

## **Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 1170**

Bai Zemin approached Israfel silently, and upon seeing his movement Shangguan Bing Xue and Saint of the Absolute Felix immediately moved to coordinate with him.

The beautiful woman with slightly green skin and bright red hair looked at Shangguan Bing Xue with a loving smile as she waved her hand, "Beautiful young miss, you don't need to be aware of me. Since the fun is over then I will take my leave first."

Shangguan Bing Xue hesitated as she watched the beautiful woman turn around and leaving without making much noise.

"Leave it like this." Felix whispered standing next to her as if he could read her thoughts, "Even though she is a Fourth Order mutant plant that could at some point make trouble for our human race, the current situation is not very good. The more trouble we can avoid the better!"

Shangguan Bing Xue clenched her fists tightly and a flash of murderous intent shone in her gaze before calming down with a deep breath.

The beautiful woman who was actually of the plant race looked over her shoulder and winked at them before disappearing beyond everyone's line of sight. However, just before disappearing she looked at the mutant forest with a strange light in her eyes.

The plant woman was together with the Corruption Demon Shun, and in their group there were about twenty powerful soul evolvers. However, they were clearly not fully bonded.

Eleanora twisted her heavy sword casually into First Prince Xian Luo's stomach and ignoring his groans of pain snorted as she saw that less than half of them followed the beautiful woman, "They really don't know when to step back."

Xian Mei'er approached at that moment and Eleanora glanced at her curiously as she wanted to see what this Seventh Princess's decision regarding her elder brother was.

"S-Sister..." Xian Luo was quite badly wounded by Eleanora's fierce attacks, and seeing her Seventh Sister approaching he immediately stretched out his bloodied hand to plead in a weak voice, "H-Help me... We are blood siblings aren't we...?"

"Siblings, uh..." Xian Mei'er couldn't help but let out a weak laugh.

Just before, Xian Luo definitely had intentions to kill Xian Mei'er but prior to that he wanted to humiliate her deeply to break her honor and pride as a warrior and as a princess.

Even before everything that happened today, this older brother of hers, the first prince with the right to the throne, did his best to disturb her and beat her when she was down. Were it not for the fact that

Xian Mei'er was never interested in the throne until the appearance of Bai Zemin she had no doubt that her brother would have used dishonest methods to take her life.

Xian Mei'er held out her hand and the golden sword with that beautiful silver jewel flew into her hands.

"So this is our clan's legendary weapon, uh..." Xian Mei'er sighed with a complicated gaze in her eyes, "Although this is not the way I would like it, I'm afraid some things are not meant to be of the light method."

"Seventh Princess, this world is very cruel. Even in the ocean it's probably not much better." Eleanora read the princess's thoughts and withdrew her heavy sword before silently walking away.

Her weapon was too big compared to her small body size so Eleanora mainly dragged it along the ground just like now. Still, she looked extremely beautiful and brave with her snow-white hair swaying behind her with every step she took.

Xian Mei'er looked at her back silently as she thought about her words before nodding and saying to herself, "I understand."

Xian Luo's expression changed as he saw the increasingly cold expression on his younger sister's face, "You... Xian Mei'er, are you out of your mind?! If you kill me my royal father definitely won't let you go!"

Xian Mei'er put the tip of the sword on her elder brother's neck and said in an indifferent voice, "Leaving aside the fact that all your team was cleared so it will be hard for anyone to point a finger at me, even if someone does none of that matters to me at this point."

She was pushed to the limits by her father even though she wanted to end all the internal warfare in her family as peacefully as possible. Everyone pushed her again and again.

"I will be the future Queen of the East Sea, eventually becoming the Forgotten Empress who will rule the Earth's oceans... Thanks to you I learned that even if I want to avoid war I still have to have an iron fist no matter what it takes."

A flash of golden light shone in a straight line and the First Prince's eyes widened as his head detached from his neck. The head rolled a few inches as the ground became stained with blood, but none of this made the Seventh Princess' expression change.

She had made her decision, and as she watched Bai Zemin slowly descend from the sky with a crushed limb and part of the left side of his body missing her resolve only grew greater.

Xian Mei'er did not know at what point things began to change, but it was clear to her now that the friendship she shared with some of the humans of the Transcendent faction was even deeper than her blood relationship with her own family.

Since this was the way things were, if the others were willing to sacrifice her, then she need not and should not show mercy.

Eleanora glanced over her shoulder and smiled slightly before continuing on her way.

She naturally already knew Bai Zemin's plan to put Xian Mei'er on the highest throne in the world's oceans, but Eleanora who could read minds felt that Xian Mei'er was too white and would never succeed in the long run.

"We're talking about something now.' She chuckled and wiped the corner of her mouth to rub away the trace of blood.

A minute or two later, Israfel approached Bai Zemin and pointed to Matthew behind him, 'He will help you from now on. You can use your ability as King to subordinate him if you don't trust our word... I only ask you, I beg you to treat them well and fairly."

Bai Zemin was surprised when he heard the Supreme Pontiff's words but he quickly understood what was going on, and when he looked at the First Holy Knight one of his guesses disappeared to leave the only other viable option.

Although there was a hint of hatred in his eyes as he looked at him, Matthew nodded with a firm expression regardless of his teary eyes.

