

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding **Heir Novel**

Chapter

Chapter 206 The Barrets ' Dominance " Is that ... the Barrets ' patriarch ? " #minedt The ones who had been around long enough recognized him instantly . Their expressions darkened . The Barrets had spent over thirty years climbing to the top of West Listin . For the first twenty years , one man ran everything . He had connected every major player , opened every door , and built a dynasty from scratch . People called him a legend , but no one knew much about him . Only one name followed him - Jordan Barret . " Grandpa , " Henry said as he bowed deeply .

Not far off , Peter rushed over with stiff legs and a pale face , barely keeping it together . Jordan gave Henry a strong pat on the shoulder , his eyes gleaming with pride . " That's more like it . That's the kind of fire a Barret man should have . " Then he turned toward Peter . The second his gaze landed on the heavily made - up woman clinging to Peter's arm , his look hardened . " You disgrace the name , " he snapped . " You share the same blood as your cousin , but look at you . Look at him . Why haven't you learned a thing ? All you ever chase is women and cheap pleasure .

" He pointed straight to the edge of the stage , his voice as sharp as steel . " Get out of my sight . Right now . If I catch you wasting your time again , you're out . The Barrets have no place for the useless . " Peter's face drained of color . He stammered something , bowed quickly , and scurried off without looking back . Of everyone in the family , the one man he feared most was this one . Jordan , even in his seventies , still ruled the Barrets with an iron grip . Nothing

happened in the family without his say . Yvette leaned closer to Grace , her voice suddenly cooler .

" Is that your grandfather ? " Ever since Henry tried to trap Madeline on stage , the tension between them had grown stiff and cold . Grace gave a small nod . She knew Henry had crossed a line tonight , but there was no stopping what had been set in motion . This was the Barrets ' way forward , and no one could slow it down now . 1/5 13 13 Wed , Oct 15 Charples 20 % The Wavets Finnsname 必 零 #fixligher ! Leander raised his glass and took a slow sip of red wine . A quiet smile curled at the edge of his lips . He hadn't expected someone like Jordan to be the one behind the curtain .

" Jordan Barret , " a voice called out from across the hall . Richie Xanderson , the patriarch of the Xandersons , stepped forward . He was the patriarch of the Xanderson family , second only to the Barrets in West Listin . A cane supported his steps , but his voice was steady , and his presence was solid as stone . " You've been off the scene since you stepped down from the Barret Group more than ten years ago . People thought you had gone into quiet retirement . And now , you show up out of nowhere , demanding that every family here give up thirty percent of their businesses ?

You sound like a man talking in his sleep ." Richie was one of the few men alive who could speak to Jordan as an equal . They had built their empires during the same era , brick by brick . And while their methods differed , their influence had always been neck and neck . " We might not match the size of the Barrets , " he said , " but our companies are our own . And now you expect us to just hand them over because you said so ? You threaten to lock us in if we don't

comply ? That's not like the man I remember . " He stood face to face with Jordan without a single trace of fear in his voice .

More guests started to chime in , calling out Jordan's power play . Voices rose one after another , some angry , others calm , but all firm . Not one of them was willing to back down . The Barrets were strong , yes . But together , the people in that room represented half of West Listin's wealth and muscle . They weren't the type to be bullied . Jordan's eyes narrowed as he stared at Xanderson . His lips curled into a look of contempt . " Richie Xanderson , " he said . " Still the same loudmouth after all these years . Always stirring the pot , always playing the rebel .

" He kept his hands behind his back , his stance relaxed but commanding . His voice rang through the hall with the weight of years . " Ten years ago , I might've hesitated . But not anymore . I have the power and the nerve to say what I just said . If anyone here refuses to hand over thirty percent , then no one walks out of this plaza . " Henry stepped forward beside him , his tone cold and biting . 2/5 1313 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter pth the Parts Dominance " Don't bother calling for help . We've cut off all signals . Inside and out , the place is locked tight .

We've got three hundred of our best men outside this hall . If anyone tries to leave , I promise they'll regret it " He clapped once . In the next moment , the doors around the ballroom flew open . Lines of black - suited bodyguards marched in , calm and silent . They raised their weapons , and the barrels turned inward like a black tide pressing on the crowd . Richie didn't blink . His voice was as low and steady as ever . " What is this , Jordan ? " he asked . " Are you declaring war on all of West Listin ? You really want to stand against every powerful family in this city ?

" Jordan nodded once . " That's exactly what I'm doing ." Richie let out a quiet chuckle . " You think you can make us bow down with this show of force ? You really believe the Barrets are strong enough to bend all of us ? You've put too much faith in your name . " He took a single step back . And from behind him , a man in a black leather jacket stepped into view . His presence was heavy , and the air shifted again . The man looked plain at first glance . His build was average , and his face was forgettable . But his hands told a different story .

