

## Chapter 1173 Death Was An Escape

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Liam was in shock, unable to fathom the brutal suffering Julie and Asher had endured since their capture.

The words spoken by Townsend pierced his heart like a dagger.

Anger, deep and unresolved, burned in his eyes. His hands tightened around Townsend's throat, the pressure nearly enough to crush it.

He clung to a sliver of restraint; otherwise, Townsend would have met his end right then.

Mercy played no part in Liam's decision to spare Townsend. Liam, given the opportunity, would have delighted in crafting a thousand different deaths for Townsend.

Yet, he refrained, unwilling to grant Townsend an easy way out.

A quick death was too kind for Townsend in Liam's view. He resolved to make things far more difficult for Townsend.

Gazing at Townsend, now merely a torso, Liam felt not a hint of sympathy. His look, charged with hate and rage, was fixed on Townsend's dismembered limbs.

Blood oozed continuously from Townsend's horrific wounds.

With a frosty expression, Liam ignited a torch and pressed

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it against the wounds.

Townsend's screams of agony echoed through the air as his body shook violently from the pain.

As the wounds began to close from the heat, Liam, laughing coldly, ripped them open again.

The pain was excruciating, pushing Townsend to the brink of unconsciousness. Liam mercilessly repeated this cruel ritual three times, each cycle intensifying Townsend's screams, and the repeated torment was too much to bear, causing Townsend to pass out.

But each time Townsend appeared on the verge of passing out, Liam would wake him with a sharp slap.

Though racked with agony, Townsend met Liam's stare, his expression defiant and mocking as if to declare that nothing Liam did could change the truth.

Seeing Townsend still brazen enough to taunt him, frustration flickered over Liam's face. His eyes, cold and piercing, reflected a dangerous resolve as he drew the Shadow Sword.

Under Liam's emotionless and precise handling, the sword methodically carved slices from Townsend's flesh.

This method of torture, death by a thousand cuts, was among the most severe punishments Liam could devise.

Liam's actions were swift, his blade moving so fast that Susannah and Idris only caught glimpses of it flashing before Townsend's body was riddled with deep, bleeding cuts.

With his limbs severed, Townsend was utterly defenseless, completely at Liam's mercy.

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The air was filled with Townsend's screams, echoing through the entrance of the maritime secret realm.

During a brief pause in the torture, Liam noticed Susannah's intense gaze on him.

He frowned slightly and advised, "Miss Prescott, it might be better if you look away."

Taken aback by Liam's unexpected concern, Susannah quickly responded, "Oh... Okay!"

Liam's suggestion stemmed from a desire to protect Susannah, still young and innocent, from the traumatic scenes.

Once Susannah averted her gaze, Liam continued his merciless punishment of Townsend.

Half an hour later, Townsend lay on the ground, battered and blood-soaked, resembling a lifeless animal, carelessly thrown aside by Liam.

Looking at Townsend's pathetic state, Liam squatted down beside him and sneered, "So, are you ready to tell me the truth now?"

Liam had already dismissed Townsend's previous claims as lies.

Liam continued, "This is your final chance. Fail to cooperate, and I promise your misery won't end here. I'll show you what a living hell is like. Now, tell me, what really happened to Julie and Asher?"

Liam's commanding tone echoed, his demeanor as threatening as a tiger on the verge of striking. Townsend's heart raced with fear.

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After suffering under Liam's relentless cruelty, Townsend had come to favor death over being tortured. He no longer dared to provoke Liam.

His only option was to tell the truth.

"Asher... He was taken as a test subject, confined in Rohan's lab. We planned to send Julie for experimentation, too, because of her rare heart condition. However, we discovered her heart seemed to be missing something, and it hadn't healed properly. So, we allowed her some time to recover, which also provided her a chance to reunite with Asher."

Townsend spilled everything.

However, noticing the furrowed brow on Liam's face, Townsend panicked, fearing further torture. He quickly added, "I've told you everything, Liam. I swear it's the truth this time! Please, just let this be over quickly. I'm begging you!"

Listening to Townsend and observing his anxious demeanor, Liam felt a growing conviction.

It appeared that Asher's and Julie's predicaments were somewhat less dire than he had initially feared. Yet, this didn't imply they were safe.

Liam knew he had to act fast to rescue them.

The possibility of them becoming lab subjects loomed large, and if that happened before he could intervene, it would be too late.

With this pressing thought, a sense of urgency overwhelmed Liam.

He desperately searched for a way to save Julie and

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Asher swiftly.

After all, achieving the eighth rank was still a distant goal for him, and much could go wrong before that happened.

As Liam was lost in thought, Townsend, with a mix of dread and bitterness clouding his eyes, thrashed violently. In a sudden, desperate move, he thrust his head onto the blade of the Shadow Sword.

The sharp tip pierced his skull instantly, and his brain matter began to ooze out, mingling with his blood.

The bitterness in Townsend's eyes faded, replaced by a fleeting sense of relief at the moment of his death.

Because for him, death was an escape.