

Chapter 1513 Liam Is Moved

Winfred was utterly astonished, never expecting Liam to possess a treasure as rare as the Heart of Life.

But it all made sense now—the Heart of Life was the reason Liam's severe internal injuries had healed so rapidly.

Yet, Winfred harbored no desire to take Liam's Heart of Life for himself. Though he had only recently met Liam, as an elder of the Human Clan, he respected the young man.

Besides, Liam was a genius personally entrusted to him by Caden, who had made it clear that Liam's safety was a top priority.

Winfred took a moment to assess his own injuries and marveled at the Heart of Life's miraculous energy.

"This is truly impressive," he said with a sigh of relief. "Liam, even I envy you for having fragments of the Heart of Life. Without them, it would have taken me at least five hundred years to fully heal. Now, with the Heart of Life's energy, I could fully recover in just two years."

The initial shock began to settle as Winfred regained his composure.

"Liam," he continued, "we need to get moving. Though those three commanders from the Dremer race took a beating, the Dremer troops are still hot on our heels. We can't afford to let them catch up with us."

Hearing that, Liam snapped back to the urgency of the situation. He nodded, and they quickly made their escape together.

On the way, they encountered no further mishaps, allowing Liam to finally breathe a sigh of relief and ease his guard. Deactivating the Death Power domain, he glanced at Winfred. "So, how's the battle going out there on the interstellar battlefield?"

This was the question that had been weighing on Liam's mind. On the interstellar battlefield, each fleeting minute meant the brutal loss of tens of thousands of Human Clan lives.

War on this scale was ruthless, with millions—sometimes billions—engaged in combat, and the stakes were mercilessly high.

Liam remembered when he had left the secret realm, the warship Winfred had piloted had carried tens of thousands of Human Clan soldiers, all deployed as soon as they arrived.

Those soldiers might not have been among the strongest—many were just new to the Primogem Expert realm—but they were indispensable to the battle.

Their purpose was simple, yet heroic, to slow the relentless Dremer troops' advance.

Liam had never belittled those soldiers of the Human Clan, who were often dismissed as cannon fodder on the battlefield.

In his eyes, their contributions to the Human Clan were immense, even surpassing many Primogem Kings and Primogem Emperors.

After all, these soldiers gave the ultimate sacrifice—their lives.

When Liam posed this question, Winfred replied without hesitation, "The battle on the interstellar front is still raging intensely. It's so dire that even the Lord of Rosefinch has joined the front lines, fighting the Dremer race head-on. That's the reason our Human Clan's top-tier experts are spread so thin. If the situation weren't like this, the team sent to support you would have been far stronger—more than just me, a ninth-rank Primogem King."

Winfred's words struck Liam deeply.

Realizing that his distress message had reached Caden amidst fierce battles, Liam felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude.

Even in the chaos on the front lines, Caden had taken the time to respond to him, dispatching Winfred to his aid without delay. This level of care showed how much Caden valued him.

Liam was moved by the gesture.

To have earned such attention from the Lord of Rosefinch was proof that his efforts to attain the law power of Nocturne hadn't been in vain.

