

BLACK PLAIN 196

Chapter 196: Traveling to the Cromwell Kingdom

After hearing what Del had said, Akar and Nox commented about the dangers of the North Sea for some minutes. At the same time, Peter stood there, watching and listening to these individuals.

Peter was unaware of the existence of the group of pirates who had kidnapped Emlyn or that those who captured him were members of an organization that even possessed Spiritual Emperors!

"Why would an organization of such strength care about the north of the Central Continent?" He wondered, trying to understand why this intrusion of such a foreign power into this weakened place.

Such a thing was not common to see!

This was very different from what the sects of the Flaming Empire did. After all, while the sects of this empire were looking for young talents, organizing the Spiritual Tournament for thousands of years, this group of pirates was operating in the shadows, rarely exposing themselves.

In fact, in the northern part of the Central Continent, the ordinary people were not even aware of this power, which was marked by a red triangle. This could be seen from the fact that the young Stuart did not recognize this symbol when Emlyn told her story to him!

Only a few people from the criminal underworld and a few noble families in the region were aware of a part of the might of this pirate organization, which was unquestionably as strong as the Flaming Empire's sects.

But obviously, none of these people knew how powerful this mysterious organization was, that neither one of them knew where it came from, nor why it was here.

They just seemed to finance a few groups of pirates and bandits without interfering further in these areas...

Anyway, after talking for a while, before saying goodbye and going back to his own business, Akar suddenly looked at Del and asked. "Del, are you guys going to hang around any longer?"

"Fortunately, no, haha. I'm leaving this shitty town in a few hours. I will go to the Cromwell Kingdom to do business."

Hearing this, Akar felt much better knowing that these guys were leaving soon. 'That's great. Hopefully, I won't have any more problems with these insects for a few months...'

After that, the groups soon split up, with Akar leaving that place with a slight smile on his face, while the three pirates who had kidnapped Peter leave for a walk in this nameless town.

Peter, on the other hand, was taken into that establishment, which that skinny man managed.

Soon, after his kidnappers gone, old Nox pulled Peter to the innermost part of that place, where many steel cages were full of people.

The place was dimly lit, owing to the lack of windows there, and there was a muddy ground on the floor, where one could see some brown puddles, not far from the many cells that were there.

But not only that, in addition to this degrading look, the smell of feces and urine was intense, to the point of making the young Peter feel bad at the moment he entered that place.

"What the fuck is this place?" he wondered, as he had a look of disgust on his face.

At the same time, as he questioned himself, he could better see the people standing there as he was pulled on a chain by old Nox.

There were men and women inside those cages, filthy and looking miserable. Some of them looked malnourished and dehydrated, looking even worse off than Peter.

In fact, some of them were shirtless, leaving their backs extremely bruised, full of marks that looked like a whip had made them. Some seemed to shiver in pain and hunger, while others just stood there, sitting on the floor with desolate looks on their faces.

Peter didn't know it, but all these people he saw in this place were individuals like him who had lost their freedoms a short time ago. Some even had Black talent, while most were Blue talented.

Below that, there was no demand.

That's why Del and his associates didn't bother to spare the lives of victims who possessed the humble White talent, as was the case with the innocent family they had slaughtered on their way to this city...

But that was nothing to them. People like Del loved the chaos, the image of despair that some people made in front of dead ends, the sounds of terror they made when they were tortured.

And no wonder individuals like him became criminals in this world. The killing was common in the Spiritual World, where people had to compete for resources, land, business, etc.

But the difference was that ordinary people only did that when it was necessary. On the other hand, sadists like Del, when they did this, they felt an indescribable pleasure, which gave them fun and joy...

Because of that, they didn't stop at just necessary killings. Sooner or later, they ended up killing completely innocent people. And from then on, it was downhill...

Doing something for the first time is always the hardest... After that, everything gets easier.

Anyway, after being pulled by that skinny man, Peter was finally thrown into one of the cells. The old man came out and said aloud to another man in that place. "Start taking these cells to Del's ship. Make it quick. He'll be out in a few hours."

After that, some time passed, and soon those iron structures began to be emptied. Some of these captives were taken in smaller cells outside this establishment from time to time while wailing sounds could be heard.

Peter then sat inside the cell he had been thrown in, observing his surroundings.

There were nine other people along with him, three women and six men. Still, it was challenging to guess the age of these people considering how badly treated they were.

Peter might be in a sorry state, but these people here had been living the reality of captivity for months, and it was only getting worse with time.

Because of that, they looked even more miserable than the young Sergeant, who was a novice in this slave life...

Suddenly a husky voice came from behind Peter. "Boy, where did you come from?" A malnourished man, but more than 2 meters tall, asked while he was squatting there in that place.

Hearing this, Peter turned and looked at the man who looked like an elder in his last moments, and then he answered. "I came from the Kingdom of the Waves."

"Oh? Another one from the Kingdom of the Waves, huh..." The man said before heaving a sigh. This old man had been enslaved months ago, so he was used to seeing new captives arriving.

Originally he came from the Kingdom of the End. Still, from the origins of the last slaves who had arrived, it seemed that they were moving further and further away from where this old man came.

"Ah... It looks like we're heading to the Cromwell Kingdom..." He muttered to himself before finally introducing himself. "You can call me Joey. What's your name, boy?"

"My name is Peter."

"Hmm, fine, Peter. I'll give you a hint, maybe you already know this, but it's better to hear the same advice twice than never be advised... Anyway, don't get your hopes up in your heart. The moment we get to the slave market, our future will be determined."

"So, try not to draw unnecessary attention. Some more violent people may try to buy you just to satisfy their filthy cravings."

After that, he looked at Peter for a moment and then pointed to a cell not far away. There, where Joey pointed, a man was lying on the floor in an awkward position.

One of his arms was missing, one leg seemed to be longer than the other, and finally, his face was utterly deformed, as if someone had used a knife to cut him from side to side.

"Do you see that boy? He was a nobleman from the Kingdom of the Waves. Still, the impulsive and childish character he had, made him think he could run away after being sold in some slave market... Anyway, he caught someone's attention and ended up in that state. Now he's been living in this situation at the behest of the person who did that to him..."

Joey then sighed with a pitying look on his face and said. "Dying is not the worst thing that can happen to you. Remember that."

"I understand." Peter said in a low voice as he watched the desolate look that guy had in his eyes as if he had lost his own soul.

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Hours had passed since Peter had met old Joey when the entire group of captives had already been transferred inside the pirate ship, where they would come to live during the journey to the Cromwell Kingdom.

According to what Peter had heard from old Joey, the trip to the city where there was the Black Market of that kingdom was about ten days of travel, starting from the place where Peter had told him.

Joey was an old man over 400-years-old who knew the north of the Central Continent like the back of his hand. And even though he rarely saw sunlight during the months that he'd lost his freedom, he could still guess where he was, considering what Peter had told him.

Anyway, the next day, a large pirate ship left that nameless city, sailing to the south side of where they were.