

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 606

While Bai Zemin's heart was pounding as if it wanted to fly out of his chest and in the process he was holding back his emotions and fighting against the skill Stone Heart that practically wanted to force him to move forward to meet his family, a really big man who looked like a bear in human skin stepped forward and looked at the soul evolvers who would prove their worthiness in order to join the Black Tortoise guild.

"My name is Huang Tian and I am the leader of the Black Turtle guild." His voice was loud and forceful while his eyes were as big as an owl's. "Our Black Turtle guild currently has 1431 soul evolvers and is the guild with the most members among the four official guilds. However, we are also considered to be the weakest guild because most only have skills that passively increase physical abilities by a small margin."

Huang Tian's words seemed to touch a certain nerve in the people behind him as almost all of them frowned. Still, no one stepped forward to refute the irrefutable.

"Even though we are considered to be the weakest, that is not what I believe." Huang Tian said in a deep voice and pride shone in his gaze as he said aloud, "We may not have the most powerful attacks, we may not be the fastest, and we may not have abilities to affect the battlefield to any great extent... However, it is only thanks to us fighting on the front line that those behind us can afford to attack in a calm manner!"

"Mages can activate their skills and afford to guard their Mana thanks to us raising our shields in front of them! Archers can afford to aim carefully thanks to enemies' claws being parried by us! Assassins can sneak through the enemy troops because we hold them back!" Huang Tian roared and the air around him trembled fiercely as proof of his power.

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In fact, all the soul evolvers who had just arrived took several steps back and some of them even fell to the ground when the mere sound wave hit them.

"All of you, every one of you who will join the Black Turtle guild will be brothers of my brothers and therefore you will also be my brothers. In my eyes, and in the eyes of over 200,000 survivors, you will all be heroes!"

The eyes of the younger soul evolvers shone as they listened to the passionate speech of Huang Tian and the blood of all of them began to bubble to the brim. Among the soul evolvers who aspired to the Black Tortoise guild, 90% were only young people around 20-30 years old.

What young person did not wish to achieve great results in his or her life? What young man ever dreamed of a life of greatness? The word hero was certainly a nice word for dreamers.

"This Huang Tian dude is unexpectedly smart despite his size." Nangong Lingxin whispered softly, "With his words, the new soul evolvers will give 200% of themselves during the battles to come."

Huang Tian looked pleased as he saw the shining eyes of almost everyone present. He took a step back and finally seemed to pass the right to speak to someone else.

A handsome young man who looked about 25 years old stepped forward and watched everyone with slight disdain in his eyes. However, his smile was warm as he introduced himself: "My name is Fan Qiu and I am one of the fourteen secondary leaders in charge of one of the fourteen teams of the Black Turtle guild. Today, I will be the one to test the proficiency of each of you."

Among the new soul evolvers were a few women and when they saw the handsome Fan Qiu and heard his warm voice, they seemed captivated.

"This guy... He's using some skill to affect people's thinking." Zhong De whispered quietly with a frown.

"Really despicable." Nangong Lingxin stomped her foot lightly on the ground.

Bai Zemin simply remained silent and the expression on his face was unreadable. His eyes were focused on his father's figure as his hair swayed in the gentle breeze and occasionally covered his intense gaze.

"The kind of test is very simple." Fan Qiu smiled and drew a silver sword from the scabbard strapped to his waist. "Anyone who manages to activate their skill before falling to the ground or anyone who manages to withstand a single hit without fainting will be welcomed with open arms by all of us, the Black Tortoise guild. After all, while what leader Huang said is true, we can't afford to send weak warriors to the battlefield only to die pointlessly."

Fan Qiu's words sounded righteous so the frown that was beginning to form on the faces of some soul evolvers disappeared in an instant. In fact, they began to see him in a good light immediately.

"All right, let's start with the number 1."

A young man dressed in plate armor and holding a spear stepped forward with his head held high. His age was around Bai Zemin's age and his eyes were sparkling with vigor as he took a somewhat awkward stance after reaching the center of the ruined arena.

"Are you ready?" Fan Qiu asked calmly. The slight smile on his face did not disappear from start to finish and his posture was slack.

Despite being aware of the difference, Fan Qiu's disdainful attitude naturally annoyed the young man and his little pride was soon hurt. Therefore, after taking a deep breath, the young man nodded, "I'm ready!"

Immediately after saying those words, the young man's mouth opened and he shouted, "Power of-"

However, his words did not reach their destination and the skill he wanted to activate was not activated when Fan Qiu's figure a little more than 10 meters away became blurry in the young man's eyes, appearing before him the next instant.

Bang!

The eyes of the young man widened as an overwhelming flood of pain assaulted him. His legs give up and before he knew it he found himself kneeling and spitting blood continuously.

Fan Qiu held his attack stance for a second longer before sheathing his sword with the same slight smile as before. He looked at the young man who was coughing continuously and gasping for air before saying calmly, "Em. Even though I only hit you with the hilt of my sword, you are still conscious so it is considered passing. Still, your equipment is kind of bad. If I had attacked with the edge of my sword, your abdomen would have been pierced easily."