They were massive - nearly one and a half times the size of a normal man's . When he stepped forward , the air around him shifted , and a wave of heat rippled through the space . People nearby flinched as if a furnace had just been turned on beside them . Richie raised a hand and pointed straight at Jordan . " Mr. Westington ," he said clearly , " grab that old man and bring him down ." The man didn't speak . He simply moved . In a blink , he lunged forward like a drawn arrow . He was fast , precise , and merciless . The rule was simple : take down the leader first .

That had always been the way . He crossed ten feet in a single step . Jordan's bodyguards didn't stand a chance . The man raised one wide palm and swept them aside . Both men flew backward and hit the floor hard . Blood sprayed from their mouths as they landed . Gasps rippled through the crowd . People froze where they stood . None of them had seen power like that . Not from a bodyguard . Not from anyone in this city . This man wasn't just trained - he was built for destruction . Jordan didn't budge . He stood straight and calm , not even shifting his weight . His eyes didn't blink .

His expression didn't change . The attacker felt something strange but didn't stop . He was only a few feet away now . He reached out to grab Jordan's throat . 3/5 13:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 206

The Banels Dominance Then , a wind whipped across the stage . Finisher A hand came in from the side and slammed into his arm . The man had to pull back , forced to abandon his attack and brace for the counter . A nearby table flipped over with a loud crash . Plates scattered and glass shattered as the force rolled through it . The man stumbled back three paces , feet sliding across the marble floor .

Another figure staggered slightly but held firm . It was Henry Barret . Everyone turned . The crowd stared , stunned and silent . Henry - the polished heir , the charming gentleman , the man who smiled through every confrontation - had just blocked the strongest fighter any of them had seen . People couldn't believe it . Henry stepped back slowly , five measured steps . His palm burned from the hit , but he didn't flinch . He lifted his hand , stared at it for a second , and then gave a lopsided grin . " Crimson Palm , " he said . " You've got some skill . " The man's eyes narrowed .

He had trained for decades . He had reached Elite Grandmaster level . He had assumed taking Jordan would be easy , but Henry had just stopped him - and Henry wasn't far behind him in strength . Jordan tilted his head toward his grandson . " First time going toe - to - toe with an Elite Grandmaster , " he asked . " So , how did it feel ? " Henry laughed softly . " Pretty exciting , " he replied . " But still nothing like going a few rounds with you . That kind of pressure is on another level . " Jordan stepped forward . " You use Crimson Palm , " he said .

" You must be Crimson Hands , also known as Mr. Westington . The one who made a name for himself in North Listin . " Mr. Westington's face stiffened . His chest tightened . Jordan had seen straight through him with barely a glance . Even Richie's expression

shifted . He could feel the weight in the air . " Who are you really ? " Mr. Westington asked . His voice came out low and guarded . No ordinary retired CEO could know so much about him . Jordan didn't answer . He just let out a breath and raised one hand .

4/5 13:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 205 The Barrets Demingher The temperature dropped .

The air pressed in from all sides like a collapsing wall . 2200 Finished Mr. Westington's knees buckled . His body dropped hard onto the floor . He hit the tiles with a sharp crack and couldn't rise again . His eyes widened . His mouth fell open as he stared ahead in disbelief . He had trained for decades . He stood at the edge of martial mastery . Even most legendary fighters couldn't bring him down like that - not with one move . Only one kind of person could do that . One of The Four Extremes . If Jordan was on par with those four ... The thought sent shivers down his spine .

Jordan looked down at him , his tone sharp and cold . " You learned Crimson Palm from Timothy Crimson , didn't you ? " I took Timothy down in three strikes . That was before you had even stepped into a training ground . And now you think you can act tough in front of me ? " Mr. Westington's face twisted with fear. His hands shook . His voice cracked . " You ... You're the Sky - Tearing Demon Tiger ? " Send Gifts

Chapter 207 Someone Will " You ... You're the Sky - Tearing Demon Tiger ? " 65

Finished Mr. Westington nearly screamed the name . His voice broke apart , and his eyes filled with panic . Fear poured out of him like a flood . Timothy had been his mentor . In the world of martial arts across Listin , Timothy was a giant . They called him the " Hands of Chaos . " He had trained dozens of elite students , and his Crimson Palm

technique was so famous that it spread across three states . People admired it , but they feared it more .

Twenty years ago , when Timothy turned 48 years old , he broke through a major barrier and became a Martial Sovereign . His fame reached its peak . He was confident , untouchable , and proud . During that time , he boldly accepted a challenge from an unknown fighter . That fight ruined everything . It shattered his pride . It wrecked his spirit . The man who faced him didn't just defeat him . He crushed Timothy so badly that he left with broken bones , shattered energy , and a permanent injury that stopped him from ever advancing again . Mr.

