

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel

Chapter 1 - Chapter 1 (English Translation)

Chapter 1 The Young Man Returns In the outskirts of Ravenridge, Mornwick, a ragged young man walked steadily, carrying a worn-out shoulder bag. Despite his disheveled appearance, his steps were firm and measured, and nothing could diminish the intense, resolute light in his eyes. His posture was straight, his figure tall and lean, like a spear poised to pierce the heavens, unstoppable and unmatched. As he gazed at the distant silhouette of towering buildings, his expression grew contemplative, and he murmured softly to himself, "Eight years have passed..."

Guess what, Reginald Ashcroft, Gareth Ashcroft-I'm still very much alive." His fists clenched tightly as memories of that stormy night flooded back-the night of his tenth birthday. It should have been a day of joy, like any other, but instead, it was the day he lost everything, even the martial power that he had trained so hard to master. And the one who had stripped him of it was none other than his own father. The man he had once idolized, determined to surpass, had shown no mercy.

He had brutally ripped the martial power from his own son's chest, leaving a pain so searing that even after eight years, the poor boy could still vividly recall it. The anguish, the bitterness, and the fury-it all remained as fresh as if it had happened yesterday. On that day, he lost not only his abilities but also his family and his place in the world. Gravely injured, he was abandoned by his father and thrown into the wilderness where wild beasts roamed-a certain death sentence for a ten-year-old. But by some miracle, he survived.

More than that, he endured eight years of blood and fire, honing his skills on the brink of death countless times. Now, he had returned, with power beyond imagination and a heart full of unresolved bitterness. His eyes narrowed, and his fingers clenched into a fist. A surge of battle intent shot up into the sky, causing the surrounding trees to tremble violently as if they might topple over. "Watch closely, Ashcrofts. I, Leander Ashcroft, will stand before you again in a way you never expected.

Ravenridge will be the first step in my journey to conquer the world." With those words, he pushed off with his back foot, leaping down from the cliff and disappearing into the depths below. ... In Rosewood Court, a gated community in Ravenridge, a beautiful woman gasped in shock as she opened her front door. Standing before her was a young man who looked like a beggar, his clothes in tatters. "Who are you?" she asked, startled. "It's me, Ms. Hollis," the young man replied apologetically. "You?" The woman's eyes narrowed as she scrutinized him. "Leander?" she exclaimed in disbelief.

Despite the dust on his face and the changes in his appearance, she could still recognize the familiar features beneath it all. "It really is you, Leander!" Leander nodded

slightly, and the woman's surprise quickly turned into delight. "Come in, let me take a good look at you!" Ignoring the dirt on his clothes, she pulled him inside, looking him over from head to toe. "You've grown much taller since I last saw you!" Leander smiled faintly. "It's been six years, Ms. Hollis.

"I'm surprised you still remember me." The woman, whose name was Monica Hollis, had met Leander by chance sometime in the eight years when he was at his lowest point, having lost everything. She had helped him then, and he had never forgotten her kindness. He felt deeply grateful to her. "How could I ever forget? If you hadn't led the way, I might never have made it out of those woods alive," Monica said with a warm smile, clearly pleased to see him. "Ms.

Hollis, I came here this time because..." Leander began, reaching into his bag to pull something out, but Monica quickly stopped him, taking the bag from his hands. "Let's not talk about that now, Leander. You should go wash up first. I'll find you some clothes to change into," she said, pushing him toward the bathroom without waiting for him to respond. Leander could only comply, heading down the hallway. Suddenly, he heard light footsteps on the stairs, followed by a sharp gasp. "Ah!

"Who are you, and what are you doing in my house?" Leander turned his head slightly to see a girl barely about legal age standing at the top of the stairs. She stood about 5'5" tall, her face free of makeup, with delicate and perfect features. Her long, glossy black hair nearly reached her waist, and she wore cartoon-themed slippers on her feet, exposing her cute toes. She was dressed in a pink short skirt, her long, slender legs dazzlingly pale. A girl like her would undoubtedly be a goddess-like figure in any school. At that moment, she stared at Leander with wide, frightened eyes.

Before he could respond, Monica hurried over, explaining, "Yvette, this is Leander. No need to be alarmed." She then turned to Leander and added, "Go ahead, take your shower. Don't worry about a thing." Leander nodded and withdrew his gaze from the girl, heading into the bathroom. Meanwhile, Yvette descended the stairs, her expression one of bewilderment. "Mom, who's that hobo? Why is he in our house?" Monica led her to the couch, smiling. "Yvette, remember that time I got lost in Glenwick and wandered into the woods?" Yvette's eyes widened as realization dawned on her.

