

BLACK PLAIN 670

[Chapter 670 - Announcement Of War!](#)

"Wow! There are so many Spiritual Kings in this city. I can hardly believe it!" One of the three Spiritual Kings that the Cohen family had sent with Todd said this in admiration.

"It's truly amazing!"

"I had heard stories about this place, but I must admit I didn't take it very seriously... But who knew, I was wrong!"

Such people had come to support the forces of Dry City for the next few years, as Todd and Minos had previously agreed and the leaders of this family had accepted.

So, they had traveled with this nobleman from the Cohen family to this place to live in this town for the next few years.

But unlike what would happen some of the other allied Spiritual Kings of the Black Plain Army, these subordinates of the House Cohen would not have the chance to learn the army's techniques. After all, Minos' agreement with Todd did not involve that sort of thing, and these people were not here to subordinate themselves to the local sovereign.

So, these individuals would have a similar local function as the Gill family Spiritual Kings, in helping to protect the city and participate in battles. Other than that, the only difference between them and the members of Lionel's family was that they were not subordinates of Minos.

But in any case, these individuals were satisfied with this arrangement with Minos and were positively surprised to see Dry City with their own eyes.

They had only heard of this place from the bodyguard who had accompanied Todd last time, but the experience was different. So, they were surprised to see this place.

On the other hand, when Todd was away, the Gill family had been subjugated, which these people still did not know had happened.

Hence, Todd was also surprised to feel so many experts in this city!

"There are already over 30 Spiritual Kings living here! Unbelievable!" Todd said in surprise as he walked alongside those experts from his family.

"I wonder what happened?" He muttered in an impressed manner.

"This place looks very powerful, young Todd. It even looks like the headquarters of a mid-level regional noble family, almost touching the high level!" The strongest of the three, level 53, said in admiration, ignoring what Todd had muttered.

"It wasn't a bad choice to ally ourselves with such a place. With the local development rate, it won't take many decades, and this Dry City will become a major metropolis that could compete with the regional capitals!" Another of them said as he watched from side to side the street they were passing, with a curious look on his old face.

"I'm looking forward to getting to know this city... What shall we do now, young Todd? Should we go meet the local sovereign?" Another Spiritual King asked seriously.

"Well, I think we'd better first look for a place to rest and eat. Since it will still be a few days before the elders can sign the agreements with Minos, we are not in a hurry to talk to him."

"We'll do it tomorrow!" He said before finally directing his traveling companions in the direction of the Four Seasons Hotel, the best hotel in Dry City at the moment.

Such a hotel had grown dramatically since Minos' arrival in Dry City, and today it could even host a few hundred visitors at once.

Consequently, unlike the second time Elen had visited this city, Minos no longer had to offer apartments in his mansion for essential visitors.

There was already a good supply of hotel services in the city, and they were also of satisfactory quality, of course, considering that this was still the northern part of the Central Continent. So, young Stuart didn't need to do this kind of favor.

Every visitor could get rooms or even apartments for rent in Dry City during their stays here. But, on the other hand, the local real estate sector had many properties ready for sale. So, if one was going to spend more time here, it might not be a bad idea to buy a place to call one's own in this city...

Therefore, Todd and his traveling companions did not need to bother visiting young Stuart at this time. Instead, they could go out and see the town, eat a good meal, rest, and then cultivate until they felt ready to take care of official business.

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Quickly the night passed in Dry City, and the day was slowly dawning.

The many windows around this city were slowly opening, along with the first people waking up for another day of work.

And while the morning smell of breakfast was spreading through the residential neighborhoods, something important was being done by several low-ranking soldiers.

In several places, on notice boards scattered throughout the city, soldiers placed identical posters on each notice post.

These posters were not small, about 1 meter high and 50 centimeters wide, containing large letters and an eye-catching design for the citizens to see them as soon as possible.

So, after one of those posters was on a mural, an elderly citizen who was passing close to that suddenly had the curiosity to approach that notice, to see what it was all about.

"Looks like the local government has something big to announce..." He muttered in a low voice as he looked in the direction of that notice and carried a bag of fruit on his back.

'It's not every day that we get notices from the government...'

'I wonder if it's the inauguration of some new service?' He thought about it, remembering that usually, there were no official government notices.

But this was normal. After all, new services would not become available every day, much less would the current services be improved so consistently.

That even happened much more frequently than in other regional cities. But it was undeniable that weeks could go by without anything new or better appearing in this city.

As such, each time new notices were released to ordinary citizens, many of them, like this elderly man, would not delay in approaching one of the local murals.

"Let me see this here..."

He then began to read such a thing when he finally got close enough to see these words.

'Support the local army!

'Support the Black Plain War of Independence!'

'Dry City residents, I am sorry to inform this, but our city will soon face tumultuous times of war as a result of the greed of outside forces seeking to conquer our city...'

'... These forces will do anything to destroy our way of life. Exploit our achievements. Usurp our land while taking food from our children's mouths, killing our brave soldiers, and usurping your rights...'

'... But as a leader determined to free the Black Plain, to make this place even more sublime, I am willing to fight! Only with this our region can one day become an independent state...'

'... To begin with, we will fight against those who oppose the desire for separation, who want to threaten everything we build...'

'... But I promise that I will not stop fighting until the Black Plain is recognized independent of the Brown Kingdom by all the regional states!'

'From your sovereign, Minos Stuart.'

As he finished reading the tiny words on that notice, this old figure couldn't help but open his mouth in shock as his eyes fluttered in agitation.

He knew that something like this would happen sooner or later since Dry City was indeed very different from the rest of the northern region of the Central Continent.

But he had never thought that things would develop in this way and so quickly!

Gulp!

"A war of independence?" He wondered aloud, not realizing that he had alerted some people who were passing by that place.

'Will Lord Minos truly go up against the Brown family? Will he be able to fight against such an organization?' He asked himself in doubt, already feeling that he was not the only one in that place next to the mural where he had read such a thing.

After thinking about it for a while, he finally looked at the bag full of high spiritual concentration fruits that he had just bought for his family. Then he looked at the clothes on his body. He then felt his energies and physical strength, which he could not use even for doing ordinary crafts two years ago.

'If it weren't for these opportunities given to me by Lord Minos, I would never have reached level 33, nor would my family be able to eat items of this quality!' So, he considered as he clenched his wrinkled fist.

After that, he made a determined expression before going back his previous way, feeling that the war of independence was worth a lot to him and his family!