Westington , as Timothy's disciple, had grown up hearing that story . The man who beat Timothy had no real name . People in the underground martial world of Listin only called him one thing - the Sky - Tearing Demon Tiger . He had crushed his mentor's life's work in a single match and vanished afterward , but not before becoming a living legend . Eighteen years ago , he disappeared without a trace . That was the same year Grayson Shire , known as the Jade Emperor , rose to power . Everyone suspected there was a connection . Even though the Demon Tiger vanished , his legend never died .

Every martial family in Listin remembered his name . He was the ghost that haunted their histories . Mr. Westington never imagined that the same man who had once humiliated Timothy was standing right in front of him now . He never thought it would be Jordan Barret . Jordan , the business tycoon of West Listin . The man who turned the Barrets into the city's most powerful family . No one had ever guessed that Jordan had

once ruled the martial world with an iron hand . Jordan didn't say a word . He lifted one hand , and the crushing pressure that held Westington to the ground vanished .

The weight disappeared , and Mr. Westington stumbled to his feet , 1/4 13.13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 207 Someone Wall gasping for air . His face was pale , and his back was damp with sweat . He turned to Richie , his eyes wide . " Old Mr. Xanderson , " he said , barely able to get the words out , " I can't do anything . He's the Sky - Tearing Demon Tiger . " Richie stared at him like he'd been struck by lightning . His mouth opened , but nothing came out . He had known Mr. Westington for years . They had shared stories over drinks , laughed at the same legends .

And he had heard all the tales about the Demon Tiger . Everyone had . The man had once cast a shadow over the entire region . Families had either followed him or been destroyed . The Xanderson family had been one of those that chose to obey . No one had ever seen his face . Now , Mr. Westington said that same man was standing right in front of them . That it was Jordan . Richie looked at Jordan , and his voice caught in his throat . " Jordan ... You ... " His hand shook as he pointed at him . But he couldn't speak . He just stood there , frozen .

" Richie , " he said , " your family used to follow my lead . You should've known this would come around again . Your father disobeyed me once . I crushed him for it . Are you planning to make the same mistake ? " Then , he raised his voice just enough to fill the hall . " Every single one of you will hand over thirty percent of your shares . You'll work for the Barrets . That's your only way out . " The crowd that had stood so tall a

moment ago - dressed in suits , dripping with wealth - now sat like children in detention .
Their faces turned pale . Their hands trembled .

They all knew the name . They all knew the history . The Sky - Tearing Demon Tiger
had risen from West Listin . And nearly every family in that room had once been forced
to kneel to him . Now he was back . And there wasn't a single person brave enough to
stand up . Because the truth was brutal and simple . If one challenged him , they died .
If one served him , they lived . 2/4 13:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 207 Someone Will 198
Finished And everyone in that room understood one thing - Jordan Barret wasn't a man
the police could handle . He wasn't just a businessman . He was a storm .

The red mark on Henry's palm slowly faded . He had taken a clean hit from Mr.
Westington , an Elite Grandmaster , using nothing but his own strength as an Advanced
Grandmaster . And he hadn't even flinched . That alone was enough to fuel his pride .
He scanned the room . Every corner had gone quiet . Not a single person dared to
speak . The fire in his chest only burned hotter . Nearly all of West Listin's powerhouses
were gathered here tonight , yet the Barrets had silenced them all with just one display
of force . That was the weight of a Barret family finally awakened .

In Henry's eyes , he could already see the future laid out before them . The Barrets
rising to the peak of Listin . Their name spreading across the entire country . " You've
got one minute ," Henry said . His tone was cold and certain . " Your answer in sixty
seconds will decide your family's fate ." Jordan stood tall beside him . A ring sat on his
finger , catching the light as his gaze swept over the crowd . His eyes pierced through

the silence like ice , and everyone felt it land on them . It sank deep and spread cold through their bones . Richie gritted his teeth . He was sixty - five .

He had thought the Xanderson family was set . Their future looked steady . He had even started imagining peaceful years ahead . But now , once again , he had to make a call for the family's survival . " The Xanderson family agrees ," he said at last . His head lowered slowly as he spoke . That bow wasn't just for Jordan . It was the moment the Xanderson family gave up its pride and bent the knee . From this point on , they would follow the Barrets . " The Hendrickson family agrees . " " The Lyall family ... " " The Canary family ... " Once the Xanderson family folded , the rest followed .

