

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel

Chapter 295 The Weight of a Legend Fritsheet Tristan stood there quietly , hands tucked behind his back , silver whiskers fluttering with the breeze . His voice rang out , calm but commanding , each word landing with weight . Tristan blinked , then snapped to attention . His heart nearly leapt out of his chest . " Great - grandpa ?! " He stepped forward and gave a respectful martial bow , fists pressed together . His face lit up with awe and disbelief . " You really made it ! You broke through into the Transcendent Realm ! " He had guessed as much when Tristan first appeared .

The pressure in the air , the way nature seemed to bend around him - it was unmistakable . That tree - shattering punch only confirmed it . The Tarlyn Guild had never seen another Transcendent in their history besides the founder himself - Tristan ' father . Now , a living legend stood right in front of them . Of course , Tristan was over the moon . Olivia's eyes slowly widened . " Wait ... Tristan ? That Tristan ?! " It took her a moment to connect the dots , but once it clicked , her jaw nearly dropped . In the Tarlyn Guild's long history , no one matched the name Tristan .

He was the guild's golden era - its brightest flame . The second - generation patriarch , the one whose talent left a mark even Astria couldn't ignore . By thirty , his name was all over Mornwick . By forty , he ascended to the Martial Sovereign rank . He had the skills , the power , the presence - everything . He stood head and shoulders above his peers . Back in his prime , Tristan went toe - to - toe with the best Martial Sovereigns in Astria

and never once tasted defeat . The Astria Power Index came too late to rank him , but he didn't care .

He climbed the list anyway by force , battling from fifteenth to first , finally drawing with the reigning champion of that era . It was a spectacle that shook the martial world and pushed the Tarlyn Guild to its all - time high . Then one day , he just stopped . Returned to Stonebrae and shut himself off from the world . Ten years later , he handed the sect master position to his eldest son - Tristan's grandfather - and quietly disappeared for forty years without a single word . 1/5 14 14 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 205 The Weight of a Legenit Finishe Even so , the guild never forgot him .

Their records were packed with stories of his glory days . His name outshone even that of the founder . Over time , people just assumed he'd passed away in seclusion . No one ever imagined the legend would show up again - alive, well , and even more potent than before . Tristan lifted his gaze toward the clouds . " Everyone thinks the Transcendent Realm is some mystical thing you either luck into or never reach . That's just not true . It's closer than most people realize . " His voice was steady , like he was explaining something he had thought about for years . " I hit a wall back then .

So , I left the guild , roamed the world , trying to figure out what was missing . Fifteen years ago , everything just fell into place . That's when I broke through ." He paused . " It's not just about inner power . That'll only get you so far . " " The real key is spirit . Once your power stops working against your soul - once they line move as one - that's the shift . That's when you finally step over . " up and He looked back at Tristan . " Most

Martial Sovereigns ... they never get it . They keep chasing strength as if it were a number .

In the end , they burn out or fade away , never even coming close . " A quiet laugh escaped him . It was dry and slightly rough around the edges , but not bitter- simply honest . His voice carried pride , but also a sense of hard - earned understanding . "

The real key is spirit ... " Tristan echoed under his breath , frowning slightly . His great-grandfather's words kept circling in his mind , like a riddle just out of reach . Then another thought hit him , and his eyes snapped up . " Hold on - did you just say you're planning to face Jeff ? " Tristan gave a calm nod .

" That's right . " " Tarlyn Guild has stood for a hundred years . We've bled for our name , built it from the ground up . I'm not about to let someone trample all over that like it means nothing . " " Besides , martial arts was never about who's right or wrong . It's always been about who comes out on top . " He glanced at Tristan , expression unreadable . 2/5 14:14 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 795 The Weight of a legend A G Finished " Sure , we were the ones who messed up with Jeff back then . That's on us . Still , it doesn't change the fact that he crushed us because he could .

He ruled Mornwick simply because no one was strong enough to stop him . " Tristan lifted his hand , fingers curling slightly . The air instantly shifted . It was subtle yet heavy , as if the ground itself was bracing for something . " Now that I'm back ... that ends here . Mornwick's going to remember who really runs this place . " Tristan and Olivia stood behind him , caught in the moment . The pressure coming off him made their blood boil ,

as if something ancient had awakened . Still , Tristan hesitated . He had seen too much of Jeff to take this lightly .

