

## **BLACK PLAIN 751**

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Before long, the same thing that had happened in that square happened in other places around the Maritime City, all at the same time as the rescues and collection of materials were being done.

But besides these tasks, some soldiers had also been counting the local losses and gains since the battles around this city had ended.

These numbers were necessary, after all.

Hence, dozens of soldiers could be seen running around this city with papers in their hands, calling out the soldiers, checking the destroyed places, the missing citizens, etc.

In the midst of all this, a kind of organized turmoil had settled over this city!

Turmoil because so many people were running from the sides of this city to the others, with different objectives, but all were in a great hurry, with stern expressions on their faces.

But not only because of this, but also due to the size of this city, something that favored chaos.

The Maritime City might have had 300,000 inhabitants before Minos' actions in this place, but its area was not significant. In fact, this place was only a few dozen square kilometers in area, something that chariots pulled by 3rd stage beasts could cross in less than half an hour.

And precisely because it was not a prominent place in terms of area, practically this entire city was suffering from the effects of this most recent action of the Black Plain Army.

Almost all the remaining inhabitants of this place were in the streets together with the soldiers of Minos' army, doing several different things.

Some were already preparing to flee. Others were already leaving this city on their beasts or carriages. But, on the other hand, several people were running after their acquaintances, trying to find out what had happened to them during the conflict.

And in the midst of this, the wounded and corpses were being removed from the rubble by local citizens and soldiers coming from Dry City. At the same time, cries of pain and pleas for help resounded through these places.

All of this created this mess, which, although chaotic, did have its order.

"Get out of the way!"

"Can't you see I'm trying to get through?" A coachman shouted while making various gestures to the people in the streets, trying to get out of this city.

On the other hand, pedestrians kept crossing the streets outside the crosswalks, between the carriages and beasts, walking or running in different directions.

But while some coachmen began to get annoyed by the traffic and occasional interference, people continued to get in their way in an attempt to reach their destinations as quickly as possible.

Meanwhile, noises of shattering glass and doors began to emerge from the many stores in the center of this city as the looting began!

As this place had lost its royal guard and members of the Maritime City government were fleeing, some residents took advantage of the state of anarchy to loot.

Besides, the army soldiers didn't care about this minor matter.

At the same time, the owners of these places were more concerned with migrating away. So, no one was doing anything against these people, and citizens were merely taking what they could before they also fled.

"Hey! This refrigerator array is mine!" Someone considerably sweating said this as he wiped the ashes from his face, already holding two other large arrays.

"I got it first, so it's mine!" The other person said this as he placed that array on his back, ready to leave that store, where many others were emptying the display case. "Do you want to fight for this?" He asked, looking to that person from before, willing to fight.

"Bastard!"

But nothing happened. Seeing the other person's determined expression and the fact that other people could soon aim for his own items, this man gave up his attempt.

Fighting here would not be suitable for anyone. After all, none of those individuals wanted to be around much longer.

With this, those two quickly went in different directions, along with the others looting places like this one.

And while some of those people were trying to loot other stores and others were already trying to leave this city, wounded people were being carried on stretchers through the streets, some screaming in pain, others passed out, while their clothes were soiled with blood and ash.

"Please help us! A remnant attack hit our friend during the previous battles!" A young woman shouted this in the direction of some soldiers from Minos' army as she and two other people carried that injured individual.

Upon hearing this, one of the soldiers carrying corpses of local citizens then said aloud, without looking in the direction of those people. "Continue to the end of the street and then turn left and continue. You will find first aid in that place."

"But our friend needs doctors. Are there any doctors there?" Another individual asked.

"There are carriages with injured people being taken to Dry City. There we have many doctors ready to receive them."

"The carriages are in the same place as the first aid care."

Hearing this, those people ran towards that place, which was not far from there, where in just 2 minutes they had traveled all the way.

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At the temporary first aid station, Angela and Eduard were sitting on the nearby rubble, resting and observing the surroundings while waiting for the battle results.

And as they saw three citizens carrying a stretcher with an injured young man arrive near one of the carriages in that place, a Sergeant approached them with a clipboard in his right hand.

"Lieutenants, we already have the preliminary data on the aftermath of the great ambush carried out in this town." Such an individual said as he came face to face with those two.

"How many men did we lose?"

Eduard was the first to say something, asking about the thing that concerned him the most. After all, he was the leader of most of the people involved in the action from earlier, and he couldn't help but worry about those individuals.

"We didn't have many casualties among the combatants, but yes, many wounded, some of them were even crippled." So, that Sergeant began to report.

"Of the men directly involved in the previous confrontation, on the local coast and land, 133 of our comrades died. Two of them were Spiritual Warriors who were unfortunately killed after activating the traps on their responsibilities..."

"The rest were Spiritual Generals."

"On the other hand, 532 soldiers are seriously injured, and we can hardly count on them in the short term. But only the army doctors in Dry City will be able to say more about these individuals, so I dare not say more than that."

"However, 15 Sergeants had their spiritual cultivations crippled during the conflict." He finished answering Eduard's question, feeling bad for those people.

"I see..."

"It's a shame that this happened, but at least they are still alive..." Angela said in a low voice, looking at that soldier. "Are they already going to Dry City?"

"Yes, all the seriously injured soldiers are already traveling in carriages to Dry City right now. They were the first to receive first aid and sent to the General Hospital."

"Hence, they should arrive in Dry City in the next two days."

"Oh? That's good."

"But even though the loss numbers are not worrisome, we've had more trouble than we expected here. I hope that was worth it..."

"How many enemies managed to escape?" She asked about this data, so important to measure the efficiency of the traps set up around this city.

"Of the more than 15,000 enemies in Maritime City previously, counting those on warships on the local coast, we estimate that about just over a thousand individuals have escaped."

"A good portion of them fled by sea, on the three enemy ships that had minimum necessary conditions of travel with good speed after the conflict on the local coast."

"The rest of those individuals who fled were all Spiritual Generals who were farther away from our traps and who acted quickly after the activation of all the arrays in this city."

"Other than that, over 14,000 enemies died in this city, including all the Spiritual Kings who were here previously."

"Oh? That's good!" Eduard commented in satisfaction, relieved that the Spiritual King, who had not been killed by the local traps or by him and that team from before, had not managed to escape.

After all, while it wasn't the end of the world for them that some enemies survived today's conflict, it would be terrible if some Spiritual Kings had fled!

In fact, for Eduard and Angela, the confirmation that no enemy experts had managed to escape was enough to cover the escape of those hundreds of enemies!

"Other than that...."