No one had the nerve to refuse . No one even thought about it . Jordan looked over the room again . His face stayed calm . There was no triumph in his eyes . No pleasure . For him , this was just how things worked . In the martial world , strength ruled . And when you had strength , power and money followed like shadows . He turned and looked toward the stage . There was judgment in his eyes . 3/4 13:13 Wed , Oct 15
Chapter 207 Someone Will : And then he nodded . " You have the mettle to be a part of my family ." Henry was overjoyed . His grandfather recognized his eye for people .

Finish Madeline stood there under the lights , surrounded by more than a dozen bodyguards in black . But she didn't panic . She didn't fidget . She only gave a quiet shake of her head , calm and clear . " I'm sorry , Old Mr. Barret , " she apologized . " I'm not planning to marry into your family . I'd like to leave . " Her voice was level and polite . She didn't show a drop of fear . Jordan's lips curved faintly . " You've got spirit , girl . If

you marry into my family , no woman in Listin will match your status ." He stepped a little closer , his voice low but steady .

" So , I'll ask again . You really don't want to become part of the Barrets ? " Madeline didn't even blink . " I already said no , " she replied . For the first time , a flicker of severity lit up in Jordan's eyes . Henry stepped forward , his face darkening . " Madeline , " he said , " I told you . Whether you say yes or no , after tonight , you're already mine . " He glanced around the hall , then met her eyes again . " You think you can just walk out of here ? " Madeline's eyes caught the light . A soft smile spread across her lips like spring bursting through winter .

" You're right , " she agreed . " I can't walk out , but someone else can take me ." Henry narrowed his eyes . " Who ? " A voice answered from behind him . " Me , of course . " Henry snapped his head around . Leander stood by the edge of the stage , holding a wine glass , stepping forward with calm in his eyes and steel in his step . Send Gifts

Chapter 208 Who Are You " Me , of course . " 22 Leander's voice sliced through the thick silence like a steel wire . In a few calm strides , he reached the foot of the stage . He turned slightly , casting a cold side glance at Henry . His gaze held nothing but indifference and quiet contempt . " If you Barrets want to throw your little empire party and swallow up West Listin , that's between you and whoever's dumb enough to care . " I didn't come here for any of that . I came to see her perform . The show's over , and now I'm taking her with me .

If you've got half a brain , you'll move those dogs out of my way . They're standing where I'm walking . " His voice carried something dangerous . The tension made Henry pause . The entire plaza had been sealed off . The Barrets had called in their top enforcers . Almost every major

family had already surrendered . And still , Leander stepped forward like none of it mattered .
Like the fear in the air didn't belong to him . People stared , frozen . No one expected this . Some
felt a quiet jolt of admiration . Even Richie had bowed out .

And yet Leander stood firm , eyes steady , throwing himself into the lion's den without blinking .
" You idiot . You seriously think you can act tough right now ? " Peter pushed forward before
Henry could say a word . His face twisted in a smug grin . " You hit me at the mall earlier . You
think I forgot about that ? And now you're trying to take my cousin's woman ? You've gotta be
suicidal . " You think you're better than the Barrets ? You told my cousin to get lost like it was
nothing . Why don't you show us that same cocky act again ? " You like to fight ? Then , go
ahead .

Let's see if you can actually walk out of here with her . " The woman clinging to Peter's arm
grinned like she'd just unwrapped a gift . She had been waiting all night to see Leander crushed
under Henry's heel . Leander looked at Peter with a glance so sharp it could cut glass . He didn't
say a word . 1/5 13.13 Wed , Oct 15 0 Who Are you His mouth curled into a faint smirk before
he turned to Henry . " Is that your answer too ? " Henry crossed his arms and chuckled . "
Leander , I'll admit it . You've got guts . You really think you can stand here and take Madeline
from me ?

You're either bold or just plain dumb . " I told you . She's mine . No one touches her . And you ?
You think being some race - track hotshot means something to me ? " You're nothing . You can't
even decide whether you live or die . " If I wanted , I could crush you under my shoe . That
Southwest racing legend stuff ? It's a joke . You're a joke . " Jordan still hadn't moved . He hadn't

glanced at Leander . Men like that came and went . They always talked loud . They always burned out fast . Going against his grandson for a woman ? That was suicide .

Further in the back , Grace watched with a tangled look in her eyes . She had admired Leander's speed and charm , but this wasn't the racetrack . In a world ruled by martial might , his title meant nothing . Yet something didn't sit right with her . Yvette and Ginny weren't tense or worried . They stood off to the side sipping drinks , as if none of this concerned them at all . Henry's words rolled off Leander like dust in the wind . He didn't flinch or respond . He turned toward the stage . Two men in black stood guard between him and Madeline , each one built like a stone wall .

