

Blood Warlock: Succubus Partner In The Apocalypse Chapter 579

The sun was rising just above the horizon and little by little the darkness that had been queen for several hours began to recede peacefully without trying to fight for its rule over the skies against the light that slowly but surely began to take over the realm where the stars resided.

The cold night wind slowly began to turn slightly warmer and the sea breeze from a few hundred miles distant brought with it the pure and natural essence of the salty waters. With the winds blowing mainly from the south, the trees ranging from tens of meters for the smallest to a few hundred meters for the tallest swayed in sync forming a particularly beautiful swaying motion along with the whistling sound the wind made as it cut through the thick leaves.

The clock had not even struck 6 a.m. yet, 10 minutes to go, when the entire camp with the largest human population still alive in Yanqing District started to become hectic and the streets that until a few minutes ago were mostly uninhabited became gathering points as the survivors started to come out of their homes.

Some of them carried small backpacks, others carried larger bags, a few opted for some suitcases, and a minority simply had themselves. However, the truth was that all of them knew what they had to do and what they were not allowed to do; after seeing with their own eyes how the troublemakers were punished with death, no one dared to cause trouble and even those who watched from inside their homes with resentment said nothing.

The families of survivors who knew among themselves nodded to each other as they left their homes and as if by prior agreement began to walk in a southerly direction. Everyone, regardless of their location, walked to the south in silence.

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An older woman in her mid-50s but looking especially energetic held the hand of her 15-year-old son with one hand and with the other clutched tightly to a plastic bag that contained several types of foodstuffs such as rice and canned sardines.

“Aunt Mei, you really won’t come with us?” the woman asked with sadness in her voice as she looked at the woman around 60 who was waiting for them outside the house with a free smile.

The woman named Aunt Mei shook her head and reached out her hand full of wrinkles like dry tree bark to tousle the hair of the teenager who with a grumpy expression let her do as she pleased.

“Gao Li, my life has improved a lot during the last week thanks to the new government. I’m sure the leaders will not treat you poorly when you all arrive to the south.” Aunt Mei said looking at the young boy’s mother. “But, I am already 62 this year, my husband died fighting the zombies and I haven’t heard from my son since it all started. I have no reason to continue living and so far I’ve done nothing but go with the flow by staying here. Instead of taking up a precious seat, I’d rather let someone else take it.”

Although there were many vehicles available, the number of survivors in the faction currently exceeded 30,000 so it was not certain that all of them could have a place to travel and those who had to walk would be more prone to die. After all, while armed troops and soul evolvers would be protecting the perimeter with gun-mounted vehicles and heavy weaponry, problems and slips could occur at any time considering the situation the world was in.

Gao Li looked at Aunt Mei sadly but insisted no more and instead sighed. Aunt Mei was a kind person but also terribly stubborn like a mule and since she had already made her decision it didn't matter if it was Gao Li or even the King of Yanqing himself; no one would get her to take a step back.

"Go. Go and take good care of this little gallant you have here." Aunt Mei laughed, showing the inside of her mouth devoid of almost any teeth.

The young man felt annoyed at the sight of the old woman's ugly smile and her compliment was not taken kindly. But little did he know that when his mind matured enough, he would be sad that he didn't appreciate that brief moment and those words brimming with affection. Sometimes, age was crucial in realizing things that were often more important than we thought they really were.

Gao Li said no more, and after bowing to Aunt Mei she took her son, joining the rest of the survivors to form a long line along and through the streets similar to a giant dragon that kept growing.

Scenes like the one above were the most poignant and sad, but they were not the most normal. The most normal ones were those in which the survivors who did not wish to leave their homes and belongings watched resentfully from inside their houses as everyone left in orderly silence.

These survivors who had already settled in the Baiquan Camp long before Bai Zemin arrived to take over had forgotten the cruelty and ferocity of the mutant beasts, as well as the terror of the zombies.

Therefore, in the midst of anger and oblivion, they believed that they would probably be fine. With all the surrounding threats having been eliminated, there should be no problems; it was what everyone thought and a big part of the reason they weren't leaving.

Those survivors who lived near the south gate of the base had to walk while those who lived in the vicinity of the north, east, and west gates were led by several groups of survivors hired in advance to serve as guides to key points where several buses could carry over 100 survivors per trip.

With certain roads in the base enclosed by red ribbons as a signal and warning for survivors to leave them clear, the buses were constantly going back and forth carrying survivors to the south gate without stopping.

