

BLACK PLAIN 784

[Chapter 784 - The Arrival Of A Pack!](#)

"In this way, I, Minos Stuart, the sovereign, nay, the king of the Black Plain, sentence you to die!" Minos said aloud, discarding his previous title and using the one he was already struggling to confirm.

As he finished saying that, he positioned himself side by side with Otis, facing the euphoric crowd, ready to do the executioner's job.

Minos believed that the one who pronounces the sentence should be the one to execute it. As such, he could not let one of his soldiers do it for him.

On the other hand, this was the conclusion of this part of his revenge. So, he really could not pass this task on to others!

"Any last words?" Minos asked in a low voice to that enemy while looking down at him, ready to do what was necessary.

Upon hearing this, Otis looked up and saw Minos' brown eyes, as his face contorted due to the hatred he was feeling at the moment. "You'll regret all this one day."

"That's all I have to say!"

After saying those words, Otis flexed his head forward, making room for what Minos would do.

He did not want to die. But his fate had already been sealed from the moment Minos had destroyed his spiritual gland, the organ responsible for cultivation.

Unable to continue cultivating, having lost much of his power, Otis' strength was now insignificant. Even if he lived, he would never have the chance to take revenge.

Moreover, his family had already suffered so much at the hands of Minos that they would hardly continue to exist in the future.

For all this, Otis no longer had any reason to lament his impending fate, complain, or cry for mercy.

He merely positioned himself so that this whole thing, this great humiliation, would end soon!

"Tsk!"

Seeing this, Minos did not like this person's manners at this last moment at all.

But there was no need for Minos to argue with someone in his final moments. So, young Stuart just raised his golden-bladed sword in the air, looked at his target, and made his move without saying a single word.

Swoosh!

At that moment, not only Minos was silent, but all those people around that area, from the crowds to the individuals in the VIP box, all fell silent, watching Otis' execution.

Such a person was previously at level 58. How long would it take for these hundreds of thousands of people to see an execution of such an influential expert?

None of them could answer such a question!

Therefore, everyone was looking at the sword of Minos descending on Otis' neck with vibrant eyes, satisfied that they could watch this.

Puff!

And then, that moment that seemed to have passed in slow motion for many in that place was finally completed when Otis Silva's head slowly fell to the ground.

Immediately after his head was separated from the rest of his body, strong bloodstreams began to flow out of Otis' neck as his body slowly fell.

Finally, he was dead!

Just as Otis' head fell to the ground with his eyes closed, the crowds in that area returned to their previous agitation, with shouts of different tones, the laughter of joy. So many comments about it, creating unique sound effects in that area.

"Haha, it finally happened!"

"We are truly privileged to have witnessed all this!"

"Hehe, I can't wait to tell my grandson. But, unfortunately, he is with other mercenaries from the local guild outside the Black Plain..."

"That was amazing!"

"Hmm, I believe we will never again witness such a powerful expert being executed in our city..."

"But did you guys hear what Lord Minos said? He called himself the King of the Black Plain!"

"Oh?"

"That's right!"

"Hehe, with Lord Minos behind the war of independence, it will only be a matter of time before he is recognized as such!"

And while many conversations resounded among the crowds, that VIP box was also quite bustling at the moment.

Some there were members of the Miller family, a historical rival of Otis' family. Consequently, it was hard for these people not to be moved by the sudden demise of the patriarch of the Silva family.

"Well, with his death, the Silva family won't last much longer..." One of them said in a low voice, at the same time, while wearing his mask to muffle his voice and avoid being recognized.

"Yes... How many Spiritual Kings does the Silva family have now? Less than ten?" Another of them asked as he thought about the count of these enemy experts.

But while they were talking among themselves, one of the journalists present in that place heard that question and answered it without delay. "With the death of Patriarch Silva, there are 11 Spiritual Kings left in House Silva."

"But only two of them are in more advanced parts of the 6th stage. Most are only between levels 50 and 53." Such an individual added this information, something a journalist like him could not help but know.

"Oh?" The person from before reacted in surprise.

'So, now the Silva family is probably weaker than the Gill family...' At the same time, this Miller descendant thought to himself as he looked in the direction of where the Gill family members were.

Obviously, the Gill family was not stronger than House Silva in terms of numbers. Otis' family had dozens of thousands of subordinates at the 5th stage, while this organization now subordinated to Minos did not even have 20 thousand individuals at that stage.

Consequently, if the two were to face each other with all remaining power at present, the Silva family would still have the upper hand in the conflict.

But with more specialists, even the Gills could put pressure on the family of the now-deceased Otis, so the other side would have to be very careful against Minos' subordinates!

After all, regional power was determined by the number of specialists!

That's why that Miller family member had thought of it.

Anyway, while the conversations were happening in that place, one of the journalists was silent, still sitting in the same place as before. *'That person said many things that are important to us...'* He pondered over this as he understood why Minos had not agreed to give him an interview.

There were many things that such a person wanted to know that would help if Minos were to give him an interview. But what he had heard in this place had already been enough for many pages of exclusive stories!

As such, he was more than satisfied with it all.

'He even called himself king at the end...'

'Looks like we'll have to pay attention to the Brown Kingdom and this territory from now on!'

After that, it did not take long for Minos to pass by that place and say goodbye to those journalists, who could not continue in this city now that everything was over.

"If you want my suggestion, make a cover with the picture of Otis' head being cut off." Minos said as he waved his hands, indicating the exit from that platform to such people.

"Lastly, if you want a statement from me, then write that I said to King Brown to back off and recognize the independence of the Black Plain."

"There is room for peace."

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After the previous events in Dry City, ten days had passed!

In that period, the story about the events witnessed in Dry City by those journalists had not yet been published.

But this was for a good reason!

The region had no instantaneous means of transportation or communication. So, it took time for information to get from one place to another, compose a periodical edition, and then trade all the copies.

Thus, it would still be a while before the entire northern region of the Central Continent would be shocked by the Night News' shocking revelations about the Black Plain rebellion and the execution of Otis Silva.

With that, things in the Brown Kingdom continued more or less as before, except that the King and his main force were getting very close to meeting young Stuart.

Almost all of the personnel additions in the Counter-Revolutionary Army troops had already transitioned between posts.

It remained only the essential individuals to join the party!

As such, soon King Brown would march into the Black Plain!

However, before he left his palace, Thomas Brown came across a gift sent by Minos.

"Your Majesty, we have just received a package from Dry City!"