

BLACK PLAIN 221

Chapter 221: The End of Slaughter

After torturing that pirate for about two minutes, Minos finally cut off Del's head, ending his suffering.

However, at the end of the torture, Del was utterly disfigured, with none of his arms, both legs were missing, his eyes had been crushed, and the man's private part had been cut in half.

Del's two balls could be seen right beside where the most significant part of his body was, while his other limbs were spread out over several meters of that place.

If anyone looked at Del's head right now, it would be impossible to recognize him. There were many cuts, and his face was completely red, both from the blood and part of the skin that had been forcibly removed.

Del had lived a life of crime, terrorizing thousands of families across the north of the Central Continent, raping, robbing, enslaving, and killing, all during the decades of his life.

However, today he had reached the end of the line, leaving in a way that was on par with what he had done in his life. As a sadist who had brutalized so many, Del had died in a way that no one who knew him would say was unfair.

This was the life of many like him, outlaws who took the peace of many people but almost always ended up in a dead-end, cruelly dying most of the time.

It was unusual for human beings to change their attitudes. Cases like that of the former bandit, Dugal, whom Minos had crippled in the Yellow City, were rare.

And even in these cases, much of the behavioral change was related to the lack of alternatives, as it had been with this man, who was now working in the fields of the Dry City.

But the truth was, most of these people didn't want to change and wouldn't be changed. Because of this, a dark fate awaited each person who followed this path, with dangers that could lead to their deaths at any time.

Anyway, during the minutes of torture before Del's death, several people on that property had watched it closely, and some even had their mouths open in shock.

The bandits and most of Minos' soldiers were fighting, but some people could stop and look around.

Among them, the captives who served this place had a strange feeling about what they had just seen. They were happy to see someone like Del die like that, but it was hard to ignore the fear of the person who had killed him!

After all, they didn't know if that cruel person would do something similar to them right after he finished this attack...

As for Abby and Eda, the two of them didn't care much about the way Del had died.

Eda was already an experienced lady who had seen a little of everything. Thus, the torture Minos had performed wasn't that cruel to her. It was just adequate.

On the other hand, Abby had been a little impressed at first, but she thought this pirate deserved such a thing. She had already learned a little more about the reality of the captives in the north of the Central Continent, so she had already created a feeling of disgust and contempt towards people like Del.

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Finally, Minos soldiers' battles continued, increasing the number of corpses inside that property.

If there were more than 150 opponents in the beginning, just over a third of them remained.

At the same time, none of Minos' soldiers had died, with only a few of them having sustained minor injuries. And that was to be expected, these soldiers had known each other for a long time, and several of them even trained the same types of techniques.

With that, fighting as a team was getting easier and easier for these Sergeants, which increased, even more, the proficiency of each one when they gathered against the same opponents.

On the other hand, most of those enemies had never fought side by side and were fighting wildly, without any teamwork. And this wasn't good for them.

In addition to having worse techniques, which used more spiritual energy to release less power, they still used them in the wrong ways, further decreasing their respective efficiencies.

As for the guards on that property, half of them had already died, leaving for the moment only the strongest ones, those above level 44.

For these individuals, even if the soldiers of the Black Plain Army managed to fight them, it was a competitive match, one that they had to work hard to get the other side down.

And since there were still some outlaws alive, Minos' soldiers could not rally to defeat these stronger individuals.

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As soon as Del was killed and his screams ceased to be heard in that area, the leader of the property's guard was engaged in a fight with one of the soldiers when he abruptly dodged and began running towards Minos.

"Let's stop this madness! You were here to kill that person, right?" He yelled as he had a look of exhaustion and fear on his face.

He was the opponent who was in the best condition at the moment, but things were starting to get complicated for this chief of the guard.

Because of that, and given how Minos had tortured Del, this man was hoping to end this battle, guaranteeing his own life.

However, this man had been very unlucky.

Minos was someone who despised slavery and those who exploited that system. To him, someone like this man, the guard leader of this place, was as bad as Del.

People like this person made this system work. They were willing to provide security for unscrupulous individuals to do whatever they wanted in places like this.

Minos would never think Del was a victim. Still, he understood that if there were no men like this leader of the guard and those who buy captives, there would be no slave trade and, therefore, slavery.

For all this, he despised these people and had no intention of stopping what had already started.

He might not even go after those types of people or organizations, as he wasn't someone who sacrificed his desires to help others. However, he was already here, and it wouldn't hurt to do the whole job.

Not only that, killing these people was the best way to hide what had happened here, lessening the chances of trouble haunting him because of this occasion.

Explosive Steps!

And while that man waited for Minos to discuss the matter with him, the young Stuart quickly disappeared from his sight.

Devouring Art!

Spatial Sword!

Minos activated three of his four combat techniques simultaneously, creating a black ring in the sky above that property and appearing a few meters away from that man already wielding his sword.

Zum!

He didn't even try to create an air blade, as he had become accustomed to doing. For him, right now, attacking that man with his sword would be safe and enough for Minos.

And as the young Stuart approached that leader of the guard, the man was already under the influence of the two Minos techniques, beginning to lose the spiritual energy he had while, at the same time, having his speed significantly reduced.

'Shit!' he cursed in his mind as he prepared to defend himself.

But before he had to face Minos' sword, he finally heard a phrase. "You got something wrong. This isn't just a murder. It's a massacre!"

Whoosh!

After saying that, the young Stuart once again used his movement technique, moving even closer to his target, swinging his sword horizontally, towards the man's neck.

Crash!

Finally, the two collided when Minos used his sword to cut through the man's shield, which simply snapped like a piece of cheese being cut by a knife, leaving the man's neck completely defenseless.

"Ahhh!"

Unfortunately for him, that was the end of the line. His neck had been cut, and he knelt on the floor as he tried to stop the bleeding that was already soaking his hands.

He was coughing up blood, holding the part of his neck that had been cut in both hands, while his eyes bulged as if he were slowly losing the light.

After that, in a few seconds, that leader of the guards of this property had died. His body fell to the ground, slowly forming a pool of blood at the height of his neck.

The strongest person in this place had died, and that had affected the trust of the remnants of this battle. None of them could have any hope of survival when this slaughter finally came to an end.

All the outlaws and guards in this place had died, leaving only the slaves attached to chains near the various beds in that space.