

BLACK PLAIN 676

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Quickly four days passed...

In that period, Minos' allies had calmed down, and this young man had already left for the Yellow City to sign the agreements with the elders of the Cohen family.

Meanwhile, negotiations with the royal family continued in the joint camp of the Black Plain Army and the Brown Kingdom's royal guard.

Things were as before, developing slowly, while now and then, the administrative soldiers of the army promised some concessions so as not to irritate beyond the limit those royals who were negotiating with them.

For this, although such people were already slowly becoming annoyed by the actions of Minos' subordinates, they still believed that this deal would be settled in a few more days. So, they were still 'calm,' despite everything.

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While the negotiations of the army with the royal guards were taking place 10 kilometers from the eastern exit of the wall, in the area to the west of the wall, the crops of Dry City were flourishing.

The more than 4,800 planted hectares of the most varied kinds were planted in well-subdivided plots where crop rotation took place from time to time.

On the other hand, while there were plants that had just been planted there, there were plants already at a different level of maturity in other places, with many of them even being at harvest time.

As such, farmers worked around the place in all kinds of roles, taking care of everything from the beginning of planting to even harvesting others.

Some only deal with the planting, others only with the harvest, others with cleaning the fruits and grains, packing them, etc. There were various functions in these plantation fields of the Black Plain, from which the resources of Dry City mostly came.

And so, of the more than 120,000 farmers in this city, about 40,000 of them could be seen around the plantation fields at almost all hours of the day, tending to their respective jobs.

These farmers worked 8-hour shifts so that they all had the opportunity to train and solve their problems or even have a second job in the city. That was necessary for them to develop faster and was also related to the characteristics of the plantations in the Spiritual World.

In any case, most of these workers were already between levels 26 and 33, which were usually newcomers to Dry City. That is, those who had not yet increased their level as often as the older citizens due to their short time in this city.

But there were already many farmers above level 33, something that was not so common to find around here in the recent past.

And among them was a particular group of the Gill family members, subordinates of that family who had moved to Dry City with those immigrant groups that Minos had subjugated.

Most of these subordinates of this family who were in the fields were those born with Blue talent, low-level individuals who didn't receive good wages working for this family.

Therefore, with this opportunity to have a second job that was almost as well paid as their own, many of these underlings couldn't help but enlist to work in the local fields.

But three of them particularly did not want to be there...

That was because, unlike their fellow subordinates of the Gill family, they had been forced to do such a thing.

"Hah... hah... Dad, do you want some water?" Ralf, level 33, asked his father, Railan, level 36, as the two worked with tools in their hands and sweating under the midday sun.

"Hah, yeah, I'm dead thirsty..." Railan said in a hoarse voice as he waved his hand in his son's direction, waiting for the bottle of water.

Meanwhile, the two of them were sweating as if they were in a sauna, simultaneously, in which their clothes were red from the dirt in the fields, where at the moment they were working.

The two of them had been mainly responsible for the Gill family's discovery of the changes in Dry City, for which they were paying for having betrayed their former city...

Minos was not cruel enough to punish these two with their lives or expel them from Dry City since he knew that Lionel had sent them here and not of their own free will.

On the other hand, things had developed well for him and his city because of their action, so he had not been harsh in punishing those involved in Lionel's operation.

But in any case, Lionel, Ralf, and Railan needed to be punished somehow!

Therefore, they would have to work for ten years without salary in the plantation fields, plus they had lost any chance of becoming soldiers in the local army. The same extended to all jobs related to the local government, where none of the three of them could compete for positions...

But although this basically took away many chances for these three, at least they could live as citizens, use the city services, and still be part of the Gill family.

Just as it was Railan's wish when he refused young Stuart's offer...

Anyway, after drinking all the water from the bottle his son had offered him, Railan looked in the direction of Lionel, who was working not far from there.

'At least we only have to work 8 hours a day, six times a week... Mister Lionel has to do that for 12 hours every day.' He consoled himself as he thought of the difficulties of such a person.

However, despite feeling disappointed in himself, Railan was not angry at the fate he had earned with his decisions. At least he was alive and could live in this city while his wife and other family members could enjoy opportunities he and his son could not.

That in itself was already far better than anyone could want in his situation!

"Hah, time to get back to work!"

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Meanwhile, hundreds of meters above Dry City, three flying beasts were passing by at high speed, moving toward the north of this region.

These beings looked like giant winged lizards, with completely green scales, measuring about 3 meters long, with proportional bodies.

But while this beast breed would already be eye-catching anywhere in this region, the symbol on each of their heads was much more notable.

After all, only one organization in this region used the symbol of a black star, with a skin-colored circumference at its center.

But while this distinctive symbol was eye-catching, so were the people on the backs of these remarkable beings.

The six men separated on each of these beasts were powerful regional experts!

Each was a Spiritual King, with the weakest at level 54 and the strongest at level 56!

They were traveling while they had sharp looks on their faces, dangerous smiles on the corners of their eyes and mouths as if they were going out to hunt their favorite prey...

"Supreme elder, we are only a day away from our destination. Are you sure you don't want to stop at Dry City to rest? Maybe the enemy is not alone..." One of those people said while looking in the direction of the most powerful man in that group.

Upon hearing this, the supreme elder he talked to smiled cruelly and promptly refused that offer. "Haha, of course, I'm sure. Who do you think I am? It's not because I'm old that I can't handle a short trip of a few days!"

"The opposite of that, I haven't felt this energetic in years!"

"I can't wait to destroy that fool who thought he could kill my son and continue living in our region!"

"Hehehe, I thought you were going to say something like that... Forgive my unnecessary question."

"Don't worry. I am in an excellent mood today." The supreme elder said as he looked vigorously to the north.

'Brat Minos, I only hope it won't be long before I display your head in Persephone!' Wallace Chambers thought to himself as he clenched his fists tightly and smiled cruelly.

"Come on. We've got to get to Yellow City before the Hayes family bastards do!"

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