

## **BLACK PLAIN 742**

### [Chapter 742 - Naval Warfare 1](#)

While Eduard and his group were waiting for the right moment to act, dozens of ships were in an area of a few thousand square kilometers, a few kilometers off the local coast.

Of these many ships, most of them, to be precise 34, were warships carrying the symbols of the royal house of the Brown Kingdom, where hundreds of royal guards could be seen on each of them.

This royal fleet was spread out in that area in a specific pattern, following the entire coast of the Maritime City, forming a defensive belt around this place.

But those were not the only ships in that place. After all, Maritime City was a coastal city focused on sending and receiving resources via the sea.

Consequently, many cargo ships could be seen there, some a little further away from the Maritime City than those warships, standing in line to be accepted into space under the protection of the local forces.

But now and then, someone observing this place would see some of the little more than ten cargo ships coming and going from the local harbor in the area under the control of the royal forces.

But while these many ships around that area were operating in the usual way, a few kilometers away, 17 warships with symbols of the Collins family were slowly approaching that defensive belt.

These ships had been approaching that place in a different way than the ones around the Maritime City, coming from various directions and in groups with different numbers.

Some ships were going alone towards that area of protection of the Maritime City, while others were in groups of 2, 3, 4 ships, going in different directions from the rest.

In any case, each of these warships had a few dozen people working around, some dressed in ordinary sailors' clothing, but others in the uniform of the Collins family guard.

Thousands of people from that family had fallen by the hands of the soldiers from that Black Plain Army naval base. As such, it had not been difficult to obtain those garments.

As a result, some of the soldiers commanded by Angela in this operation were dressed in such uniforms, just in case someone from the enemy side managed to escape.

Anyway, on the ship that was heading alone towards the interior of the defensive belt imposed by the royal troops in this place, Angela was sitting in an armchair in the command room of that battleship.

She was dressed in armor with some symbols of the Collins family on it. That was something she had obtained through the 'inheritance' left by those Spiritual Kings who had fallen by Celeste's hands in that attack on the naval base.

But as she sat there, mentally preparing herself for what was about to happen, some of the soldiers from Minos' army were commanding that warship, ready to act at any moment.

"Lieutenant, all the ammunition is already in its proper places, and the cannons are ready to fire." A Sergeant who had just entered the command room of that ship said this as he stopped next to Angela. "All the other warships are already ready for action as well."

"Oh? That's good."

"What about our soldiers infiltrating among the enemies? Are their three ships ready? Are they in the right position?" She asked, standing up from the seat she was sitting in, already feeling her bones cracking.

The Black Plain Army had three enemy warships entirely under their control since their crews were part of the infiltrators in the royal guard.

Previously that group of royal guards, individuals who now lived in the Dry City prison, were responsible for operating warships around the local coast. Because of that, these soldiers of Minos had inherited the same service.

So, Minos' army had gotten these people undercover on three enemy ships.

But the beginning of the attack depended a lot on these three warships since the attack by the backs planned by the soldiers of Minos in this place depended a lot on these three groups acting at the right time.

They would not be the first to attack since this would not bring many advantages. But they would need to be ready to act soon after the confrontation began, a moment when Minos' enemies would be focused on the warships commanded by Angela.

Hence, Angela couldn't help but wonder about these three warships commanded by undercover soldiers.

Such ships were already marked so that Angela's troops would not try to attack their own allies. Therefore, just knowing whether they were ready mattered at this point!

That soldier then answered her. "Yes, Lieutenant, they are ready to act."

"Those three ships commanded by our comrades are with all weapons ready to fire and with as much ammunition as they could carry on that ship."

"On the other hand, they are ready to attack the other ships in their vicinity, near the southern coast of Maritime City, as soon as we start the conflict."

"Finally, the enemy warships that have had explosive arrays planted by our soldiers are in the northernmost positions, where we have the smallest of our groups sailing."

After hearing these things, Angela soon asked the last thing that mattered to her at this moment. "How many enemy ships have been sabotaged?"

"Only five."

"It's not a large number, but it will help us enough..." She said as she left that room, heading towards the bow of that ship, where she intended to communicate with the enemy side.

Her group was going to start a naval battle, but there was no way they could act totally by surprise against their opponents. After all, unlike on the mainland, the sea was not a place easy to hide, and warships could undoubtedly be seen from a few dozen kilometers away.

Unfortunately, the range of the cannonballs was not that significant.

Even the powerful arrays that propelled the giant cannonballs could only make them travel 10 to 15 kilometers before they lost the strength necessary for their purpose.

Because of this, it was pretty problematic to act totally by surprise in a naval battle, and as such, other strategies had to be used.

So, Angela was preparing to communicate with one of the enemy ships, which was already coming towards her own ship.

The enemy side might find it strange that so many Collins family warships were coming to this city, but things like this could happen. Besides, as the Collins probably didn't know about the Brown family's problems with the Black Plain, the other side could just be passing through here to rest and refuel.

At the very least, a large family from another regional state, an organization soon to have one of its descendants take over the strongest kingdom in the region, deserved the benefit of the doubt.

Hence, one of those warships headed towards Angela's, the closest to that defensive belt around the Maritime City.

When the two warships were close enough to each other that the people there could communicate effortlessly, Angela realized that the enemy side had no Spiritual King.

But this was to be expected. After all, in naval warfares, the sailors' levels would not be so crucial unless the differences in regional power were tremendous or the arrays and artifacts on the ships were of a higher level.

Since none of these conditions were met in this region of the Central Continent, there was no reason to have Spiritual Kings on these ships.

And since the dangers of something happening overland were much more significant, the main forces were in the Maritime City and not around here.

Anyway, while she had a curious expression on her face, Angela was the first to say something. "What is happening in this place? Why are there so many Brown family ships around here? Did something happen? We were coming here to supply our ships with resources, but then we saw this formation..."

Hearing this, the people on that other ship looked at each other, realizing that the other side had not yet found out about the local conflict.

*'That's good!'*

*'There were no leaks, and this fleet came here without knowing about the local reality.'* The leader of that Brown family warship thought about this without changing the expression on his face.

He then looked at Angela for a moment longer, not recognizing the identity of this woman.

But he didn't attach much importance to this since not all regional specialists were famous. Some of them spent dozens of years in seclusion in their headquarters. Thus, it was not strange for him, a level 43 cultivator, not to recognize this person.

He then said in a grave tone. "Madam, for reasons we cannot communicate, the coast of Maritime City is closed to visitors indefinitely."

"Only allies of the Brown family are allowed to dock in the local harbor or park in an area up to 50 kilometers away from the local shore."

"Therefore, we ask that you and your fleet turn around and continue on your way away from this area!"

Upon hearing this, Angela showed surprise, regretting such information. "Oh? So, the Maritime City is not available to us, eh?"

"What a pity...."