

BLACK PLAIN 529

Chapter 529: Frustrated Attempt

Shortly after leaving the Spatial Kingdom, Minos and Abby finally came to the front of one of the many visiting rooms of the local prison.

That place was relatively simple, windowless, with concrete walls painted in gray and only a large metal table, with seats of the same material fixed to the floor. Other than that, there was a metal door in this room, in addition to a lighting array.

Upon entering this place, Minos and Abby immediately saw three people dressed in prison clothes sitting on the same side of the table. At the same time, some police officers were watching these individuals from different points of that room.

"I'm glad you three are already here. It makes things better." Minos said this simultaneously as he passed the entrance to that place, and those three individuals turned their necks to look back.

"The rest of you can leave. When I'm done with those three, I'll call you back." Minos looked at those police officers and gestured to them.

"Yes, young master."

Right after that, only those enemies, Minos and Abby, remained inside that room.

The couple then sat face to face with those three as they watched the expressions of wonder on Lionel and Russ's faces. As for the Spiritual King of that group, he didn't look all that bothered, despite the paleness of his face.

"Well, you already know why I'm here today. You will help me report certain information to your family." Minos started to speak, occasionally shifting his gaze towards those three men.

Hearing this, Lionel was the first to demonstrate his thoughts when he said in a low voice. "Mister Minos, our lives are already in your hands. Why force us to betray our own family? This idea of ??deceiving a medium-sized noble power is not good for any of us!"

"You might end up being surrounded by force greater than you can handle, and we could receive capital punishment!"

Gulp!

When he finished saying that, Lionel swallowed his saliva in awe. That's because, one way or another, his situation was dire. He wanted to put some sense into the head of this one in front of him, but he knew that nothing good for him would happen whether he was successful or not.

Either this young man would listen to him and not involve him in this nonsense, and he remains in the hands of an enemy, or Minos would not give a damn about him. He would end up becoming a traitor in the eyes of the powerful Gill family...

"Mr. Lionel. What are you talking about? That is all your fault. If you hadn't sent two rats to my town, none of this would have happened."

"And what happens to you and the Gill family from now on will be entirely up to you. I'm just acting up to the song."

"If you want blood, well, then it's blood you'll have!"

Minos then looked resolutely at Russ and Winston and changed the subject. "But let's put that off for a bit later. Think about it like this, the more time I have, the more time you will have."

"I don't know what kind of hope you guys can have, but definitely any weird thoughts in your minds depend on time. The sooner the royal family finds out about my city, the sooner your deaths will come. But the opposite is also true."

"As long as it works long enough for me, you can even be released without even a scratch on your old bodies." He smiled as he took some sheets of paper, ink, and a brush from his spatial ring and placed them in front of those three.

"Here are the materials for you to write your reports to your superiors in the Gill family. You're going to tell them the following..." Minos then began to say what those three would need to expose in their letters.

Information about how valuable the Dry City could become to the Gill family, things like how weak the local native forces were... Among many other little pieces of information, some of it genuine, some of it fictitious.

As in the example of the information that the young local sovereign had surrendered to the forces of the Gill family...

All in all, everything was in line with the plan he had thought of to deceive the Gill family for a few months while he and his forces were better prepared for independence.

That was not perfect, far from it. It could go wrong if the leaders of that organization were highly skeptical and honest. But Minos understood that there was a very low probability of this happening in any organization in the Spiritual World.

After all, this is the cultivation world, where millions would be willing to kill for the slightest opportunity for advancement!

Also, Minos was using Lionel in conjunction with those other two men. Of course, such a thing might not seem very significant considering the difference in the status of this man and those other two. Still, the truth is that this man knew critical parts in the workings of the Gill family.

That is because more greedy nobles would always have their influence, which would be composed of nobles of low-status and high-ranking subordinates.

These individuals were like 'stars' that attracted those secondary 'celestial bodies' in their surroundings, gaining importance within their family. And as such, Lionel was a member of one of those factions, which could help with Minos' plans.

Every human organization would be divided into groups, and the more groups convinced of an idea, the better would be for those behind those actions. So, it was more interesting for Minos to use three people rather than just two in the case at hand.

The Gill family command would need to believe that it would be best for them to keep the Dry City a secret from the royal family. And for that, Minos would use as many 'voices' as possible!

Finally, after some time writing their letters, those three men put their writing objects aside and indicated to Minos that they were finished.

"Let's see what you guys put here..." Minos muttered in a low voice as he began to read the contents of those texts.

He had not asked his people to write these letters because it was in the interests of the Black Plain that such things be as believable as possible. Minos didn't want to make a mistake just because someone's handwriting or writing style didn't match these three people's.

Hence, he had left this job to these three people. They had written everything in their usual handwriting, signatures and told that fictional story using their own writing styles.

'... In Dry City, we found a group of hundreds of cultivators at the 5th stage. However, these people couldn't be called warriors. In my view, they were nothing more than armed farmers with good levels...'

'... A coward. Minos Stuart fled for over ten days, having hidden in the sewer system of the Dry City in an attempt to escape our group. However, after a lot of work, the bastard surrendered, trembling with fear...'

'... The Dry City has many opportunities for the family, and I suggest that this be kept secret from the high-ranking members...'

Minos read all three letters until finally he piled them on that table and began looking at each of those individuals. "Can I trust that there is no hidden message here?" He asked as he narrowed his eyes and his mouth formed a slight arc.

"Of course, Mister Minos. We wouldn't dare!" Russ said promptly, already feeling a shiver down his spine.

"Last chance. If there is something here and none of you admit it, I will cripple the spiritual cultivation of that person who tried to deceive me!" He looked all three of them in the eye and then gestured back toward Abby.

Gulp!

"Have mercy, Mister Minos! I was foolish to believe that I could deceive you!" Lionel fell to the ground, already kneeling in front of young Stuart, with tears in his eyes.

"Miserable! Are you trying to kill us?" Russ asked in a low voice as he looked at Lionel as if he saw a pig in front of him.

On the other hand, Winston was also in a cold sweat, but he hadn't said anything. Instead, he just gave Lionel a wary glance. 'An animal! How can he be so stupid? Didn't he see this woman is here?'

Seeing this, Minos wasted no time and turned to his girlfriend, who was silently watching all this. "Abby, use your skill on these three..."

After that, a few hours passed, and finally, the letters from those three were sent to the Gill family headquarters...