

BLACK PLAIN 513

Chapter 513: Make a Performance for Enemies

"Today, I will not fight. Otherwise, I might end up killing someone!" Minos said this at the same time that his powerful defensive technique completely absorbed the enemy attack.

Since he was already at level 49, defending against these two men, one at level 49 and the other at level 50, was very easy for young Stuart. So, he hadn't even bothered to make a move against these people.

On the other hand, as this young man was infuriated right now, he didn't want to fight these two opponents and end up killing one of them. After all, he would need the Gill family to believe that everything was going according to their plans!

That's the only way the Dry City could have a little more peace!

Finally, seeing their attacks being utterly ineffective against their target, both of those men took several steps back while they paled.

Neither could feel the spiritual fluctuations typical of the arrays. That is, they were both confident that Minos was not using a unique tactic to defend himself.

No, such a thing that had just happened that was frightening these two experienced cultivators could only be related to this young man's abilities!

'Shit! How can his skin be so tough?' Winston suspiciously? wondered as he felt a sharp pain in one of his wrists.

He had felt as if he had hit an object with the resistance of medium-level grade-2 equipment when he had punched Minos in the face. Such a thing was hard enough that someone on this man's level wouldn't even be able to scratch it, even if he used all his strength!

On the other hand, Russ was equally scared, but he hadn't suffered any pain as that Spiritual King had. He had just wasted some of his energy on that blow earlier and was scared that this young man was so tough.

At the moment when the flames sent by Russ were going to touch Minos' chest, this young man had only placed one of his hands in front of his clothes so that the opponent's technique wouldn't burn them!

And Russ had trembled with terror at seeing it. After all, he had used that technique to burn a level 50 cultivator to death in the past.

But Minos hadn't even been hurt using his bare hand to shield his clothes from those flames...

'Damn it! This bastard is much stronger than us! We're dead!?' He looked up and down that spot, hoping there would be at least an opportunity for him to get away.

This noble member of the Gill family did not waste time and soon began to flee from Minos, not even noticing the local soldiers pressing in on his own family's guards.

On the other hand, Winston had heard Minos' words perfectly and understood that his fate was already sealed. 'He said he won't fight us, but that doesn't mean he'll allow us to escape...' He sighed in defeat, thinking of what he should do.

Try his luck and run away? Fighting against enemies and perhaps getting something out of a possible victory?

He didn't know, but soon he ran towards Minos' soldiers, intending to fight these opponents.

This man had worked very hard to reach his current level, so he only wanted to do what would increase his survival chances. If that meant he would somehow have to perform for this enemy, then so be it!

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Seeing what had happened to these two men, Mendy was a little surprised. But not because Minos was stronger than those individuals, but because he didn't have any injuries stopping their attacks.

She knew that Minos was stronger than a level 50 Spiritual King like her, as she had felt that she didn't have the strength to leave this young man's arms on that previous occasion. But even considering that, Mendy couldn't imagine how young Stuart could be so resistant that those attacks wouldn't even hurt him.

Hell, not even a scratch or a slight burn could be seen on the parts of Minos' body that had been hit!

So, she had naturally been shocked, as she would probably have been seriously injured if she had been in his place!

'He won't fight? Don't tell me his soldiers will be the ones dealing with these two?' She wondered, right away as she saw that Winston was running toward the battlefield.

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At this point, more than 60 guards from the Gill family were already lying unconscious on the adjacent terrain. Yet, at the same time, the rest of those people continued to struggle not to lose this battle.

However, the psychological damage of seeing so many of their allies fall one after another was remarkably significant in each of those people's minds. And as such, as time passed, those guards still standing felt more and more vulnerable while their fighting spirits disappeared.

And not surprisingly, an incorrectly minded, psychologically wounded warrior would be seriously weakened at such times. Consequently, the already lopsided situation of the fight became even worse, with Minos' soldiers increasingly predominant in this battle.

Only 20 of them were fighting the remnants of the Gill family guards, while another 15 were fighting Russ and Winston. As for the others, they were taking care of the surroundings and the already unconscious guards.

None of these soldiers wanted one of these people to die from the battle. As such, some of them had been concerned with keeping the lives of these now hostages so that the damage to the Black Plain would be as minor as possible.

Plus, there was no longer any need for all those soldiers to fight their opponents.

After all, in addition to their opponents having diminished their fighting spirit, those soldiers were already stronger individually than most of the Gill family guards in this place.

Therefore, they could fight these opponents without their full strength!

...

While the remaining guards of the Gill family got beaten and continued to fall unconscious on that battlefield, Russ was facing six opponents right now.

Each of these people was only at level 44, but by fighting Russ, they were putting up a high resistance, to the point where this man couldn't even find time to fight back.

He had tried to run away before, but these people had not been slow to stop him from doing such a thing. And it hadn't been long before they got into a certain kind of formation, in which this Gill family nobleman hardly found time to sigh.

With each new blow he took, Russ had just time to lift his head and use his defense to try to defend himself from the subsequent impact.

'Damn it! Why don't these bastards give me a second to breathe?' He thought about it for a moment as he sweated considerably and felt his spiritual power steadily diminishing.

Russ was completely pale at the time and with many wounds distributed all over his body. Other than that, his clothes were torn in several places, and with every moment of fight that passed, these damages were increasing.

Anyway, as he tried his best to defend himself, a robust red palm cut through the air in that spot, going straight for Russ' face.

Realizing that, this nobleman frowned, understanding that the opponent's pace had changed. "Oh shit!" He exclaimed aloud, just as he saw that he was being attacked from two different directions this time.

Pow!

Not having time to fend off two blows, Russ had no choice but to try to fend off just one of them while trying to withstand the damage of the other.

"Ahhhh!"

In doing so, just a fraction of a second after the attacks were sent, that red palm from before hit this man's jaw, making it bend to the opposite side of the blow as if that had dislocated!

The image of it was chilling and could make ordinary people feel goosebumps in their bodies!

However, that hadn't ended Russ' life. No, despite the excruciating pain he was currently feeling, all he had done was scream to express his feelings as he tried to compose himself.

Pow!

But to his misfortune, there were still four other people fighting him...

