

BLACK PLAIN 350

Chapter 350: Spiritual King 1

There weren't many advertisements or missions in the Mercenary Guild for now, as this place had only been inaugurated a few hours ago to the Dry City citizens.

And because of this short operating time, many people still did not know about these options offered by this location. However, with the number of people coming and going to the guild already on this first day of operation, this place would certainly not be forgotten.

In a short time, more owners in town would find out about this matter and would naturally use this new option as conveniently as possible.

And although there are still no large local companies, many of the organizations in this place had already evolved considerably, to the point of employing hundreds of people.

With a growing population, demand for services would increase, new businesses would be opened, and existing ones would expand.

With a larger population, the demand for food products, clothing, and furniture for homes, everything related to everyday life, would increase. And with more and more products being sold, these companies needed to hire more to increase the supply, consequently growing profits as well.

Companies like the Four Seasons Hotel had already become big local brands, with many employees and decent services. Obviously, it wasn't on the level of services provided by the Olson Hotel. Still, it was good enough for lower-ranking nobles to pass through the town with some comfort.

And places like this hotel would need new employees constantly. However, given the fact that there are no unemployed over 15 in the current Dry City, it could be difficult for these companies to increase their capacities.

That's why Mercenary Guild advertising is so welcome right now!

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While some of the citizens were aware of the new service opened today in the city, Dillian was cultivating in the courtyard of his home.

That place was about half the size of the outside area of ??Minos' residence, but it could still be considered a perfect size. There was a small garden there, with a wooden platform in the middle of that place, which looked like a small stage for fights.

In that place, there was no roof, being completely open to the blue sky, from where sun rays passed through the clouds and reached that part of the building.

Other than that, at the four ends of that courtyard, one was the back part of Dillian's home. Another two were sidewalls to the other residences, covered with a kind of plant that grows on the walls. Then, finally, there was a large glass fence on the remaining side, from which the butler could see the south side of the Dry City.

And in the middle of this place, the middle-aged man was sitting in a meditative position on that wooden platform as he circulated his cultivation technique.

Two medium-grade crystals were on his sides, glowing brightly while gradually dimming in intensity, like a light bulb that blinks several times before it goes out.

The butler had already reached the peak of the Spiritual General stage, and from this point forward, to move up to the next level, Dillian would need to cultivate using medium-grade crystals.

Despite having the equivalent of 100 times the amount of energy of low-grade crystals, such items were far more efficient in cultivation. That is, in part, each type of crystal would lose a portion of its own energy to nature, given the anticipated crystallization of spiritual energy.

Such a thing happened when the spiritual pressure of a given region could not reach a minimum level, generating 'more immature' crystals.

These were the so-called low-grade crystals.

It usually formed in the upper layer of spiritual mines. However, when the spiritual pressure of the region was shallow, not only the surface but even those deeper parts would 'delivery' just that type of item.

As an example, was the case with the Black Plain.

The local spiritual density was not high, and because of that, there was not enough spiritual pressure to form the highest-ranked crystals in this territory.

As for the efficiency issue, this basically refers to the crystal's compatibility in storing and releasing spiritual energy into nature. In addition to storing different amounts of energy, crystals also had this distinction related to the amount of energy contained that could be used in cultivation.

A specific crystal would have 'x' of energy in it. If it were a low-grade one, it would return a value less than 'x' when used. However, the higher the crystal's rating, the less energy is lost.

Humans also didn't have naturally high compatibility with spiritual energy, so more of it was lost in the process. However, by using higher ranked crystals, this loss would decrease too!

Therefore, even if a Spiritual King had 200 low-grade and 2 medium-grade crystals to cultivate, he would definitely choose the highest-ranking ones. After all, this would give him a higher gain, even considering that the two types of crystals are equivalent.

But not only that, but the absorption time of the energy contained in 200 crystals was also much longer than that of just 2, even considering that the two had near amounts of total power. So, there was a big difference in a person's cultivation speed if only the different types of crystals were considered.

That's why Dillian was already doing it!

However, this was not fast. Given this butler's current level, he took much longer than young Stuart to cultivate. And at this point, he was already 4 hours in this meditative position, preparing for his advance.

Dillian had realized that he would have a breakthrough in this cultivation session, so he had taken the afternoon off today just to do that.

As to why he was doing it here and not somewhere else, like a cultivation room or the Spatial Kingdom, well, he naturally had his reasons for it.

First, there was no cultivation room for the 6th stage of cultivation in today's Dry City. And considering he could no longer be considered a regular 5th stage cultivator, then the traditional rooms for Spiritual Generals wouldn't work for Dillian.

Second, because of a mismatch of fate. Dillian usually only cultivates later in the day. And by this time, Minos was usually already in the Spatial Kingdom training. Because of that, there was no way the butler could go there right now.

Finally, Dillian had only decided to cultivate at this time because he had some free time after several of his services had recently been completed. Examples of this were the Mercenary Guild, the selection of recruits, the local hospital, which was almost ready, etc.

As the sovereign's butler, Dillian took care of various matters, and therefore, generally, he did not train during the day. But with the conclusion of these projects and the fact that his friend Eda was working at headquarters right now, this middle-aged man had decided to level up this time.

It wouldn't be that quick to do that outside the Spatial Kingdom, but he could still make it to level 50 before the sunset when Eda ends her work.

'Today, I'll give her a surprise...' He had thought about that before starting his cultivation session.

Anyway, Dillian's surroundings seemed distorting, while the spiritual density around him was very high.

His muscles were actively twitching, and if anyone looked closely, one could see that there was a pained expression on this man's face.

At the same time, several drops of sweat dripped from every pore of this man's body.

Right now, Dillian was feeling his soul expand as the pain generated by the changes within his being stunned him. That wasn't as easy as it might seem. After all, even if he would feel terrific after finishing his advance, that didn't stop him from feeling the sensations generated in the middle of this process.

Every second that passed felt like a full minute, and the changes in his body and soul were pushing Dillian's body to the limit.

His soul expanded to get bigger and bigger, already stretching to about 3% of his body size and increasingly palpable. Of course, it was still insignificant, but that could already be considered a tremendous advance for a cultivator. Such a thing would only reach 100% at level 70 when the soul would finally lose all its restrictions.

And finally, the changes in his body began to accelerate as a black goo quickly left the butler's body. It was as if he had fallen into a pool of tar and was just expelling what his skin had absorbed...

Crack!

