

BLACK PLAIN 544

Chapter 544: One Gone

While the three groups that were in the Dry City ran towards their respective targets, at this moment, one of the Silva family's Spiritual Kings was in the final moments of his battle!

After almost 30 minutes that Urban had given his order for his group to split up and flee, Scott had run for a while, having gotten several kilometers away from Dry City. However, after falling into the enemy group's plan, this man had no longer found room to run.

All that was left for him was to fight with everything he had, hoping that he could survive to complete that mission passed by Urban. And as such, for the last few minutes, he was fighting a bloody battle against his 12 opponents, using each of his abilities in an attempt not to fall.

At times in the fight, he had used defensive artifacts such as the armor he wore, a shield of the same rank, and even a defensive array. However, the power of the group of soldiers that had successfully managed to surround him was significantly superior to the defensive power of such items...

As such, after enduring the first charges from his opponents, this red-haired man had lost much of the defensive power of these items.

On the other hand, even before using such resources, he had suffered some considerable injuries, as he had been taken by surprise earlier.

During the attempt to eliminate those four people who had approached him initially, this Spiritual King had suffered from the powerful enemy trap... He had had to deal with most of the attacks sent his way, something that had cost enough of his energy and health reserves!

Finally, after going through all this, Scott was with several high-severity injuries, with deep cuts here and there, bleeding vigorously.

But although almost half of his head was covered with blood and dirt, anyone in the place could notice the pallor of this man's cheeks, which were as white as a sheet of paper now.

He was in a cold sweat at the moment, as he felt that he would not be able to endure this hard battle much longer.

'Damn it, am I going to die here?' He trembled in pain and desolation as he thought about this and felt his control over his own body diminish by the instant.

At this point, his eyesight was already partially darkened, to the point where he wouldn't even be able to see how many opponents were standing in that place.

But if he succeeded, all he would see are nine people wearing similar uniforms, who continue to activate their techniques, but who are already extremely tired.

They were not as severely injured as Scott. But, even so, they had been harshly injured, and if they did not take pills or seek medical attention within the next few hours, they could lose vitality or even die!

As for the other three individuals of this group of soldiers, the three were still alive but had been pulled out of the fight after fainting or losing parts of their bodies...

Fighting a level 51 Spiritual King was still not easy for these soldiers, especially considering Scott's many defensive means. As such, these soldiers had struggled to destroy his defenses and, at the same time, deal with his occasional attacks.

Anyway, in that instant, when Scott was thinking about his imminent death, the strongest soldiers in that place created a single black spear made entirely out of his spiritual energy.

Such spear was about 2 meters long, having formed in front of where that soldier was.

When such a thing appeared in front of him, this soldier immediately made a gesture with the fingers of one of his hands, making that black spear move in the air.

Vuup!

It quickly flew towards its target at a considerable speed, such as could make all those people in that place hear the sound of the movement of this weapon.

Puff!

"Ahhhhhh!"

Finally, the black spear sent earlier passed without resistance through Scott's chest, exactly where the human heart would usually be found!

"This..." Scott muttered in confusion as he felt an intense pressure in his chest, along with deep pain and an even more intense taste of blood in his mouth.

He then looked down at his chest briefly and saw that spear through part of his body. As he did so, he shivered for a moment. He then tried to look in the direction where that soldier from before was standing, from where he could see several shadows reaching that spot.

Unfortunately for him, this was the end of his life.

After seeing the shadows of the reinforcements that were about to arrive on this battlefield, Scott fell into the darkness of death, losing consciousness and dying shortly after that!

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As he watched Scott's body fall slowly to the ground, the leader of this group of 12 soldiers finally let out a sigh of relief. At the same time, his legs trembled considerably before he eventually fell to his knees on the ground, breathing hurriedly.

"It's over!" He said in a low voice, feeling extremely tired, utterly miserable with his many injuries.

Soon after, less than 1 minute after Scott's defeat, 50 soldiers appeared on that battlefield.

The groups Minos had ordered earlier had left Dry City shortly after Urban had given his two companions the order to flee. Because of this, it had not taken long for these soldiers to follow the many clues left behind and reach this location.

"A level 51 cultivator?" One of the newly arrived soldiers at that spot said, noticing the remaining power in Scott's corpse.

Scott had died, and his soul had already dissipated. However, there was still a way to find out the level of a dead person, or instead of a given corpse.

After all, spiritual energy permanently changed the cultivators' body, and some of it would be stored in the physical. As a result, even after death, even without a soul occupying the corpse, a cultivator's body would still have energy, which could be felt and easily used to identify the level of the corpse's owner before death.

And upon realizing this, some of those 50 soldiers soon began talking to individuals who had fought in this place and were still conscious.

Some of these 50 soldiers soon began guarding the adjacent terrain, while others gave first aid to the most injured individuals.

Finally, someone quickly ran towards that corpse to check the belongings of Scott.

In doing so, this soldier immediately probed all of the belongings in the late Scott's spatial ring until he found some objects bearing the same symbol as a silver eagle...

"A member of the Silva family!" He said out loud for everyone there to hear him.

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At the same time that that group of more than 60 soldiers was at the place where Scott had fallen, a fight amidst a chase was taking place at this time in another part of the Black Plain.

At such a location, 15 soldiers of the Black Plain Army were chasing and fighting a level 52 Spiritual King, a tall, muscular man.

That was Oscar!

Oscar had run as far as he could towards the southeast of Dry City after his escape, using his physical abilities to avoid most of his pursuers' attempts.

This man had a good innate ability that gave him physical power, speed, etc., beyond what people of his level would have. As such, unlike Scott, who had failed so quickly, Oscar had barely sustained injuries in all the time that had passed. On the contrary, he only had expended part of his energy running and dodging his opponents' attacks, attacking as little as possible.

But even though he was avoiding combat with those 15 soldiers, his enemies were fighting with everything they could, making this man's life as difficult as possible.

They knew that if this continued, sooner or later, both parties would run out of energy. But that would happen to them first, the lowest level cultivators in this place.

Consequently, the target they so desperately wanted to prevent from leaving the Black Plain might have a chance to leave them behind and perhaps make a successful escape.

But they couldn't allow such a thing!

And to that end, these soldiers were taking more and more risks, as they used increasingly more significant portions of their energy reserves to attack that enemy.

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