There wasn't a hint of fear of death in the First Knight's eyes, so he obviously wasn't submitting to live.

"Are you sure about this?" Bai Zemin couldn't help but ask, "I'm not perfect by any means, and I definitely won't be overthinking the method to achieve my goal."

Israfel smiled with great bitterness as he pointed at himself, "You'll still do better than someone like me who preferred to follow his own life faith over his race, don't you think?"

Bai Zemin thought of the millions of innocent lives he killed in Oblon World and a flash of heartache shone in his eyes unnoticed.

Even though what happened in Oblon World was one of his biggest regrets that would surely haunt him throughout his life, he still wouldn't change his decision if given the chance to choose again.

Rumble...

Suddenly, the sky began to rumble with increasing force.

Israfel looked wearily at the two shadows facing each other in the distance with complicated eyes before turning his attention back to Bai Zemin.

"I heard you have a skill that helps you regeneration? Use it on me."

Bai Zemin looked at him for a long time as the explosions behind him grew more and more intense before slowly nodding, "Sorry."

"The winner is the king and the loser is the thief, isn't it?" Israfel shook his head and staggered a little, "Go ahead."

Bai Zemin usually didn't use Drain Life unless the other party was 100% enemy he needed to erase no matter what since Drain Life sucked everything down to the bones turned to dust... However, Israfel was his enemy because of the circumstances they were in and not out of desire to be stronger, revenge, or anything similar.

However, the current circumstances were urgent after all.

Bai Zemin could not afford to play straight.

Soon, Drain Life was activated and Matthew Sanchez turned around with a sorrowful expression on his face.

Israfel's face began to crumple and his body became thinner with each passing second.

"I ask you."

"The future of our race."

"Please..."

Bai Zemin nodded with a serious expression, and a second later a damaged white armor fell to the ground on a pile of white bones that soon turned to dust.

He looked at his left arm and sighed regretfully.

"Still not enough after all..."

Although the left side of his body had recovered thanks to Israfel's high Health being absorbed, his arm was still the same and had not regenerated at all.

Bai Zemin's eyes shone with complex feelings as he looked at what the Supreme Pontiff left behind before his existence was erased after being absorbed into his soul.

A white armor that looked to be made of leather but was quite damaged as it had clearly been repaired in the past with sub-par materials.

A pair of sky-blue boots.

A bracelet.

An earring.

And last but not least...

"Two skill scrolls..." Bai Zemin looked at the two scrolls in surprise.

Just as he bent down to pick up his spoils of war, the wind howled at his back as he felt a strange itch on the back of his neck.

Assassin? Bai Zemin's eyes flashed coldly but the next second he continued his movement, ignoring the existence behind him.

"Die!"

The shadow of a tiny green goblin holding a purple dagger suddenly appeared, and judging from the little goblin's aura it was definitely a Third Order soul evolver at the peak.

Not even Bai Zemin could take an attack from a soul evolver above level 190 in the neck!

However, the little goblin's expression changed when he realized that he couldn't move.

"What?!"

Without him realizing it, two strong vines had wrapped around his legs so that they bound him in place.

Worse yet, the little goblin didn't know what was going on as behind him was a version identical to him but completely ash gray that was grabbing him by the arms without letting him move at all.

Bai Zemin put away the boots, armor, bracelet, and earring first. He would need time to examine the records of that equipment but it was certainly impossible to do it in the middle of the battlefield.

Then, he calmly picked up the two skill scrolls and stored them in his storage ring before slowly turning to face the small goblin struggling to escape unsuccessfully.

"You... Go to hell!" The little goblin opened his mouth and suddenly spat a ball of acid directly at Bai Zemin's face.

However, the space around Bai Zemin twisted strangely, and that small disturbance caused the acid ball thrown by the goblin to miss its target by a hair's breadth and hit the ground just inches away.

"The one who's going to hell is you, you piece of trash."

The last thing the little goblin heard were the contempt-filled words of the enemy he tried to rob before half of his body disappeared without a trace.

Rumble!!!!

A ray of purple flame enveloped by a kind of dark mist flew straight up into the clouds after crushing the upper half of the little Third Order goblin.

Saint of the Absolute Felix and Demon of Corruption Shun were fighting fiercely in the sky, but suddenly the two detected that something was not right and hurriedly stepped back just in time as the ray of flame passed a few meters through the middle of both of them.

The two watched in shock as the flash of flame continued to rise until it hit the invisible protective cover of Hero City.

RUMBLE...!!!!

The magic circles turned on forcefully, barely preventing what happened before from happening again.

Felix secretly wiped the sweat from his forehead as he watched the thin black line slowly disappear: 'What an awful power attack...'

Looking down, a flash of surprise shone in his eyes.

Bai Zemin's left arm was blood red and surrounded by magic, clearly a skill to supplant his missing limb. Yet, it was thanks to this skill that he now wielded the spear previously wielded by the Supreme Pontiff of the Holy Church.

Even more surprisingly, behind his back was not only a pair of ash-gray wings but also a new pair of bright golden wings with extremely sharp tips.

"That was Decimation of the Moon?" Matthew gasped in shock.

Wasn't that skill supposed to have a long cooldown? Israfel had just used it recently!

"That was just a normal attack." Bai Zemin replied without looking back as he tightened his grip on the Godslayer Spear.