

BLACK PLAIN 387

Chapter 387: A Public Execution

After that conversation, Minos and Abby had a little more fun, until finally, the two were completely satisfied.

And regarding the subject raised by Abby earlier, although most people in the Spiritual World desired children, not everyone did, which is why this young woman had asked Minos.

She already knew about Minos' uninhibited personality and also the fact that he had many enemies. In this case, perhaps he was one of those people uninterested in reproducing.

And really, not everyone was prepared to be a parent, not even after hundreds of years of experience. Therefore, even if the biological imperative demanded such a thing, human rationality was much stronger than that...

Some didn't mind having offspring who followed their legacies. After all, it was not uncommon for powerful cultivators to want to make history for themselves, not through a descendant.

Nor was it easy to procreate in the Spiritual World!

The higher the talent, cultivation level, and Physique rank, the more difficult it was to achieve it. Because of all this, many didn't even think about it until the subject came up...

Anyway, Abby was slowly developing deeper feelings for Minos. So, deep in her being, she was truly willing to carry this young man's babies. But she hadn't even gotten to the point of saying it out loud herself, unless it was in a game, like the one the two of them had just played.

And after this intimate moment, the couple decided to go around town to get to know this place.

This town was named Allamanda, where Minos intended to do some business with poison masters before continuing his journey to the capital of the Kingdom of the Waves, Athela.

From what Minos and Abby had learned from Elen, this place had many poisonous flowers, and because of that, many poison masters had settled in this place. With that, it didn't take long for Allamanda to become one of the main points to find such professionals in the Kingdom of the Waves.

In fact, even in the entire northern region of the Central Continent, there were few people in this field, as this is one of the least popular among the spiritual professions.

And it was not for less. In general, for a poison master to increase his classification, he would have to deal with poisons daily, often having to poison himself to comprehend his techniques completely!

Because of this unique training method, many cultivators preferred to stay away from this profession.

And not only that but also because of the appearance of cultivators who specialize in this area. While most cultivators in this world could become more and more attractive as they grow stronger, among the poison masters, well, that wasn't quite the case...

In general, these people had smaller muscles and paler skin. In addition, their bodies were sometimes filled with strange marks due to constant poisoning.

Of course, there could be beautiful people even in this profession, but most were not like that...

However, suppose a poison master's training had no adverse effect on their appearance. In that case, they could look much prettier than cultivators usually do.

That is due to the spiritual cleansing and change generated by the constant poisoning that these people went through.

The poisoning could not harm the cultivator's body and specifically target negative parts such as toxins, parasitic organisms, and diseases. With that, even without a stage advancement in cultivation, a successful poison master could look even prettier for his level than ordinary cultivators.

Furthermore, some poisonings could even cause mutations and bring characteristics that perhaps please some people. For example, the color of the iris!

In fact, there were many poison masters with the iris of varying colors of the visible spectrum.

On the other hand, spiritual cleansing would be more effective if fewer toxins were present in a cultivator's body. In this case, with fewer 'problems' to be eliminated, this rare event could be used to maximize other characteristics of that individual's physical body!

Anyway, the training of poison masters was challenging to control, and many went beyond the ideal point. With such errors, one of the main affected characteristics would be health. Secondly, would be the weakened appearance that most of these professionals would have.

But there were still those who accepted such risks, whether because of the appreciation of these professionals and the benefits they could have if they were successful.

And even those who failed their training and suffered from the consequences of excessive poisoning could treat patients with complete safety. After all, the damage only affected their own bodies. And because these professionals could treat different anomalies, things that doctors couldn't, they had a good market, even in more remote regions.

Allied to this, given the small number of people trained in this profession and many potential patients, the average earnings of a poison master were among the highest in the Spiritual World...

For all that, this was also an essential profession among the spiritual ones.

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Minos and Abby were walking through the narrow streets of Allamanda, with the blue-haired girl walking very close to the young Stuart, with one of her arms crossed with one of his own.

The two had satisfied expressions on their faces and were getting to know this city without haste, noting the differences of this place compared to others they had been through.

From what they had learned in these more than two months of travel in the Kingdom of the Waves, this state was so big that there was not just a single culture but many.

There were people of all kinds in the places that the two had passed, like places where they partied in the streets on weekends. Places where citizens would build bonfires outside their homes and talk to strangers as if they had known them for decades...

However, in others, people were utterly apathetic, austere, with their attention focused only on their responsibilities, just the opposite of what occurred in Jalene City.

In this town that Minos and Abby had passed through, people went out to the beach constantly. There were forms of entertainment in large open theaters, and there was even music in certain parts of that town.

And at least on the days these two had been there. They'd noticed that the city didn't 'relax' during the nights. But, on the other hand, in other places more restricted to these attractions were much quieter.

But there was one thing Minos and Abby had noticed in almost every town they had passed, which was the presence of Spiritual Church buildings!

Except for a few villages they had passed, every town larger than the Dry City had at least one small post.

But that was not impressive. After all, the same happened in the Cromwell Kingdom and in the state from where these two youths came!

Finally, after some time, the couple arrived in an open place, which looked like a small square, at the top of a small hill.

In that place, three streets joined, in front of a large building, which had a wooden platform in front of it, with some strange items.

And right now, that little square was in a fervor, with many people, some of them screaming, while others were smiling and talking.

"Kill him!"

"Sinful! Execute this thing!"

"Send him to the fire!"

In front of the crowd, there was a group of people beside a large guillotine on top of that platform, while a man had his neck leaning on the cutting point of that item.

There was a group of people in black cloaks at that point, with some of them manipulating the giant guillotine, while others made sure this man didn't run away.

By getting close enough to see what was going on, Minos and Abby had finally understood the screams they had heard for a few moments.

"A public execution!" The two turned to each other and commented on this simultaneously.

Neither of them had ever experienced seeing such a thing. And although the two weren't attracted to the world's brutality, it was undeniable that they were both curious at this point.

Finally, suddenly a deep, husky voice sounded in that part of this place, beginning to utter that man's sentence. "Butcher of Chax..."