

## **BLACK PLAIN 253**

### **Chapter 253: Balance of Power**

Upon hearing Peter's words, the three people besides the young Sergeant stood there petrified, with their mouths open in disbelief at what they had just heard.

Such a thing was complicated to happen in this part of the Central Continent. After all, families often depended on these Black-grade techniques to maintain their control.

In fact, noble families did this to avoid the appearance of even more competitors!

This is because some lesser-scale noble families, the more recent ones, were in part powers originating from subordinates of others, more prominent, older noble houses.

Such a phenomenon was not new. Someone from this region could easily cite some regional powers that arose in this way.

Individuals like Minos' father first entered a noble family, developed slowly, and then gained their own territories after reaching the 6th stage of cultivation and achieving some merits.

Hence, starting a noble family, as Albert had started the Stuart family, was the first step in building an organization. After that, things could develop slowly, and in thousands of years, a new noble family of influence could emerge!

Obviously, many failed in this task, just as the former general had, having just begun his own ambition...

Anyway, the story was not short, and in a few thousand years, new powers ascended to compete with the old ones. But, on the other hand, other families decay, as had happened with the organization behind Barbara.

This brought a certain balance of power to the region. However, if this were not limited in some way, at some point, there could be more powers than the region can sustain. From then on, there was only one possibility.

War, madness, and stupidity!

Rising powers would look for more, more territories, more subordinates. But what they were looking for and what didn't already have an 'owner' was limited, as much of the northern part of the Central Continent was already ruled by many different families.

With that, unless a power 'ceded' its assets/territories to others, there would be no peace in situations like this.

However, no one would give up what was already theirs for some power that had just risen...

From there, there was no turning back. The struggle for resources would select the fittest, while the losers would disappear into the river of history!

It was precisely for these reasons that noble families prevented their subordinates from learning many Black-grade techniques!

There was no problem with the ascension of one or another individual, as that was part of the balance, but they wouldn't encourage this phenomenon!

Even if most failed, as Albert had done, it was only manageable because only a small number of individuals managed to achieve the minimum necessary for it. If not, a lack of control could arise and threaten the traditional forces of the region!

As for why these families didn't wholly seal these Black-grade techniques from their subordinates, that was because such a thing wasn't positive either. Any person with Black talent would want to go as far as possible given the parameters of the region.

However, with only Blue-grade techniques, these individuals would be discouraged from joining these families. This is because there would be no significant benefit to them in ceding their liberties.

But that would be a terrible problem too!

Without these subordinates, more than half of each family's power would go down the drain. Who knows where these people would go if these powers were too strict?

Because of this, they had to maintain the possibility of Black-grade techniques being released for these subordinates to learn!

Anyway, the three people in front of Peter were still disbelieving in what they had heard, while this young man smiled and thought to himself. 'This is just the tip of the iceberg, hehe.'

The young Peter knew that there were even better things available to the Black Plain Army. After all, he knew a soldier who was training a Silver-grade technique in the army!

But such a thing Peter would not say to his three 'slavery fellows.' This is because such knowledge was not so common on the Dry City streets, as it was in the case of the Black-grade techniques.

Everyone in that town knew about these Black-grade techniques, so there was no reason to hide such information from these three. They were already going there, so sooner or later, they would know.

However, with Silver-grade techniques, only a handful of soldiers who knew Grym, one of those who used a technique of this degree, knew about this matter. Other than that, hardly any people were aware of this matter, as soldiers were not allowed to speak about it in public.

With that, it would not be suitable to talk about such a subject to these three, unless they were already soldiers of the army!

'Unbelievable! Well, if I join this organization that this kid is a part of, maybe I can make it to the 6th stage of cultivation before my old bones decay...' Joey thought to himself as there was a glimmer of hope in his eyes.

Being only level 42 and over 400-years-old, Joey no longer had any expectations of reaching the level of a Spiritual King in his life. Cultivation only became more complicated with age.

He was already much older than most people who reached the 6th stage of cultivation.

Consequently, this old man no longer hoped to fulfill the dream of any cultivator in this part of the continent. In fact, he had long since resigned himself and was just living through his last years without worrying too much about such matters.

But it would be different if he had all the support Peter had said. Anyone would be excited by the possibility of getting stronger and, most importantly, living longer!

On the other hand, Robin was also interested in this point that Peter had just made. She even had a Black-grade cultivation technique, which the small family she came from had luckily found, but that was all.

All of this young woman's other techniques were Blue-grade. So, there was some interest on Robin's part in this possibility.

And the same was true for Barbara. As a subordinate of a noble family, she faced the same situation as other people in the same condition. She had only one Black-grade technique, which was not even focused on cultivation.

Thus, for her, it was also intriguing! 'Maybe that's why those men could fight so well against the guards at that base!' Barbara thought to herself, remembering the moments of the fights in that Chambers' base, which she had witnessed.

And soon, the three continued talking.

"There are other interesting things in the city we are going to that are available to any citizen."

"It is true?"

"Hmm, I even took my family there as soon as I settled down and got permission to do so."

Joey then looked at him and said. "It must be quite tempting for you to do this! I know many individuals who are subordinates of large families but who do not do such a thing..."

Hearing this, Barbara couldn't help but nodding her head in agreement. "I also didn't do such a thing when I joined the old family to which I belonged."

"Haha, you'll understand once we get there..."

And after some time of rest in that place, finally, one of Minos' soldiers gave the signal that it was time to get back on the road.

They couldn't just camp in this place, as it's better not to take unnecessary risks and stay in this region longer!

Who knows what the Chambers' search power would be...

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Hours passed quickly, and now the sun was setting over the horizon of the Cromwell Kingdom, near the base that Minos and company had attacked.

At that moment, that base was utterly desolate as the wind passed through the buildings of that place and made the doors and windows open and close, leaving only a few characteristic sounds behind.

The large entrance gate that was between the high red walls of that place was completely open. At the same time, just a few hundred kilometers away, a group from the sky was approaching...

Three flying beasts, which looked like winged lizards, were decreasing their respective altitudes. At the same time, gradually, the people sitting on their backs began to see the high red walls of that base.

At this point, the Spiritual King who rode the beast at the front of the group finally sighed and muttered something. "We're finally here. Let's see how the young master is..."