Leander didn't speak . He lifted one hand and reached forward . His palm brushed the air with quiet force . The guards stiffened . Their eyes went blank . A moment later , they collapsed where they stood , folding to the floor like broken mannequins . The rest of the guards moved , rushing toward him from all sides . Leander kept walking . Every step he took knocked someone back . Bodies flew through the air like broken chairs . The path cleared with every pace Ten steps later , he stood in front of her .

He looked at Madeline like he was seeing her for the first time all over again , and his smile carried something soft and full of memory . 2/5 13:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 20s Who Are You A 700 Firshad " You were perfect tonight , " he said gently . Then , he reached out his hand and spoke with the same calm voice she remembered from years ago . " Let's go . " " Yeah . "

Madeline gave a soft nod and reached out , gently tugging on Leander's sleeve . That one small motion pulled them both into something that felt like a memory - something long gone but still alive in the quiet between them .

She followed him closely , not saying a word . Together , they walked past Henry like he didn't exist . They didn't flinch , didn't hesitate . They just moved toward Yvette and Ginny . Henry didn't move either . He stood there , his eyes full of fire . He couldn't believe what he'd just seen . Leander had crushed more than a dozen trained bodyguards like he was swatting flies . " We're leaving , " Leander mentioned . He nodded toward Yvette and Ginny . They stood at once and joined him without hesitation .

The four of them walked toward the doors , straight into the line of cold black gun barrels waiting at the exit . " Henry . " Jordan turned his head . His voice was flat , his eyes empty , like he was already mourning a dead man . " If you want a woman , go earn her yourself . " Henry caught the message . A twisted grin spread across his face . So what if Leander could fight ? It was nothing but showy tricks . Flash over substance . To someone like him - an Advanced Grandmaster - it meant nothing .

He stepped forward , his body blurring like a shadow , and then launched toward Leander in a straight line . His palm surged with inner strength . He aimed straight for Leander's spine . The air around his hand burned hot with the force of his inner power . Just as he was about to strike , his hand slammed into something invisible . It felt like hitting a solid wall made of wind and steel . The shock snapped through his arm and scattered his power like it was nothing . A sharp burst of blood shot from his mouth . His body whipped backward like it had been flung by a catapult .

He crashed through one table , then another . Glass and splinters exploded around him . Plates shattered . His body skidded across the marble floor until it hit the wall with a dull , echoing thud . " No ... f * cking way . My martial power ... is gone ... " 3/5 13:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 208

Who Are You Finished Henry gasped for air . Blood dripped from his lips , but he didn't feel it . He could only stare at Leander , his eyes wild and full of fear . He didn't even know what had hit him . One second , he was attacking , and the next , something hit him from the inside out .

It didn't just knock him back - it invaded him . It tore through his body and shattered everything he had built . His core . His strength . His future . Years of cultivation disappeared in the blink of an eye . Jordan's face dropped . He stood frozen in disbelief . He thought Henry could take Leander down without breaking a sweat . He had felt that energy earlier . It had swept through half the plaza like a storm . It wasn't just strong . It was refined . Condensed . Lethal . Without wasting time , Jordan vanished and reappeared beside Henry .

He grabbed his wrist and poured in his own energy . The truth hit him like a punch . His face turned to stone . " You destroyed his martial power ? " His voice shook with rage . His eyes turned bloodshot . Henry wasn't just another fighter . He had been the future of the Barrets - the one Jordan had raised , trained , and built up . And now he was ruined . The future of the family was ruined . " D * mn you . I'll kill you ! " Power erupted from Jordan's body . His robes whipped and snapped in the air , even though there was no wind . The weight of his fury blanketed the entire hall .

He stomped the ground , and the tiles cracked beneath his foot . Then he launched forward , tearing across the floor in a single bound . His fist came down like a wrecking ball . Wind blasted through the room . Tables and chairs flew like they'd been hit by a bomb . The chandeliers above trembled and swayed . Every guest in the room froze . Their blood ran cold . This was the strength of the Sky - Tearing Demon Tiger , but

Leander didn't even turn his head . He just raised one arm and swept his palm backward . The air collapsed with a low , muffled burst . Jordan's fist stopped cold .

A tidal force crashed into 1/5 13:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 208 Who Are You Finished him . It crushed his strike , folded his energy back into itself , and flung him off the ground . He staggered back , boots scraping against the tile . Each step left a deep dent in the floor . It took five steps for him to stop sliding . His fury drained out of him , leaving only shock behind . Jordan was one of the most powerful men in the martial world . In all of Astria , barely four people could challenge him head - on . And yet Leander had stopped him with one strike . Casual . Effortless .

