

## **BLACK PLAIN 187**

### **Chapter 187: Peter's News 1**

Currently, the sun had already set on the horizon, and the darkness of the night had already dominated the skies of the southwest coast of the Kingdom of the Waves.

At this moment, in the small town where the 20 soldiers of the Black Plain Army were, the gloom of the night extended over a large part of that place.

This was an extremely precarious environment, without any lighting array, with only a few fires on the streets of that town.

In addition, the streets were narrow, dirty, and with several animals that live in precarious places like this.

And coupled with the smell of garbage, the smoke from the fires, there was a noise in most of that place, which was basically a mixture of screams of pain, crying, and sometimes, strange laughter.

Two days ago, Minos' soldiers had arrived in this city following the trail left by the pirates who had kidnapped Sergeant Peter.

It was not difficult to track these people since, unlike Minos, these men had no concern with hiding their movements...

With that, after several days of investigation, the group of Sergeants had finally arrived in this coastal city, where several groups of bandits and pirates were congregating.

And in these two days, the group had calmly observed this place, checking the strength of the people around here and getting to know the area little by little.

This was a city without a name, which had been abandoned long ago. However, at some point in the more recent history of the north of the Central Continent, this place had become a crossing point for those related to the Black Market in this region.

There were some cities as it is all over the region, where criminals could sell, exchange, transfer, and get transportation for their 'items.'

Anyway, it didn't take long until the soldiers coming from the Dry City finally got a trail left by those pirates who kidnapped Peter.

They had discovered one person who knows that pirate gang in this city, and they were preparing at this moment to 'meet' this person.

The soldiers had snuck for several hours in the coastal part of this small town while waiting for the right moment to ambush their prey.

The group could not simply act hastily since the number of marginals in the 5th stage of cultivation in this place was not something they could handle alone.

Because of this, after knowing that this person could have crucial information about Peter's whereabouts, the groups coming from the Black Plain had started to prepare themselves to act decisively, attacking quickly and silently.

At this moment, while the 20 soldiers were lurking in the darkness of that seaport, a man was walking along the coast, carrying a bottle in his left hand, wearing only shorts.

When they saw this, one of the soldiers suddenly gave a signal, while someone said in a low voice. "Come on, let's act quickly. We'll leave the interrogation for later!"

After that was said, half the group stood by in the same places they were, as they looked around, ensuring that there was no one else in this place.

On the other hand, the other half was advancing silently through that seaport, gradually closing in on their target.

This man in question was at level 45 and appeared to be one of the few permanent inhabitants of this nameless city. Maybe that's why he dared to walk around alone, even in a place full of outcasts, as was the case in this city...

But even though he was powerful by the standards of this place, Minos' soldiers were confident of beating him. Unlike people who at most had Blue-grade techniques, as was the case with bandits and minor pirates, the young Stuart's subordinates had access to Black-grade techniques!

Such a thing was only seen in members of great noble families in this part of the Central Continent!

Combined with superior technique, the group of soldiers was also in more significant numbers, so they had the best chances here!

Anyway, the group gradually managed to surround the target, when suddenly that man stopped in the middle of that coast, feeling that he was being ambushed.

"Oh? Who are you?" He suddenly looked at one of the silhouettes in the darkness of that place while he had an expression of interest on his face.

As someone at level 45, there weren't many people in this city who could challenge him. And when he perceives that a group of 10 people, who were only at level 42, gathered around him, made this man very curious about the origin of these individuals.

However, this man made a mistake in underestimating his opponents and letting his guard down for them, asking unnecessary questions.

Before he could continue to ask further issues, the ten soldiers who had surrounded him used all the spiritual cultivation they had to oppress their opponent.

They did not want to attract the attention of the bandits and pirates who were in that city, making a noisy fight. Therefore, they had chosen to pursue this subject with a different approach.

Any cultivator could use his spiritual power to pressure something or someone. This was like a cultivation battle, in which the more abundant side oppressed the other. The consequence of this was

spiritual consumption on both sides, and whoever reached his limit first would be knocked out by the opposing spiritual force.

But this was not useful in fights, where one side had to have the best possible performance. Using spiritual energy to pressure an opponent was considered a waste since it did not pose a risk of death to the opponent, causing only extreme exhaustion.

Anyway, at that moment, the ten levels 42 cultivators poured out their entire energy to pressure their target, creating what looked like a set of colorful hands that floated over that man, making him look like he was under the influence of gravity much higher than usual.

Upon feeling this, the man immediately understood what was happening and used his own cultivation to counter the opponents. 'Miserable cowards, using a stupid tactic like that with me!'

It's not that he didn't want to attack Minos' soldiers with his battle techniques, but it would be even worse for him if he did that. The group that was attacking had already pressed him with everything they had. If this man didn't defend himself in the same way, he would be knocked out without a chance to fight!

All this because he had let his guard down for these enemies.

And as he did, a big black palm appeared coming from the man's direction, trying to push the set of hands that were trying to press him.

But that was futile. With such a numerical disadvantage, it was a matter of just a few seconds until drops of sweat appeared on the man's forehead while his face was tremendously pale.

'Shit!'

Puff!

At that moment, the spiritual confrontation had finally come to an end, when the set of colored palms had destroyed the black hand that attacked them.

"Ahh!"

That man let out a brief cry of pain when he finally lost his consciousness in the middle of that place.

"Let's go quickly, get this guy and let's head into the woods east of this place!" One of the soldiers spoke in a low voice so that only the people in this place could hear him.

...

Sometime later, a group of 21 men was in the middle of a dense forest, while a fire lit the surroundings of where they were.

The night was cold, and the sound of the wind passing through the trees could be heard clearly.

In that place, the group was spread around that fire. Some of them watched the surroundings, others sitting and eating while resting from the previous dispute.

Finally, a middle-aged man was lying on the ground in that place, next to the fire. He was still unconscious and had a chain around his neck, which was sealing his cultivation.

This was the man ambushed earlier, and the 20 others around this place were Minos' soldiers.

And after a while, finally, one of the soldiers said something, breaking the silence of that place. "Look, he's waking up!"

Hearing this, other soldiers sitting and resting there shifted their attention and prepared for what was to come.

The man then blinked his eyes quickly, trying to understand what had happened, as he turned from side to side.

'Shit, my cultivation is sealed!' He deeply regretted feeling the leash around his neck.

At that moment, one of the Sergeants in the group sat in front of that man and began to speak. "If you want to live to see tomorrow, you better not hide anything from us!"

"Hide something from you? Who are you? Why did you attack me out of nowhere?" he asked angrily.

Pow!

"Ahh!"

However, the answer he got was a kick in the stomach, which made him cough up a mouthful of blood.

"You don't ask the questions here!" The soldier who had attacked him said with a menacing expression on his face.

Soon after that, Dumas, the leader of these soldiers, spoke again. "One of our comrades was kidnapped by a pirate group that passed through this city a few days ago."