

BLACK PLAIN 388

Chapter 388: Sentence

"Butcher of Chax, you committed unpardonable crimes. You terrorized the Chax district, raped and killed countless women, profaned several tombs, and even dismembered many of your victims..." An elderly man said this while reading a yellowed parchment, citing all of that person's crimes.

And at the same time as this old man calmly read the criminal record of the man who was at the guillotine now, the crowd revolted more and more.

"Trash! Kill this degenerate!"

"I wanted to kill him with my bare hands..."

"Let us lynch him!"

"Emasculate him!"

Meanwhile, Minos and Abby stood together in the crowd, closely watching this criminal's trial.

From what they heard from the mediator reading the individual's crimes, that man had terrorized this region for decades. And even though he wasn't that strong, just a level 42 cultivator, this person had still managed to survive and escape the countless persecutions that had taken place.

"Ahh, last week, three other bandits were burnt at the stake. I doubt that this one will have the same fate..."

"Hmm, I heard that one of them survived for 20 minutes until he finally lost consciousness..." Comments about recent events in this region began to sound in the vicinity of Minos and Abby while that old man was still reading the criminal's file.

Such a thing that Minos and Abby were seeing and hearing was part of the reality of the Central Continent. Crime existed everywhere, and even though among individuals of greater power, these acts were not considered crimes but rather 'eccentric acts,' the same was not true for unsupported cultivators...

For example, a young nobleman like Kevin Chambers could make life miserable for family members of young beauties in his hometown. Still, no one would do anything about it, nor would they care.

At least no one of importance would do anything about it.

However, for the man now on trial in this public square of Allamanda, an ordinary criminal, the reality could be quite different...

In every human city, regardless of its size, there would be basic laws, which don't even need to be written down. And basically, these social rules established what would not be accepted under any circumstances!

And it would not differ in a city like Allamanda, with hundreds of thousands of inhabitants and a noble power regulating local activities. With that, things like murder and rape would generally be forbidden in

most human cities, and anyone caught doing such things would have to pay the price of it with their own life.

After all, insecurity in a big city would not be a good thing for business, the focus of most of these noble powers. Therefore, there would always be rules in human communities to minimize random conflicts as much as possible.

And in places like Allamanda, the sovereign family itself would carry out the entire process, from the search to the trial and, finally, the sentence of those involved in crimes.

In the case of small towns like the old Dry City, if someone like this man on trial were caught doing such things, the population itself would act!

As long as the difference in strength between the two sides was not colossal, groups of inhabitants would assemble to hunt and kill these criminals.

But it must be said that such a thing would only happen if the offense was severe and the culprit's identity was obvious to everyone. If these were more common things to happen among cultivators, or if there were no clues, populations wouldn't do much about it.

Anyway, due to this reality, in larger cities, as in the case of this one, public judgments were not uncommon to happen. There were criminals in all human societies, and naturally, cases of rapists and murderers like this man in question would happen sooner or later.

Thus, due to the popularity of public executions among the most humble communities, rulers from different parts of the continent used this type of judgment. After all, while they could show their own power by capturing and defining the fate of these outlaws, these organizations could also entertain their citizens!

It was like combining business with pleasure!

"Finally, after killing an entire family in Chax, this degenerate desecrated every single corpse of the women and girls he killed. All of this was seen by countless people last weekend." The elderly man finished reading that criminal's file when he finally put the parchment in his pocket and looked out over the crowd.

"Mercy, Father Russell, mercy! I was crazy, and I couldn't think right. Please don't kill me!" The man with his body leaning on the guillotine cried out in despair, realizing that his end was near.

And right after he cried out for mercy, the population of that place inflamed even more, starting to generate a disorder that made that wooden platform tremble.

"Shame! Blaming an illness!"

"Liar! In addition to being a worm, this scum is also a coward!"

"Cut the tongue of this degenerate!"

"Kill him..."

And amid this commotion, Minos and Abby were silent in that place, watching this trial. At this moment, the two could see the figure of a man going to the nearest part of the audience, dressed in a specific robe used by the Priest of the Spiritual Church.

In general, church members used to participate in these acts as the mediator between the parties. The sovereign family, or local government, would do almost anything. However, they still used the Spiritual Church to validate their actions, even if the population itself asked for such punishments.

At the very least, it would make people realize that they would not be judged by just one side...

The man dressed in a blue robe, the typical color of the attire of Spiritual Church Priests, then began to speak again. "Considering the many mundane crimes and the contraventions of church dogmas under Natural Law, I advise that this man be executed!"

"Yes! Kill him!" Several screams sounded in that place when suddenly another individual, who had been next to that Priest earlier, stopped in front of the audience and asked.

"Well, if no one is willing to speak on behalf of this man..." He looked around the square, pausing his speech for a moment, and then continued.

"If that's the case... Butcher of Chax, I, Maynard, of House Holmes, ruler of Allamanda, sentence you to die!"

That man, dressed in a fine suit and all black, then looked at one of the people beside the guillotine and said in a firm tone. "Sir Willard, bring me his head!"

"No!" The man at the guillotine desperately screamed as he looked up and down the square, looking for hope in this final moment of his life.

But it was futile. No one would ever speak in his name...

After all, who would care about the life of a human being who only brought calamity to people's lives, fear, horror, pain, someone capable of killing and raping children's corpses...

And almost immediately as his last cry of despair sounded, the man controlling the guillotine released the blade of that equipment.

"Awww!" Hundreds of people shouted simultaneously, shortly after the Allamanda ruler's sentence and the guillotine's movement.

Clang!

Puff!

In just a second, the 500-kilogram mass blade descended from the top of the guillotine until separating the man's head from the rest of his body.

"Aww!" Shouts of happiness rang out from that place, with many individuals celebrating as if they were watching their favorite hobby. However, some were more serious, as if they were here to ensure that this person would die.

"Don't forget to place this outlaw's body on the city walls. Let them know what happens in Allamanda to those who think they can do whatever they want!" The local ruler said this right after seeing that man's head on a silver platter.

After that, the people on that platform left that place while the population followed the guards who were taking the remains of the Butcher of Chax.

As for Minos and Abby, the two had taken a different path from those people, continued to wander through Allamanda. This place was quite different than the other places they had been, and they were both very curious.

They could not do business until the next day when the shops and services related to the poison masters opened in this town. So, this night tour had no greater purpose...