

Chapter 1146 Liam's Guess

The moment the creature's words ceased, it sprang into action without warning, catching Liam off guard.

Before Liam could even muster a defense, its lightning-fast speed sent him hurtling through the air with such force that it felt like being hit by a truck. The sharp pain spread throughout his body.

But fortunately, despite the pain, Liam didn't get seriously injured.

Regaining his bearings swiftly, Liam leaped to his feet, his gaze unwavering as he focused on his enemy from the Wing Tribe.

True to the name, the creatures from the Wing Tribe boasted wings that granted them unparalleled speed, a formidable advantage in combat.

Liam had recently delved into the comprehensive tribal guide, studying the unique abilities of each race.

It had been during this research that he had come to a sobering realization: While other races possessed innate powers and strengths, the human race was devoid of such gifts.

This inherent disadvantage was the reason that often left human beings vulnerable in the complex dynamics of tribal warfare.

However, if this Wing Tribe member believed that speed alone would secure victory, it was sorely mistaken.

As the Wing Tribe member prepared to revel in his apparent victory, a sudden glow of light enveloped Liam. It was his special power of the earth element!

Almost instantly, the glow intensified, coalescing into a potent gravitational magnetic field under Liam's precise control.

The field's strength was so strong that it immobilized the Wing Tribe member's wings, robbing it of its ability to fly.

In a matter of seconds, it plummeted to the ground with a resounding thud.

Witnessing his strategy unfold efficiently, Liam couldn't suppress a chilling laugh.

With swift precision, he tapped into his mastered Origin Technique, invoking the formidable power known as Rage of the Earth.

As the ground beneath him churned and trembled, the terrified Wing Tribe member watched helplessly.

Trapped by the gravitational magnetic field, there was no escape from the relentless force of the Rage of the Earth.

With mounting dread, the Wing Tribe member realized the dire mistake of messing with Liam. If only it had refrained from engaging, perhaps it could have avoided this inevitable catastrophe.

But it was too late to have regrets now.

The force of Rage of the Earth erupted with devastating power, obliterating the Wing Tribe member into a gruesome, bloody mess. There was no doubt about its demise.

Liam stood amidst the aftermath, his body now drenched in the warm, crimson blood of his fallen adversary.

Liam was surprised as he felt the warmth of the blood upon his skin.

It was the first time in the trial illusion that he had experienced blood that felt so undeniably real.

Previously, no matter the intensity of battle or the bloodshed of his adversaries, Liam had remained untouched by the visceral aspects of combat.

But the blood of the Wing Tribe member felt unsettlingly real.

Frowning in contemplation, Liam entertained a daring notion: perhaps the beings he had encountered in this trial were more than mere illusions...

Before he could delve deeper into this unsettling revelation, his thoughts were abruptly disrupted.

The warm, fresh blood that now coated him seemed to catalyze a profound shift within him, making him unable to control the dark aura that he had been suppressed for so long.