

BLACK PLAIN 755

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"Get ready!" Minos said to those people in his group when he finally saw the signal from his soldiers for the start of the operation.

Upon hearing this, those 15 Spiritual Kings immediately became much more alert as they circulated their energies, preparing for the battles that would occur in this place.

Of these 15 experts, two were from the Hayes family, two from the Stokes family, two from the Feathered Serpents tribe, three from the Black Plain Army, and the rest from the Gill family.

Most of these people were individuals living in Dry City before, either because of their organizations' alliances with Minos or because of their subordination to this young man.

In any case, they were the members of this group that were ready for the confrontation to begin in the camp a few kilometers ahead of where they were.

Several of them had Silver-grade techniques, while others had only Black-grade ones. But since there were powerful cultivators there, as in the case of the strongest individuals in the Gill family, these differences in quality of techniques were compensated.

With that, this group of 16 people was ready to fight against their 16 targets in that camp, who were mostly part of the Silva family!

Anyway, after Minos' warning, it didn't take long, and soon the hundreds of soldiers from the Black Plain Army's secret base in Yellow City began their operation.

Such individuals were around the enemy camp in several small groups that were a few kilometers from the center of that place. Moreover, each had low-level grade-2 arrays and artifacts, items rated high enough to cause problems for the many enemy Spiritual Generals.

So, the first wave of attacks began, as all those small groups of Sergeants fired simultaneously at the enemy camp!

BOOM!

POW!

SWOOSH!

Instantly, various attacks formed in the air, coming out of the many arrays and rushing towards their targets at great speed.

There were many arrows made of spiritual energy, each as long as adult humans but as thin as children's fingers. However, each cut through the air like cannonballs, flying at very high speeds, something very welcome to their destructive aims.

On the other hand, several types of blades could be seen in the surroundings of that place, cutting the air in the most variable directions, but all of them with targets in that enemy camp.

And last but not least, several cannonballs were also being fired by some arrays similar to those of warships, only in simpler versions, let's say.

All these attacks were coming from the arrays used by those soldiers, things developed by the experts of the Black Plain Army's spiritual professions!

All of them had been fired and were turning that quiet semi-arid area of the Black Plain into a noisy area with energy fluctuations of all kinds. Consequently, it didn't take long for the enemy side to realize that there was something wrong going on.

"Hey!"

"Hey!"

"What the fuck, man? What's going on?" Some of the soldiers from this Counter-Revolutionary Army post who watched the surroundings said this aloud, shocked by the sudden change.

"Hey! We're being attacked, damn it!"

"How could this have happened? Does the enemy already know our location?"

"But we haven't even done anything yet!"

"Forget that. We have more urgent things to do now!"

"Enemy attack!"

Several people in the vicinity of that camp led by the Silva family exchanged a few words briefly until finally, someone set off the alarms, alerting that entire outpost.

Woop! Woop!

"Enemy attack!"

Hence, quickly, that whole place was on alert, with many individuals inside their tents looking to the sides as they started to shiver.

While many were getting out of their tents to observe what was going on and question those responsible for this sudden alarm, the attacks launched earlier finally hit their targets!

Boooooom!

Puff!

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Several of the first people who were hit suffered harshly from the first wave of attacks. The attacks tore many bodies apart, while the remaining shockwaves hurt many others.

At the same time, debris was already flying at high speeds in the surrounding area. Some of it followed its path without crashing into anyone, but several others hit humans nearby.

With that, flames spread in some points of that camp, driving into despair those who had not had time to react.

"Ahhhh!"

"Damn it!"

"Help! We're under attack!"

"Get your defenses up!"

When the screams of the first wounded broke from their throats, finally, that whole camp knew very well what was happening. From that moment on, the strongest ones there were already frowning as they carried their battle items in their hands, preparing themselves for what would happen next.

"Unbelievable!"

"We've barely done anything, and the enemies in this damn place have already found us?" One of those Spiritual Kings from the Silva family commented while feeling the bitterness of having their plans spoiled by their opponents.

They had finished receiving the last individuals from that first group that would be staying in this area a few days ago. Therefore, they were already preparing to try to disrupt the lives of the people in Dry City by starting their operations in the Black Plain.

But just at this critical moment, the enemy group had suddenly appeared in their vicinity, attacking them before they had a chance to act first.

"How did they find us here? We are only using this place as it is tough to be noticed by others unless the person is very close to us." One of them shouted as he ran alongside those other experts. "Was that just their luck?"

"Perhaps the enemies' information network is much more complex than we had thought..."

"But how strong will the enemy group be? To attack us, they must be very strong or bold!" Another individual commented.

On the other hand, Otis and Adrian, the two strongest of that group, were silent at the moment as they prepared for the beginning of their revenge.

The Silva family had had several losses to the Black Plain. Still, the truth was that no one as powerful as they had come here before. So, they couldn't help but feel certain anxiety to face the enemy group and, who knows, maybe cause some damage to these local forces.

And even if someone at level 57 from the royal family had fallen here before, such an individual couldn't even compare to Adrian, level 56.

And now, not only did they have a group full of cultivators above level 53, but they also had Otis Silva, a nobleman, someone who was already at level 58!

As far as they knew, that, yes, was very different from anything the Dry City forces had faced in the past, something that gave them good omens.

'Let's see why they dare attack us...' Adrian thought to himself as he looked from one side of that camp to the other and saw many individuals running towards the outer sides of this place.

The closer he and his fellow Spiritual Kings got to the source of the noises they were hearing, the more distinct those sounds, as well as the dust and smell of battles in the air, became.

However, as they ran through that camp, following the direction of the strongest auras, of those enemies who were already running towards them, Otis and those Spiritual Kings couldn't help but doubt the enemy group.

'The strongest of them are only at level 56? And one of them is not a human!' Otis pondered as he felt the energy fluctuations of one of the Feathered Serpents.

'But what does that mean? There's even a mere level 50 Spiritual King in that group!'

'What do they think they're doing? Is this a joke?'

As he wondered these questions and some of those other Spiritual Kings had the same doubts, Minos' group finally appeared face to face with them.

At that instant, a fox with six tails on its rear, two giant winged serpents with colorful scales, and 13 humans appeared in one of the outermost areas of that camp.

But contrary to what one might expect, this group had a young man in the leading position. He was a few steps ahead of the rest and looking at his enemies with a disgusted expression on his face.

That had made those Spiritual Kings of the Silva family feel that there was something very wrong in this group. Still, since this whole situation was already out of the ordinary, none of them had been more shocked than they should have been with that.

'That appearance...'

'He reminds me of someone.' So, some of them thought, until finally, General Silva, who was also standing there, said aloud.

"Minos Stuart!"