

BLACK PLAIN 770

[Chapter 770 - The Death Of Patriarch Chambers!](#)

"This person, Dean Chambers, conspired with Wallace Chambers to have the cruel assassin, codenamed Scythe, torture and kill His Highness, the second prince!" The narrator said solemnly, as his hoarse voice reverberated throughout that square through the sound arrays distributed there.

At the same time, several people in the surrounding area were already starting the riot, with several shouts calling for the execution of such a person.

"Shame!"

"A regional patriarch, someone so respected, ordering such a thing..." Someone said aloud, just before spitting on the ground in disgust at such a person.

"Tsk!"

"Degenerate!"

"Such a person doesn't deserve to continue living!"

"Kill him!"

"I'm glad that soon our region will no longer count on the existence of the damned Chambers!"

"Well done! People like that deserve to die to pay for their sins!"

"Kill him!"

While the disgruntled cries and calls for Dean's execution were mixed among the comments of the masses, the nobles and royals were watching everything from the high-standard grandstands at the sides of the execution platform.

In such a place, the highest level experts in this city were watching all this with solemn expressions on their faces.

Many there already hated Dean in a way rarely seen in people who barely knew each other. But this was not strange. After all, the Snow family and the entire kingdom were humiliated by how the second prince had been killed.

And seeing the last remaining mastermind of that death still alive to pay for such a crime, many there could not help but keep severe expressions on their faces.

Revenge was not a fun thing, after all!

Retribution was good, but it implied that something had been lost, that someone had been wronged, lost something important, etc. As such, even if this man was only moments away from paying for his crimes, there was no way those people involved with such a loss could be happy about it.

Yes, they were relieved, glad that they could minimally clear the family name and repair the way Alexander had been killed. But this was all being done with deep regret, so they could not smile in this situation.

At the very least, that would happen to most people who went through experiences similar to this one.

And among those people who were expecting all this, King Snow was sitting at the highest post in that place while he had his long white beard falling over his lap, mixed with his noble clothes.

At the moment, he had a dormant expression on his face, which indicated that he was not satisfied at all but that he would not fail to witness the death of such a person.

Adam Snow, level 59, was one of the oldest experts in this region, someone who no longer participated so much in the most critical decisions of his state since the designation of his heir. And as he wasn't so interested in the mundane decisions of his state anymore, he honestly didn't like to participate in ceremonies like this.

But as a father who had lost one of his sons in a humiliating way and king on behalf of this state, this man could not help but attend this event.

He even thought it was his son's mistake to do this ceremony, but he did not want to interfere with Ambrose's way of doing things. And since there wasn't much indication that the problems generated by this would be big enough to affect his family, he was accepting it all.

As King Snow watched that whole show with an unfriendly expression on his face, he asked the young man next to him. "Ambrose, have you received any communication from the Cromwell family? "

"No."

"But that doesn't mean they won't see any problems in your decision. Do you know that?"

Ambrose then nodded and said. "I know, father. But I believe they won't go far for a patriarch of a family that will soon be gone..."

"I see..."

"In any case, you should be careful with those people from the Cromwell Kingdom. They will not act according to what you have planned." He said in a stern tone, without taking his gaze away from the figure of Dean, who was tied up in the middle of that execution platform.

"All right."

"What about those other matters? Have you had any results yet?"

"No, because we were still in the data collection phase. But we will soon start contacting our potential allies."

After hearing this, Adam was silent and said nothing more.

That was the only thing that concerned him recently since he knew how dangerous those assassin organizations were.

With so many years of experience, he didn't even need to hear the information gathered through Dean's interrogation to find out that the Scourges of the Devil were impressive!

But unlike the show in front of him, eliminating such an organization was something that this old expert thoroughly enjoyed. Hence, he valued it more than avenging the death of his second son, who, by the way, had not had a good relationship with him.

Anyway, it didn't take long for the narrator of this event to finish his speech, showing all of Dean's disrespectful acts to the public present.

They wanted to show those citizens of the kingdom that by executing Dean Chambers, the northern region of the Central Continent would become at least a little better!

Their vision was simple. They despised people capable of doing what the members of the Chambers family had done for thousands of years. So, eliminating such a person would at the very least decrease the number of regional experts with thoughts contrary to their worldviews.

With that, there would be less support for criminal actions, as in the example of bandits and pirates who captured innocent people on regional roads to sell them as slaves.

"Citizens of the kingdom, this man has committed many crimes and is under our disposal to settle his debts."

"How should we deal with him?" The narrator asked the crowd present as more and more people in that place clamored for Dean's execution.

"Kill this degenerate!"

"Kill him!"

"Cut off his head!"

"No! We must cut him to pieces!"

"Kill him by the Puller!"

Several screams sounded in that square, most of them calling for the Puller, a type of torture structure capable of pulling the main junctions of a person's body, slowly dismembering them.

Hearing these requests, Dean, standing quietly in his seat, pressed hard on his jaw, already preparing himself for his end.

He had not given up on living, nor did he want his life to end at this moment. After all, dying here meant that he could never take revenge on the people behind the destruction of his family.

But even though he wanted to escape from this place, flee to the Scourge of the Devil headquarters, and then prepare to fight the Hayes, he would not ask for mercy.

First, it is evident that the other side would not accept such a thing, and to humiliate himself with this would only further soil his and his family's name. And secondly, he did not have the personality of a person who asks for mercy.

Hence, even though he still had a lot of attachment to life and a desire for revenge, he had nothing to say in this trial.

At most, he was lamenting that everything had ended this way for him.

And while he was doing that and a lot of shouting was coming from that large audience, the narrator's voice once again resounded through that area as his sentence was finally given.

"Very well..." The narrator, a member of the Spiritual Church, began to speak as he looked over to where the king and prince stood, "We recommend the death of this person by the Puller."

Ambrose then rose from his armchair and said briskly. "In this case, I, Ambrose, of House Snow, crown prince of the Snow Kingdom, I sentence you, Dean Chambers, to death by the Puller!"

"Guards, activate the device!"

"Yes!"

At that moment, several shouts of celebration broke out in that crowd as people watched that regional expert being placed on the device.

The Puller was quite large and had five devices around a circular frame, arms, legs, and neck positions.

And in just this place, in less than 20 seconds Dean already had those five parts of his body attached to those devices, while central support sustained his back.

And then...

Clang!

Clang!

Great side chains then began to run faster and faster as the Puller began to be operated.

'Damn...'

After that, quickly Dean's execution began as slowly, the five parts of his body were being pulled in a force challenging for its joints to withstand.

"AA!"

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