang members had no choice but to kneel obediently, waiting to see what kind of treatment they would receive.

Bai Zemin looked at a middle-aged man with a shaved head and asked coldly: “Who are you? Why did you target us? Where did you come from?”

“Pei!... Do you want me to talk and rat on the others? Forget you little bitch!” The middle-aged man spat on the ground and looked at him defiantly.