

## **BLACK PLAIN 339**

### **Chapter 339: The First Day**

Quickly the first competitors who would have to fight in the first matches, those from the 5th stage of cultivation, headed out of the stands. Each of them went to the side of the stage, where there were already several tables and soldiers ready to identify them and proceed with the physical search.

At the same time, the approximately 3,500 remaining competitors mainly remained seated, while two groups were getting up to leave.

One of them was from the competitors of the 4th stage of cultivation which would have to fight right after those 70 individuals from the 5th stage. For this reason, those who would fight in the next few hours were already heading to the stage as well.

On the other hand, the other group was made up of cultivators from the 3rd stage of cultivation, who would only have to fight after two or more days. Some of them wanted to go back to their business and would only come here on the day of their fights.

However, this group represented only a fraction of the total number of competitors in the 3rd stage of cultivation. Most wanted to stay here to see the first few fights, thus improving their understanding of people's powers with Black-grade techniques.

And among them was Alina.

This young woman had discovered that her match would occur on the 3rd day of the exam, in the early afternoon. She would have to fight a young Soldier, level 24, 17-years-old.

In the paper Alina had been given, there wasn't much more information than that. Only one more piece of information was in her fight record: the person she was going to fight had no battle skill.

Because the headquarters staff determined that Alina's ability could not be used in a high-intensity fight, they eliminated the possibility that her adversary would have that advantage.

Finally, Alina was looking forward to her fight, feeling her heart pulsating while feeling a certain pressure and heat on her face. 'Two days from now, it will be my fight... I have to win. I've come so far. I can't allow another result!' She thought to herself as she tried to calm down, squeezing her hands tightly and looking towards the fighting stage.

'I'm staying here to see the fights of the competitors from the 5th stage of cultivation. It might help me learn something since there shouldn't be a large number of Black-grade techniques available in the army.' She thought calmly, remembering that there weren't even many Blue-grade techniques in the local public library.

Because of this, Alina had concluded that the number of Black-grade techniques in the army should only be a fraction of the number of Blue-grade ones in the library.

As for top-ranking techniques, she didn't even think about it.

There wasn't any news of this around town, so there was no reason for Alina to think there would be anything better than Black-grade techniques in the army!

And because of that line of reasoning, she thought that many soldiers probably used similar techniques. So, at least, seeing many fights of different soldiers, maybe she could learn the characteristics of some of them!

'After that, I will see some fights from the competitors of the 4th stage of cultivation. The difference in cultivation between them and me isn't as tremendous as with those from the 5th stage. With that, I'll be able to understand better what to expect from this level 24 opponent.' She pondered.

After that, Alina started to pay attention to the fighting stage of that arena because, at that moment, the first competitor was climbing there!

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A soldier of Corporal rank, level 39, quickly stepped onto the fighting stage, wearing his traditional uniform, with no armor or weapons with him at this time.

At the same time, the participant of the selection that would be in this first fight, someone of level 40, was without his shirt at this moment. He had a small vertical scar at the height of his navel, while an ordinary hammer was in his right hand.

And while the two were facing, about 10 meters apart from each other, on the opposite side of the stands where the other competitors were, was the group of referees for this event.

There were some tents with several tables in that part of the arena, where five people with white hair on their heads were sitting.

They each had the same pattern on their army uniforms, with the symbol of the Sergeant hierarchy.

All referees were at level 42 and were among the few Sergeants in the army who could lead groups of soldiers, meaning they had a different status than Abby's group.

They were here to evaluate these competitors and also put the house in order. Since the strongest of the competitors was at level 41, it was more appropriate for the referees to be at one level above.

Therefore, these individuals had been chosen.

On the other hand, only people of higher cultivation levels could judge the competitors more efficiently since the spiritual sense would be stronger with the level of cultivation.

A fighter could perform well because of one innate ability, and it would not be easy to fathom such a thing if the referee was weaker than the fighter. In this case, even if they could feel something, it would not be as complete as the probing of a stronger person.

At that moment, a soldier gave the signal for the two men to start fighting. "The first match between Waldo and Ulric has started!"

After that, the two men began to move while the two activated their respective spiritual techniques.

Hammer of Chaos!

Light Steps!

Wow!

Immediately, the fight started to catch fire, with both sides struggling to get everything out of themselves, in a fierce battle!

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Time began to pass, and at this time, several competitors from the 5th stage of cultivation had already participated in the final fights of this selection.

Of the 17 competitors who had taken the stage, 9 had managed to win their fights, while 8 of them had succumbed at the hands of Minos' soldiers.

There was a lot at stake for both sides. While a competitor could accomplish his goal of joining the army, each soldier who won a fight would earn 30 merit points!

Because of this, there was an absolute effort on both sides. And that had made the fights even more memorable for the people watching, who could finally understand how difficult this test was.

However, they understood that they would certainly be competitive within Minos' power once they made it through. After all, no one would want to join an organization and fall behind or even become a burden to their peers.

Such a thing could mean death to a person!

Losing and failing at your goal shouldn't be considered all bad. Yes, such a thing would be terrible, but maybe that was a blessing in disguise. Who knows, perhaps you weren't fully compatible with it and later regretted it completely.

Or worse, maybe it was too late when someone realized the error in their own choice...

In the case of these people, realizing this too late could mean their deaths!

Minos had already created powerful enemies, so only those candidates with 'blood in their eyes,' obsessed with victories, could become the pillars of the Black Plain. People who would bathe in blood and sacrifice themselves for the good of the territory and their families!

People capable of fighting to complete exhaustion, using only their will as support to keep fighting.

Anyway, with each fight that ended, a new competitor took the stage. At the same time, the viewers of the event barely had time to talk about the previous battles. Each one had lasted less than 4 minutes, with scarcely enough time for the other participants to process what happened.

And among all these spectators, in the stands opposite the competitors, three people were watching the event, in a covered place, where there were quality seats.

A middle-aged woman was wearing an army uniform on one side, while on the opposite side was a middle-aged man, wearing an all-black suit. And in the middle of the two, a brown-haired young man was sitting comfortably, wearing a white shirt with beige pants.

These, of course, were Eda, the butler Dillian, and the young ruler of the Black Plain, Minos.

As the strongest or most influential of the local army, they were here to accompany the start of this last part of the competition!