

BLACK PLAIN 150

Chapter 150: Fleeing in a Hurry!

Seeing the group of 5 people surrounding his carriage, Peter frowned and probed the strength of these people.

They were between levels 42 and 44, something that Peter could not overcome alone, even though he had a set of Black-grade techniques, which he had learned in the Black Plain Army library.

Upon realizing this, Peter asked his family to wait in the carriage while he got out and stopped beside the coachman.

"Sir, if something happens, take my family to the Dry City." He said in a low voice so that only that old man who drove the carriage would hear.

"What?" The coachman exclaimed in surprise. He could understand what this young man was trying to do. 'Will he sacrifice himself to let his family escape?'

After thinking about it for a short moment, the coachman nodded and said. "Okay, I will do my best!"

He also did not want to stay in this place and risk losing his life to these five men. In this case, if Peter wanted to sacrifice himself for the good of all, he would at least do his best to fulfill this request made by this young man...

After that, Peter looked at the five men and asked seriously. "Who are you? Why are you preventing us from going through?"

"Hahaha, Chief Del, it looks like we got lucky today!" A thug with a triangular tattoo on his left arm said while laughing.

"Hmm, it's not every day that we find such a young and strong target! We will definitely earn a lot by selling him on the black market!" Another of the bandits said with a satisfied expression on his face.

This group acted in the north of the Central Continent, kidnapping and selling their victims in the slave markets that existed in that region.

"Jack, John, take care of this brat quickly. We already have a huge group of captives. I am in a hurry to go to the Cromwell Kingdom." A tall, strong man with a long black beard said resolutely.

This was the leader of that bandit group, Del, level 44.

Upon hearing this, two men who looked like the oldest in the group stepped forward, smiling strangely.

"Haha, boy, you should have been careful. Don't you know that traveling with such weak groups is a danger?"

"Kekekeke, brother, don't play with our prey." The other said while already wielding a weapon that looked like a double ax.

'It looks like I can't escape these guys...' Peter sighed for a moment as he prepared to fight. 'Well, if they are going to underestimate me, I can at least kill one of them before I am defeated!'

Peter was not a person who went into despair in the face of hopeless situations. For him, if he couldn't run away from these individuals, he would at least try to harm them as much as possible!

And from the time that had passed, Peter had already reached level 41 and had even obtained a weapon of grade-1, high-level, something that he did not have previously.

All of this, thanks to his work as Sergeant of the Black Plain Army!

The young Peter then took a gun from his spatial ring, which looked like Khopesh, about a meter long, from the dagger to the tip of the curved blade, weighing more than 40 kilos.

This was the weapon chosen by Peter, and it matched one of the Black-grade techniques he had learned in the Dry City.

This was a technique that Minos had achieved through the spatial ring left by the young Tristram and his personal guard at that time when they were killed at the Peak of the Fog.

It was called the Fast Cut, and it was a technique focused on murders. It could increase the user's speed and also required the use of sword-like blades to be used.

With this, when arriving in the Black Plain Army, Peter changed his technique that he had learned at level 40 since this previous one was only one of Blue-grade.

Anyway, the two bandits, who were wearing leather armor, quickly approached Peter, with smiles on their faces. Those who were at level 42 think it would be straightforward to capture this young man at level 41...

'Let's get this over with...' One of them thought as he swung his ax towards Peter's shoulder.

Upon seeing this, Peter immediately waved to the driver and started running towards the two bandits.

There was no time to lose. He had to hold this group at least until his family was away from this place!

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"Eh? Where's little Peter? Why didn't he come back?" The young man's mother asked while she was still in the carriage as she saw her husband watching the situation.

"Old man, why did you leave our son behind? We have to help him!"

"Sir, if we stay behind, we will all be kidnapped by those bandits. Your son will hold them so we can escape!" The coachman said it out loud.

Upon hearing this, the face of Peter's mother becomes paled as she tried to get out of the carriage. "No! Let me out! Let's go back! Wade, why are you holding me?"

At the same time, a little girl who was there in the carriage started to cry while asking her father to help her older brother.

"Buow!"

"Uh! Let's help the big brother, daddy! Buow! "

The man then bowed his head and said of a resolute miner, squeezing his fist tightly. "We can not! If we go back, we would just be putting more pressure on little Peter's back!"

"We would just be burdens for him, and he is trying to protect us!" He closed his eyes and then said. "Let's trust little Peter, maybe he can beat them, or we can get help from this place that he wants us to know!"

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As the two carriages began to distance the fight site, the bandit group did not have time to chase them since something unbelievable was happening.

In the few seconds that had passed, Peter had quickly dodged the blows of the two bandits who were attacking him while making his sword moves.

He had rotated his Khopesh as if it were an extension of his arm, cutting off an arm and a leg from his two enemies!

These men had been unfortunate to underestimate the young Peter because of his level!

Under normal conditions, two people at level 42 could undoubtedly handle one at level 41. However, Peter had Black-grade techniques, while these thugs only had Blue-grade techniques!

And by underestimating their target, they fell into an even more vulnerable situation!

"Miserable! This bastard is much stronger than we thought!" Another thug shouted out loud as he saw what had happened to Jack and John. They hadn't even had time to help them when the outcome of that fight was almost decided.

The head of the group then frowned and said. "Let's help Jack and John. This kid can't beat us all. He only managed to do that with these two because he was underestimated!"

"Hmm!"

After that, they all agreed to this and quickly defeated the young Peter.

Peter was lying on the floor, unconscious and covered with blood from his many wounds. Other than that, he hadn't lost any members, and he hadn't even been crippled.

After all, these people wanted to sell him, and it wouldn't be good if their 'product' were defective...

As for Jack and John, the two had been killed during the fight. Peter knew he couldn't beat a group like that. He wasn't like Minos!

So, he tried as hard as he could to diminish enemy forces, killing the two who were most vulnerable.

Anyway, the fight was over. The remaining three bandits were standing in the middle of that region while they were resting from the battle. There was not much in this place, but there were enough trees for them to camouflage themselves.

At this point, one of them finally broke the silence and said. "This bastard is powerful! I hope this is worth it. Losing John and Jack was really bad for us..."

"Hmm, but don't worry about it, the stronger the slave, the more expensive it can be sold on the black market!"

At this point, the gang leader, who was searching Peter's spatial ring, said in disappointment. "Ahh! There was not a single technique in this bastard's spatial ring!"

Del was very interested in getting techniques as good as the ones Peter had used, so he was very eager to get his hands on young Peter's spatial ring...

But for his bad luck, the Black Plain Army did not allow soldiers to keep copies of the techniques from the library. This was simply because there were not many of them, and only the butler Dillian had reached the level necessary to be able to make copies of these techniques.

And hell! Even if there were, none of these techniques was the original version!

In this case, there would be no way to make copies, so Minos did not allow his Black-grade techniques to leave the library of the Black Plain Army!

'We better get out of here quickly. If that group brings help, we can get problems.' Del thought to himself, lamenting the escape of Peter's group. "You two, bring this brat. Let's leave this place and go to the coastal region. Our boat is already completely full of captives, hehehe."

"Zhahaha, we can finally get paid for months of work!"

As they left, if Minos saw this man named Del, he would immediately recognize which group they were subordinate to, since there was a big red triangle tattoo on the back of the leader, the man named Del...