

## **Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 126**

A militant signaled and the shooting stopped immediately. Looking at the collapsed house turned into rubble covered by a thick cloud of dust rising into the night sky, he sneered:

“Heh... Although I don’t understand why Boss Du Meng ordered us to kill that girl and that brat, it really is a waste of ammunition and grenades.”

The amount of ammunition the four bosses had managed to obtain after raiding the local police station had been about twenty thousand rounds along with a few grenades. However, after the constant confrontation against the zombies and the constant raids in search of resources, the arsenal had been greatly reduced and now there were just over ten thousand rounds of ammunition.

After all, while it was true that zombies were slow and a shot in the head meant death, the militants were not soldiers with military training; they were just a random mafia gathering to fight.

It was absolutely and utterly impossible that the militants, most of whom had never fired a gun before, could hit every shot. In fact, 99% of the time the bullets missed their target or hit other parts of the zombies’ bodies and only 1% of the time did a bullet hit the brain accurately.

join telegram for latest update

Therefore, the waste of ammunition was incredibly high. It was precisely for this reason that the militants did not understand why Du Meng had sent more than a dozen gunmen and even grenades to a little girl’s house.

Bang!

Suddenly, the dust burst open and rubble flew everywhere. The militants panicked and quickly raised their guns again, but all they saw was a sharp flash of light shining in the middle of the starless night.

The militant who had previously spoken felt his world spinning and was shocked to see his body standing headless with blood gushing from his neck. His life was completely over even before his head touched the ground.

Right behind the corpse, Bai Zemin was holding his immaculate Xuanyuan Sword in his right hand. In his embrace and resting on his left arm, little Luo Ning who was only nine years old was sleeping soundly like a little angel.

Even after the earlier shooting, the explosions of four grenades, and the collapse of the house, both Bai Zemin and Luo Ning were unscathed, and not even a fleck of dust had touched their bodies.

“How scumbag do you have to be to target a little girl?” his cold voice rang out in the middle of the night and his indifferent eyes were demon-like from the militants’ point of view.

“Holy sh- F-Fire!” A militant roared in fright and everyone began to shoot in a hurry.

The muzzles of the Type 79 submachine guns spat bullet after bullet relentlessly in the direction of the two young people. No militant seemed concerned about the little girl or even the young man who was old enough to be the son of some of them. To survive such an earlier assault, it was obvious that the young man was not normal.

Also, as a reminder, the militant's head and body in a pool of blood reminded them of a possible fate that none of them wanted to experience.

Swoosh!

The Broken Bronze Bell flew out of Bai Zemin's pocket and hovered over his head. Before the bullets could reach him, a thin yellow membrane surrounded him and consequently little Luo Ning as well.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!....

The bullets hit the thin magic barrier and sparks flew everywhere. However, to the horror of the militants, all the bullets were easily repelled and the barrier did not even flinch.

In fact, the barrier had weakened after being fiercely shaken by four grenades at such close range. However, it still had enough power to withstand normal bullets without any problem.

"D-Damn monster! Kill him!" Another militant roared and shouted as he fired with bloodshot eyes. When he exhausted his magazine, scared he began to search for the second one in his clothes with trembling hands.

However, before he could change magazines, Bai Zemin appeared before him and slashed horizontally.

The militant's body was cut off at the waist and his organs flew everywhere along with streams of hot blood. Because he had not yet died, the militant felt the most dreadful pain he had ever felt or imagined in his entire life.

"Aaargh! It hurts! Kill me! Please kill me!" he pleaded between cries that terrified his comrades.

Bai Zemin ignored him and let him suffer until the last moment. His leg muscles swelled and with a loud 'bang' the ground beneath his feet exploded as he disappeared from his position and appeared in front of another militant, slashing horizontally without mercy.

Just as before, the militant let out a cry that seemed to come from deep within his soul as he fell to the ground cut in two halves.

"Monster!"

"Run away!"

"P- Please don't kill me!"

"We were just following orders to survive!!!"

"Aaargh!"

...

Bai Zemin defied the rain of bullets with a cold gaze and like a demon reaped the lives of his enemies one by one. No matter how many times the militants pleaded, none of them received even a shred of his mercy and were cut in two.

Mercy? Compassion? Was he really a monster?

It was clear to Bai Zemin that he had committed many cruel things since the apocalypse erupted with the arrival of the Soul Record on earth. However, even he had limits.

He did not force himself on any woman, he did not unjustly mistreat anyone to release his frustrations or fears, nor did he abuse children... However, the militants in front of him were so cruel that even knowing that they were going to kill a girl as young as nine years old, they did not even hesitate.

They didn't even know if she had done anything evil but as they received the order and in order to live more comfortably, without hesitation they raised their guns and threw grenades into the house of a defenseless girl.

Who was the monster really? Bai Zemin believed that, at least in this case, he was not the bad guy.

A few seconds later, the sounds of gunshots and pleading cries had completely stopped.

The ground a hundred meters around the now collapsed small house had become a bloody mess. Twelve decapitated corpses cut from the waist down lay in disarray as they bathed in their own still-warm blood.

[Blood Will: 12%/50%]

Bai Zemin was standing surrounded by corpses. Regardless of whether he looked left or right, all his dark eyes saw was crimson red along with the reflection of the full moon in the pools of blood.

His sword, his clothes, his body or Luo Ning's; everything was in perfect condition in contrast to the situation around them.

"Let's get this over with and then go to sleep." Bai Zemin looked in the direction of the village center and his eyes flashed coldly.

With steady steps, his lonely back soon disappeared into the surrounding trees. Behind him, twelve lifeless people and the destruction of the surroundings were the only proof of what had happened here