

BLACK PLAIN 925

Chapter 925 The War Doesn't Stop

One week later...

While Abby and Gloria were in Dry City, the war around the Black Plain continued, with bloodbaths happening here and there every day.

The leaders of both sides had not been facing each other as often in recent weeks as they had in the period before Minos' trip. However, the low-level Spiritual Kings and the thousands of Spiritual Generals around this area were fighting like never before!

The struggle for space around this territory had only grown over time, which was justified both by the more significant number of enemies fighting in this place and the very fact that the disputed areas had shrunk.

After practically two years of war, the counter-revolutionary side had already taken over a large part of the Black Plain!

Consequently, with a smaller 'supply' and an increasing 'demand,' the dispute for the remaining areas of the Black Plain had significantly increased the battles around this territory.

Not only that, with the strengthening of the Black Plain Army and organizations allied to Minos, Dry City had begun to 'hold' the local situation, preventing further losses of territory.

And this had the obvious effect of increasing the flames of the conflict, as the Dry City forces were now fighting to keep what they had, but they were also trying to reclaim areas annexed by their enemies wherever possible.

On the other hand, as Minos and some of the more vigorous Spiritual Kings in his alliance became increasingly prominent, the counter-revolutionaries felt the need to occupy the Black Plain more quickly.

That was because, without a territory, Minos would lose much of his support, and this would invariably buy time for these enemies of his. PANDA-NOVEL.COM

And while more time would be dangerous for them due to Minos' cultivation speed, it could also benefit them. After all, they need time to receive assistance from their descendants from the Flaming Empire. And this, in their view, had a chance of solving the disturbance that this region had been suffering since the beginning of that young man's reign of terror!

For all that, the surroundings of the Black Plain had been experiencing hellish days. Days with large amounts of human losses, not only to the afterlife but also to the forced retirement that the crippled had to accept.

The battlefield was cruel, a place where the son cries and the mother does not see!

...

But not only the Black Plain territories were under the flames of war. While The blood of thousands slowly marked young Stuart's territory, similar situations were happening in areas bordering that territory.

To the south of the Black Plain, in that northern region of the Cromwell Kingdom, where were, going from east to west, the City of Waters, Farmland region, and the Black Market city of that state, Hadria, were also experiencing troubled times.

In that area, troops were arriving every day from the families of that kingdom who were allies of Minos.

In addition to the Hayes and Stokes, the allied fleet that the Nash family had formed to help the Black Plain was also gradually arriving there, where they also wanted to deal with House Allen.

Because of this, the number of conflicts in this part of the Cromwell Kingdom had grown recently, and this area could already be considered part of the Black Plain's battlefield! PANDA NOVEL

There were clashes around the nearby towns every day, with the forces allied to Minos constantly attacking the nearby Counter-Revolutionary Army posts.

On the other hand, the enemies previously used this area for their troops to rest. Because of this, there was no lack of warriors to fight in the local conflicts, thus increasing the area under conflict!

As a result, millions of inhabitants of this part of the Cromwell Kingdom already lived in fear, not knowing when a tragedy like the one in Persephone could happen in their cities.

Furthermore, fleeing this area with so much violence nearby was not an option for most of this terrified population. Therefore, tens of millions of people from this state had been directly experiencing the terror of war, occasionally witnessing the demise of loved ones or individuals engaged in the conflict.

However, if south of the Black Plain, the terror was spreading, changing the lives of millions of people, the situation was somewhat different in the north.

Not because there was no conflict. Hell, the south of the Kingdom of the Waves had had many battles in recent weeks, which could only be seen in this region on the Black Plain itself or in the north of the Cromwell Kingdom!

But since the northern border of the Black Plain was precisely the poorest part of the Kingdom of the Waves, where there were few cities and a small population, the terror in the vicinity of Yellow City had not been as impressive as in that other one.

So, besides the individuals involved in the war themselves, the allies and soldiers on the Black Plain, and the members of the Counter-Revolutionary Army, hardly anyone else had been suffering from the local battles.

There were small villages in that region and areas ruled by small groups of spiritual beasts. However, the casualties of these innocents had not been impressive so far, and the biggest problem even for these communities was property loss. XXXXXXXXXX

After all, widespread conflicts were very destructive!

Consequently, practically half of the abandoned buildings in Yellow City had already been destroyed in this period. As for the villages and tribes in the vicinity, they too had had much of their structures devastated by the results of the battles between revolutionaries and counter-revolutionaries.

However, although the situation of the humans and beasts near this battlefield was not good, unlike their fellow of the Cromwell Kingdom, there were fewer dangers to travel in that part of the Kingdom of the Waves.

Hence, migrations from this southern part of the Kingdom of the Waves to the north had been happening since the battles in the vicinity of the Yellow City had intensified a few weeks ago.

Anyway, whether on the Black Plain, to the south of this territory, or to the north, the war would not stop, no matter how tragic it was.

Both sides wanted to win, so the war had to continue!

...

And that is what was happening on the outskirts of the Yellow City at this very moment, where a few thousand people were frantically fighting over the place.

There, Pyke was fighting alongside the Black Plain soldiers and allies, while the Miller family elder responsible for the security of the army base was holding the enemy specialists.

"Damn it!"

"Those invaders are outnumbering us!" Some of the many soldiers in the surrounding area shouted this as blood dripped down every millimeter of his body, and the stench of death permeated his nostrils.

But no one there could avoid that unpleasant odor. After all, with bodies piling up in the surrounding area as if both parties were competing to see who could kill the most, the smell could not be good.

At the same time, the excruciating cries of fear and pain coming from the throats of cultivators on both sides almost prevented any message from being passed between individuals beyond a few meters away from each other.

Therefore, that soldier from earlier had screamed with all his breath as he tried to stay alive, fighting against two opponents.

And this situation was not unique for him. With the numerical disadvantage that the Black Plain had always had up to this point, every soldier and ally of Minos had to be able to fight several opponents at once!

Therefore, all around that battlefield in the vicinity of Yellow City, every individual on Minos' side was suffering from fighting several opponents simultaneously.

But the battle was not coming easy for the enemy. No, despite their numerical advantage, the current situation, although unbalanced in their favor, was not so much to the point that they would be able to annihilate Minos' forces.

So, the counter-revolutionary soldiers were also suffering greatly. Many were wounded and drenched in blood, screaming to ward off the pain and fear of death and regain some of the urge to fight that naturally wanes with the passing of conflicts like this.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Boom!

"AHH! Damn rebels!"

"Die!"

Swoosh!

Sounds of all kinds rang out from the surroundings as Pyke tried to run around but only managed to stumble every few meters, given the many injuries he had received so far.

"Damn it!" He shouted in anger, feeling a terrible sensation deep within his being.

'What's happening? Will this be the end? Will we lose the conflict?' He pondered this as he tried to stand upright, leaning on a long bluish spear.

However, while this critical soldier of the Black Plain Army, one of the few Spiritual Kings of the Elite Squad, was trying to do something, he suddenly felt a strange sensation in his chest.

"Uh?" He made a sound of surprise, looking down, trying to understand what had happened.

"Cough!" He then began to cough unconsciously, feeling more and more of a taste of blood in his mouth and a liquid rising in his throat.

...