

## Chapter 1610 Familiar

The gravity of the situation etched itself across Lindy's features as so many mysterious creatures appeared.

Undaunted, she drew her blade with fluid grace, its steel catching the light as she leveled it at the creatures. Her eyes blazed with unwavering resolve.

The creatures, however, paid her little heed. Their attention fixed upon Liam and Marlene, drawn inexorably to the World Power emanating from Liam. They advanced on him with predatory focus.

Alarm flashed across Lindy's face as she raised her weapon and struck.

Primogem energy surged through her, manifesting as a brilliant sword aura.

With steely determination, Lindy unleashed her attack. The sword aura cut through the air, its impact reverberating through the core magma, causing ripples of molten rock to dance and merge with the ethereal blade-light.

Yet, the creatures remained unperturbed by her full-strength assault.

One creature, its power marking it as a third-stage Primogem King, conjured a barrier with casual efficiency.

The sword aura collided with the shield, only to dissipate without so much as a whisper.

"How..."

Horror dawned in Lindy's eyes as the reality of her attack's futility sank in.

The creatures released piercing shrieks before surging toward her as one.

Bitterness welled up in Lindy's heart—not regret, but the crushing weight of her own inadequacy.

At the academy, she had stood apart as a genius.

But here, beyond those hallowed halls, the bitter truth became clear: her current strength barely sufficed for survival in the Cosmic realm, let alone greatness.

Lindy strained to turn her head, desperate for one last glimpse of Liam before her demise.

But that simple motion froze her in place.

Where did Liam go?

As Lindy stood paralyzed with confusion, a sudden breeze whispered past, carrying Liam's voice. "Lindy, you've done enough. I'll take it from here."

In the next heartbeat, she beheld a pristine black sword light ascending skyward, threaded with tendrils of Death Power. Raw power radiated from the blade as it cleaved toward the mass of creatures before her.

The creatures that had so thoroughly overwhelmed Lindy crumbled like paper before Liam's sword, their existence snuffed out in an instant.

Having dispatched the threats, Liam smoothly sheathed the sword of darkness, his voice dripping with contempt. "As long as I'm here, I won't let anything hurt Lindy."

Such devastating efficiency would have been impossible with the sword of darkness in its original form, even enhanced by Death Power.

Yet now, elevated to ethereal-grade, the sword of darkness commanded enough raw might to obliterate the creatures instantly, even without the Death Power's enhancement.

Such was the vast chasm that separated different tiers of weaponry.

With the threat neutralized, Liam wasted no time. He pivoted smoothly toward Marlene, who watched with bated breath as his blade traced a decisive arc through the air.

The binding chain, which had once seemed impervious to all assault, parted like silk before the sword of darkness' edge.

With practiced precision, Liam dispatched the remaining two chains in swift succession, their destruction as inevitable as the tide.

Finally unbound, Marlene crumpled to the ground, her strength spent from her long imprisonment.

As she raised her head to meet Liam's gaze, the hardness in her eyes melted away. "Thank you," she said, her voice heavy with sincere gratitude.

Liam's lips curved into a subtle smile. "Let's call it a fair exchange," he replied evenly. "I also got what I needed from you."

Marlene acknowledged this with a simple nod, dispensing with unnecessary courtesies.

Her eyes lingered on him, a curious blend of emotions playing across her features.

Liam caught the peculiar look in her expression, and his brow furrowed. "Something wrong?"

Sensing his misinterpretation, Marlene hastened to clear the air. "Don't worry; I mean no harm," she said softly. "It's just that your sword... It looks familiar."

A flicker of intrigue crossed Liam's face as he studied the sword of darkness in his grip. The blade thrummed with a gentle resonance, as if acknowledging Marlene's recognition.

At that moment, a thought dawned on Liam—this very blade had once been wielded by Necrothar, the first Human Sovereign of the Human Clan.

"When did you last lay eyes on the sword of darkness?" Liam asked, his curiosity piqued.

Marlene's brow furrowed in concentration, but eventually she offered a rueful smile. "The sands of time have blurred the details," she admitted. "Yet I'm certain our paths have crossed before."

Her expression grew distant, touched by the shadow of a memory. "I remember its wielder, too, though his face eludes me now. But the aura that surrounded him..." She suppressed a shiver. "Even as a World Lord, his mere presence was enough to make my blood run cold. Such was the weight of his killing intent."



## Chapter 1611 Necrothar

A flicker of recognition crossed Liam's mind as Marlene described the sword of darkness' first owner. The figure she painted reminded him inexplicably of Necrothar, whose figure he had glimpsed in the hallowed passages of the Sanctuary of Human Sovereign.

Though Marlene couldn't recall the stranger's face, she spoke of an overwhelming presence—an aura so potent that even she, formidable as she was, found herself unable to withstand it.

Liam believed this matched Necrothar perfectly!

His mind reeled at the connection. The figure from Marlene's tale could be none other than Necrothar himself, the legendary figure in the Human Clan.