Fan Qiu's words caused some of his companions to frown in disgust but no one stood up to say anything.

How could the kneeling young man have good equipment? It was already good that he had plate armor with around 70 points of defense let alone having something of better quality. Besides, with the difference in stats and levels between the two, Fan Qiu was just bullying the weak.

The young man staggered to his feet, his face pale as a sheet. It was clear that the injury had been serious enough to need medical treatment and rest for at least a couple of days.

"Mm? Is something wrong?" Fan Qiu kept the same expression as he looked at the young man mockingly after noticing the angry look the last one was giving him.

The young man subconsciously lowered his gaze as he met Fan Qiu's eyes. The difference was too great, he was no different from a tame cat trying to take on a ferocious tiger.

"Em." Fan Qiu nodded in satisfaction before saying loudly, "Number 2, step forward!"

Time passed quickly as each fight took no more than a second or two. However, for the novice soul evolvers what they were experiencing was no different than a hell of terror so time for them flowed too slowly!

Similar to the number 1, the rest of the soul evolvers who stepped forward also ended up in a miserable state. None of them managed to activate their skills in time as when their lips moved Fan Qiu immediately closed the distance and attacked them.

While they all passed except for number 9, it made no difference when it came to looking ridiculous. At the end of the day, all of them only served to boost the ego of the increasingly proud and arrogant Fan Qiu.

"This bastard!" Nangong Lingxin clenched her fists tightly and said through gritted teeth, "I have number 15... When it's my turn, I'll see to it that this evil-born cretin experiences the biggest embarrassment of his life!"

“... That will depend on the number 12.” Zhong De muttered while looking sideways at the silent Bai Zemin.

Around 1 minute later, Fan Qiu shook his head as the number 11 staggered away.

“Really... What are the higher-ups thinking of sending such weak people? Won't they be eaten by beasts in the next expedition? Although it's a pity, there's not much I can do here.” Fan Qiu sighed before turning around and saying loudly, “Number 12!”

Several seconds passed but no one came forward. Just as the murmurs were beginning to make themselves heard, Fan Qiu frowned and shouted this time with some displeasure in his voice, “I said number 12!!!”

Bai Zemin took a deep breath and with a slight smile on his face stood up.

His not-so-small movement naturally caught everyone's attention now as the gazes of everyone present was searching the crowd for the person with the number 12.

As Bai Zemin walked forward, he heard some whispers.

“He's probably scared.”

“Maybe that's the reason he took so long to stand up.”

“But you can't blame him for that either.... At the end of the day, the other side is too brutal.”

...

“You have the number 12?” Fan Qiu looked at Bai Zemin with a frown.

Not even two or three seconds had passed since Fan Qiu saw Bai Zemin but he immediately hated him. This was only because the young man in front of him was so handsome that when Fan Qiu tried to compare himself he realized that he was nothing but a mud pond trying to compare himself to the gorgeous white clouds in the sky.

Besides, the faint smile on that youthful face for some reason made Fan Qiu's irritation only grow bigger!

Bai Zemin didn't bother to reply and simply held up the paper with the number pointing to the front for Fan Qiu to see.

‘Arrogant brat...! Let me see if you can still smile when you wake up somewhere with broken bones!’ Fan Qiu thought viciously as he took a deep breath to contain his anger from showing on the surface.

“Team Leader Fan, I wonder if you can step back and allow someone else to take my test.” Bai Zemin smiled slightly and as if he didn’t care about the anger clearly visible in Fan Qiu’s eyes he asked weakly.

Fan Qiu was stunned for a moment before he began to laugh out loud. For that brief moment, all the anger he felt before disappeared being replaced by pure disdain as he said through tears, “Idiot! Who do you think you are to make requests? Hahahahaha... Man, it seems like many people forgot the terror of the world after living inside these walls for a month or two!”

As Fan Qiu scoffed loudly and murmurs pricked his back, Bai Zemin’s eyes fell on the figure of the man who was staring at him with wide eyes.

Bai Delan.

It was the name of Bai Zemin’s father.

Bai Delan had been watching to the number 12 from the moment he stood up because like the others he was curious to know who was so fearful. However, for some reason, he had felt that this young man looked like someone he knew.

Unfortunately, although Bai Delan racked his brain, in his memory there was no image of such a handsome young man. Therefore, after a few seconds, he simply assumed that number 12’s facial characteristics were probably too striking so his brain had associated him in such a way.

However, when the number 12 spoke, Bai Delan’s head went blank. As if a 2000 kilogram hammer had hit the back of his head, Bai Delan felt as if something exploded inside his mind and for an instant, he didn’t know how to react.

That slightly deep voice, that natural confidence and arrogance, the way he walked.... Now it all made sense to him.

The reason why the number 12 was so familiar to him.

“Z- Ze.... min” Bai Delan’s lips parted slightly and a sound as low as the buzzing of a mosquito came out of his mouth. His eyes widened as tears slid down his face without his awareness.

The outside was definitely different. Although the natural characteristics had not changed, everything else was just way too perfect. However, there was something a father would never mistake when it came to his son.

The number 12 and his son were almost 100% different on the outside, but that essence that shone brighter than any other was unmistakable!