

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel Chapter 10 - Chapter 10 (English Translation)

Chapter 10 What is a Sovereign? Leander stood with one hand in his pocket while the other effortlessly held up the several-ton steel beam as if it were a mere feather. Ivy, snapping out of her initial shock, was filled with disbelief. The man she had dismissed as weak and powerless had just saved her life by holding up a massive weight with one hand. Her father was equally stunned, though far more aware of what Leander's display of strength truly meant.

With a slight flick of his wrist, Leander sent the steel beam back into the air, then gently guided it down to the ground, where it landed without even leaving a dent. "T-Thank you!" Ivy, despite her usual brashness, quickly expressed her gratitude, realizing she had encountered someone of immense skill. Leander gave her a cursory glance, not even bothering to reply, before returning to his seat. Ivy's haughty nature would typically have kept him from helping, but he had seen a familiar shadow in her that had spurred him to act. Ivy frowned, irritated by Leander's indifferent attitude.

Just as she was about to say something, her father hurried over, clasping his hands together in a respectful salute before bowing deeply. "Sir, I did not realize I was in the presence of a Martial Sovereign. I am Gale of the Holloways. Thank you for saving my daughter, Ivy." Gale's respectful bow left Ivy utterly stunned. This was her father-the eldest son of the Holloways' senior branch, a man of great importance within the family. She had never seen her father show such respect to anyone, not even the heads of large corporations who would often bow and scrape in front of him.

But now, he was bowing to a young man who looked no older than twenty. Sure, Leander had some skills and had saved her, but a simple thank you or a monetary reward should have sufficed. Why was her father treating Leander with such reverence? Leander remained unfazed by Gale's gesture. "It was nothing. Don't dwell on it." He took a final bite of the chili and stood up, ready to leave. "Sovereign, please wait!" Gale quickly stepped forward. "May I have your contact information so that my family can properly repay this debt of gratitude?" Leander waved off the suggestion. "There's no need.

I have no ties to the Holloways, and you don't need to consider this a favor. I have other matters to attend to. I'll be on my way." Leander left without a second thought, not seeking any acknowledgment for his good deed. As he departed, Gale's expression hardened with resolve. "Ivy, return home immediately. No matter what it takes, find that young man. The Holloways must establish a connection with him, even if it costs us everything." Ivy looked at her father in confusion. "Dad, why? Sure, he saved me, but does that really mean we need to go to such lengths?" Gale sighed.

"Ivy, there are things you don't yet understand. Do you know what it would mean for our family to be allied with someone like him? He alone could elevate the Holloways'

strength to new heights." Ivy's eyes widened in disbelief. "How is that possible?" The Hallows was already the most powerful in all of Mornwick, unmatched in influence, connections, wealth, and heritage. Elevating the family's power further would require immense resources, yet her father claimed that Leander alone could achieve that. It seemed incomprehensible.

"Ivy," Gale began, "the world is much larger than you realize, filled with individuals whose sheer strength alone can change the course of history. That young man is one of them." Then, he pointed to the steel beam on the ground. "Those beams, bound together, weigh several tons. When falling from a height of 30 feet, their combined weight and momentum would crush a car flat. I might have been able to pull you away in time, but I wouldn't have been able to catch the beam, let alone hold it up with one hand. "Even attempting to catch them would have left me with broken bones, maybe worse.

The fact that he could not only catch it but also gently place it down without leaving a dent shows incredible power and control. Only a few people in the world can perform such a feat, and those who can are at the pinnacle of the martial arts world." Ivy was stunned, struggling to comprehend what she had just heard. "Are you saying that guy is a top-tier martial artist, stronger than you?" "What am I compared to him?" Gale gave a wry smile. "Though I was fortunate enough to be taught by great masters, my talent is limited. Even at 45, I've only reached the level of a Martial Master.

"In the hierarchy of the martial arts world, the ranks are divided into Martial Practitioners, Martial Masters, Grandmasters, and Sovereigns. That young man just now, if I'm not mistaken, is a Martial Sovereign-someone who stands at the pinnacle of the martial arts world!" Ivy gasped, struggling to process the revelation. She couldn't believe that the seemingly ordinary young man she had met was actually one of the most powerful individuals in the martial world. However, she still couldn't understand the full significance. "But even if he is a Martial Sovereign, how could he help our family?

He's just one person..." Gale turned to his daughter, shaking his head with a wry smile. "Ivy, you have no idea what it means to be a Martial Sovereign! You're familiar with the name Maximilian Morgan-Royce, aren't you?" Ivy's eyes lit up with admiration at the mention of the name. Maximilian Morgan-Royce was a legendary figure in Astria. As a former military officer, he had won countless battles, earning the title of 'Warlord' and striking fear into the hearts of Astria's enemies.

After retiring at the age of 40, he returned to his hometown of Seagate, where he established the Morgan-Royce family, a force that dominated the region and held significant influence across the nation. Even after his retirement, Maximilian's influence didn't wane; instead, it spread far and wide. Top talents and martial artists from all six military districts flocked to Seagate, hoping to receive even a single word of advice or to learn just one or two of his techniques. It was considered a great honor to be guided by him in any way.

Years had passed since Maximilian's military days, but his legend lived on. Ivy herself was a devoted fan, able to recite his feats by heart. In her eyes, Maximilian was practically a god. "Maximilian Morgan-Royce is a Martial Sovereign, Ivy. Now, do you understand why I said that boy could elevate the Holloways' power?" Hearing her father's words, Ivy swallowed hard, her thoughts in turmoil. The unassuming young man is on the same level as my idol?!