

Chapter 1543 The Kill List

As the shadow guard vanished into the darkness, Caden's face darkened. His fists balled up tightly, his jaw set hard, and suddenly, the room seemed to grow colder.

It felt as though the place he was in wasn't a room, but an icy wasteland. Pausing for a breath, Caden muttered, "Damned Dremer! Have you no decency left? Now Liam, just a ninth-tier Primogem Expert, finds himself on your damned hit list."

Caden, once a formidable adversary of the Dremer, knew all too well the grave implications of their notorious kill list.

Many races in the Cosmic realm had such lists.

These lists detailed those considered significant threats—individuals or groups marked for elimination.

Once someone was on such a list, their life would be in danger.

History was littered with tales of prodigies from the Human Clan, targeted and cut down by alien adversaries, their potential extinguished in the shadows of treachery.

Even the legendary Emperor Hoffman, now a titan of the Cosmic realm, had once been a target.

However, Emperor Hoffman's strength was so formidable that the assassination plans of the alien races failed.

Now, Liam's recent addition to the Dremer's kill list painted a starkly different and grim picture. As a mere ninth-tier Primogem Expert, he was facing a dangerous situation.

Caden's anger was palpable, fueled not just by the threat against Liam but

by a deep-seated regret.

His own decision had precipitated this crisis. He had pushed for Liam's involvement in the perilous mission to reclaim Nocturne's law power, inadvertently casting Liam into the Dremer's spotlight far too soon.

This mistake haunted Caden.

Should Liam fall to an assassin's blade, the loss of the Human Clan's brightest star would weigh heavily on his conscience.

He was painfully aware that the alien races, notorious for their ruthless tactics, would stop at nothing to see their targets eliminated. They would even employ members from the shadow tribe, experts in the lethal arts of assassination, who for the right price, would unleash a relentless barrage of covert strikes.

In earlier times, the Human Clan had employed the shadow tribe to kill geniuses from rival alien factions.

The shadow tribe's natural ability to meld into darkness made them nearly impossible to catch, granting them an almost flawless success rate.

With these heavy thoughts weighing on him, Caden mulled over his options before resolving to take swift action. He decided to travel to the City of Divinity to consult with the City Lord and seek guidance on the dire situation.

Upon arriving, Caden found the City Lord engrossed in monitoring the affairs of the Four Galaxies, commenting on various matters with measured calm.

As Caden burst into the room, his urgency broke the tranquility.

"City Lord, something's wrong. There's a major issue," he said.

The City Lord, disconnecting from the Network of Human Sovereign, gave Caden a cool, measured look. His brow furrowed in disapproval. "Caden, after all these years as the Lord of Rosefinch, your lack of composure still shocks me. You should learn to be more composed," he chided, his tone

faced with disappointment.

Although Caden's strength was not outstanding, during his governance of the Rosefinch Galaxy, no major incidents had occurred, so the City Lord had a good impression of him.

However, upon seeing that Caden had not calmed down, the City Lord realized that something serious had happened, so he said, "Tell me, what has driven you to forget your decorum and raise such an alarm?"

Taking a deep breath to steady his nerves, Caden hurriedly replied, "It's Liam. He's on the Dremer race's kill list. City Lord, do you think we should dispatch some experts to secretly protect him?"

The City Lord's brows furrowed deeply when he heard that.

When Caden saw this, his anxiety intensified. He said, "City Lord, I need your guidance on this."

Liam was a pivotal figure within the Human Clan, cherished and expected to achieve great things.

The potential loss of such a brilliant mind would be catastrophic for the Human Clan.

The City Lord looked at Caden thoughtfully and responded, "Why are you so worried? The people who should be anxious are not us."

Caden, confused, paused momentarily.

Realizing the implication, he hesitantly asked, "City Lord, are you referring to... Emperor Hoffman?"

The City Lord offered a slight smile and nodded. "Exactly. If Liam's father isn't worried, why should we be? Besides, deploying our elite protectors to protect Liam could be a waste of our resources. What if that weakens our forces on the front lines and triggers a chain reaction? Are we prepared to face the consequences of that?"

Stunned, Caden shook his head and asked, "Are we to do nothing then?"

His concern for Liam was palpable.

The City Lord fixed Caden with a stern look and replied sharply, "What alternative do you propose?"

Caden was still hesitant, but before he could voice his concerns, the City Lord cut him off, saying, "Enough! No more debate needed. If you want Liam to make his mark, ease up on the coddling. How will he grow if he never faces real battles?"

The City Lord's decisive words left Caden speechless, his mouth hanging open in a silent protest that faded into resignation. Eventually, all he could do was nod, acknowledging the harsh truth in those words.

The City Lord was right. Liam needed the freedom to face the world's harshness.

With a heavy sigh, Caden murmured to himself, "I've done all I could. Now everything depends on you, Liam. You need to protect yourself."