

## Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 123

As they walked through the streets of the village, Bai Zemin noticed that little Luo Ning often looked back before quickly turning her eyes forward.

At first, he was confused by the girl's behavior but soon understood and could not help but laugh lightly.

"Zhong De, give that to the little girl." Bai Zemin stopped his steps and gestured backwards.

Zhong De chuckled as he too had seen Luo Ning's eyes fixed on the milk carton so he took a step forward and gave it to her.

Luo Ning blushed but took the milk carton. She nodded prettily and thanked him softly, "Thank you..."

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Although Luo Cheng had taken care of her to the best of his ability, with the change in the world it was impossible for Luo Ning's life to go back to the way it was before. With the daily payment that Luo Cheng received she could eat enough rice to not feel hungry and also had access to some vegetables, but things like meat or luxuries like milk were not something he, a normal militant, could access.

In the past, drinking a milk carton during breakfast or break time at school was normal, but Luo Ning had almost forgotten the taste after half a month of not even seeing a carton.

Seeing the girl drinking with enthusiasm, the passing survivors looked at her with envy. Most of them were starving so Luo Ning's situation was too good in comparison.

Because this place was very close to the village square, the number of people was quite large as everyone was eagerly and hopefully waiting for the bosses to recruit men. With guns, most of them were willing to fight and even more so when the reward was food; most of them were willing to do anything for food as the rations were not enough.

Suddenly, the crowd became agitated as several armed men appeared running with a small man in the lead.

"That's Boss Du Meng." Luo Ning whispered softly and held onto Bai Zemin's hand as she said, "My big brother told me that he is the most mysterious of the four bosses as he usually never speaks. But it is said that he is very fast, like a ghost that appears and disappears."

Bai Zemin nodded silently and gently squeezed her small hand in thanks for the information. He narrowed his eyes as he hid in the crowd of survivors and observed Du Meng carefully.

"Everyone! Starting today, a curfew will be put in place until further notice for everyone's safety!" Du Meng shouted loudly. His voice was similar to two sandpapers clashing together, extremely uncomfortable to listen to, "Today's meal will now be served and everyone will return in an orderly fashion to their homes!"

The survivors looked at each other in confusion. It was barely after ten o'clock in the morning but they already had to return to their homes? Although some had complaints, none dared voice them and they nodded obediently. After all, for such measures to be implemented there were probably serious problems.

Besides, no survivor had the courage to oppose the four village bosses. Those who had the courage had already been beheaded or cut into pieces and thrown into the pigs to be eaten.

Du Meng nodded to himself as he heard no strange whispers and waved his hand. Behind him, a group of people came out carrying several carts and other cooking utensils along with a huge pot.

One militant stepped forward and shouted loudly, "Line up to get today's food! Whoever does not obey or does not line up orderly will be thrown to the zombies!"

The survivors trembled in fear upon hearing the threat and began to line up orderly with their heads down. Even Luo Ning was scared and unconsciously clung to Bai Zemin's arm tightly.

As the survivors received their rations, which were basically a few grains of rice with water and nothing else, the sound of several engines roaring in the distance attracted everyone's attention.

Two buses, two trucks, and four pickup trucks sped past, disappearing in a short time in the direction of the exit. The survivors panicked, thinking the zombies were approaching, so they quickly began to eat before rushing to their homes and locking the doors tightly from the inside.

Bai Zemin narrowed his eyes and looked at the place where the convoy of vehicles had disappeared with a thoughtful look. A few seconds later he ordered, "Let's go."

Zhong De and Fu Xuefeng nodded before quickly following Bai Zemin,

In the distance, Du Meng narrowed his eyes and looked at the milk carton in Luo Ning's hands. His thoughtful gaze had a strange glint in it before he gave an order to a militant beside him.

Bai Zemin raised an eyebrow in surprise but did not stop his steps and continued walking towards the house where Luo Ning and Luo Cheng lived. His lips curved into a cold smile that was impossible to detect.

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Twenty kilometers away from the camp.

Chen He was lying on the roof of a building. In his hands was a pair of binoculars they had taken the day before from the militants, looking off into the distance with a grave expression.

Several hundred meters away, a convoy of vehicles that had barely been modified was rapidly approaching, raising a cloud of dust behind them like a wild beast.

"It's Lei Su!" Luo Cheng exclaimed in a grim voice, his body in the same position as Chen He and holding a pair of binoculars. "That man in front is one of the three camp bosses, Lei Su. He is even stronger than Yang Pei and bullets can't penetrate his defenses when he activates his Steel Armor skill!"

Lei Su was sitting in the passenger seat in one of the pickup trucks leading the way. Chen He could even see through the binoculars a wild smile filled with arrogance as if he was not worried about anything in the world.

Chen He could not help but remember when at the beginning of the apocalypse Bai Zemin told him that his attitude would not only end up killing him, but would also end up hurting those he loved because of his insecurity.

Every militant was armed and there were at least twenty men inside the different vehicles. If they continued on this path would definitely reach the hotel where the group was currently staying and with so many people it would be impossible not to be noticed unless they were given time to hide, something which considering the situation they lacked.

The problem had arisen from the fact that none of them had expected the main leader Ye Qigang to be so cunning and clever, which made things difficult up to this point.

Chen He sighed and pulled out the Type 54 pistol from his waist, "So, if he doesn't activate his skill, that fellow is no big deal, isn't he?"

Luo Cheng lowered the binoculars and looked at him in surprise, "Yeah, well... No matter what, Lei Su is still just a human just like us."

"Then it's okay." Chen He nodded and aimed forward.

300 meters

200 meters

150 meters

Chen He sighed to himself and whispered, "Don't blame me, I have no choice but to do it."

Then, with a look brimming conviction, he pulled the trigger without hesitation.

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"Hahahaha!" Lei Su laughed jovially and tapped the board of the vehicle. In his mind, he was already imagining the scene of him having fun with several beautiful women and thinking about what kind of games he should try this time.

The eyes of the militant driving the pickup truck flashed with disgust but he didn't dare to show it openly and continued driving silently.

Bang!

Suddenly there was a sound of gunfire from the front and the front window of the vehicle cracked. But the militant driving was more concerned about the hot liquid that had splashed on his right cheek out of nowhere.

The militant looked out of the corner of his eyes in a split second and his face turned white as a sheet at what he saw.

Lei Su, who was laughing like crazy a second ago, had a bullet hole right in the middle of his forehead. Blood ran down his face uncontrollably and his expression had frozen while his lifeless eyes were wide open filled with disbelief even in the face of death.