

Chapter 1462 The Warehouse

Liam grasped the strategy the soldier had laid out. Currently, the Human Clan's forces in the No. 945 planetary system were modest in size.

Launching a premature strike against the Dremer race, which boasted at least 100,000 warriors, would slim their chances of victory.

Liam knew not everyone had the kind of fortune he had. The Death Power he had was a rare law power. Only one in a million people might possess that.

So, Liam heeded the advice without protest. He agreed to visit the army's storage warehouse to survey the available combat gear.

Since this was his first time participating in a military merit task, he believed familiarizing himself with the resources could only benefit his future growth.

However, Cecil seemed reluctant. Once the soldier left, he whispered to Liam, "Why didn't you tell that man your true strength? With your capabilities, joining a team to fight the Dremer race wouldn't have been hard."

Liam chuckled and explained, "How could I convince him so swiftly? It's wiser to figure out the workings of this military task first."

Cecil acknowledged this with a slight nod, letting the issue go.

After a ten-minute walk, they reached the warehouse.

Cecil went ahead to assist Liam in collecting a set of equipment.

Liam inspected the equipment closely and recognized it as merely a basic battle tool. With the army's extensive needs, the manufacturing had not been finely executed. The tool was, at best, a semi-finished

Mortal-grade weapon.

But even a semi-finished Mortal-grade weapon was deemed valuable by many cultivators. After all, not everyone had the privilege of possessing a Mortal-grade weapon.

This revelation highlighted to Liam the extraordinary status that Primogem equipment makers held within the Cosmic realm.

Given the Human Clan's frequent conflicts with other races and the constant threat of invasion, the Human Clan needed not just gifted individuals but also a substantial supply of Primogem equipment.

Yet, the path to becoming a Primogem equipment maker was hard, demanding at least Primogem-King-level skills—far beyond Liam's current capabilities.

When Cecil realized that the weapons in the warehouse were merely Mortal-grade, his interest waned.

As a member of the Vaughn family, he had access to far more prestigious items and even carried a Mortal-grade weapon himself.

He knew that Liam possessed a weapon capable of growing in power, a feature that sparked his envy.

Yet, he harbored no greed; considering Liam's formidable abilities and potential, he believed such a weapon was rightfully Liam's.

Liam examined the weapon in his grasp for a moment before placing it back on the shelf.

Finding it unnecessary, he saw no point in taking it. It would be better if he left it for another soldier who might need it.

Just then, Liam's eyes caught sight of an entire row of flying apparatuses in the warehouse.

These machines, reminiscent of smaller arks, appeared to be another

form of Primogem equipment, presumably for the soldiers' use.

