

## **BLACK PLAIN 542**

### **Chapter 542: Losing Control Of The Situation 3**

Boom!

Boom!

A series of explosions resounded wherever the groups of Black Plain Army soldiers passed in pursuit of their respective targets.

Each of those individuals was fast enough to move hundreds of meters every few seconds, using their respective movement techniques. And as such, after a short time of the beginning of this pursuit, The battles had moved away from Dry City.

And with every second of the fight that passed, more of the terrain of the Black Plain was suffering from the attacks sent by the soldiers towards each one of those three Spiritual Kings. Such was the fact that several small craters could already be seen here and there, while a large amount of dirt and smoke was already spreading over those areas!

But even though the area could already be considered chaotic, no fatalities had happened so far. That's because these fleeing individuals were a little faster than some of the soldiers who were chasing them...

So, in the beginning, with every step they took, they had enough space and time to dodge the attacks of their respective enemies.

They were determined to flee from this place, trying their best to escape those people while running and dodging the attacks that came in their respective directions.

However, this was changing little by little, and some were not having an easy time!

While these three Spiritual Kings were only subordinates with Blue-grade techniques, the soldiers who pursued them had complete sets of Black-grade techniques!

As such, the difference in cultivation on both sides was not so significant that these people of the local army had nothing to do. In fact, they could perfectly chase those three opponents without the distance between the parties increasing significantly.

Each of those soldiers used their individual and collective abilities to delay their opponents' escape as much as possible using their powerful spiritual attacks.

They couldn't kill these opponents without joining together to attack each of them at the same time. But each of these soldiers could inflict considerable damage on level 50 opponents, to the point in which people with such cultivation couldn't casually take these attacks!

And since the levels of those individuals were not that much higher than that, these three Spiritual Kings had to be very careful, or such opponents could seriously injure them!

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'Shit! Each of these worms is stronger than level 49 common cultivators!' Scott complained in his mind as he flew south to Dry City.

This man was the weakest of the Silva family's three Spiritual Kings in this investigation group, being only at level 51. Because of this, and the fact that he had been the last to notice the present situation, this red-haired man was the one who had to deal with the most significant difficulties in this escape.

Only 12 soldiers pursued him, but each of these opponents was much closer to him than the other pursuers were to their respective targets. On the other hand, Scott was the slowest of his group, something that was allowing Minos' soldiers to become more and more dangerous to him.

Due to these circumstances, Scott was beginning to feel of having to face these opponents!

With each passing moment, those individuals' blows seemed to get more accurate, as if those people were entirely focused on taking him down. And as a result of that, this Spiritual King had already had to use his defense technique a few times so that the worst wouldn't happen...

And such a thing was affecting him more than he wanted for this escape situation!

'Damn, if this continues, I won't have a chance to send a message to the family...' He solemnly thought as he dodged a blade of air that had been sent his way by one of his pursuers.

Swoosh!

As he did so, this man looked back for a moment, as he saw a lot of attacks forming a few meters away from him.

He didn't want to die at the hands of these people, and he certainly wasn't the kind of person who would act blindly for other people's purposes. However, even if he didn't want to die to send his information to the Silva family, that was the only option for this Spiritual King.

He could only try to do this and at least have the hope of being avenged in the future if the worst happened, as well as his family receiving the benefits of his contribution. Otherwise, from what he could see in those people, this was the end for him, and he couldn't even have a chance to be avenged...

On the other hand, sacrifice was not an option for Scott. That's because, in addition to not being suicidal nor willing to pay the costs of such an attitude, this man saw no value in taking these people down without having a chance to notify the organization behind him!

That is, only if he had the opportunity to send a crow with a message to the Silva family could he be sure that this organization would do something about the Dry City. Otherwise, he would only advance his death, something he might still have a chance to escape from.

After all, luck was a variable, and maybe he could survive these people... Even if he were seriously injured, there would still be possibilities!

So, he wouldn't make a decision that couldn't be turned back.

'If I make it to the City of Waters, I can get a crow!' He pondered, realizing that this was the only alternative for him.

Generally, each organization would have its spiritual crows, which were used to deliver messages. But these beasts stayed in the headquarters and branches of these families and not with each of the members of these organizations...

After all, the ratio between crows and members of a noble power was extremely disproportionate!

As a result, Scott's group had none of these beasts to send such a message right now. Instead, they usually received family communications from the crows of the headquarters, the ones that found them through their spiritual fluctuations.

As for sending messages, they usually didn't do that due to the characteristics of the mission they were doing. But suppose they wanted to do such a thing. In that case, they could communicate with the family using tamed crows from other people or organizations.

All they would need was to have something the crow could track to the receiver.

And as such, Scott had concluded that fleeing to the City of Waters was the best option for him, as this was the closest place to where he was that had tamed crows!

Vuup!

He then increased his speed even more while putting more of his energy reserves into his movement technique.

Swoosh!

Boom!

On the other hand, Minos' soldiers continued to attack him, trying their best not to fall behind this man. This Spiritual King wanted to flee and saw his hopes in the City of Waters. Still, the soldiers did not agree with this and felt more and more compelled to eliminate this threat.

"Jeff, Celia, Halle, if this guy keeps running like that, sooner or later, we'll lose sight of him due to our cultivation." One of the soldiers said as he ran and used a sword to send attacks towards his target.

"Indeed..."

"And what will we do?" Someone asked seriously.

"We're going to use the same strategy we used against the young master a few months ago..."

After saying a few words to each other, the group changed their way of acting. Suddenly, eight of those people started to form a strange formation, and the other four were in the middle of it.

Immediately noticing that the attacks towards him had stopped, Scott looked back in surprise, anxious to know if his enemies had given up... 'What were they doing?' He asked himself, an instant before he had his answer.

At that moment, the four people in the middle of the formation of those eight soldiers were hurled toward Scott like cannonballs.

"What the fuck!"

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