Chapter 1617 The Jade Pendant

In the depths of his heart, Caden harbored a sincere wish—Liam wouldn't lose himself to Necrothar's awakening memories.

Having watched Liam mature and grow, Caden had developed a profound bond with him.

The thought of Liam's true self being consumed by the awakening was unbearable.

If Liam were truly to lose his true self after successfully awakening, Caden would not agree to this.

When confronted with Caden's concerns, the City Lord's expression softened as he shook his head. "Your worries won't happen. Past life memories are like morning mist; they fade with the rising sun. And Necrothar... He would consider it beneath his dignity to possess another's body."

Had Liam not been present, the City Lord might have chastised Caden for such an absurd concern.

After all, Liam was the cherished son of Emperor Hoffman and the Forge Regal.

As the City Lord of the Human Clan, how could he ever contemplate harming Liam?

He would never do something like that.

Caden caught sight of the City Lord's dark countenance and seemed to grasp the gravity of his misstep, letting out a few awkward chuckles to break the tension.

It was clear that Liam's influence had clouded his judgment. Otherwise, such a thoughtless question would never have crossed his lips.

Having grasped this crucial insight, Caden turned to Liam with warmth in his eyes and offered a reassuring smile.

"Liam, cast aside your worries," he said with gentle conviction. "The City Lord has given his word. You can embrace Necrothar's memories with a peaceful heart. This is an extraordinary and invaluable opportunity."

The City Lord's solemn promise acted like a balm to Liam's spirit, washing away his lingering doubts.

With renewed confidence, Liam nodded respectfully and spoke. "City Lord, your assistance fills me with gratitude."

As his words hung in the air, Liam reached out to accept Necrothar's jade pendant from the City Lord's hands.

The instant his fingers made contact with the ancient pendant, an extraordinary sensation coursed through his being. A refreshing chill enveloped him. The feeling settled deep in his bones, bringing him comfort.

More remarkable still, Liam noticed the sword of darkness quiver at the very moment his skin touched the jade pendant.

In that breathless instant, something unprecedented occurred. The sword of darkness, which had maintained its silence since the beginning, finally broke its reserve and spoke directly to his soul.

"Master! You have finally returned..."

The unfamiliar yet resonant voice froze Liam, his heart skipping a beat.

Could these words truly be coming from the sword of darkness?

It dawned on him that the sword had possessed its own consciousness all along.

All this time, he had been blind to its true nature.

Liam couldn't help but murmur to himself, "Sword of darkness, you're truly adept at concealing yourself."

But now wasn't the time to dwell on the sword's mysteries. Liam shifted his attention to Necrothar's jade pendant, its surface cool against his palm.

The City Lord's voice cut through his thoughts. "Liam, pour all your focus into the jade pendant! Stay sharp; the inheritance awaits."

Acknowledging the City Lord's words with a determined nod, Liam centered his consciousness on the jade pendant.

As his focus deepened, Liam felt his inner world expanding like ripples on still water.

In an instant, his mind transcended into another dimension.

A breathtaking vista unfolded before him—crystalline streams winding through emerald hills, while melodious birdsong filled the air.

The scene radiated an almost supernatural serenity.

Yet Liam remained vigilant, his eyes scanning the idyllic landscape for any sign of danger.

His wariness, as it turned out, was unnecessary.

Despite his careful scrutiny, nothing seemed amiss in this peaceful realm.

Confusion crept into Liam's mind as he surveyed the tranquil panorama.

"Could this paradise have been Necrothar's sanctuary? Or perhaps this serenity masks some hidden trial?" he muttered.

His contemplation was suddenly interrupted by an unexpected sound—a baby's cry piercing the air.

Following the sound, Liam's gaze was drawn to its source beneath a cascading waterfall.

Though Liam yearned to comfort the crying infant, his ethereal consciousness could only pass through the child like morning mist, a stark reminder of his incorporeal state in this dimension.

The baby's wails soon drew attention from the surrounding area.

A couple emerged from the mist-laden path and, upon discovering the abandoned infant, took the child into their care without hesitation.

As Liam watched this scene unfold, a realization dawned on him. "Could this be Necrothar's past?"

With each passing moment, this theory gained stronger footing in his mind.

Compelled by this insight, Liam followed the couple, watching intently as they carried the infant to their home and began their journey as parents.

If these were indeed fragments of Necrothar's life story, Liam was determined to absorb every nuance, every precious detail.

After all, what better way to understand Necrothar, or rather, his own past life, than to witness his story firsthand?

Time flowed like quicksilver in this mystical realm. Before Liam's eyes, the infant grew up.

But fate struck a cruel blow when the boy reached twelve years of age. His adoptive parents were slain by bandits who descended from the mountains in search of food. If his adoptive parents hadn't hidden him, he would have been killed, too.

Watching his beloved parents fall before his eyes shattered the young boy's world. After laying his parents to rest with trembling hands, something extraordinary occurred—the young man's heart, now a crucible of grief and hatred, unexpectedly catalyzed his first strand of primogem energy.

Upon becoming a cultivator, the young man promptly killed the bandits with swift and resolute action.

The bandit leader, once proud and merciless, now cowered in the dirt like a wounded animal, his pleas for mercy echoing against the cold mountain stones. But the young man's mercy had died

alongside his parents. With eyes as cold as winter frost, he brought his blade down in a silver arc, severing the bandit leader's head from his shoulders with a single, decisive move!

Standing amidst his vengeance, he claimed a new name.

Necrothar.

Liam shuddered at the sight of the name written in blood, each stroke radiating an overwhelming killing intent.

His guess was confirmed. The orphan was indeed Necrothar, the legendary figure whose tales filled the Human Clan's ancient records.

Intrigued, Liam assessed Necrothar's current power.

What he discovered was astounding. At merely fifteen, Necrothar wielded power equivalent to a Primogem Expert.

Such unprecedented talent left Liam speechless.

Truly, Necrothar deserved his title as the Human Clan's greatest genius!