Chapter 1492 Getting Information

The Dremer race's warriors swarmed around Liam, enclosing him so tightly that there was no escape.

But Liam remained calm, as though these creatures were not a threat to him at all.

Seeing Liam's unshaken demeanor, the Dremer race's warriors sneered, "Human, are you so terrified you can't even move? Now that you've crossed paths with us, you won't be able to make it out of here alive! Go to hell!"

With that, their auras intensified, and clusters of dark energy formed behind them, coalescing into a massive screen of raw power that surged toward Liam.

But just as they believed Liam was doomed, reality shattered their expectations.

Suddenly, the ground beneath Liam erupted with an ominous wave of death energy, so powerful that it overwhelmed the Dremer race's warriors' attack, instantly disintegrating the energy screen they had formed.

Then, the death energy lashed out, ensnaring each warrior. Under their terrified gazes, it bound their limbs, rendering them completely immobile in an instant.

The Dremer race's warriors were stricken with horror, their eyes wide with fear. The one who had mocked Liam earlier now stammered in a trembling voice, "W-What is this power? Our attack is formidable, something even a mighty Primogem King would struggle to withstand.

How could you dismantle it so effortlessly?"

Liam's expression remained icy as he ignored the question. Instead, he stated, "I ask, you answer. Those are the rules now. If you refuse to cooperate, I'll kill you right here."

Liam hadn't used the "Fatal Hex" directly, as he intended to gather information from his enemy first.

Sensing the murderous intent emanating from Liam and the oppressive force of the death energy, the Dremer race's warriors shivered and quickly nodded in submission.

Liam demanded in a deep voice, "How many warriors has the Dremer race sent into the secret realm this time? Are any lying in ambush near the exit of the cave?"

Upon hearing this, the Dremer race's warriors hesitated.

Noticing the hesitation, Liam frowned and unleashed the Death Power, tearing the warrior near him to pieces with ruthless efficiency.

The remaining warriors trembled involuntarily at the sight, their fear of Liam reaching an unimaginable height.

Liam's gaze swept over the remaining warriors, his voice cold and unyielding. "I think my point is clear. Cooperate, and while I won't spare your lives, at least I'll leave your bodies intact."

Among the Dremer race, a saying held that to preserve one's soul energy—and perhaps cling to a faint hope of rebirth—one must keep the body whole.

Liam's words dangled this glimmer of survival before the Dremer race's warriors, enticing them; as long as a thread of hope of survival remained, they were naturally reluctant to give up.

Of course, Liam wasn't deceiving them.

The lives of these Dremer race's warriors were utterly inconsequential to him.

Even if one managed to retain its soul energy within an intact body, it would remain trapped in the secret realm, posing no threat to the Human Clan.