

BLACK PLAIN 687

[Chapter 687 - Tragic Ends For Some, New Beginnings For Others](#)

It did not take long, and all the survivors from that city who were not seriously injured were already on the streets helping in the rescue work.

Many buildings collapsed either totally or partially, causing more than 30% of the local infrastructure to be damaged to the point that this city looked like a large rubble dump.

But even though many buildings had suffered because of the previous conflict, most of the local facilities were still unharmed, and so were the citizens.

Hence, those hundreds of thousands of people who had not been so affected by the previous conflict were already scattered around this city, helping the victims of this incident.

Groups were working in the destroyed buildings, removing the debris little by little, in the hope that the people who had been in these places before would still have a chance to survive.

But only silence could be heard in certain places, and the rescuers could not be sure if there were any survivors in those places. On the other hand, several voices could be heard in different sites, of people of all genders and ages, calling out in desperation for help.

But regardless of whether they were hearing these signs of life, the rescue inhabitants were working in all these destroyed places. After all, anywhere, there could be people in need of help, and there were enough people in this city for that service to be done on all possible fronts.

And with this being done all around this city, soon long lines of people could be seen in the local streets, where constantly pieces of debris could be seen passing through the hands of these people.

At the same time, many injured people had already been taken to the undestroyed sites where they could receive first aid.

Cultivators could be strong and have vitalities of hundreds or even thousands of years. Still, before reaching level 70, anyone who lost more than two-thirds of their blood could die!

So, helping people who were injured and perhaps unable to stop their own bleeding was an important task to decrease the local death toll.

But not everyone was doing this!

It didn't take long for some citizens to start running around the outskirts of this city, looking for spatial rings lost by the dead or even items of value that were in those ruins.

Many people had died, and that was too bad. But that meant that many cultivation resources had been left behind.

Therefore, it didn't take long for many people to start searching for these resources!

Some were doing this to find pills or resources for treating the injured, their families, or friends. But many others were collecting these items out of pure opportunism in the hope that they could make a significant profit from this calamity.

Many had lost important people on this day, but several others had lost nothing. And as such, they couldn't stop taking advantage of the opportunities just because thousands of people had died.

At the end of the day, they were all cultivators and dreamed of reaching higher levels.

To achieve this desired level increase, many there would be willing to step on the blood and remains of local victims to get the resources they needed!

That was dirty work, but the people who were doing this were soon convinced that they had nothing to do with these deaths.

They were just taking advantage of a tragedy caused by others!

How could they be to blame? Besides, entire families had died, so these resources left behind would not be missed by anyone, right?

Well, that's what most of them told themselves, something they could use to sleep peacefully at night.

But obviously, some didn't give a damn about the local dead. After all, in every society, there would be such individuals.

In any case, this incident had wholly changed this city, and its population would have to live in a completely new way from now on.

Some would have to get used to not seeing their old friends or family. Others would have to face the despair of having lost almost everything, of being unemployed, of having to deal with rising food prices, and so on.

But others would take advantage of the moment to grow fast, ascend socially, leave behind their former limits, and perhaps become lords of their own land one day.

Among those who were taking more advantage of the local opportunities were the slaves of the Chambers family, those who survived, of course.

Such individuals had lost their masters and were promptly freed by the Hayes family guards from the spiritual arrays that sealed their spiritual cultivation.

That family was opposed to the practice of slavery. So, soon after things had calmed down, some guards who had participated in that conflict had freed those Chambers family captives.

There were thousands of them in this city. They were people who had lived under the rule of the Chambers family for many years. People who had even become accustomed to the life of slaves, and some that had not experienced this harsh reality for that long.

Therefore, while several citizens were facing tragic ends, several Chambers family slaves were smiling because they had regained their freedoms.

Not only that, they were laughing with satisfaction that most of their captors had been executed in this city!

But of course, among these groups of slaves, those who had suffered for centuries at the hands of the Chambers family nobles, they could hardly believe it all.

'Master Scout is dead...' One of these newly freed people thought about this as he sat on the street, looking at that half-destroyed landscape in front of him.

He then ran his hand across the ground, which at the moment was full of dust, then picked up a hand of dirt and looked at it steadily. *'What will I do from now on? My family must no longer exist...'*

'Hell, maybe even the town where I was born no longer exists...'

'Maybe I should go back to cultivation? But will that still have any effect on my age? Maybe...' He thought about these things, not knowing which way to go from now on.

And such a thing was not strange.

After all, he had lived for so long doing only one kind of thing that he didn't know how to do anything else. But, on the other hand, for centuries, he had only learned about the reality of slavery. So, even though he had achieved his freedom, this person had no idea what to do with it.

Freedom could be so broad that a limited person could lose their mind when coming across such a thing so suddenly. But, on the other hand, freedom could be so bright for those living in darkness that perhaps some of them would even be blinded by such a thing!

In this way, several of the Chambers family former slaves in this town were given a fresh start.

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Meanwhile, at the Chambers family headquarters...

The surviving Spiritual Kings of the Hayes family group were still there, resting and receiving updates concerning the outcome of this invasion.

Such data had already been being collected since the confrontation ended hours ago. So, by now, the Spiritual Generals responsible for this work had the most important results.

"... Of our forces, we lost about 6,600 people, as well as over 7,000 of our survivors, had highly complex injuries." One of those Hayes family guards said while reading a report to those experts.

After that, another Spiritual General began to tell the data he had collected. "As for the enemy numbers, about 23,000 people died in Persephone. But, on the other hand, the number of survivors who managed to escape from here should not be less than 4,000."

"But we still don't know for sure how many total survivors these escapees represent."

"Other than that, there are still many people from that family outside this city. In any case, we can say that over 60% of the Chambers family was wiped out today!"

"I see...." The strongest elder in that place said in a low voice, just before asking about other information. "How many innocent citizens died in that conflict?"