

BLACK PLAIN 545

Chapter 545: Persecutions

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Mighty sword blows cut through the air in that part of the Black Plain that the group chasing Oscar passed through.

Of the 15 soldiers in this group, more than half of them were at their best trying to stop that Spiritual King by launching attacks on that man's escape directions.

Meanwhile, the rest continued to pressure such an opponent in an attempt to get him to stop running. However, this individual was holding back the impulsive part of his being as much as possible as he tried to dodge and counter the blows coming his way.

He understood that staying in this place and fighting was the quickest way to fail in his mission to report the changes that had occurred on the Black Plain to the Silva family. And as a loyal subordinate to this power, this man could not allow his death to happen before he accomplished this.

He knew very well that his family had a feud with Minos, and even if this young man didn't know anything, they couldn't risk it!

Now that the Black Plain had power, it was only a matter of time before a conflict between the organization behind this man and the local forces began. After all, this place had things it shouldn't, which would undoubtedly drive the more significant regional powers to take this place.

In particular, the House Silva!

And, while he wasn't sure if Minos was the true leader of that town, the one responsible for these changes, he suspected that this young man was involved, even if he was just a puppet.

Consequently, there would always be a risk that this young man would use some power of influence he may have to harm the Silva family. Therefore, Oscar could not fail to pass the message on to his superiors so that they would understand the dangers lurking!

'Those Spiritual Generals are powerful... They are almost as good as the nobles of the same level as them!' So this muscular man thought to himself as he felt the sinister force of the techniques used by his opponents.

At that moment, a few blades of air were coming towards him, while explosions of red flames began to cover the escape area he had.

Seeing this, this man leaped backward, his body leaning slightly, successfully dodging those blades. However, for the first time in the last 40 minutes, he had been prevented from being able to keep running.

He could feel that the red flames in his path were very threatening. Unless he were willing to sacrifice a great deal of his energy, he would undoubtedly have to suffer a lot to overcome such a thing.

As such, this man quickly tried to use an alternate plan, taking a few steps back and sending a series of blows in the direction of some of those people and those flames.

He didn't want to fight these people face to face, but he needed to push them away for a few moments while he got the space to run away again!

Mortal Dream!

Storm Winds!

He activated two of his spiritual techniques, one focusing on mental power and the other capable of generating powerful wind currents capable of cutting his targets and impeding their movements.

Immediately upon doing this, the atmospheric pressure in that place decreased considerably, until finally, the mighty winds began to appear!

While that was going on, the five people he had used his mental technique on began to notice their vision becoming blurry.

"Shit! This guy is trying to make us pass out so he can run away!" One of the strongest soldiers in that group said this out loud, feeling his five companions suddenly become pretty strange.

Not only had the spiritual energy in their bodies become unstable, but their bodies were also beginning to shake vigorously as their eyes rolled back!

"Activate your defense techniques!" He yelled again while talking to his other nine teammates.

As for the five soldiers, since none of them had mind-focused techniques, it would be difficult for them to solve this misfortune quickly, especially since they were already under the effect of that technique.

There were only two effective ways to protect against such attacks. One would be to have mental techniques strong enough for these cultivators to be protected. The other would be for the individual to have all of his defenses active and not have cultivation far inferior to the one who attacked him with such a technique.

Otherwise, a target of a mental technique could only receive such an attack and try to deal with it!

Anyway, while these soldiers tried to protect themselves, they finally saw the powerful winds open a path in the middle of the red flames, through which, right after that, Oscar started to run.

"Shit! Let's keep going after him..." One of the ten soldiers yelled in rage as he looked for a moment at those five and then started running once more.

None of them wanted to leave their comrades behind, but that was the only alternative here. As long as they continued, they could at least hinder that opponent and keep some distance from him.

On the other hand, those soldiers under the effects of the prior mental technique would probably not be at risk just by staying in this location. And they also couldn't get rid of such results in a short time with just the help of these other cultivators.

So, as soon as that man said those last words, they all disappeared from there, heading towards where Oscar had run.

...

A few minutes after this previous Oscar action, a group of 50 soldiers finally arrived at the spot where five soldiers were struggling on the ground.

Seeing this, Minos, who led this team, frowned and approached those five individuals. "A mental technique?"

Although Spiritual Kings can use up to six techniques and mental techniques were generally chosen as the 6th to be learned, this didn't happen as often as expected. As a result, it was unsurprising that Spiritual Kings lacked such a technique, particularly those in the northern region of the Central Continent, where there was little competition.

In fact, a significantly large number of these individuals did not use such techniques. Instead, some simply preferred to have more than one attack or defense technique. Others chose to have support techniques, which could be helpful in different situations.

Therefore, young Stuart had asked himself dubiously about such a thing, seeing the situation of those five.

And immediately upon realizing their suffering, this young man activated his support technique, Devouring Art, over the place where those soldiers had fallen.

He could not protect these individuals from the mental attacks they had already suffered, as he did not have a mental technique. But he could stop the remaining mental attacks.

After all, any spiritual attack would depend on energy, and he could absorb such a thing through his Devouring Art!

Zum!

After a few seconds, the five soldiers stopped convulsing, almost simultaneously, as young Stuart ordered those other 50 individuals.

"Three of you are going to take these 5 to the General Hospital. The rest, follow me..."

"Let's meet this enemy!"

...

While Minos' group chased the traces left by the ten soldiers chasing Oscar, another pursuit was taking place at this time, east of the Dry City.

In that area, more than 15 soldiers were running after Urban, trying their best not to lose sight of this individual and also cause some damage to this Spiritual King.

After almost an hour since the escape order he had given, Urban had run without stopping, having been the most successful member of that investigative group!

He was by far the strongest of these individuals, despite still being at level 52. And given his vast experience and confidence in his own instincts, this man had used his abilities well to deflect attacks

from Black Plain Army soldiers and increase his distance from them a little more than Oscar had achieved.

On the other hand, the more than 15 soldiers chasing him were having a hard time. Not because they had taken too many hits from this opponent. But, because they had barely managed to inflict any damage on this Spiritual King, at the same time, they were exhausting themselves more and more!

'This guy is running out of energy... But we'll have problems before he does!' The leader of the soldiers thought to himself, with his face growing darker.

He then started talking to his teammates. "Plan B, from now on, we will do the following..."