

BLACK PLAIN 200

Chapter 200: Going to the Black Market

Peter then put his thoughts aside and then asked Joey. "You said you had heard of the Black Market before. What will happen to us? Are we going to be sold separately, like objects arranged in a store?"

The old man then shook his head from side to side in denial and coughed. "Cough, ehh, the Black Market sells slaves at auction. They divide the slaves by talent and then place them in different lots to be auctioned together."

"Oh? Besides the three of us, how many here have Black talent?" Peter asked curiously.

Hearing this, Barbara was the first to respond as she looked around and tried to remember who she had been talking to since she had her freedom stolen. "I know four people besides the three of us. But maybe others will act."

"There's more. I know five with Black talent besides us. But I believe it doesn't reach 15 people in all, with this talent rating." The old man said as he looked at the two youths standing there near him.

"Hmm, I understand. Let's hope they put us in the same group..." Peter sighed then, taking a good look at the shadows of those other captives who were there in that dark place on the ship.

He thought that his chances of survival would be better if he were with psychologically stronger people. After all, people like that were more resistant and had fewer vulnerabilities that could make them give up.

And it wasn't wise to think he could survive on his own. Peter understood that he alone was not enough. Even if only someone to talk to, having support could already be what would keep him persevering.

There was no telling how long he had to wait until a light at the end of the tunnel appeared, and his motivation might not be strong enough. Who knows, living could turn out to be very complicated as the situation got worse.

Many people gave up because they didn't have a strong enough mental strength and ended up getting carried away by the situation, sometimes even going crazy!

For all that, he wanted to be prepared, having as allies people like Barbara and Joey.

"I hope so too..." Barbara said, closing her eyes for a moment and remembering what she had seen these past few months as a captive.

She had met several other people, most of them were on that ship, but they had completely given up hope. They just didn't kill each other because they were too cowardly to do it. After all, a sacrifice wasn't something that anyone could do!

But there was one person during all this time who acted more decisively... Barbara had witnessed a sacrifice months ago when they passed through the midwest coastal region of the Kingdom of the Waves.

She knew the man who had done this. They could even be considered allies in this period of captivity, but the man had gone mad after a few weeks in the darkness where they were held.

After that, Barbara had been much more careful with who she interacted with. That man seemed very focused at first, but in the end, he couldn't stand it, and even other people she knew had died in that guy's suicidal act.

She just hadn't died, as a matter of pure luck, because she had been changed from her cell the day before the event!

Anyway, the three continued talking for a while, talking in low, leisurely voices so that they spent as little energy as possible.

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While the group of captives was trapped on that ship, the three associates had already satisfied their animalistic desires in that brothel they had gone to earlier.

Hours had passed, and the day had already raged in the city of Hadia.

The sky was blue, not even a single cloud in the sky. It was like a spring day, with a pleasant temperature and the typical winds present in any seaside town.

The leaves of the palm trees swayed with the wind currents, while the smoke from the chimneys of some buildings began to release the smoke of countless kitchens that existed in this region.

It was breakfast time, and the smell of bread could be easily smelled in the air, along with the first sounds of movement reverberating through that city.

Windows and doors slammed, people began to talk in the streets while some small birds sang over the roofs of houses and buildings.

And in between, the three men walked through the streets of the aging part of Hadia City, dressed more formally than before, in decent trousers and shirts that covered their scars and tattoos.

Even if they were arrogant and 'rebel' individuals, Del and his associates wouldn't risk getting kicked out of the Black Market auction just for being poorly dressed.

The guys who organized the Black Market weren't very picky, but they still had some ground rules that had to be followed!

Because of that, Del and his two comrades wouldn't risk it. They just wanted to sell those captives and earn their 'deserved' spiritual crystals.

After that, the pirate group could enjoy it for a few weeks, going to brothels and even buying spiritual weapons!

As outlaws, they needed new equipment, without defects, that could work well in the fights...

Finally, the three arrived at a particular place, after about 30 minutes of walking.

The three of them had left early in the morning to come here to Hadia's Black Market headquarters, where the biweekly auction took place!

In that place where they were, there was a large 6-story building, which from the outside could even be compared to an arena due to the unusual shape it exhibited on the outside.

But this wasn't an arena. No, inside, there was a big bleacher, and opposite the customer seats, there was a stage where the auctioned 'objects' were displayed.

Other than that, the building had several rooms on six floors, where different items were sold and exchanged in that place.

Anyway, the three of them didn't admire the beauty of that building and soon entered there, following the flow of people that came and went from that place.

Upon entering, they immediately proceeded to a specific part of the Black Market, where pirates and bandits could do business with the organization behind this place.

Del had done this many times before, so he knew this place as well as the palms of his hands. Then, he had gone straight to where he had to go.

And it wasn't long before they reached a large corridor, where there were many doors, on both sides of that place. A woman was sitting in a chair behind a table, while several guards could be seen every 20 meters in that part of the building.

There was also one person being attended by that woman at the time Del had arrived there.

Time passed, and other people had already entered one of the rooms in that corridor when the woman suddenly said. "The next one can come."

After that, the three approached him, and then they heard a question. "What product will be sold?"

"Slaves."

"Oh?" She then looked at a card for a moment and continued. "Well, you can wait in room 27. In a few moments, the person in charge will come to your room to sort this out."

Soon after that, Del and his associates made their way to the said room, waiting for the negotiator to come to talk to them.

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After a few minutes, a middle-aged man finally entered room number 27.

He was very well dressed, wearing a black suit and hat that would set this man apart from any other in this city.

He then looked at the trio of pirates and put a fake smile on his face as he took a seat on the opposite side of the sofa where those three were sitting.

"Ehh, Mr. Del, an old collaborator of our organization, hehe, looks like you're coming back from a trip, huh?" The man said as he read a sheet of paper that was in his hand.

Obviously, the woman from before had received the ID from Del and his mates and passed it on to this negotiator.

"Hmm, Lord William is right. I just got back from my trip, and I have many captives to sell to Hadia's Black Market." He replied politely.

This man who had entered the room was one of the four managers who conducted this branch of the Black Market, which was located in the Cromwell Kingdom. He was the second strongest in this place, being at level 47.

The man then smiled and said. "Well, let's talk business then! How many captives are we talking about?"

"414. 13 with Black talent and the rest with Blue talent." One of Del's comrades responded.

"Oh? Many individuals with Black talent!"

"Hahaha, we got lucky this time." Del smiled as if that was true merit of honor for him...

After that, William was silent for a moment, and then he spoke. "Bring them here, the monthly auction will take place in a week, so I want my subordinates to take a look at the condition of these captives."

"As for the value of each one of them, it will depend on the level of cultivation that each one is in, on their age, gender, and state of health. As you already know, the price can range from 800 to 2,000 low-grade spiritual crystals per captive with Blue talent and from 4,000 to 9,000 crystals for each individual with Black talent."