

Chapter 1503 Winfred's Plan

Winfred, leading Liam, shot through the skies at a blinding speed, a blur almost too fast for the eye to follow.

This was, of course, all part of his plan.

The soldiers sent to protect Liam were already bogged down by the Dremer army, and with the Human Clan stretched thin from ongoing battles, the only reinforcement Caden could spare was Winfred, a ninth-level Primogem King.

Winfred wasn't about to make the foolish mistake of clashing head-on with the Dremer race's Primogem Kings.

His sole mission? To deliver Liam safely back to the Rosefinch Galaxy.

The Dremer commanders quickly caught on to Winfred's ploy, and furious roars erupted from them as they chased after Winfred and Liam.

With grim determination, Winfred pressed on, ignoring the relentless chase. The Dremer commanders bellowed after him, voices seething with anger.

"Humans, stop! There's no escape for you!"

"You'll regret fooling us, Winfred! I swear, you'll die a death too painful to imagine!"

Unfazed by the angry threats behind him, Winfred didn't even bother to glance back. Instead, he scoffed, "You really think you can hold us here? If the Human Clan's army were around,

you wouldn't dare talk like this."

Winfred's taunts made the three Dremer commanders seethe with fury, their forms practically vibrating with rage. Though they weren't the strongest among their kind, each was a formidable pillar of strength within the Dremer race.

But Winfred's words had belittled their strength, making them feel utterly insignificant—a slight they simply couldn't tolerate.

One of the Dremer commanders let out a furious roar, bellowing, "When I catch you, I'll make you beg for your death!"

Winfred let out a sharp, mocking laugh. "Catch me first, then we'll talk!"

Liam glanced at Winfred in resignation. Why was his senior provoking the Dremer commanders in the middle of an escape?

Trading barbs could slow them down.

With Winfred's reputation as a ninth-level Primogem King and Caden's trust in him for this mission, Liam had no doubts about Winfred's skill and reliability. So, why would he make such a rookie mistake?

But as Liam puzzled over it, Winfred turned to Liam, his face set with urgency. "Liam, in a moment, I'm going to draw the three commanders away. Don't hesitate—take the law power of Nocturne and run. And don't even think about using my warship; there's no one left aboard who can help you, and you won't be able to pilot it. Head east. About eight thousand miles from here, there's a Human Clan military camp. Once

you're there, you'll be safe."

Liam was stunned as understanding hit him like a blow. Winfred had been taunting the Dremer commanders to make them target him alone.

He was planning to hold off the Dremer commanders so that Liam could escape with Nocturne's law power.

