

BLACK PLAIN 145

Chapter 145: Six Months

Another day came when the sun slowly took over the night. The sun's rays were illuminating the lands of the Black Plain, while someone could feel that characteristic morning freshness in this place.

The temperature was enjoyable, and the characteristic silence of the mornings could certainly be enjoyed at this time. That was undoubtedly one of the best ways to start a good day at work...

Looking closer, the crop fields were flourishing in a space that grew exponentially with each harvest season. At this time, several farmers were already working in the fields, smelling the pleasant fragrance coming from the plants planted in this place.

There were mango trees on one side, an area with several strawberry trees on the other, with carambola trees not far away. Men and women were taking care of these plants, as they did almost every day.

Six months had passed since the attack by the members of the Silva family. The Dry City had continued its many improvements in this period, and no attacks had taken place in the past few months.

Anyway, at this moment, a man of thin stature and wearing simple clothes was carrying a large basket with many sleeves while he was walking from the field of culture to the warehouse closest to that place.

As he walked quietly, another man approached him, carrying another basket filled with many grape bunches. "Ahhh, the weather is delightful today, don't you think, old Dugal?"

"Hmm, but don't be too soft. We have to harvest this quickly..." Dugal started talking to his friend while they were doing their work.

The old man who was a criminal in the Yellow City had been through many things after being crippled by one of Minos' soldiers. And after walking through many weaker places, he finally stopped in the Dry City.

He could still live for a long time, so even though he couldn't cultivate and grow strong, Dugal still needs crystals to survive.

And in a way, without spending spiritual crystals on cultivation, the salary he had been receiving as a farmer could provide excellent quality of life in this place. He was living even better in the Dry City than when he was still a cultivator in the Yellow City.

Dugal had left the life of a bandit. But that was not because he was a good person or because he had noticed his mistakes. No, he just had no choice.

With his crippled cultivation, Dugal could no longer be a criminal, leaving only the life of an ordinary man to him. But Dugal was not resentful of what happened. The past could not be changed, and now he had other plans for his life.

Who knows, he could have a family and live peacefully in this place...

With his crippled spiritual cultivation, his physical strength was at most equal to the strength of someone at level 29, so he could only do more straightforward jobs to survive. Thus, Dugal had found this to be the best place for him to live his last centuries of life...

But previously, he did not know that this place was governed by the man responsible for what happened to him...

Anyway, Dugal was now just a farmer who worked in the fields of the culture of the Black Plain.

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Meanwhile, in a specific place in the Red Valley, an old man with a white beard and hair was sitting on a rock in the middle of a forest while he cultivated calmly. There were 3 Spiritual Kings not far from him, waiting for the right moment to come to him.

This was the patriarch of the Silva family, Otis Silva, who was cultivating in the middle of a forest, close to the largest city in the Red Valley.

Time passed, and soon the old man finished his cultivation session.

He felt the cold around him, while the cloudy sky could be seen when he opened his eyes. This place was very peaceful, but neither the weather nor the temperament of the old patriarch was good.

Otis Silva lost his son and six other subordinates from the 5th stage of cultivation in the past year. Still, those responsible for this had not paid for his crimes until now!

He had many problems to solve. After all, he was the leader of one of the great families of the Brown Kingdom. But every time he had time off, he couldn't help but feel a burden on his conscience. Not knowing who was acting against his family gave him an impression that it was an itch that he couldn't scratch.

That was a very annoying feeling for him!

As soon as he turned his vision to the three men, he said. "If you still don't have those responsible for that, don't even think about appearing in front of me again. Did you hear?"

"From now on, none of the three will be allowed to enter the Red Valley until you find those responsible for the deaths of my son and the other 6 Spiritual Generals!" The old man shouted in an irritated manner.

He had asked these three Spiritual Kings to resolve this matter finally, but even they were failing. Of the three, two were at level 51 and one at level 52. The three had been coming and going from Stone Island for the past six months, but old Otis had not yet received any information from the three.

Because of that, he was furious!

"Yes, patriarch, we understand!" The three men answered in a low voice, leaving the place shortly after that.

After a few minutes, after starting to travel in a carriage, a tall, strong man said in an uncertain tone. "Scott, Urban, what are we going to do? If we tell the patriarch that the person responsible for the death of the young Darell went to the Flaming Empire, I fear that for what he can do..."

A man with a thin face and red hair nodded and complemented upon hearing this. "Hmm, but not only that. We have no idea how Sarah's group died... All we know is that they had returned to the mainland, after leaving Stone Island..."

Upon hearing his two teammates express their doubts, Urban, the group's leader, who was at level 52, closed his eyes for a moment and said. "We have to put the issue of this Minos aside. Sarah would never try to go against an empire force. In this case, we can be sure that this Minos has nothing to do with the death of the three..."

"We will try to solve the mystery behind this first. If we find out what happened, maybe we can tell the patriarch everything we find out." Urban said in a low voice. He sighed for a moment while thinking. 'But we definitely cannot tell the patriarch about what happened to the young Darell without first having anything else, otherwise...'

Urban had been in the Silva family for over 100 years, so he knew the issues of this power well. As to why he was afraid to tell his patriarch what he had discovered, well... That was because Otis Silva really loved his son very much.

Darell was his only son, and the great love of life for Otis, the young Darell's mother, had died shortly after the young man's birth.

He and she had tried to conceive for decades, but they had always failed. However, not only his wife, but he also wanted to have an heir. But when they finally got what they wanted, Otis's wife ended up dying during delivery...

Because of this, the old patriarch of the Silva family had only the young Darell as blood from his blood and loved him deeply. He did not blame him for the death of his beloved wife since a child was not to blame for such a tragedy!

In this way, he always treated him with priority. He had even created big problems with other families when the young Darell made his 'mischief,' characteristic of young people...

Anyway, Urban was afraid that the old patriarch would send him to the Flaming Empire. He did not want to take such risks, and even if he was not the warrant, there was still the possibility that Patriarch Otis would try to hire an assassin from that place.

But that was just too dangerous. After all, Minos was now a member of a colossal power that could flatten the entire Silva family.

'What a problem...'

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While the three Spiritual Kings of the Silva family returned to their investigative work, Minos was training quietly in the Spatial Kingdom.

He had reached level 42 about two days ago. He was living his life comfortably, between training sessions in this place and the administration of the Dry City.

His city now had 125,000 inhabitants, and about three-quarters of that population were working either in local agriculture or in the army.

The Minos region now had 800 hectares planted and had a contingent of 2,400 soldiers in the Black Plain Army. With these numbers, the young Stuart and company were managing to do more and more for this place.

In the past six months, the arena and the cultivation tower that Minos had ordered from secretary Mia were almost ready and would be inaugurated in the next few days!

With that, this place would be even better, with competitions that could reward the best fighters and public attractions for the inhabitants of this city.

After all, the population needed to be entertained in some way. Many empires and kingdoms used the bread and circus policy, just for that!

The ordinary population, in most places, was responsible for the functioning of towns. Thus, government officials needed to give something in return for their services, in addition to their salaries!

A depressed person could end up yielding and damaging business in a certain place!

Anyway, with the construction of these two places, the population would have new ways to increase their cultivation speed and still enjoy other people's struggles in the arena, even learning essential lessons from it!

Some changes had also been made to the city wall in this period. After all, the threats had to be stopped before entering this place.