

BLACK PLAIN 197

Chapter 197: Boat Trip

Three days passed quickly, and the boat of the group of pirates led by Del had already left the region sea of the Kingdom of the Waves.

This was a peaceful maritime region, both in terms of climatic dynamics and the absence of high-level sea beasts, as well as in vessel traffic.

First, the climate of regions in the Spiritual World could vary depending on the natural wealth present in a given region.

And it was undeniable, after all, if a large forest can change the climate of an entire continental region, for example, by increasing the relative humidity due to plant transpiration, something similar could happen when the spiritual energy was involved.

And in general, little free spiritual energy in a given area meant that climatic stability would also be higher!

Because of this, the seas near the north of the Central Continent were places with a relatively peaceful climate. Not only that, in fact, the entire region in which Minos lived did not face significant effects of the environment, such as, for example, the existence of floating islands!

But that's not convenient at the moment...

Second, like living things, water could also contain some of the natural spiritual energy, as in the case of the Spatial Kingdom water, which Minos had been using to enrich the spirituality of the cultures planted in the Black Plain.

And the spiritual wealth present in the seas, in the seawater, was what qualified the maritime regions as having a low, medium, or high degree of spiritual concentration!

Thus, there were also no high-level sea beasts in the vicinity of this region where Del's pirate ship was traveling, as this was a region of low to medium, spiritual concentration!

And lastly, the population of the northern region of the Central Continent was the smallest of all compared to other parts of the Spiritual World, and it was also the one with the least purchasing power.

Because of this, the number of vessels traveling through these seas that covered this region was significantly lower than in other parts of the Spiritual World, and there was not much movement around here...

The day was clear, and the emerald waters of the Brown Kingdom's regional sea, where the group was at the time, could be seen beyond the horizon as if it were the only piece of the world.

The day was hot, over 40 degrees Celsius (104°F), as they traveled at the cruising speed that the spiritual arrays present on that ship could handle.

The ship was about 80 meters long, 20 meters wide, and about three stories high. It was utterly black, with only a large white flag on the mast of that vessel, on which there was a symbol of a red triangle.

Other than that, nothing else attracted attention to this ship.

As with any means of transport like this, many people were going back and forth, fulfilling their respective responsibilities.

The crew was not large, but about 50 pirates under Del's command operated this newly obtained ship.

Anyway, meanwhile, on the lowest floor of that ship, there was ample space with many cells spread out, from where the captives, who were in that nameless city before, were 'hosted' at this time.

And just as it had been in that warehouse, the place was quite dark and had remnants of excrement all over the place, while the heat of the day made the stench of this closed place even worse...

The pirates didn't give a damn about the hygienic conditions of these captives. After all, they were just merchandise for them, and there was no need to provide anything in return.

In fact, these individuals could be considered lucky to be fed and watered every three days...

Thus, with nothing to do, the more than 400 people there had to relieve themselves in that place since none of them was strong enough to suppress these natural reactions from their bodies.

And that only made the trip even more degrading and desperate for each of them.

...

Anyway, Peter was now in a cell with four other captives, sitting on the metal floor of that place, which seemed as hot as a freshly used frying pan.

He had a few beads of sweat on his face and a tired look in his eyes.

If anyone looked closely into his eyes, they would see that Peter was barely conscious. And, now and then, he could narrowly focus his vision, sometimes passing out due to dehydration, which was made worse by the heat, sometimes keeping his consciousness hardly...

This had been happening the last few days of the trip, in almost the same way. But even though it was terrible to travel under these conditions, Peter had been hanging on tightly. Even as Joey advised him to accept this new reality, he couldn't help but think about his family and how he wanted to return to them.

Peter didn't know what had happened to his family after that day. But he was hopeful that they had arrived safely in the Dry City.

And with that, at least he was sure his parents and sister could have a comfortable life. As a responsible son, he had protected them when necessary and given them a chance to survive.

Because of that, Peter was still able to remain calm and bear it. If he wanted to see them again, just by enduring all these challenges, could he have a chance to return to his family.

And as for the possibility of Minos coming to his rescue, Peter had no expectations about it.

It wasn't that he didn't trust Minos and what the Black Plains Army claimed to do in situations like this. But given the condition he was in, they could never find his exact whereabouts.

The pirates were heading to the Cromwell Kingdom, but who knows where Peter would be sent after that...

And even if the army found his whereabouts, Peter could end up being sold to a prominent noble family. With that, Minos' forces might not have what it took to save him!

Given all of this, Sergeant Peter had no hope of a rescue taking place in the short term.

He just didn't give up because he had no sense in giving up.

Giving up on getting his freedom back would be like giving up his own life, and if that were the case, there was simply no need to endure anything. He could just kill himself by sacrificing himself.

But even if there wasn't much hope at the moment, Peter wanted to at least keep his thoughts, in the hope that one day the light at the end of the tunnel would appear.

Even if he didn't know how he could escape this cruel fate of slavery, he would keep his mindset intact and endure whatever came next.

Peter didn't want to die. He wanted to prevail and go back to his family!

At this moment, suddenly, a woman began to shiver on the floor of one of those cells while white foam started to come out of her mouth.

"Help her! She's feeling sick!" A person screamed before another captive nearby tried to approach that woman who was convulsing on the floor of that place.

Joey, who was in a cell next to Peter's, then spoke in a low voice. "Ah, how long are we in this hell? It looks like we've been here for a whole month!"

Not seeing the light of day and having their senses affected by heat, lack of water and food, had been disorienting them all. Because of this, the terror of this boat trip seemed to be continually being prolonged for them...

"I think it took 2 to 4 days." Peter said in a husky, weakened voice.

"It can not be! If we have to continue this torture any longer, we will die here!" Another person standing nearby exclaimed in denial.

If only 2 to 4 days had passed, then they weren't even halfway through this trip... But even now, many of them were barely able to cope with the current situation.

It was challenging to be without food, water, rest, especially when they were not allowed to cultivate. With spiritual energy, the adverse effects they felt would quickly diminish, but... Unfortunately for them, the spiritual necklaces were there to stop them from doing such a thing.

"He's right. It took 2 to 4 days. They've only fed us once since the trip started, and that was on the first day of the trip. But we were always fed every three days, on previous trips." A woman that was lying in the same cell as Peter commented as she spoke slowly, trying to minimize any energy expenditure.

She then continued. "If it had been longer than that, then we would have already received more food and water. After all, we are worthless if we come dead in the black market."

After that, silence hung over that place.

The degrading conditions of this boat trip were beginning to generate disorientation in many of them, especially those weaker psychologically.

The body certainly had its limits, where it could start acting strangely. But if one's mindset were firm, persistent, then the effects of something like what was happening would be minor on people with this quality.

Peter then said. "Let's not spend too much of our energies arguing. Just cling to whatever's left in your life. If we are mentally strong, we can survive."