" Great - grandpa , I think we should be cautious here ... " He took a breath , choosing his words carefully . " Even if you've reached the Transcendent Realm , Jeff's not someone you can underestimate . He once killed seven arbitrators during broad daylight at West Listin's Waterfront Plaza . One of them even forced himself into the Transcendent Realm using a secret technique - and Jeff still crushed him . " " Not long ago , he nearly erased the entire Umbral Court in Ravenridge . The Lord of Umbral himself had to step in and beg him for the last Talon's life . Jeff ...

he's on another level . If he can take down someone from the Transcendent Realm , then he's already beyond it . " " I'm not saying you can't handle him . I'm just worried - if you go after him now ... " He let the sentence trail off . The implication hung in the air . Tristan was the Tarlyn Guild's pride and legend - no question about it . His name still carried more weight than anyone else's , and his legacy was basically carved into the guild's bones . Tristan respected him deeply . He had grown up hearing those stories . Even so , Tristan came from a different time .

The world had changed , and honestly , he might not fully grasp how far . Leander wasn't just a big deal - he was the guy everyone else tried and failed to catch up to . His rise felt like something out of a storybook . He crushed every opponent in his path , never lost a single fight , and just kept climbing . People didn't whisper his name ; they said it with awe . There were even rumors he'd taken out Transcendent powerhouses like it was routine .

3/5 14 14 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 203 The Weight of a Legend #Finisher Ti Tristan was planning to challenge someone like that , Tristan had a bad feeling about it . As much as he wanted to believe in his great - grandfather , this time , the odds didn't feel so great . Tristan glanced over his shoulder . His eyes gleamed with a strange light . " You think I can't take him ? " Tristan's head dropped immediately . " I didn't mean that , Great - grandpa . " Tristan stared at him for a second longer before giving a low chuckle . " I'll give him credit - Jeff's a freak of nature .

One of the scariest talents this continent's ever seen . His track record speaks for itself . No doubt about it ." He paused , then added with a shrug , " Still , the so - called Transcendents he's taken down ? They weren't exactly top - shelf ." Tristan , off to the side , looked stunned . " Just like the Martial Sovereign rank has stages - novice , intermediate , advanced , and elite - the Transcendent Realm has tiers too , " Tristan went on , his tone shifting into something like a teacher explaining a concept he'd repeated a hundred times . Tristan and Olivia shared a glance .

This stuff was way beyond their level , so they just kept quiet and listened . Tristan pointed upward , slow and steady . " Here's how it works . " " Take one of those arbitrators that Jeff killed , for example . The guy forced his way into the Transcendent Realm using some secret technique , faking it by pushing a spirit imprint into place . Technically , he stepped into the realm but barely . " " He didn't even make it to the real starting line . Couldn't even reach the Kindling Stage . Honestly , not worth talking about .

" He paused , then added , " As for the Lord of Umbral - yeah , the kid's got talent . Probably the standout of the generation after mine ." Tristan gave a small nod , respectful but blunt . " Still , right now ? He's only at the Kindling Stage . That's the bottom tier . Still pretty average , all things considered . " " Kindling Stage ? " Tristan repeated , his voice tight with disbelief . " You're saying ... that's it ? " Tristan gave a firm nod . " Exactly . It's the entry level . Just the spark .

" 4/5 14:14 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 245 The Weight of a Legend He held up a finger and continued , laying it out clearly . inished " Above that , you've got the Ember Stage . That's when your spirit and strength start syncing properly , where real control kicks in . " " Then comes the Blaze Stage . That's when things get wild . Your presence starts affecting the world around you - your power bleeds into the air . " He paused , letting the weight settle before delivering the final name . " And at the top , the Infernal Crown . That's the level where legends are born .

Those warriors don't fight battles - they end them ." He looked at Tristan , voice dropping a shade deeper . " The gap between these tiers is massive . Someone at the Ember Stage could take down three from the Kindling Stage without even trying . A Blaze could mop the floor with five Embers , and an Infernal Crown ? " He gave a faint , confident smile . " They don't break a sweat wiping out ten Blazes ." His words hit like thunder . Tristan then pointed to himself . " I've already stepped into the Ember Stage ." His voice dropped to a quiet roar .

