

## **Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 215**

During the previous week, while Bai Zemin was working hard inside his workshop preparing equipment with mutated and evolved beast materials, the rest of the village was not standing idle and doing nothing.

In fact, practically no one was slacking off for even a single day.

The next morning, a few hours after Shangguan Bing Xue's first and last visit to the workshop where Bai Zemin had been for seven days, a squad of about seventy armed men and thirty personnel working in logistics under the leadership of Fu Xuefeng and Zhong De set out in a southerly direction.

Although the roads had been cleared and opened from the village to the military camp after much effort, they would still have to work hard to clear the road south to reach Baiquan Camp. The estimate was no less than three days and five days at the most.

This was a task that would take a long time so they took many rations with them. After all, it was not possible to return to the village constantly as the fuel consumption would be intolerable.

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Meanwhile, small teams of ten men headed off in different directions in search of smaller towns. Each time survivors were found, they were rescued and taken to Beginning Village. The same thing happened when rations were found; the soldiers of these groups were excited every time they found supplies as the leaders had promised an extra reward if the amount of supplies exceeded a certain threshold.

In addition, Shangguan Bing Xue had ordered several people with mechanical expertise to start replacing the vehicle carcasses with mutated beast material. Rather than replacing, perhaps it would be more correct to say that what was being done was to fortify the foundation.

She had even ordered the wheels to be replaced with rubber-coated beast bones.

Everyone was confused about this order. After all, the vehicles had already been reinforced enough to resist the attacks of a mutated beast without problems, leaving only part of the crystals unprotected.

But what was the point of changing the wheels?

However, no one dared to disobey her. Without Bai Zemin around, Shangguan Bing Xue was undoubtedly the most powerful person and therefore with the greatest authority of all. Consequently, everyone began to polish the useful bones into a round shape and cover them with rubber before replacing the old tires.

As for Shangguan Bing Xue, she had her own thoughts to order such a thing. This thought originated from Bai Zemin's greatsword.

That greatsword definitely weighed more than a ton. If more people were added using equipment with mutated and evolved beast materials, conventional vehicles would definitely not be able to withstand the weight. Therefore, she had no choice but to anticipate and adapt for the possible future.

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Like Camp Baiquan, Beginning Village now also possessed a satellite radio that was found inside the military camp. These radios, different from the rest, seemed to be able to fight against the mana wave even at a relatively short distance compared to the past.

This meant that the Beginning Village had also started its own announcement specifying its location, the number of survivors gathered so far, etc.

Survivors were arriving daily and while the arrival rate might not be as high as in Camp Baiquan which used the name of the mayor and the government as a currency of value, they were still receiving an average of between fifty and a hundred survivors every day; survivors coming from different places who had somehow managed to escape the claws of the wild beasts and mainly the zombies in their villages, evading danger by a stroke of luck.

This naturally increased the amount of jobs that could be done in a single day and thanks to the amount of weaponry, the militia increased exponentially.

Under the care of Chen He and Fu Qigang, who had agreed to join the group, the troops began to receive military training. Although they were far from being comparable to real soldiers, gradually a kind of discipline and order began to take shape.

Wu Yijun, Cai Jingyi, and Shangguan Bing Xue regularly took small groups and scoured the surrounding area for more survivors, supplies, work tools, and anything else that might be of use; even clothing and cooking utensils were not left behind as long as they were in good usable condition.

\* \* \*

Day three.

After more than three days of hard work by more than a hundred people, 70% of Beginning Village had been fenced off in its entirety. While it wasn't a particularly sturdy fence and a wild beast could break through the defenses without much difficulty, the approximately seven-meter-high wooden fence would definitely be a big obstacle against normal zombies.

Besides, even if a wild beast wanted to get in, it would at least take several seconds to open a hole if it couldn't jump through. These precious seconds in a life and death situation were invaluable.

The northern entrance to the village was one of the areas that had not yet been completely sealed off. Because Camp Baiquan was in the southern direction, priority was given to that area to increase the defenses.

Precisely because the north was still almost entirely unprotected, several outposts were placed along the road leading directly to the village.

At the outpost farthest from the village, a group of twenty men armed with machine guns, rifles, and even a grenade each. As if the aforementioned was not enough, two type 53 heavy machine guns were placed on both sides of three military jeeps.

All this protection was necessary considering that this was the weakest point in the village. Unless a large horde of beasts or a First Order beast appeared, even level 25 monsters close to evolving would be blown to pieces no matter how high their defenses were. After all, it was impossible for the organs of such beings to withstand the strong shock of grenades.

“Life has really improved a lot in just over a week. From starving to death without being able to sleep because of the pain in my stomach, to being able to enjoy a full meal three times a day... I can even pay a pretty woman to play in the evenings occasionally.” One of the militants named Xiao Ming sighed with gratitude.

He was the leader of this group He was one of the militants who previously worked for the big four bosses but submitted when they met Bai Zemin’s team who had just left the university at that time. As one of the first to submit and show his loyalty, his position was considered somewhat high among some soldiers.

A middle-aged militant with a shaved head chuckled and rummaged for something in his trouser pocket before gently shaking it at the sight of his comrades, “No kidding... Now we can even enjoy a cigarette occasionally.”

“Damn it Old Luo. You still keep yours?!”

“Fuck. I finished mine right away and now I feel like smoking.”

A small commotion immediately broke out amidst laughter and sighs.

As the group chatted, the roar of some approaching engine broke the conversation followed by the sound of gunshots. In the distance, a pickup vehicle was barely visible as it whipped up a cloud of dust. In the back, two modified vehicles were chasing at full speed while occasionally firing at the pickup.

The faces of the soldiers in charge of protecting this place changed drastically and Xiao Ming ordered with a deep shout, “Everyone, take your positions! Now!”

The soldiers immediately began to move and in no time had sought cover while aiming their guns forward with serious expressions. After a week of rigorous training and having killed quite a few groups of zombies, these men no longer feared enemy engagements as in the past.

A militant passed a loudspeaker to Xiao Ming and the latter shouted: “To the vehicles in front! Stop immediately or you will be seen as enemies and we will open fire! I repeat! Stop immediately or we will open fire on you!”

Inside the front vehicle that was being chased by the other two vehicles, a burly middle-aged man was driving with a furious expression. However, when he saw the roadblock in front, his expression changed slightly and a hint of precaution flashed in his eyes.

The middle-aged man was not riding alone. In the back seat was an elderly man with a bullet wound and a beautiful woman with a pale face.