

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 120

"I see." Continuing in her role as Bai Zemin's personal servant, Lilith thought for a moment before explaining her idea, "I think the two ladies' words are correct and the best option is to infiltrate. Pretending to be an ordinary survivor you can not only get information about the important checkpoints that need to be attacked first, but you can also gather manpower from the inside."

"That idea is great!" Shangguan Bing Xue's eyes glittered and looked at her appreciatively, "If what that man named Luo Cheng and the rest said is true, then many survivors must be unhappy due to the way they are treated by the camp leaders but without receiving proper food. If we can bring them to our side they can certainly be of much help in case of need."

Bai Zemin remained silent for a minute or two until he finally decided, "Then so be it. Tomorrow when the sun rises, Fu Xuefeng and Zhong De will come with me to the Four Big Bosses Camp and we will pretend to be survivors to study the area before finally launching an attack to take control of the village."

Shangguan Bing Xue frowned and asked in confusion, "Why only the three of you?"

Bai Zemin looked at her for a moment and replied in a flat voice, "You, Wu Yijun, and Chen He are no good."

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"What do you mean?" Wu Yijun looked at him with a playful smile, apparently already knowing the answer.

"You would attract too much attention." Bai Zemin shrugged and said casually, "You two are too beautiful women and Chen He is too handsome. On the other hand, Fu Xuefeng, Zhong De, and me are just average at best and won't attract anyone's attention after a few simple arrangements."

Hearing Bai Zemin's reply, Chen He unconsciously felt a little embarrassed but at the same time slightly proud because of his appearance. As for Shangguan Bing Xue, she finally silently accepted his reasoning and was secretly a little surprised as Bai Zemin was not praising her on her appearance; he was simply stating facts with complete indifference.

Even if she didn't particularly care about her appearance, Shangguan Bing Xue was a very smart woman and naturally knew that to men she was beautiful to the point where she sometimes appeared to be dazzling. Therefore, it was a rarity for someone not to praise her or actively try to court her. For a split second, she even thought that maybe they could be friends.

"You think so?" Wu Yijun stared at him and said with an honest expression, "I think you're quite handsome if we're talking physically... Especially lately."

Bai Zemin chuckled and shook his head, reluctant to comment on the matter. He knew better than anyone that his appearance wasn't dazzling by any means, but it wasn't bad either; it was just that he didn't think a beauty like Wu Yijun, who had seen handsome men like Chen He since she was a child, would think he was handsome.

Lilith looked at him from behind and secretly laughed. Bai Zemin might not notice it himself and even for the people around him, it would be different to notice it as the gradual change was hard to see.

However, she could notice how very slowly, his appearance improved little by little; the more he leveled up, the more it improved.

The reason Wu Yijun said that especially lately was due to Bai Zemin's jump to First Order, a great milestone for any existence.

During dinner, they discussed a few more details and when everyone had eaten their fill they went to sleep comfortably. For the first time in half a month, everyone had beds to sleep in so practically every survivor went to sleep with a smile.

Something that used to be normal could now bring them so much joy... This was another proof that human beings really didn't know how to enjoy the small details.

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After a refreshing night's sleep after such an eventful day of riding in which they were even threatened by a group of militants with guns, all the survivors inside the hotel woke up and the people in charge of food began to prepare breakfast.

Since the site was approximately twenty kilometers away from the village where the Four Big Bosses Camp was located, all activities that required going out were ceased to avoid being noticed.

As for Bai Zemin; he was currently sitting in the back seat of a pickup truck that had been taken yesterday from the militants.

Driving, Zhong De had a stoic expression as most of the time, and Fu Xuefeng, who was sitting in the passenger seat, looked nervous as he constantly rubbed his hands together while looking out the window cautiously.

All three wore tattered clothes with dusty faces and disheveled hair. The stink was so unbearable that they looked like someone who hadn't bathed for at least a week and if it wasn't for the fact that the three of them had already gotten used to the nauseating smell of blood and organs every time they killed zombies, they couldn't have endured it for that long.

No matter how much one looked at them, they definitely looked like wanderers; survivors who managed to evade being eaten by sheer luck and coincidence.

After about thirty minutes, Bai Zemin looked ahead and ordered, "Zhong De, stop the pickup truck here."

Without hesitation, Zhong De stopped the pickup truck at the edge of the road next to a small building.

Bai Zemin got out, followed by the other two, and they entered the building. He hid most of the contents of his fat backpack before taking a large plastic bag and putting in a small bag with 300 grams of rice and a carton of milk before stepping out again and continuing the ride south.

Ten minutes later, Bai Zemin narrowed his eyes and saw that a hundred meters ahead there were several wooden fences surrounding a small village as well as what appeared to be a watchtower about five meters high constructed with wood.

Two militants who were joking with each other without much concern seemed to be the custodians of the gate. Hearing the sound of the approaching engine, the two immediately became alert and raised their guns.

“Stop the vehicle and get down slowly or else we will shoot!” One of the militants shouted loudly.

Zhong De looked at Bai Zemin and seeing him nod slightly stopped the vehicle gradually until it came to a complete stop about ten meters far from the entrance to the village.

“Fu Xuefeng, you talk with them.” Bai Zemin ordered and got out without waiting for a reply. As he got off the vehicle, he narrowed his eyes slightly and realized that the firearm in the militants’ hands was actually two Type 79 submachine guns.

Although it was an old weapon that began to be mass-produced in the year 1983, it was a relatively powerful gun as it was capable of shooting up to 1000 rounds per minute... Of course, this would only be possible if it were not for its 20 round magazine capacity.

Still, with two Type 79 submachine guns at the forefront, even Zhong De and Fu Xuefeng could die if they were not careful.