

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 1163

In the sky, Bai Zemin watched the battle raging in the magical forest with indifference.

He was not at all surprised that Wu Yijun could stand face-to-face against the Holy Knight Matthew.

After she linked to the World Tree Heart fragment, the power of all of Wu Yijun's plant-like skills had literally doubled, and if one added to this the fact that all the plants grew three times faster as a result of the link with the Demigod grade treasure it was no exaggeration at all to say that Wu Yijun's power was now 3 to 4 times stronger compared to her past self.

In the battle that was raging in the forest born of Wu Yijun's powers, only two events that he did not expect occurred.

"Eleanora's transformation skill..." Bai Zemin looked at the perfectly white hair and silver wings behind Eleanora as she chased and attacked in a swirl of steel and fire at the First Prince of the Eastern Sea.

This was the first time he had seen such a powerful transformation skill. Even Nangong Yi's skill would be inferior were it not for the fact that it mutated and evolved after Bai Zemin allowed him to absorb the Leviathan's records.

"But, more important..."

Bai Zemin frowned as he watched the battle between Bai Shilin and the black-haired woman whose identity was obvious just by looking at the white robe she wore.

He looked at the Supreme Pontiff who also seemed amazed and confused by the battle raging below them.

"You, members of the Holy Church, sure have some interesting things in store."

After a few seconds, Israfel calmly withdrew his gaze and faced Bai Zemin with slightly cold eyes. He knew that he could not afford to underestimate the person in front of him regardless of the latter's young age.

"The Holy Church has existed since humans were intelligent enough to know that they needed something else, something intangible and indistinguishable but yet present, to get them through their day-to-day hardships. Who do you think pulled the human race through when zombies and mutant monsters brought them to the brink of destruction billions of years ago? It was the Holy Church and its immeasurable legacy, as well as its priests and paladins who never stopped training in the sacred arts regardless of whether it was time of peace or war."

Israfel's voice was neither high nor low, just as his tone of voice was neither resentful nor friendly.

"You mean mankind survived because of faith?" Bai Zemin chuckled but did not scoff, as each person was free to believe in a God or not. However, he disagreed with many things, "It's really interesting if you present it that way. Everyone, you included, claim to be merciful beings and shed tears before the sadness and impotence of your fellow human beings but you still enjoy all the wealth you have been accumulating since the beginning of the history of the Earth."

The Holy Church was an institution whose wealth could not be accurately measured by anyone; even Israfel himself, Supreme Pontiff and highest authority of the present day in that institution, might not be aware of how valuable the treasury of the Holy Church was.

Leaving aside divine treasures left behind by powerful figures, taking out of the equation sacred relics or objects obtained during past appearances of the Soul Record; just the amount of gold and money that the Holy Church had accumulated over so many years should be enough to end world hunger two or three times over.

And yet, weren't children starving to death on a daily basis?

Israfel was silent for a moment before calmly replying.

"Wealth is necessary to exist, whether we like to accept it or not. Let's take Naomi who is fighting your daughter right now as an example for you to get a better understanding; she was raised and nurtured by me personally after I found out that she had a minuscule amount of mana in her body, which would allow her to learn magical skills even without the presence of the ruler of mana also called Soul Record..."

"The magic weapon Naomi is using cannot simply be used because you or anyone else wants to use it. Many holy priests lost their lives trying to draw some of the power in the Seven Jeweled Holy Baculum, and aside from its rightful owner only Naomi has been able to withstand its pressure. You think raising a superhuman like her, destined to protect humanity in times of crisis, takes the same deal of effort and wealth as any other human child?"

The two had been chatting for several minutes, but this was not just another conversation. They both knew that these could be the last words either of them would ever say.

This was a clash of thoughts, virtues, points of view, and of course, of faith.

However, even as the two fought verbally, Israfel and Bai Zemin's aura continued to grow as the two prepared to attack with the intention of ending this battle as soon as possible.

Bai Zemin nodded, admitting that Israfel's words made sense.

This astonished the Supreme Pontiff, and seeing the glint of surprise in his eyes, Bai Zemin continued calmly: "There is no need to be surprised, I am not immature enough to not accept my defeat when my viewpoints are wrong. However, Supreme Pontiff Israfel... I still cannot accept your faith."

Bai Zemin was not criticizing the Holy Church for not doing things like ending world hunger; where was there such a good thing in this world? Human beings are imperfect to begin with, no matter how kind and holy one claims to be.

What he was criticizing was something else.

"My problem with you, blinded by faith, is that you cannot see such a simple fact as what is right in front of your eyes but yet you attack and point fingers at others. You did the same thing in the past during the so-called witch and demon hunt, but it is amazing that in the middle of the 21st century, you are still blinded by such poor faith as you have in that false God of yours. You called me an evil spirit because of my murderous intent, and I do not dispute that I did things that from the general point of view are evil... However, isn't your God all-powerful? Nah, of course, he is not. If he were he wouldn't allow an 'evil spirit' like me to exist after all."

