

BLACK PLAIN 962

Chapter 962 Distrust

BOOM!

A few minutes after the fight between those two peak experts of the Flaming Empire started, black lightning and flames were spreading around the surroundings of that place.

At the same time, several of the unconscious people in the surroundings were being protected by the few Spiritual Saints in that area, who were hiding behind defensive items.

As for the two individuals from before, Oswald and Nathaniel were a few hundred meters away from each other, both with severe expressions on their faces, while their robes swayed in the strong winds.

But neither of them was injured or sweating since they knew they could not engage in a deadly conflict without a better reason. After all, they both had their sects to look after, and they definitely could not risk everything they had for something small or even a past disagreement.

They could even act against each other in other ways, but to do it there, for such little reasons, made no sense at all.

So, they had just tested each other, using significant parts of their powers, but not enough for a deadly fight.

But none of that made any difference to the people in the surrounding area. Even if they had not fought with the intent to kill, the power displayed by them was already far superior to the strongest ones there!

In this way, the damage to the surroundings was not slight, and the previous camp had been destroyed.

"Tsk!"

"Look at what you've done! Asshole!" PANDA-NOVEL.COM

But Minos' grandfather took no notice of that man's words. "Nathaniel, are you not going to refuse the damn mission? That does not affect your organization at all."

"Humph!"

"My organization would be affected if I accepted interventions like yours!"

"Is that so? Then since that's the case, I won't insist anymore..." He said this as he gave that opponent a meaningful look. "But before I leave, answer me one thing."

"What is it?" Nathaniel asked this as he cautiously watched Oswald.

Nathaniel had been at level 79 much longer than Oswald, so he was stronger. However, unlike the patriarch of the Gray Clouds Sect, this other man did not have an innate ability practical in battle.

And precisely because Oswald's ability was quite effective in battles, Nathaniel could not be careless with his opponent!

"If you will let your sect members decide whether or not to accept this mission, then may I assume that you will accept the consequences?"

That man then frowned his eyebrows. "What do you mean?"

"If my grandson kills your sect members who try to eliminate him, what will you do about it? Don't tell me you will be so low as to desire revenge?" PANDA NOVEL

"Humph!"

"Unlike you, I don't get involved in the affairs of juniors!"

"I will wash my hands if a sect member accepts this mission and proves incapable of even eliminating a young Spiritual King!"

"Is that so? I hope you won't go back on your words." Oswald said this as he looked at that individual and felt relieved.

What worried him about these missions of the Silva family was the possibility of revenge from the sects or families of the ones who went after Minos. However, if that man really would not seek revenge, then Oswald was less concerned.

After all, even if the Silva family had sacrificed their resources accumulated over millennia, that could only draw the attention of Spiritual Emperors!

Hence, as long as no one sought revenge against the possible deaths of Spiritual Emperors, then there was not much for Oswald to worry about!

But Nathaniel did not understand Oswald's comment the way he should have. "Are you underestimating the disciples of my sect?"

"No. Your disciples are just as good as mine. I merely want to make sure that you don't start a war over a young Spiritual King..."

"Or would you be that petty?" XXXXXXXXXX

"Tsk!"

"You're talking a lot of shit, old man!"

"Go away! Don't bother me over such a small matter!"

"If your grandson is good enough to outlast my sect's members, then I won't allow any of those disciples' families to take revenge against him."

"Oh?" Oswald smiled, pleased to hear that. "Then I bid you farewell."

And after Minos' old grandfather left, the Mountain Sect master continued to look in the direction from which that person had departed, curious about Oswald's words.

"Darren!" He shouted to one of his Spiritual Saints, who was still hiding below solid defenses on the outskirts of that area.

"Darren, call seer Bates. I want to know a little more about that bastard Oswald's grandson."

"All right, sect master. Give me five minutes, and I'll bring him here!" That person shouted before finally disappearing from that area.

And while the people there were trying to recover from Oswald's visit, the Mountain Sect master sat on top of a large fallen trunk with his eyes closed, waiting for the seer.

'That Oswald seemed confident in his grandson's ability... Does he think that Spiritual Emperors won't be able to handle a mere Spiritual King?'

'Or will his sect interfere?'

'No, if he does something like that, then the little problem in the north could turn into a war in our empire!' He pondered over this, analyzing the possible decision routes of his previous opponent.

But while he was theorizing about Oswald's behavior, the seer finally came in front of him.

"Sect Master, I hear you need me?" An old man who looked more like a corpse than a living being said this, looking respectfully at the person sitting in that trunk.

Seeing the arrival of this medium-level grade-2 seer, the only one available in this place, Nathaniel opened his eyes and said. "Seer Bates, I need you to see the future of a certain person."

Upon hearing that, seer Bates puffed out his chest proudly, ready to do another meritorious service for his sect. "Who would this person be, sect master? Is he by any chance someone compelling?"

Seer Bates was naturally concerned about trying to spy on the future of someone stronger than himself.

Looking into someone's future was like evaluating that person's soul through a lens that some fundamental Natural Laws molded. But to do this safely, a seer would have to have a greater soul strength than that of his object of analysis.

As such, that man wondered if he would have to try to check the future of someone stronger than himself.

Nathaniel then said. "His name is Minos Stuart. He is only a Spiritual King."

Hearing that, that old man smiled, feeling that it would be a walk in the park to check the future of someone so weak. "OK. Did the sect master meet this person? Or will I have to use a recording array?"

Hearing that, Nathaniel just threw a small stone that looked like a diamond in the direction of that old man.

Such a thing was a recording array, a device capable of storing images, sounds, and even spiritual fluctuations.

For spiritual seers, this was an alternative to identify their target for analysis. However, such a thing was not used by people from the northern region of the Central Continent since arrays like that had to be at least low-level grade-3 ones.

In other words, something above the limit for that region.

That's why the seers from that area needed their clients to have memories of their targets.

But since the masters of the great sects of the Flaming Empire always had the recordings of the final fights of the Spiritual Tournament, Nathaniel had that item to help his seer.

The Mountain Sect master then said. "In that recording, two young men are fighting. The level 39 one is the person I want you to analyze."

"Oh? All right!"

After saying those words, seer Bates sat down on a cushion, and soon after, a small wooden table appeared in front of him.

Immediately after that, eight spherical, crystal-like objects appeared on top of that table, with seven of them the same size and the last one significantly large.

And while the bigger Orb of Fate, concerning that man's cultivation technique, was surrounded by the others, connected by symbols and lines, that man began his work.