Deep reverence welled within Liam as he contemplated this first and most formidable Human Sovereign in the Human Clan's history.

While he held Necrothar in the highest regard, Liam harbored no desire to delve deeper into the ancient ruler's past.

After all, Necrothar's mysteries were his own to keep. They had nothing to do with Liam.

Composing himself after the initial shock, Liam gave a slight nod. "Marlene," he said, measuring his words, "the figure you encountered was likely the first Human Sovereign in the Human Clan's history."

Marlene's eyes widened at this revelation, clearly stunned that the person she had met held such significance.

"I see..." she murmured, lost in recollection. "That explains why he bestowed upon me a piece of Meteor Gold. He said I would need it in the future!"

Though Marlene had whispered these words to herself, they reached Liam's ears, and astonishment bloomed anew on his face.

The implications were staggering—Necrothar had foreseen, years before, that the sword of darkness would require Meteor Gold.

What unfathomable power and insight must he have possessed to make such a prediction?

Wonder coursed through Liam as he gazed at the quivering sword in his grasp.

It became clear why tales of the Human Clan's ultra-ancient era, after Necrothar's ascension to the Cosmic realm, still echoed through time.

Under his guidance, the Human Clan had indeed possessed the potential to become the supreme ruler of all clans in the Cosmic realm.

Lindy, who had been absorbing these revelations in silence, finally understood the situation: the evolving battle artifact in Liam's possession was Necrothar's legacy.

The revelation hit Lindy with the force of a storm, leaving her mind reeling. After all, Necrothar's name echoed through the ages as the greatest genius the Human Clan had ever known, their first Sovereign and the very architect of their civilization.

His legend rippled through the vastness of the Cosmic realm, transcending the boundaries of clans, each corner of existence harboring tales of his might.

Necrothar had been a celestial force whose mere name commanded reverence across all clans in the Cosmic realm.

The revelation left Lindy staggered. Every word exchanged between Marlene and Liam seemed almost too extraordinary to believe.

The sword of darkness that Liam wielded was no ordinary weapon, but a

legacy of unimaginable significance.

If word of the sword of darkness's origin were to spread...

Even though it was merely her own speculation, Lindy could already envision the uproar among all the clans in the Cosmic realm.

Necrothar's final words before his disappearance still echoed in the world.

"Whoever can master the sword of darkness shall inherit my lifelong power!"

Yet even in the face of such monumental revelations, Lindy harbored no inappropriate greed.

The sword had chosen its path, accepting Liam as its master. This extraordinary destiny, this remarkable fortune, it belonged to Liam alone, and no one could claim it.

Liam caught the subtle shift in Lindy's expression, casting her a questioning glance.

Before he could voice his curiosity, Lindy quickly masked her thoughts with a smile and deftly steered the conversation in a new direction.

"Liam," she said, "now that Marlene has regained her freedom, shouldn't we leave here and continue with our mission?"

A knowing smile played across Liam's lips. Though aware of her obvious deflection, he responded warmly, "Lindy, have you forgotten what Marlene mentioned earlier? Upon regaining her freedom, she wants to eliminate all the mysterious creatures within the No. 1568 planetary system!"

Realization dawned on Lindy's face as Marlene's earlier words came rushing back. She cast an apologetic glance toward Marlene.

Marlene's response was a gentle smile, understanding evident in her expression. "Since your mission involves these creatures," she suggested casually, "why don't we join forces? Once I've dealt with these creatures,

you can accomplish your mission as well."

"That's an excellent proposition," Liam agreed with a warm chuckle.

With the soul-locking chains shattered, Marlene's power flowed through her restored body like a rising tide.

She raised her hand in a simple yet commanding gesture, and the entire area shuddered at her will.

Deep within the earth's core, ancient magma stirred like a crimson dragon waking from millennia of slumber. With a thunderous roar that seemed to shake the very foundations of the realm, massive pillars of molten rock burst through the underground caverns, spreading across the surface in waves of liquid fire.

The air itself became a furnace, and the sand beneath their feet sizzled with such intensity that it threatened to transform into sheets of glass.

Above ground, the mysterious creatures froze as columns of magma pierced the earth's crust.

Terror gripped them as realization dawned.

There was only one being who could command the magma of the No. 1568 planetary system—Marlene, their World Lord.

Just then, the mysterious creatures saw a crack form in the ground.

Soon, a figure emerged from the depths, silhouetted against the hellish glow of magma.

Two more shapes followed in quick succession, their forms taking clarity in the crimson light.

Marlene, Liam, and Lindy stood there, having ascended from under the ground.

The moment Marlene's gaze fell upon the mysterious creatures, her face transformed with pure loathing. Her eyes turned glacial, devoid of mercy,



regarding these creatures as if they were less than living beings, merely a plague of malevolent entities to be purged.

Reading her murderous intent, the mysterious creatures realized with mounting terror that she had broken free of their control, and panic spread through their ranks like wildfire.

They knew all too well what they had done to her, the torment they had inflicted.

And now that Marlene had shattered her chains, retribution was inevitable.

