

BLACK PLAIN 135

Chapter 135: Back to the Sect

A month quickly passed when the young Ruth had finally arrived back in the Flaming Empire.

She was on her eagle as she flew towards the entrance to the Gray Cloud Sect, in a part of the city, next to the Cloud City. This was a massive place as if it were a big neighborhood, but many trees and several different fields surrounded it.

The headquarters of the Gray Cloud Sect had a substantial piece of land, which was at least six times the size of the current Dry City. But that was just the main buildings of the sect, where most of the low-ranking disciples and elders lived.

There were also some small villages, where high-end houses and mansions existed, in part farther from the sect. These were the places where the strongest people in this power lived and where some of the central disciples like Ruth had the opportunity to live.

And, of course, there was an exclusive voucher for these disciples. After all, they were still a long way from living equally with the leaders of this sect.

This is because, in order to live in the villages of the elders, an individual had to be at least in the Spiritual Emperor stage!

Anyway, after a while, Ruth went through the sect's entrance and promptly identified herself in the mission hall, where she had to notify it of her return and the fulfillment of his mission.

After all, this was a vast place, and it would not be enough for her to speak to her master before do this.

There was strict control over the entry and exit of the disciples, so they all had to notify one of the specific halls of the sect. In the case of Ruth, as she had been given a mission, so it was in the mission hall that she had to introduce herself.

After doing so, she immediately headed towards the village where her master lived to report what had happened.

Anyway, she quickly left the central region of the sect, where she had performed, and went to a small village on the west side of that place.

After a few minutes of walking, she finally arrived in front of a large house with a beautiful garden and many flowers next to this residence.

This was the home of Maisie Coleman, the mother of the young Stuart.

Upon entering the place, Ruth realized that her master already seemed to be waiting for her while sitting in the garden, drinking a cup of spiritual tea.

As soon as she approached, Maisie said in a tender voice while she smiled kindly. "Ah! I never thought that my son would do such things with my disciple..."

Upon hearing this, Ruth immediately blushed in embarrassment.

She had forgotten that her master would notice this immediately when she saw her, even though she knew it would happen from the beginning... And because of this forgetfulness, she had not prepared herself mentally for this type of situation.

"I..."

"Don't worry about it, Ruth. I went through the same thing with his father. You don't need to be ashamed. I know that he probably must have conquered you little by little. After all, his father also had this personality..." Maisie said with a smile on her face, as she remembered the time when she had met Albert.

The two of them had met after she was sent on a mission to the north of the Central Continent. At that time, Maisie and Albert had met and traveled together since she and he had almost the same strength, which was around the 5th stage of cultivation.

Anyway, it was at that time when they were traveling together that the young Albert Stuart managed to win over the young Maisie. After that, the intermittent relationship between the two lasted for many years until the young Minos was finally born.

Hearing her master's words, Ruth still couldn't help being ashamed. After all, a teacher was almost like a mother/father to many disciples in this world. As a result, being with a relative of her master's was very embarrassing for her.

However, after talking about it for a while, Ruth suddenly started talking about the Spiritual Tournament. "Master, about the competition that took place in the Cromwell Kingdom..."

However, it was suddenly cut off when Maisie said. "Don't worry. I already know what happened. The girl who was sent as a representative of our sect has already given me an account of everything that happened..."

She then looked curiously at Ruth and asked. "My son said something about where does his unusual strength come from?"

Ruth shook her head and said. "He just told me that his innate ability was related to increased spiritual energy."

"Oh? This looks very good... If he manages to evolve his Physique to the Saint-grade, it will be perfect for him."

"But master, during the competition, the result of Minos' physical test gave only a classification of Warrior-grade for his Physique..."

"What? This cannot be right. When he took his talent test at the Spiritual Academy, I was there, and I saw clearly that it was a King-grade." Maisie said in disbelief.

Physique did not change naturally and certainly did not regress. So, she couldn't believe this point. "He was probably using some item that prevented the physical examination array from being accurate. This kind of thing can happen."

Ruth then said with resolved eyes. "His talent didn't show up either... I don't think he has just Black talent!"

After that, the two of them talked for a while about what had happened during this time that Ruth traveled with Minos, and then the young disciple returned to her own home in another village.

She had traveled all the way without stopping for a long time to rest, so she needed a break.

Ruth also planned to go into seclusion after that rest so that she could increase her cultivation as soon as possible. Seeing how Minos advanced without difficulty had encouraged the young woman not to be left behind and to be overtaken by him.

'I wonder what level Minos will be in the next time we see each other...'

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While Ruth was preparing to rest before her future training, news of the outcome of the Spiritual Tournament had already spread to the north of the Central Continent!

More than a month after the end of this competition, the newspapers in that region had finally spread the news to all the kingdoms.

At the top of the front page of the newspapers was a large drawing of three youths on a podium.

There was an empty space in the second place, with a young ginger occupying the third place. Finally, two young men faced each other in the highest position that they could!

This was the representation that had been most successful and showed how the competition ended.

'For the first time in history, we have a tie in the final of the Spiritual Tournament!' That was the sentence that started the report, which described the main events that had happened in this period of competition in the Cromwell Kingdom.

However, this news did not mention the fact that Minos did not go to the Flaming Empire. After all, none of the participants who had stayed for that meeting after the final were members of journalist families.

They also had their own affairs and had to return to their respective regions. So, besides those few youths, nobody else knew about what happened...

At the same time, when this was reported, this whole part of the continent was shocked by the events, and many people were immensely envious of those who had attended this edition of the Spiritual Tournament.

"Damn it! I went to the last three editions, but when I finally decide not to go, something epic happens!" One person wailed aloud while holding the newspaper in front of him.

"Haha, old Chase, don't feel too bad. I can tell you the details of what happened..."

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In another kingdom in the north of the Central Continent.

"Eh? What a coincidence, this young man has the same name and age as the brat of the late General Stuart!"

A man dressed in silver armor and with a mocking look on his face then said. "Hahaha, your majesty is right. But it would be impossible for that boy to achieve such an achievement in his entire life!"

"Indeed, General Silva is right. That guy must be struggling to survive on that desolate Black Plain..." An old man with blue and white hair said without many expressions on his face.

"Hmm, you two are right... But anyway, congratulations on your granddaughter being chosen by one of the sects of the empire, old Miller."

"Haha, thanks for that, your majesty."

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At the same time, in a particular part of the Cromwell Kingdom, a man wearing green armor, with the symbol of a black star with a circle in the middle, suddenly kneeled in front of an old man with white hair, who was over 2 meters in height.

They were both at the peak of a mountain while the old man looked at the cloudy sky, feeling the breeze of the wind while his eyes were closed.

The old man then asked in a calm, cold voice, not even bothering to look at the man on his knees. "And then? Who killed my little Leroy?"

The man lowered his head and slowly began to narrate the facts he had discovered in the capital of the Cromwell Kingdom, where the competition had taken place.

"Well..."