

## **BLACK PLAIN 547**

### **Chapter 547: Where Did He Sent It?**

Zum!

The moment an enormous black ring appeared over the sky in that area, the entire ground below that technique diminished considerably in luminosity, while a characteristic sound arose there.

At the same time, all living beings within the space covered by such a thing began to feel their energies decreasing at an alarming rate!

Swoosh! Swoosh!

Two giant blades appeared in that area, starting from a certain point where that ring seemed to be centered, running towards Oscar's attacks.

In a blink of an eye, such blades destroyed the attacks that were about to take that soldier's life while completely stopping the other charges that were making that place chaotic previously.

"Huh?" Oscar realized something strange in his surroundings when he suddenly saw the figure of a young man running towards him, with two medium-level grade-2 swords in his hands.

Upon seeing this, this man immediately realized that this level 49 young man was the one who had destroyed his previous attacks!

"Reinforcements?" He muttered, realizing that dozens of people seemed to be arriving at that place. 'Shit! I took too long.' He thought to himself as he started to panic at the situation he was in.

This man was running low on energy reserves, and now so many enemies as strong as those others he had suffered to face had arrived at this place. That was indeed a cold bath for him!

'Damn! If I fall into these people's hands, they'll find out that the Silva family is responsible for this...' He then made a frighteningly dark expression as he found himself at a dead end. 'They might attack us before we have a chance to do anything about it!'

Thinking about it, Oscar finally decided how to act in this situation.

He was a very different individual from Scott, as his loyalty was much deeper than that of that man's. Because of that, he was willing to go much further than that red-haired man for the good of the Silva family!

'Now, I can only trust that one of you two will be able to report this discovery to the family, Scott, Urban!' So he thought to himself before finally looking at his spatial ring and destroying some of the items stored there.

For Oscar, the most important thing at this point was that the power behind him had a chance to receive this information before these mysterious enemies acted. And even if such an organization were stronger than the Silva family, such power could still appeal to the kingdom for assistance!

That's why this man was so drastic in his decision...

'Now!' He thought before finally preparing to begin his sacrifice.

At the same time, all the conscious people in that place realized what this Spiritual King was about to do, including Minos!

However, this time the present situation was very different from the one he had faced previously. 'This again? Coward!'

'But it won't work this time!'

While he thought about it, Minos used everything he had to create a powerful attack in less than a split second, using his Spatial Sword.

As he did so, the space around him, Oscar and those soldiers who were fighting this man, suddenly froze, as if the movement of everything in that place had been sealed.

Swoosh!

A blade about two meters wide formed quickly after the young Stuart made a brief movement with one of his swords, making such an attack running towards the man's neck.

Puff!

And even before the sacrificial process actually started, that Spiritual King's head fell to the ground. At the same time, a significant amount of blood began to spurt out of that corpse's neck!

Minos' attack had passed through the very part of Oscar's body where the sensory organ was located. As a result, even though that man was willing to sacrifice himself, he had utterly lost his only opportunity to make that attack of his life.

Since he had not formed his soul to the point where it could leave his body momentarily, Oscar couldn't sacrifice himself without his spirit organ. After all, this was the only 'ignition' used by people below level 70 to start such a thing.

Consequently, the problems from the sacrifice had not arisen there!

Finally, when they realized what had happened, those people around Oscar let out long sighs of relief. They were alive, and their reinforcements had arrived at this place!

And immediately seeing that the only enemy in that place had died, young Stuart deactivated his spiritual techniques and saw his other soldiers approaching that area.

Several of them were running towards those wounded soldiers to check on these people and provide needed help.

On the other hand, one of those soldiers from Minos' group asked aloud to one of the people on that team who had fought Oscar. "Dexter, what were the levels of the other enemies?"

"Cough, uh, besides this one, one was at level 52 and the other at level 51." One of those eight soldiers still conscious said this in a weakened tone while ingesting a spiritual pill.

While listening to the conversation of those soldiers, Minos quickly reached over to Oscar's corpse and pulled out the spatial ring that was on one of the late Spiritual King's fingers.

"Let's see what's here..." He muttered in a low voice as he began to analyze the items inside that ring.

But in doing so, young Stuart had the sad surprise to discover that almost every item there had been destroyed except the artifacts and spiritual crystals.

There weren't any techniques, letters, maps, symbols, or things that cultivators would generally have in their rings, things like food, clothing, IDs, etc.

'The wretch must have destroyed everything at the time he decided to sacrifice himself!'

Obviously, it wouldn't be wise for Oscar to sacrifice himself and leave all that evidence inside his spatial ring... After all, such an item was strong enough to withstand his sacrifice, and he also didn't have enough power to destroy it before sacrificing.

In this case, he had just destroyed all the items he could in his spatial ring!

After realizing this and thinking for a short moment, Minos finally gave his orders. "Another ten of you will take these wounded soldiers to the Dry City. Take that head too, and show it to the butler Dillian. Ask him if he recognizes such a person."

Upon hearing this, some of those people quickly began to follow such orders.

"The rest of you, I want you to start investigating the surroundings. Let's see if we find out if there's anything strange in this area left by this man." He said before closing his eyes and sighing. 'If it was just three individuals from those levels, then those other reinforcement groups will be able to deal with those enemies without my help.'

'But where did these people come from? Due to their hostile behavior, they are certainly members or subordinates of large organizations!'

"Sigh, I'll have to advance some of my plans..." He muttered in regret. 'I hope the other groups were lucky to discover the identity of these people.'

...

After that, two whole days have passed!

In this past period, the soldiers who had initially pursued Urban had fought several battles against this man, in the many times when this person needed rest.

But due to the advantages Urban had and the fact that he kept a considerable distance from his opponents for much of the time, this man had survived, even after having to fight those soldiers.

However, his situation had not been good, especially after the 50 reinforcements had joined the chase!

He had lost one of his arms in such fights, gained several fractures, broken bones, and several of his organs started to die from the heavy damage he had sustained.

But luckily for this man, before he lost consciousness, he had reached a small village east of the Dry City, already outside the territory of the Black Plain.

In such a place, before he died, he had sent a message to the Silva family!

...

Boom!

At that moment, a wooden door was kicked off when ten people entered an establishment in that small village.

"The wretch is finally dead!" One of them yelled in excitement as the group of people from that establishment watched them with awe on their faces.

"What has this man done here?" One of the soldiers asked doubtfully, still not celebrating the death of this enemy.

Upon hearing this, one of those people immediately responded, fearing that such invaders would do something if they were not replied. "Gentlemen, this person forced us to send a crow with a letter."

Hearing this, all those soldiers fell silent as they felt chills run down their spines.

"Where did he send this?"