

Chapter 1172 Information About Julie And Asher

Townsend's face drained of color when he recognized Liam as if he had just seen a ghost.

The revelation was too much to bear.

Liam, the very man whom Townsend's uncle Adamson had relentlessly pursued, had been hiding right under their noses within the Saint Society!

Shocked, Townsend was rendered speechless.

The realization that the man standing before him was Liam plunged him into despair.

He knew all too well Liam would show no mercy to him.

Thus, Townsend made no attempts to plead. His voice thick with accusation, he shouted, "It was you all this time, you bastard! Liam, the audacity you have, infiltrating my Saint Society! Once we leave this maritime secret realm, you're finished! And should you dare kill me, my family will relentlessly pursue you! No matter your power, your fate is sealed!"

Liam frowned. Then, a smirk crept across his face. "Townsend, do you really think you'll have a chance to send any warnings to your family?"

He let out a fierce roar. "Despicable members of the Chapman family, bow before me!"

As he spoke, a dark yellow aura burst forth from him, enveloping both Townsend and Fulton.

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A powerful gravitational force slammed Townsend and Fulton to the ground, as heavy as a mountain, forcing them to kneel.

Townsend, face flushing with anger, clenched his fists tightly.

He tried hard to rise, but Liam's overwhelming power and the crushing gravitational force held him firmly in place.

Grievously wounded, Fulton also found himself powerless against the overwhelming force bearing down on him.

With both men effectively controlled, Liam advanced toward them.

Now, to Townsend and Fulton, Liam was no longer merely a fugitive fleeing from Adamson's relentless pursuit. He now resembled the grim reaper himself, radiating a chilling aura of inevitable doom.

Stepping closer to Fulton, Liam's expression was icy and unforgiving. He didn't allow Fulton any opportunity to plead or protest. With a swift motion, he wielded the Shadow Sword and drove it directly through Fulton's heart, ending his life in an instant.

This merciless act was designed to instill sheer terror in Townsend.

And it succeeded perfectly; Townsend, witnessing Fulton's abrupt demise, began to tremble uncontrollably, and his face turned ashen.

He was so scared that he involuntarily wet himself.

The air was quickly filled with the pungent odor of urine.

Liam, visibly repulsed, grabbed Townsend by the collar

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with one hand and tightened his grip around Townsend's neck with the other, his demand fierce and uncompromising.

"Tell me! Where are Julie and Asher?" he growled.

Despite his overwhelming fear, Townsend understood the current situation. He realized that divulging the information would render him expendable, and Liam would likely eliminate him without a second thought afterward.

With this in mind, he hastily attempted to negotiate, his voice laced with desperation. "Liam, if I tell you, will you let me go?"

Townsend, who was Adamson's nephew, was no ordinary Primogem Warrior. Having led a life of luxury, where everything was provided for him, he valued his life. After all, he hadn't yet had the opportunity to fully embrace life, and dying in this maritime secret realm was certainly not on his agenda.

As Townsend attempted to continue negotiating, a chilling look crept into Liam's eyes. In a swift move, he drew his Shadow Sword and injured Townsend's cheek.

Townsend's cheek immediately began to bleed profusely.

With a scornful laugh, Liam taunted, "Did you really think I'd allow you to escape with your life? Townsend, you're deluding yourself. Today is the day you meet your end here! Once you're gone, I'll make sure your uncle Adamson follows you. Speak now if you wish to avoid further agony! Refuse, and I promise to turn your existence into sheer torment!"

Despite Liam's menacing threats, Townsend remained resolute, not revealing any information about Julie and

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Asher.

Observing Townsend's continued silence, a murderous glint appeared in Liam's eyes. Without hesitation, he swung his Shadow Sword, severing Townsend's arms.

Blood spattered wildly as Townsend writhed in agony, his face drenched in sweat.

Liam barked, "Tell me now!"

But Townsend clenched his teeth, stubbornly shaking his head, his lips sealed.

Losing his patience, Liam swung his sword once more, this time cutting off Townsend's legs, leaving him merely a torso.

Liam issued a grave warning. "This is your last chance. Take it, or I'll proceed with even harsher measures. I'll remove your penis, pluck out your eyes, slice off your ears, and throw you into a pit teeming with venomous beasts to let them feast on you slowly. Don't worry; I'll ensure you survive. But once you've recovered, back into that nightmare you go, over and over!"

The weight of Liam's words began to erode Townsend's staunch resistance.

Trembling, Townsend came to the chilling realization that Liam was serious about his gruesome threats.

Pushed to the edge, Townsend cracked under the pressure. He erupted into uncontrollable laughter, a manic spark in his eyes, as he said, "So, Liam, you're itching to know the latest on your wife and your son Asher, aren't you? Well, let me tell you! I left Julie at the mercy of the servants, letting them do as they pleased with her. And as for your boy Asher, Rohan and I had him changed to the point of no return. He probably wouldn't recognize you if

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you walked right by him on the street!"

His laughter grew louder, more deranged. "What more do you want to hear, Liam? I can tell you everything! Oh, and regarding your ex-wife, Yolanda? I traded her to the lowest slums; she is now a mere toy for the lowlifes there! You think you hold power, Liam, but what can you truly change? You're merely a piece of garbage, through and through! Enjoy your time in the maritime secret realm, because once you're out, you're finished! I'll be waiting to greet you in hell!"