

## **BLACK PLAIN 129**

### **Chapter 129: Arriving in the Dry City**

While Minos and his group traveled back to the Black Plain, another harvest had been carried out in the Dry City and sent to the Black Plain Army base on the coast of this territory.

This time, the territory of Minos had planted about 200 hectares of land, which would yield approximately 800 tons of food, of which about 500 tons would be sent to Stone Island, where Elen Nash would sell them in his family's markets.

That was about 250% of the Black Plain's initial amount sent to Stone Island in that first deal. With this, the butler Dillian hoped to collect about 5 million low-grade spiritual crystals, which would allow massive changes to take place in the territory of Minos.

But they still had to wait a few days until the goods were delivered to the Nash family and they received the payment. However, Dillian was sure that he would already be with the crystals in hand as soon as Minos reached Dry City.

However, for now, he would only invest in local agriculture, which could generate even more wealth in the future, and in the Black Plain Army, which was the only force that protected these businesses.

As for the remaining crystals, the butler Dillian wanted to wait until Minos returned.

After all, this was not far away, and he could have his own plans after traveling for so long!

And as for the result of the Spiritual Tournament, well, although there are several newspapers in the Spiritual World, it would take a while for the news of this event to spread.

The press in this world was not developed, so it took some time for the most relevant information to reach the entire northern region of the Central Continent.

As for how these newspapers were, it was simple. It was like large leaflets, with texts on some subjects relevant to the general population, and were sometimes accompanied by drawings of the individuals mentioned.

But that was not at all advanced. Someone could easily confuse the drawing with other people. After all, this was not a perfect image of the person portrayed...

Anyway, but even if the news had already spread, it would undoubtedly take longer to reach the Black Plain since this region did not receive these journals frequently.

But Minos' subordinates were already sure what the result of their young master would be. After all, this was a competition for the younger generation, and it used to be not so dangerous...

Anyway, things were going very well for the Dry City, which was growing every day and had already opened the Cohen family store in the city. With that, several soldiers, who had better salaries, had already placed orders in this new store.

The most common sales were grade-1, low-level arrays, which could improve people's quality of life. For example, the lighting array had been the most popular of all, as there were still many homes without these items.

After all, even if the quality of life of the inhabitants of the Dry City has increased, the overwhelming majority of them could not afford to pay for such arrays. To give you an idea, a lighting set that could illuminate ten rooms cost 5,000 crystals!

So, it would still be a while before the most humble families were able to collect the necessary crystals. As for the soldiers, they were dividing the account among themselves, as these items were sold in sets.

But for soldiers who were in the rank of Sergeants, who earn 800 crystals a month, this was not such a vast expense, as it would considerably improve their quality of life.

Anyway, the city was getting more and more illuminated in these last weeks, while the population's spirits also increased almost to the same extent.

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A few weeks before...

In one place in the Cromwell Kingdom, there was a large city with a few thousand people with a particular mark on their foreheads.

This mark looked like a star, with most of it black and a skin-colored circumference in the middle of this symbol.

This was a mark given to slaves from a particular family in the Cromwell Kingdom!

At times, in this city, someone could hear the screams of men and women who were being beaten, for reasons that no one knew...

These slaves worked in the various cultures planted in this region without receiving anything other than water and food.

This was the real purgatory for many of these people, who, after working as animals, could still be unlucky enough to be beaten or even to see their daughters and women being raped by the lords of this land.

This was the cruel reality of those who lived in this condition, not only in that place but in any part of the Spiritual World!

Anyway, in a palace in the middle of the city, there was a room with dozens of lighted lamps while two elderly men were watching the place.

This place was huge and almost looked like an extensive library.

But all that was here were these lamps. If someone passed by this room, they would see the name above the entrance door: 'Soul Room.'

As to what that meant, this was where the soul signs of all the relevant members of this family were. Each of those lamps means a life. That is, if one of these lamps went out, it meant that the people who owned that sign had died!

At this moment, one of the lamps that were in one of the best positions in this place suddenly went out.

Seeing this, the old man who was watching this side of the room suddenly got up and went to the place where the lamp had gone out. 'It looks like someone important died...' The old man sighed as he walked over to the shelf.

On this first shelf were the signs of the soul of the most important members of this family, who were either Spiritual Kings, or were children and close relatives of these individuals.

Upon arriving in front of the place where the lamp had gone out, the old man took a token that was below the lamp, which had the information of the owner of that sign of the soul.

Looking at the token, the old man suddenly paled, feeling a cold running down his spine. He accidentally dropped the plug on the floor while he had a bleak look on his face. 'Shit, the son of the supreme elder died!'

'Why did this happen right on my shift? I hope that old devil doesn't kill me in the heat of the moment...'  
The old man then started to leave the room with a terrified look on his face.

At this point, there was not much to do. If he tried to delay the news, it could be even worse for him.

The old man could only pray that the supreme elder was not on a bad day, or else...

Meanwhile, on seeing that his colleague on duty had left the place, the other old man suddenly turned his head and looked in the direction of where there was a token on the floor.

He then got up and went to the place while murmuring. "Eh? What happened to old Glen? Does he became senile, and he could not even keep things in order here?"

He then came to the side of the spot where there was a light out, with no token. The token that was missing was just a few steps away, on the floor, and turned upside down.

'Who is it that made old Glen so nervous not even to return the token to the place?' The old man wondered.

However, seeing the name that was written on that file, the old man suddenly shuddered while he thought. 'Ahh, how lucky I wasn't the one who saw this... I hope old Glen won't be killed just for telling the bad news...'

After saying this, the old man put the token in place and went back to observing the area.

If someone came into this room right now and looked at that token, then he or she would see the name written in red.

"Leroy Chambers."

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Time quickly passed, and Minos and his group had already left the capital of the Cromwell Kingdom about three weeks ago. During this time, in the first week of the trip, Maxwell had said goodbye to them and followed the rest of his journey to the Snow Kingdom.

After that, Minos, Ruth, and Peter headed towards the Black Plain, flying quickly, stopping only to rest in the cities where they passed.

On certain days he did not have a chance to sleep in a city, as there were some vast forest regions in the northern part of the Cromwell Kingdom. Thus, they slept in shifts and returned to travel as soon as the morning.

In the meantime, Minos also learned a little about the young Peter's past. He had been born with a Black talent, even though he was the son of a father and mother with a blue talent. But he, for some reason that he did not say, had not joined by any noble family in the Kingdom of the Waves.

However, Peter had met an old man in his city, who decided to support the young man, letting him learn two techniques of Black-grade, one cultivation and the other of attack techniques. And because of that, the young Peter had managed to advance to his current level, even without the support of large families.

He had also trained hard to fight spiritual beasts. He went alone to the Cromwell Kingdom to participate in the Spiritual Tournament, traveling for months while constantly fighting, improving his cultivation speed!!

Anyway, time ran out, and the three of them had finally arrived at the Black Plain!