Jordan's chest rose and fell . His voice turned low . His eyes darkened . " Who the hell are you ? " Send Gifts 。 60

Chapter 209 Powerful Enemy 68) , Finished Grace had stayed in her seat , frozen . But the moment Henry flew backward and hit the floor hard , blood pouring from his mouth , she jumped to her feet in shock . Her eyes widened as disbelief took hold of her face . Then she saw Jordan move . He shot forward with a fierce strike aimed at Leander . In Grace's mind , that was it . Leander wouldn't survive . But what happened next burned into her memory .

Jordan - the man who ruled the Barrets from the shadows , the martial legend once known as the " Sky - Tearing Demon Tiger " -was forced back by a single palm strike from Leander . It wasn't even a full strike . It was light , almost careless . Grace stood rooted in place . Her sense of reality slipped . How could someone as young and unknown as Leander push Jordan back ? How could that even be possible ? Jordan slid

backward . His feet dug into the polished floor and left clear imprints , each one half an inch deep . He staggered three full steps before stopping .

And he was just as shaken as Grace . In all of Astria , only three fighters had ever made Jordan truly cautious . At the top of the martial world , there were only two he actually feared . And yet a young man with no name , no reputation , had just made him stumble . His eyes went wide . His stare grew cold . For the first time since he arrived , Jordan didn't look like the one in control . " Who are you ? " he asked . Leander didn't answer . He didn't even turn around . His eyes stayed fixed on the line of Barret bodyguards pointing guns at him .

" Tell your dogs to move ," he said , voice quiet and steady . " Or I'll do it myself . " He stood there , facing down a dozen loaded weapons . He didn't blink . He didn't flinch . The way he stood - calm , unshaken - sent a chill through the room . People started whispering . Some stared with awe , others with fear . No one had expected this . Not here . Not against the Barrets . Not in front of Jordan . And yet , it happened , and the one who made it happen was a young man barely twenty years old . Jordan's eyes twitched . He could hear the threat . And it wasn't a bluff .

Still , he said nothing . Leander raised one hand . With a sharp motion , he pulled through the air . A violent gust slammed forward . 1/4 13:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 200 Powerful Enemy 零面 Fisherd The guards flew sideways like dolls tossed by a child . Their weapons and bodies crashed into the wall with a heavy thud , knocking paintings loose and cracking marble . " Shoot him ! " someone shouted . The rest of the guards

panicked . Their fingers pulled the triggers almost in unison . The plaza echoed with rapid gunfire . Yvette , Ginny , and Madeline stood just behind Leander.

They flinched when the shots rang out . There was fear in their eyes , but none of them moved . Leander didn't either . The bullets rushed toward him . Then everything stopped . The air seemed to freeze . What happened was seared into the memories of the audience . All ten rounds from the pistols hovered in midair , just three feet from his body . They didn't fall . They didn't spin . They just hung there , caught by something no one could see . Someone gasped . " W - What is this ? " Even Richie stood stunned .

The old man who had seen almost everything could hardly process what was in front of him . All across the room , shock turned to panic . A few women screamed . Others could only watch with their mouths open . It looked like something from a science fiction film . A barrier made from nothing but pressure . A forcefield that no bullet could pass . " Is that ... an energy barrier ? " " Could he be a Martial Sovereign ? " Even Mr. Westington , the Xandersons ' elite protector , lost his composure . His lips parted in disbelief .

To force inner strength into a solid defensive ring - to stop bullets without lifting a finger - that was something only Martial Sovereigns could do . But even the best of them could only form a weak shimmer on their skin . Leander had done more than that . His shield had stopped bullets in open space , a full yard away , and it looked as firm as steel . Jordan stood behind him , fists clenched . He could stop bullets too . But not like this . Not with this kind of reach . Not while shielding three others . The guards were frozen . They stood still with wide eyes and trembling hands .

Their weapons dropped to their sides as their confidence cracked . And then Leander moved again . He lifted a finger . He pressed it gently against the invisible wall in front of him . 2/4 13:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 200 Powerful Enemy Finisher Leander flicked his finger , and the air shifted . The bullets hanging still in front of him snapped backward like they were yanked by invisible strings . Each round slammed clean into the arm of the man who had fired it . One by one , the guards cried out as their hands burst open from the impact .

Pistols hit the ground with heavy thuds , and the entire row of Barret enforcers dropped into chaos , groaning and clutching their wounds . The room fell dead quiet . No one said a word . No one dared to move . Jordan's hand twitched . The same man who had crushed dozens of masters in his lifetime now stood frozen , his face locked in disbelief . Grace stared at Leander , her breath caught in her throat . The man she had dismissed as a bold , talented driver was now something else entirely . The power she just witnessed wasn't luck or skill .