"He's the one who brought you out?!" "Yes," Monica confirmed, tilting her head slightly. "He just found his way here. I think he's been having a tough time, which is why he's dressed like that. But you mustn't look down on him, Yvette. He's a good-hearted young man." Yvette nodded but couldn't help feeling a tinge of disdain. The people she usually associated with were all wealthy and well-connected. When had she ever come across someone so shabby? The idea of this young man using their bathroom made her feel slightly nauseous. "Leander, I've left some clothes for you here.

"Change into them when you're done," Monica called out, placing the clothes in the bathroom's changing area. Leander acknowledged her with a quick reply from inside. Ten minutes later, the bathroom door opened, and Monica, who was sitting on the

couch, turned to look. Her eyes lit up. "Leander, you're all cleaned up? You've grown into a fine young man!" Yvette, sitting nearby, rolled her eyes. Huh, how could a guy who looked like a vagabond be handsome? she thought, her initial contempt evident. But as she glanced at him, she froze.

Standing in the doorway was a strikingly handsome young man, his face chiseled like a Greek statue. He stood about six feet tall with a well-proportioned, athletic build. The shirt and slacks Monica had found for him fit perfectly, making him look fresh and effortlessly stylish. His deep, dark eyes resembled the vast night sky, enigmatic. Yvette had seen her fair share of attractive guys, some of whom had tried to win her over. But this was the first time a guy's mere appearance made her heart skip a beat. "Ms. Hollis, I tossed my dirty clothes in the trash.

Is that okay?" Leander asked, smiling politely, his voice carrying an air of effortless charm. "That's fine. Don't worry about it," Monica replied, standing up and gesturing toward Yvette. "Leander, let me introduce you to my daughter, Yvette Sitwell." Yvette stood as well, offering Leander a polite smile. "Hi, I'm Leander Ashcroft," he said, extending his hand. His gaze was clear and calm, showing no sign of being impressed by her beauty. Yvette blinked in surprise. Although she never flaunted her looks, she was well aware of her allure.

She was the undisputed school beauty, with more admirers than she could count, her locker always overflowing with love letters. Even the most popular guys at school couldn't hide their admiration for her. Yet, in Leander's eyes, she saw nothing but tranquility, as if she were just an ordinary person. "Hi," she replied, still a bit stunned. She extended her hand, and they shook briefly. Leander released her hand almost immediately, leaving Yvette surprised by the quickness of the exchange. Is he trying to play it cool? she wondered.

Most guys she encountered would go out of their way to be attentive, but she was used to ignoring them. A few had tried to take the opposite approach, acting indifferent to get her attention. She had seen through those tactics long ago and wasn't impressed. She assumed Leander was doing the same. Even though Leander looked clean now, Yvette still didn't take him seriously. His previous disheveled appearance had left a bad impression, and even now, standing there all neat and tidy, she didn't care much.

In her eyes, he was nothing more than a country hick-someone who possibly scraped by with menial labor, nothing like the wealthy suitors she was used to. Little did she know, Leander hadn't given her a second thought. After surviving eight years of life-and-death trials, his perspective had grown beyond the ordinary. Even the most beautiful woman couldn't stir his emotions anymore. "Ms. Hollis, I came here to-" Leander began, turning to Monica to explain his purpose of visiting. "Alright, Leander. Say no more. I understand," Monica interrupted, patting his shoulder.

She pulled 1,000 from her wallet and stuffed it into his pocket. "Take this money. If you need anything, Yvette can take you shopping. I've got some business to take care of, so

I have to head out." Before Leander could say anything, Monica hurried out the door, leaving him with no chance to speak. Leander couldn't help but smile wryly, realizing she had likely thought he was down on his luck and had nowhere else to go, explaining why she gave him money and offered him a place to stay. Leander couldn't help but chuckle and shake his head.

He had to admit-his rough appearance was only natural for someone to assume the worst. Meanwhile, Yvette's eyes narrowed slightly, her displeasure growing. This hobo isn't seriously thinking of staying here, is he? The thought of her family taking in a stranger made her deeply uncomfortable. If anyone at school found out, it would cause a scandal. Seriously, what would people think of her? "Leander, is it?" she said, her tone suddenly cold and unwelcoming. "This is our private home. It's not convenient for you to stay here.

I'm not comfortable with it." Her earlier warmth vanished, replaced by a stern and emotionless demeanor. "Even though my mom said you could stay, I don't agree. Please leave."