God could not be all-powerful and all-kind at the same time, because his lack of actions said so.

Israfil frowned slightly, but instead of attacking in anger as he would have done if anyone else said such words, he listened in silence. He knew that, whether he liked to accept it or not, it was true.

"Answer me one thing, Supreme Pontiff." The ash gray wings on his back spread wide as he raised his golden spear wreathed in flame and lightning ready to charge.

Israfil's body was surrounded by a light layer of white light and behind his back were three spears of golden light that served to absorb terrifying amounts of damage in his place. His left hand and his right hand a little behind grasped tightly over the Godslayer Spear currently shimmering with a faint layer of crimson light around it.

"What is it?"

Israfil had already accumulated all the power of his Longinus to execute a single attack.

This attack not only contained the power of the spear but also carried all of his power, making it by far his most powerful strike to date.

Perhaps sensing that the battle between the two Leaders was about to conclude, the different battles in the mutant forest below came to a halt.

Bai Zemin closed his eyes.

It was a strange feeling, but he knew that the other party's attack could really end his life if it hit him.

'How ironic. Even the attack from three of the 9-Headed Immortal Dragon's heads didn't give me a sense of danger of this magnitude.'

Quite possibly, Lilith's sword and Fire Sorrow's magic scepter were stronger than Israfel's spear. It was just that Bai Zemin never had to worry about the pressure of those weapons since they were never aimed at him.

He could feel that the spear in the hands of his enemy was, by far, the most powerful weapon he experienced in action to date.

Longinus, also known as Godslayer Spear.

He now knew the real history of that spear.

All thanks to Fire Sorrow, the rightful owner of the Seven Jeweled Holy Baculum now in Naomi's possession.

Annihilation of the Falling Sky in its golden spear form trembled under Bai Zemin's strong grip. He could feel both, its anxiety and its longing just like its desire.

From the previous clash when Annihilation of the Falling Sky collided with Israfel's Longinus, this legendary Soul Armament that had been silent until now finally showed signs that Bai Zemin was able to understand.

'Soon, my noble friend.'

He didn't know for sure whether he was the reincarnation of Sirius or not... but everything pointed to yes. Therefore, Bai Zemin accepted that past and did not reject it or let himself be confused.

Perhaps hearing his words, the spear in his hands finally calmed down. The purple-colored flame that had turned into a black-colored flame with blood lightning crackling due to Dark Mist seemed to burn stronger than before.

Bai Zemin opened his eyes, and after a moment of silence, he asked his question despite knowing the answer in his heart.

"You didn't attack me despite having the opportunity to do it just now, meaning that you are at least a little bit reluctant to kill me."

Israfel said nothing but leaned forward indifferently. This was his last move before releasing everything he had.

"You know that my fall will mean a great loss to mankind, and you also know that the God you worship is not who you thought. Yet, you choose to fight against me and stand in my way despite the fact that everything I do will eventually result in benefit to our race and our world regardless of my reasons." Bai Zemin sighed, "Can I take this as you choosing to follow your God even if it means the enslavement or obliteration of mankind?"

God was not all-powerful.

God was not the creator of all life.

God was not the maker of the universe.

God had not descended from heaven to save mankind.

Although Gabriel was brilliant, it was impossible for him to avoid supremely intelligent minds like that of Israfel who had lived more than 70 years leading the world's strongest institution from figuring out the truth.

'God is just one more soul evolver. He, like me, was once an ordinary level 0 human being whose level raised through absorbing the Soul Power of other lives after the visit of the Soul Record to our world.'

When Israfel came to this conclusion, he refused it. He was unwilling to accept it.

However, there were things that could not be negated.

The light of the sun could not be covered by a single finger.

'He, as well as his angels and all other so-called Higher Existences, cannot interfere. They are bound by the chains of the Soul Record.'

It was this second truth that opened Israfel's eyes.

Why was God unable to shake off the chains of the Soul Record? The answer reached him in an instant.

'It is because the Soul Record bestowed life and power upon him.'

Israfel could sense that the faith of Naomi and Matthew, the two youngs he had raised as if they were his own children, was no longer as high as it used to be... But he didn't blame them.

He couldn't do that even if he wanted to.

They were young after all, this was just the beginning of their paths.

They could start again because they were fortunate to be born in a different time.

Israfel, however, was different.

"I-"

Israfel opened his mouth and answered Bai Zemin's question.

Bai Zemin watched him silently. Hundreds of thoughts and dozens of different emotions flashed in his dark pupils in a brief instant, making it difficult even for Eleanora who was trying to comprehend the situation in the sky to read his mind even in her Valkyrie state.

"I see."