It was something terrifying - something buried deep inside him that shattered every assumption she had made . Henry sagged beside a chair . His body shook violently . Blood poured from his lips again , and his head rolled to the side . He was barely conscious . The thought that he had once tried to kill Leander twisted through him like a knife . A moment ago , he believed he could crush the guy like a bug . But that man - the one who just reversed a hail of bullets without lifting a foot - was no ordinary fighter . He was a monster in plain clothes . And that move just now ?

Even Jordan might not have been able to pull it off . Leander finally turned his eyes on Jordan . " You Barrets wanted to set a trap here tonight , for the bluebloods , " he said , voice low and calm . " That's your business . I don't care . But Henry tried to kill me . So , I crippled him . That's the consequence . " He looked Jordan straight in the eyes . " If you want to take a shot at me for that , go ahead . But be sure . Because if you come at me again , I won't hold back . And when I'm done , there won't be anything left of you or this plaza ." He didn't raise his voice .

He didn't lean in . But the weight behind those words hit like stone . Jordan stiffened . The chill rolled down his spine , deep and sharp . He didn't doubt a single word . Before he could speak , Leander's eyes narrowed . He moved fast , stepping in front of Yvette , Ginny , and Madeline . A wall across the plaza erupted with a deafening crash . Stone and metal blew inward . Shards flew everywhere . People screamed . Some hit the floor . Others ran for cover . Through the smoking hole , the surface of the lake glimmered quietly .

But something else was 3/4 13.18 Wed , Oct 15 AL there Seven figures stood on the water . They weren't floating . They weren't flying . They were standing . Their feet pressed gently into the glassy surface like it was solid ground . Like the water itself had chosen to hold them up . Inside the hall , no one could move . Even the air felt heavy . From the seven , one stepped forward . A woman - tall , blazing with fiery confidence - walked across the lake like it was nothing . She locked eyes with Leander and smiled . " Jeff Ashcroft , " she said .

Her voice carried like silk wrapped around a flame . " We told you . We'd come back for you ." Leander didn't blink . He didn't flinch . However , Jordan stumbled back a half step . His jaw dropped . His throat went dry . " Jeff Ashcroft ? " he said under his breath . The name hit him like a wrecking ball . That was the Iron Sovereign . The one who stood at the top of the Astria Power Index . The man who single - handedly took down both Grayson and Tsaric . And now Jordan knew . Leander wasn't just strong . He wasn't just skilled . He was Jeff Ashcroft himself . Send Gifts 60 。

Chapter 210 Encirclement " Jeff Ashcroft ? " : His mind reeled . His heart pounded . A cold sweat broke across his back . Finished Everything made sense now . The impossible skill . The unstoppable force . The calm like death . Leander was barely twenty . He had already broken into the ranks of the Martial Sovereign . He had shrugged off bullets like dust and forced Jordan to retreat with a single strike . It couldn't be anyone else . There was only one man like that in the entire world . The Iron Sovereign . Jordan stood still , shaken to the core . He didn't speak . He didn't breathe .

He just thanked whatever luck he had left that he hadn't struck again . Because if he had ... he would have been dead . Grayson had fallen . Tsaric had fallen . Both of them died under a single man , in a single fight . Leander could have ended him without a second thought . Henry's face twisted in horror . He grabbed at his chest . More blood poured from his mouth . And the only thing left inside him was despair . " He's Jeff Ashcroft ? " Henry had been crushed . His martial power was gone , and so was the future he had clung to . All he had left was rage .

He thought his grandfather would stand up for him , would destroy Leander for what he did . But now the truth had landed like a hammer - Leander was the Iron Sovereign .

The same man Jordan warned them never to provoke . And if even Jordan feared him , how was Henry supposed to get justice ? Grace stood frozen . Her eyes stayed locked on Leander , and her lips trembled beneath her fingers . She remembered the warning clearly . Jordan had told her and Henry that there were only two people in Astria no one should ever mess with . At the top of that list was Jeff - the most dangerous man alive .

She used to daydream about meeting Jeff someday , just to see what kind of man could hold the entire martial world in awe . And now she realized he had been sitting beside her the whole time . She had dismissed him . She had mocked him . She had no idea . Leander didn't react to any of their stares . Their fear meant nothing . He kept his eyes fixed on 1/4 13:14 wed , UCT 15 8200 Chapter 210 Encirclement the lake . Finished Seven figures stood on the water without moving . Not one of them needed support or tricks . They just stood there , calm and ready .

The one who had spoken earlier was Evelyn - the Flame Witch . Leander had faced her before outside Highway Six . This time , she had come with back - up . Fauster , the Crimson Blade , was behind her . So were five others , unfamiliar but deadly . Leander's lips curled with cold amusement . " I let you two walk that night ," he said , voice steady and quiet . " Now you come back with five friends ? You think that'll make a difference ? " Jordan snapped out of his daze . He followed Leander's gaze and looked across the water .

