

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 644

After converting 90% of his Strength stat into Magic, Bai Zemin immediately felt as if a new world had opened up before him. The abrupt change in his Magic stat allowed him to realize many things he had overlooked in the past and he felt the magical power coursing through every nerve in his body at frighteningly high speeds.

Bai Zemin took a brief moment as his body was virtually suspended in the void space to observe his current status with the intention of trying to understand more about the weird but wonderful feeling he was experiencing.

[Bai Zemin -]

[Status Points: 20]

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[Level: 50]

[Race: Human]

[Class: Blood Berserker]

[Subclass: Lord]

[Soul Contract: Endless Blue Lotus Flame]

[Titles: One Hit to Kill – Irregular – Brilliant Mind – Savior of the World – Destroyer of Destroyers – One VS Millions – Leader of Yanqing]

[Strength: >85< 850 (+55) / Agility: 970 (+95) / Health: 687 (+20) / Stamina: 1240 (+35) / Mana: 751 (+65) / Magic: >1538< 773 (+155)]

(A/N: The >< symbols are used to show the current stats after being modified when Bai Zemin used Overlap Regeneration.)

[Skills-]

[Active:]

[Blood Manipulation (Second Order active skill) level 5 / Crimson Blood Judgment (Third Order active skill) level 5 / Regeneration (Third Order active skill) level 1 / Shadow Blink (First Order active skill) level 1 / Lightning Movement (Second Order active skill) level 5 / Invisibility (First Order active skill) level 1 / Gravity Manipulation (Second Order active skill) level 1 / Void Fist (Third Order active skill) level 1 / All

For One (Third Order UNIQUE skill) level 5 / War Cry (Second Order active skill) level 5 / Lonely Wolf Aura (Second Order active skill) level 5.]

[Passive:]

[Special Forces Soldier (Unranked passive skill) level 5 / Immovable Heart (Fourth Order UNIQUE skill) Lvl 4 / Superhuman Health (First Order passive skill) level 5 / Silver Skin (Second Order passive skill) level 1 / Mechanic (Unranked passive skill) level 5 / Throwing (Unranked passive skill) level 5 / God of War's Will (Third Order passive skill) level 5 / Blacksmithing (First Order passive skill) level 5 / Danger Sense (Unranked passive skill) level 5 / Enhanced Dexterity (First Order passive skill) Level 5 / Blood Berserker's Wrath (UNIQUE skill) / Magic Break (Sixth Order passive skill) level 5]

Even his weakest magical skill would surely have several times better effect not only in terms of damage but in overall impact. However, what Bai Zemin activated immediately after using Overlap Regeneration was not a weak magical skill at all.

Extending more than 50% of his Mana in all directions, Bai Zemin "felt" every little weed mending in the wind or being stomped on. He could "notice" the footsteps of each of the weaver ants and after the ants fervently absorbed that mana which did not belong to them Bai Zemin could understand how agitated they were and how great was the murderous intent they felt just based on the blood flow of each mutant insect.

'Really wonderful... Wonderful and terrifying!' Bai Zemin thought.

At the same time, he waved his hand as if slapping a fly and ordered:

"Die."

His tone of voice was very different from the tone of voice a person used when they wanted to announce or say something, the tone of voice Bai Zemin used was the tone of voice people used when giving orders.

In other words, he was ordering his enemies to die.

For a second that seemed to last longer than it actually did, the battlefield fell into a strange phase of silence in which the high-pitched shrieks of the weaver ants abruptly stopped and even the explosions resulting from Shangguan Bing Xue's ice creations were no longer audible.

Bang!

Just when everyone was wondering what was going on, a bang sound that sounded different from all the others broke the silence. This bang sound was just like the sound of a soccer ball exploding after

receiving a lot of air, making it very different from the bang of two hard objects colliding such as ice and earth.

However... Where did the sound come from? Everyone tried to find the source but none of them succeeded.

Bang!

Soon, there was a second explosion, but unlike the previous time, this time things didn't stop there even for a second.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

...

Dozens of explosions turned into hundreds, and hundreds soon turned into thousands. In just two or three seconds, thousands turned into tens of thousands, and that number kept increasing with every passing fraction of a second.

During the first few seconds, there were no soul evolvers who realized what was happening, nor were there any of them who could explain with clarity where the explosions were coming from; sometimes they occurred in the front, other times it was on the right or left flank, and sometimes they happened at the rear of the group. However, there was something that everyone understood even though they did not understand how such a thing was possible.

The cause was undoubtedly the young man who was still more than two hundred meters above the ground.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

...

Suddenly, the sound changed.

Instead of hearing several smaller bangs constantly like a machine gun firing, a much louder explosion shook the atmosphere of the place with such power that several distant trees began to sway as if they had been whipped by strong winds.

It was then that some finally realized what was happening.

"T- The ants!" Sun Ling exclaimed in shock as she watched the scene in front of her with her beautiful eyes wide open.

If there were any soul evolvers who had not yet realized what was really going on, Sun Ling's voice and her words were the decisive markers.

From the north, from the east, from the west, and from the south; huge clouds of dark-colored blood rose into the sky. Pieces of shattered exoskeletons flew everywhere as a downpour of blood began to rain down on tree trunks and the ground or fell on the bodies of other weaver ants before those same weaver ants exploded in such a way that their exoskeleton and blood joined those of their peers.

100,000.... 200,000... 500,000... 1,000,000... 2,000,000.... 5,000,000... 10,000,000....

In just 10 breaths of time, all the mutant weaver ants that had stepped within a range of 2000 meters around the human group disappeared. However, they did not disappear completely as they effectively left traces of their existence behind.

The formerly brown tree trunks had now taken on a greenish tinge and a viscous liquid slid down the surface to the ground. The pure green leaves began to sizzle as the acidic blood rained down on them and areas of the ground where there had been especially high concentrations of mutant blood began to steam.

The small fragments of exoskeletons that had once made up bodies came together to form small, creepy-looking mountains and a dense venomous cloud encircled the human group, approaching slowly but surely in a threatening manner.

And yet, despite knowing that their lives were in danger, none of the soul evolvers or soldiers said a single word or moved from their place.... No, instead of saying that they said nothing or did not move, it would probably be more correct to say that none of them could move a single muscle of their bodies as they watched in shock the living hell in front of them.

The disbelief they all felt was so, so great that they did not even have time to feel fear. The disbelief of all of them stemmed from the fact that even though they knew who was the cause of all this, it was hard for them to accept it; their rational brains could not accept it.

Even Shangguan Bing Xue, who was the soul evolver present who knew Bai Zemin's strength best, trembled standing in place. She had thought that she had closed the distance between them, and indeed she had; at the very least, Shangguan Bing Xue no longer despaired of helplessness. It was just that the disparity was so big that there seemed to be no way to really close it.

Sun Ling had come with the intention of observing Bai Zemin to later decide whether he was worthy to lead or not. However, as she lifted her head stiffly and looked at that young man whose night-black hair swayed gently 100 meters high, Sun Ling realized how kind he was being to give everyone in the Chinese Renaissance a chance; she became aware of how great was the favor her daughter Wu Yijun did them.

“You... What are you...?” She muttered with her mouth dry and her big eyes fixed on him.

Human? Not only did Sun Ling not believe that a human could do such a thing but none of the soul evolvers present believed it. There were not a few who slowly began to think that maybe, that black-haired young man could be the reincarnation of the god of war.

“What am I...?” Bai Zemin muttered under his breath the same question he had asked himself several times. At the same time, he activated Shadow Blink to jump into the shadow of a tree 50 meters away. Then, he kicked the tree trunk and soared into the sky again, reaching 500 meters high in an instant.

He did not immediately answer Wu Yijun’s mother’s not so peculiar question and instead looked down, trying to focus his eyes as much as possible on the darkness beyond the 2000 meters of illumination. There, he managed to see glowing little eyes staring at him with murderous intent and Bai Zemin soon realized that all those weaver ants that didn’t die should be First Order mutant insects at the very least.

However, he was not worried as he had to some extent expected something like that to happen. At the end of the day, there was no way that such a “dispersed and weak attack” could wipe out the lives of existences that were in the same Order he was in. Even so, all of the surviving weaver ants finally seemed to receive some sort of order as none of them advanced any further even though they did not retreat either.

Bai Zemin raised a hand towards the sky and his body was soon enveloped by that bright halo of golden light, giving him the appearance of a true god in the eyes of those who raised their heads to look up at the sky still unable to believe what they were witnessing.

After he activated Overlap Regeneration to turn Strength into Magic, Bai Zemin lowered his hand to point forward and activated Blood Manipulation again.

“I am me.”

His words, meant to answer Sun Ling’s earlier question, resounded amidst the silence. However, only Bai Zemin knew that those words were meant to reassure himself of his identity.

Then, as his voice faded, the toxic blood fog suddenly stopped advancing. Even more terrifying, the blood that had stained all the surroundings began to move like slime, slime which soon evaporated and joined the toxic blood fog; making it denser and more terrifying than before.

Bai Zemin again waved his hand in the wind and in response the toxic blood fog exploded with lightning speed outward, spreading into a ring shape and completely covering all the surviving weaver ants.

As they inhaled the toxin fog, nothing happened to them as their systems were immune; after all, it was in their blood from birth. However, the terror was yet to come.

A high-pitched screech sounded in the middle of the forest as a First Order weaver ant began to writhe on the ground. However, not a second later, all its movements stopped as blood began to flow from its mouth and eyes.

As if it was the advent of the apocalypse, all the First Order weaver ants numbering easily several thousand shrieked sharply and writhed on the ground before falling into pools of their own blood.

Lilith observed Bai Zemin still enveloped by the halo of golden light, standing in the void with his arm still extended forward. His black hair had taken on a slight blond tone and his face had gained some sanctity that did not correspond to the massacre he had just carried out.

Then, she looked down at the ground and sighed as she saw the eyes that everyone used to look up at the sky.

They were no longer looking at a human being.... How could a mere human, a mortal, be able to wipe out millions in less than a minute by simply waving a hand in the wind?

They truly believed they were looking at a god, the favorite son of the heavens.

With three seconds left before the deactivation of Overlap Regeneration and still being surrounded by that wonderful golden light that made him feel as if he was in complete control of his entire being, Bai Zemin stared straight ahead with indifference on his face, trying to find the commander of the enemy's army.

However, even someone like him couldn't help but be distracted when something he didn't expect occurred.

"Bai Zemin!"

"Bai Zemin!"

"Bai Zemin!"

...

No one knew who started it, however, in an instant, they all began to shout with fervor the name of the one they now worshipped as the god who had descended to the world of humans to restore the peace that had been taken from their lives.