* * *

Four hours later.

-South gate of the base.

Standing on top of the south wall which had been reinforced with wood and was now over 10 meters high, a small group of people watched the scene below with different expressions on their faces.

Each and every one of them was a soul evolver; powerful ones at that.

The lowest level among those standing there was 25 and that person was already a First Order existence that had been broken two days ago while those in the higher levels were in the midst of their quests to break the barrier that divided the First Order from the Second Order.

Standing precisely in the middle of everyone and slightly ahead, Bai Zemin gently caressed the delicate body of the little pink dolphin in his embrace as he watched the large crowd of people gathering hundreds of meters away; there were so many people that his vision was practically covered by a sea of human heads.

He was wearing a Rank 1 leather armor of deep blue to black color with over 700 defense points; armor which previously belonged to one of the Generals of the asura army and that he had appropriated to use until he settled in his new base to be able to forge a better one by himself. Shangguan Bing Xue had already handed him back his cloak days ago so with steel chains acting as a link between the cloak and the shoulder pads the wind did its job to make it sway constantly creating flapping sounds.

Seeing the armed soldiers and police officers standing at different strategic points in charge of maintaining the order while more than 500 people were in charge of organizing the survivors to board the vehicles and leave their luggage at the indicated points in an orderly manner, Bai Zemin's eyes flashed with a strange light and no one knew what he was thinking.

Several minutes later, a very pretty girl who would surely become a beauty when she grew up approached him and with her small hand pulled his cloak to get his attention.

Bai Zemin looked down slightly and his gaze met the big black eyes of Luo Ning, who was wearing night-black leather armor to match her long hair and a sword with a saw-like blade attached to her waist.

"Big brother Bai, have you already become king?" The girl asked in an innocent voice and attracting laughter from those standing slightly behind.

Bai Zemin chuckled and while looking forward again replied in a mocking voice, "No, little Ning. Big brother is nothing but a bandit with no land for now."

"Oh..." Luo Ning's voice was muffled and clearly disappointed as she really wanted to be a real princess. She looked at Bai Zemin silently before saying in confusion, "But, big brother Bai really looks like a real king."

"Is that so?" Bai Zemin looked at her with a smile but didn't pay too much attention to her words.

Just then, someone else stepped forward and added, "Indeed, Leader. It's been a few days since I last saw you but when I saw you again this morning I was very surprised to find that your whole being seemed to change remarkably."

"Xiao Ming? What do you mean?" Bai Zemin turned and looked at one of the people most loyal to him and the last soul evolver to break into the First Order recently.

Xiao Ming scratched his head and searched for the right words as he said, "I don't know how to explain it.... It's like you're stronger but it doesn't feel like that either.... It's a weird feeling that looking at you makes me want to worship you."

Bai Zemin didn't know what to say. Xiao Ming had always admired him so from the point of view of Bai Zemin nothing had really changed.

However, Xiao Ming saying it was a thing but Shangguan Bing Xue also agreeing was different.

She took a step forward and looked at Bai Zemin from the toe of his boots to the tip of his disheveled hair before slowly saying, "Indeed. I felt that something in you had changed over the course of the war on the bridge but at the time I couldn't be sure because of the situation and then you fell into a deep sleep to heal your soul so that feeling just disappeared..... But now that I see you again, you really look different. No, rather, the feeling your body emits is different."

Bai Zemin frowned slightly and looked at Shangguan Bing Xue faintly waiting for her to continue.

"As Xiao Ming said, it's weird." She said as her gaze wandered over the body of Bai Zemin. "Before, you gave the feeling of someone wild and dangerous just like a bloodthirsty beast.... But now, the feeling, or rather the aura emanating from your body, feels way softer and more delicate than before but at the same time exudes hidden danger that subconsciously evokes respect for you."

Chen He looked Bai Zemin in the face and said in a firm voice, "Basically, if before you were like an unsheathed sword constantly releasing its energy now you feel more like a sheathed sword waiting for the moment to cut its enemy in two."

Everyone looked at Chen He with surprise. He had been very quiet lately but now that they looked at him more carefully it seemed that not only had he grown in strength but that immature air that surrounded him before had practically disappeared completely, increasing his natural masculine charm tremendously.

Bai Zemin rubbed his chin and taking in all the words he had just been told naturally came to a conclusion.

Lonely Wolf Aura, the skill he had obtained during his battle to the death against the beast leader on the bridge.