As his eyes passed over each of the seven , his expression tightened . His chest rose slowly as he took it in . " They're with the Arbitration Office ? " He hadn't seen them in person before , but he knew what they were . Every Martial Sovereign in Astria had heard the rumors . The Arbitration Office was a shadow force , a hidden blade in the dark . No one wanted to cross them . Each of their members was said to be a Martial Sovereign at minimum . Many had gone far beyond . Jordan's voice dropped lower as he listed the names . " The Flame Witch , Evelyn . The Crimson Blade , Fauster .

The Iron Fist , Wayne . The Man of Fire , Einhart . Stormcaller , Taylor . Doug the Ripper ... and that last one ... the Masked God of War ? " He hadn't met most of them , but he recognized the pressure . Their energy filled the air like a mountain pressing down . Every one of them had crossed into the Pre - Transcendent Realm . Usually , the arrival of one such figure would shake the entire martial world . Now seven stood together , aimed at one man . Jordan's throat tightened . He looked at Leander again . The people he was facing had enough strength to take out a small army by themselves .

He didn't understand what had drawn this much firepower , but the answer didn't matter . They were here to kill . Evelyn stepped forward again , and her voice turned sharp behind the sweetness . " You're right . Fauster and I weren't strong enough last time . You left us bruised, and we haven't 2/4 13:14 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 210 Encirclement A forgotten . That's why we brought five more . Seven Arbitrators , all for you . You should've finished the job that night . Finished " Now you're outnumbered , and every one of us has crossed into Pre - Transcendent .

Jeff , do you really think you can take us all ? " Then , the man in the suit stepped up . He looked polished and calm , like a diplomat at a high- level meeting . " Jeff, " he said . " I'm Wayne . We haven't met before . I'm the temporary field leader of this squad . You already heard what Evelyn had to say . Join us . " There's nothing but benefits . You can do anything you want . No one will get in your way . All we ask is that when the Office calls , you answer . That's it . " I don't see why you'd turn something like that down ." He sounded practiced . Confident .

He was used to getting people to listen . Leander stood with his arms behind his back . His face didn't change . His voice stayed quiet . " I already told you no , " he said . " That night . Clear as day . I meant it . So , why are you still asking ? " Wayne's eyes hardened , and a colder tone crept into his voice . " Jeff , I'm only going to say this once , " he said . " This is your last shot . Think carefully . You killed Tsaric . He was one of ours . " If you won't join the Arbitration Office , then we have no choice . The seven of us will bring you down . You're strong , sure .

But do you really believe you can hold your ground against seven Pre - Transcendents working together ? " " This lake , " he said , his voice turning sharp and final , " will be the place where the legend of the Iron Sovereign comes to an end . " The threat no longer hid behind words . It stood naked in his tone , heavy and cutting . Jordan glanced at Leander again , his heart pounding . If he had been in Leander's shoes , he would've accepted on the spot . Pride meant nothing when seven Pre - Transcendents were staring you down .

Even the man at the top of Astria's Power Index couldn't take on odds like that . No one could . In his mind , there was no choice at all . Only survival . However , Leander gave him an answer no one expected - he smiled . " End my legend ? " he repeated softly . He raised one finger and wagged it at the seven figures across the lake . " I let two of you walk 3/4 13:14 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 210 Encirclement #Finished] away last time , " he said . " And now you brought five more . That's fine . Saves me a trip . It'll be cleaner this way .

" He curled his fingers into a fist , and the cracking of his knuckles echoed through the stillness . His eyes lit up with a rising fire . " I don't fold to threats , " he said . " I don't take orders . I've always done things on my own terms . And if the Arbitration Office wants a fight , then I'll give you one . " I already killed two of you . Killing seven won't change anything . I don't care how many you bring ." He stepped forward again . " Come on . All of you . Let's finish this ." The moment the words left his lips , he surged ahead .

In a single step , he crossed the space and landed on the water . Ripples danced around his feet , but he stood firm , as if the lake itself bent to hold him . Jordan watched in stunned silence , barely able to form a thought . Leander hadn't just turned them down . He had walked straight into a death match against seven of the most dangerous fighters in the world , and he looked like it was just another evening stroll . Inside the plaza , no one could speak . They didn't know who these people were or what had started all this , but they could feel it in the air .

Something ancient and deadly had taken hold . The atmosphere pressed down on them , thick with tension . The storm was moments away from breaking . Send Gifts 。 60 4/4

13:14 Wed , Oct 15 From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir