

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 798

On the main battlefield outside the walls of Bearcrest City, the human mages froze in their tracks and seemed to forget how to activate their skills. They all stared with horror-filled eyes at the blue-skinned demon standing only steps distant as the body of Queen Helena lay on the ground.

None of them dared to move even a single muscle. They were not cowards, they were all brave enough to enlist in the troops of the Gales Kingdom after having reached a high level from countless battles. However, they were not stupid either.

No one knew how, no one knew the way the demon standing with his right claw stained with the blood of Queen Helena had reached the bottom of the army of warriors and the front of the army of mages without anyone being noticed. However, there was one thing they were all very clear about.

The demon in front of them was far from normal.

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Not only was this demon a lot more powerful than the Third Order demons that the King of Gales had been fighting for the past forty minutes but he also had skills that allowed him to evade other detection skills with ease, or else it would have been impossible for him to get this far without being perceived.

King Philip stopped his assault after he pushed the Third Order demons back at the cost of three bloody wounds on his chest and abdomen. As he looked at his wife's body lying on the ground, Philip's face turned deathly pale and for an instant he felt as if his world was crumbling from his insides.

However, something different began to grow in him. Apart from the despair he felt, something the king of Gales had not felt for over 150 years burned in his heart.

The flame of anger.

King Philip did not speak. He did not curse, nor did he threaten.

Boom!

The ground beneath his feet exploded and cracks over 100 meters long spread everywhere. His body became a flash of ever brighter white light and the soul evolvers of the kingdom were sent flying backwards with screams of panic as the bodies of the demons exploded in a mist of blood.

Bel'gos had been attentive to the king of Gales, therefore, the movement of the enraged king naturally did not go unnoticed. When the demon general saw the golden spear surrounded by white lightning, Bel'gos didn't dare take that attack and with a quick swish, his body seemed to teleport over 400 meters away in the blink of an eye.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!

A bright white lightning blast shot out from the tip of the king's spear, flying in a straight line towards the city walls and hitting them shortly after.

RUMBLE....!!!

A portion of the northern walls was destroyed by King Philip's attack and tens of thousands of demons that were charging towards the city were completely annihilated. It was even highly probable that some humans had lost their lives when the fierce attack of the enraged king hit the defensive wall.

However, King Philip was losing the only woman he ever loved in his life; where was he going to get the heart to care about the lives of others?

The king seemed to ignore the current situation and with staggering steps walked towards his wife's body. He dropped to his two knees like a defeated man and laid his spear, his pride, on the ground so that he could support the body of his beloved with his trembling hands.

The king said nothing, he only looked at his wife's eyes that despite still blazing with life were fading at a speed visible to anyone. Looking down, all the king of Gales saw was a fist-sized hole going from the chest to the back of his beloved; the heart had been completely crushed, there was no hope at all.

Queen Helena was aware of her current situation as well; she knew it better than anyone else. Her increasingly pallid lips quivered as her whisper-like voice strained to reach the eardrums of the man who held her dying body firmly enough to let her know how unwilling he was to let her go but at the same time gentle enough to show her how much he wanted to cherish her.

"I... So... rry..."

King Philip tried to say something, but all that came from his trembling lips was a small sound similar to that of an old lion that had formerly ruled the jungle but was now injured and too tired to roar as it once did.

Queen Helena struggled to move her arms towards her husband's face while looking at him with tender eyes. The lack of blood circulation and constant weakness at the loss of her strongest registers and Soul Power did not stop her from reaching for his cheeks. With as much delicacy and care as any woman in love, she brushed the tears from the face of the proud king who now mourned and wept silently as he looked at her with pain impossible to hide or confuse.

King Philip did not speak. It wasn't that he didn't want to speak, it was more that he couldn't as he felt as if a pair of cruel hands were tearing his heart apart piece by piece at this moment so any words he tried to say resulted in nothing more than a low grunt.

Using her last remaining strength, the Queen of Gales did not plead for her people. With the last of her remaining Health, she spoke the names of two people.

"S-Sera.... Ell... Ellis...."

The two princesses of Gales, his daughters.

Helena said the names of two of the three most important people in her life, proving that before she was queen she was a mother. Unfortunately, that was as far as she could go.

King Philip did not fight the tears that fell down his face, and as he felt his queen's arms gently slide down his cheeks before falling powerless to the side, he let his body rest on the floor before caressing her pale cheeks gently.

The war had stopped and the soul evolvers of humanity watched the scene with pale faces. They all wondered what would happen next.

Queen Helena, the second most powerful soul evolver of the entire Gales Kingdom as well as one of the most powerful wizards of the entire human race had fallen in combat.

King Philip, the most powerful soul evolver in the kingdom and one of the 49 strongest humans in the world seemed devastated by the death of his wife.

The human soldiers feared for the future.

A few seconds of silence passed before the previously silent demons again showed their presence in the cruelest way possible.

"Oh, what a tender and lovely moment." Bel'gos clapped his hands as he let out a mocking chuckle.

"Hahahahaha!" .

The demons' laughter shattered the silence into a thousand pieces. They were a race that greatly enjoyed the misery of others, so instead of feeling sadness at the death of approximately 300,000 demons, what they felt was joy thanks to the gloomy atmosphere surrounding the humans.

The soul evolvers of the Gales Kingdom trembled with anger at the disrespect of the demons, however, none of them was angrier than the king himself.

King Philip did not speak. He did not scream like an enraged or hurt beast either. After placing the lifeless body of his wife inside his Epic-grade storage ring, the man fed the flame of anger that burned in his chest with the pain that threatened to tear him apart from the inside, and after picking up his spear with his right hand, he slowly stood up.

Anger. One of the seven deadly sins in many legends. Its flame could burn everything; even using other emotions as fuel.

At the same time, anger could easily cloud people's judgment and even the kindest of people could become demons crueler than demons.

Bel'gos' expression changed slightly as he noticed that beyond the tears that fell endlessly from the rabid eyes of the king of Gales, there was also bloodlust so high that it made even a proud general of the demon race like him tremble.

Was King Philip a bad father? If anyone asked that question in any town or city in the Gales Kingdom they would probably be looked down upon by the citizens of the kingdom. Everyone knew how affectionate the king was with both princesses.

However, there were many times when you could not think actions through clearly or simply felt that there was nothing left to lose, forgetting that there were actually people waiting for your return home.

Sensing Bel'gos' power being purer and thus comparable to his level 156, which was normal considering that the demon general had just absorbed the incredibly pure Soul Power of Queen Helena, King Philip didn't even stop to think about the consequences of his actions when he activated a skill he thought he would never in his life use.

"Soul Rupture."

[You have activated Third Order level 5 skill 'Soul Rupture.']

[The user's records are turned into fuel that feeds physical attack power and magical attack power along with Agility greatly in exchange for Health, Stamina, and Mana. You can deactivate this skill at will, however, the consumed records are not restorable].

The effect of the skill was simple, very simple indeed.

BOOM!

King Philip's aura suddenly increased and a powerful explosion with him at its center sent more than 200 nearby mages flying and coughing up blood. At the same time as all his damage power was rising enormously, his life was being consumed at the same rate as his damage power was growing and in a matter of seconds, one of his brown hairs turned completely white before being blown off his head and carried away by the fierce winds.

BOOM!!!

Bel'gos' expression changed as the body of the king of Gales disappeared from his line of sight and in an instant, he felt the reaper's scythe on his neck.

'It's bad!'

It wasn't that the king of Gales had disappeared but it was that his movement speed and strength were so high that he seemed to have disappeared as the current Bel'gos couldn't keep up with him!

Out of pure instinct, he raised his sword in a defensive position right at head height in a hurry in an attempt to preserve his life.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!

The demon general's body was sent flying over 2000 meters backwards while he spat blood along the way. All the demons in the middle of his route exploded into thousands of bloody pieces with flesh flying everywhere.

"Don't screw with me!"

Bel'gos roared furiously as with a terrific maneuver he managed to plant his feet back on the ground as he struggled to regain his stance. Had it not been for the fact that the physical body of demons was far more durable than that of humans, that attack would have wounded him severely instead of causing him medium-grade wounds!

"Light Dragon Assault!!!"

The anger-filled voice of the king of Gales shook the atmosphere, and as Bel'gos looked ahead he could only see a white flash approaching at speeds too high for him to get out of the way in time.

Realizing that death was the only thing that awaited him if he didn't do something, the cruel and bestial nature that ran in his demonic blood made Bel'gos' eyes glow madly as he screamed in rage.

"Devoured by Darkness!!!"

[You have activated Third Order level 5 skill 'Devoured by Darkness'. During the next 30 minutes, you receive an increase of Agility +500, Strength +500, Stamina +500. After the end of this skill's effect, the user will fall into a weakened state, losing 60% of all natural stats for the next 7 months.]

BOOM!

A strange and ominous fog as black as night covered Bel'gos' legs and arms. His aura rose tremendously until it was comparable to the current aura of the king of Gales and hundreds of relatively nearby demons were sent flying coughing up blood in the process.

Activating Devoured by Darkness was something Bel'gos didn't count on, after all, the price to pay was too high. During those 7 months he would lose more than 50% of his total power, which would easily provide the opportunity for his enemies to take advantage.

However, it was either that or die now!

Seeing the dragon of white light enveloping the spear getting closer and closer, Bel'gos charged forward instead of backing away and a white magic circle with black lines appeared on the blade of his sword.

“Decadence of the Stars!”

BOO!!!!

When the two attacks met, thousands upon thousands of demons were turned into bloody pulp after being struck by the shockwave that spread outward and shattered everything in its path. The earth split and the sky slowly began to rumble as the humans soul evolvers in the distance rejoiced that their king had forced the demon general into the demon army or they too would have been affected by the fierce clash.

BOO!!!! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Bel’gos’ body turned into a flash of darkness while King Philip’s body turned into a flash of completely white light. Both soul evolvers moved so fast that no one on the entire battlefield could follow their movements with their eyes and the only thing they could use to detect their approximate locations were the huge vacuum bubbles that formed when the air was expelled for a brief moment each time the two clashed.

RUMBLE...!!!!

The earth split apart, the nearby mountains were slowly demolished until they fell, and the sky rumbled.

The level of destruction caused by the two had reached a point too high, therefore, no one on the entire battlefield could intervene.

They could only wait for the winner to be decided. However, everyone was aware of one thing regardless of whether it was human or demon.

If King Philip won, then the humans would be victorious since there was no demon more powerful than Bel’gos among those present ... At the same time, if King Philip lost, the human army would be defeated since not even Liam Anworth would be able to contain the terrifying demon general, and the city would fall into misery.