" If Jeff's at the top of his game , then I'm ready to face three of him at once . " Tristan and Olivia froze in place . The sheer confidence in his tone wasn't arrogance - it was certainty . The weight of a legend had returned . Send Gifts 1 60

Chapter 296 Clash at the Summit 611 Finished Tristan ' confidence hit like a hammer . His calm voice , those bold words - it flipped something in both Tristan and Olivia . They had never even heard of these so - called stages in the Transcendent Realm . In just a few minutes . Tristan had shattered their understanding of what was possible . It was like someone had kicked open a door they didn't know existed . Tristan's eyes lit up . That one line , ' Even if there were three Jeffs , I could take them , ' was all it took to wipe away his fear . He grinned widely , face full of admiration .

" Great - grandpa , you're insane - in the best way ! " He gave a deep martial bow . His whole vibe had changed . Before this , just hearing Leander's name made him second - guess everything . Now ? He felt like he could breathe again . To him , Leander had only beaten a Pseudo Transcendent - some guy who didn't even make it to the Kindling Stage . And the Lord of Umbral ? Probably just backed off to avoid getting killed . As far as Tristan was concerned , Leander was somewhere in the middle of the pack . Tristan, though ?

He was on another level entirely - a true Ember Transcendent , capable of crushing three Kindling Transcendents without breaking a sweat . Even if Tristan didn't win outright , there was no way he'd lose . Olivia , standing quietly at his side , felt something stir too . For the past year , the Tarlyn Guild had been completely overshadowed by Leander's rise . Their once - unstoppable

name had turned into a cautionary tale . As one of the famed Nine Geniuses , Olivia had gone from respected to ridiculed . Now , Tristan was back .

The thought of him putting the guild back on the map sent a spark through her chest . Maybe this was their shot at redemption . Tristan waved his hand , cutting through the air like he was swiping the past aside . " With me around , Tarlyn Guild still has fight left . I'll track down Jeff myself ." Tristan stepped in immediately . " Great - grandpa , he's at the Wyvern Field Camp near Mornwick - Cloudveil Edge ." Tristan ' eyes narrowed . A cold light flashed through them . " Perfect . Let him know - I'll be there in a month .

" 1/5 14:14 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 295 Clash at the Summit Olivia stayed silent behind them , her eyes reflecting a subtle glint . Finished She thought . We used to run Stonebrae . Just hearing " Tarlyn Guild " was enough to make people drop their heads . Nobody dared step out of line . Then Leander showed up - and flipped the whole d * mn board like it was his game all along . In less than a year , everything changed . The name we spent generations building ? Gone , and buried under one man's shadow . But now ... the legend everyone thought was long gone is back . Her pulse quickened .

What if he's the one to shut Leander down finally ? What if all the snide looks , all the quiet insults , just stop ? What if people start fearing the name Tarlyn again ? Just imagining it made her blood rush . She didn't care if it made her sound bitter . She wanted payback , and more than that , she wanted the world to remember who they were . At Wyvern Field Camp , Leander relaxed beneath a large tree , holding a piece of ice - cold watermelon . Despite the scorching sun , he seemed to have all the time in the world . Out on the training field , the squad was grinding it out .

Sweat dripped , muscles ached , and their bodies moved in sync . Boomer let out a loud roar and drove his fist straight into a boulder . Crack ! The rock split clean down the middle . " Holy crap ! " A few teammates nearby stopped mid - rep , stunned . Not even a week ago , Boomer couldn't so much as dent a training stone . Now he was punching through solid rock as if it were foam . All thanks to Leander's custom method - the Devourer's Flow - and the personal training plans he'd handed out like cheat codes . Boomer spun around , panting but grinning ear to ear . " Chief Ashcroft !

You're unreal , man ! This 2/5 14:15 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 206 Clash at the Summit training is next - level . I feel like I could punch through the sky ! " Leander didn't even look up . 61 #Finished He popped another chunk of watermelon into his mouth and waved a hand lazily . " Less talking . More punching . " " Yes , Chief ! " Boomer laughed , nodded , and jogged right back to the next round of abuse . Leona walked over , crisp in her uniform , holding a stack of files under one arm . " Chief Ashcroft , here are the physical test results for today's training , " she reported .

Her voice was composed , but a strange mix of pride and disbelief lay underneath it . Ever since Leander took over , the entire squad had leveled up fast . Strength , speed , stamina , raw power , energy flow , even their supernatural senses - everything had jumped off the charts . The transformation was unreal . Something like this would've been impossible before - but somehow , Leander made it happen . The entire Southern Wyvern Blade had been improving at a pace no one saw coming . That hit Leona hard .

She found herself genuinely impressed - not just by his strength , but by the way he could bring out that strength in others . What a monster of a genius , she thought . Leander didn't even glance

at the documents . " No need . I can see where they are with one look . " Leona's fingers tightened slightly around the papers . She said nothing , but there was a flicker of annoyance in her eyes . Still , she tucked the files away and glanced out toward the field . The team was now moving like a single organism - sharp , efficient , relentless . All of them answered to one voice - Leander's .

It hit her again , just how fast he had earned their loyalty . These were the toughest soldiers in the Southern Wyvern Blade , and now they followed his every word like it was law . Not even Larry had managed that kind of presence . That was the kind of respect you couldn't fake . You had to be something for people to follow you like that . She frowned slightly . 3/5 14 15 Wed , Oct 15 296 Tash at the Summit Finished #here was Uncle Larry , anyway ? Just as the thought crossed her mind , two figures appeared in the distance , walking toward them .

One was a big , broad - shouldered man with a strong stride - Larry . The other was a tall woman in purple , effortlessly elegant , walking like she owned the ground beneath her feet . Leona squinted . " Olivia ? " She blinked in surprise . What's she doing here ? The last update I received was that she was at home , intensely focused on her next breakthrough , aiming to reach the Martial Sovereign . Her eyes instinctively drifted toward Leander . No way ... don't tell me she came all this way just for him ? Meanwhile , Leander had just polished off his watermelon .

He casually leaned his chair back against the tree trunk, arms crossed , eyes closed , looking like someone half - asleep at a picnic . Olivia's gaze had already locked onto him . She started sizing him up from a distance . Nothing about him looked threatening . His clothes were simple . His posture relaxed . He had a boyish charm , with clean features and strong brows . If you didn't know who he was , you'd probably mistake him

for some laid - back squad officer . Except ... she did know . Larry had told her . That unassuming young man lying in the shade ?

He was the undefeated Iron Sovereign . " Chief Ashcroft , " Larry called out carefully as he approached . Leander cracked one eye open . " What ? " 4/5 14-15 Wed , Oct 15
Chapter 10 Cash at the Summit Finished Larry cleared his throat and gestured toward Olivia . " This is my niece , Olivia . She came here specifically to meet you ." Leander didn't even bother to look her way . " I've got nothing to say to the Tarlyn Guild . They've only ever brought me trouble . This is a training ground , not a tourist spot . Show her the way out .

" His tone was flat and dismissive , like he'd just waved away a bug . Leona clenched her fists , ready to say something , but Olivia stepped forward . She bowed gracefully , voice steady . " Olivia Tarlyn . I'm here to deliver a message , Sovereign . " She raised her head , eyes sharp . " It's from the second - generation master of the Tarlyn Guild . One month from now , he's coming to challenge you personally ." The moment those words hit the air , everything stopped . Larry's breath caught . Leona stiffened . Across the field , the entire squad froze mid - motion .

One by one , they turned toward Leander . Send Gifts 。 60 W

Chapter 297 When Giants Move 零 Finished Leona glanced at Larry , and he looked right back . Neither said a word , though the shock on both their faces said plenty . Olivia had shown up without warning earlier that day . Larry assumed she was here to patch things up , maybe offer some kind of peace gesture from the Tarlyn Guild . That

was the story she gave , anyway . He brought her in , thinking it was harmless . Then , she opened her mouth , and reality hit like a punch to the gut . She wasn't here to make peace .

She was here to declare war on behalf of someone the martial world hadn't heard from in forty years - the second - generation master of the Tarlyn Guild . Larry could hardly process it . That old ghost still alive? And now he wants a fight ? Off to the side , the Southern Wyvern Blade squad looked stunned . Their Chief Instructor - Leander Ashcroft , the undefeated Iron Sovereign - was actually being challenged . No one had ever dared to do that before . Olivia stood tall , but her eyes told another story . This was her first time seeing Leander in person .

The stories were all she had - stories of blood - soaked victories and mercy that never came . On the surface , she was poised . Inside , she was praying he didn't take offense and turn her into a smear on the ground . Then Leander finally spoke , " Oh ? The second - generation master of the Tarlyn Guild ? " He didn't even raise his voice . It was calm , too calm . " Your guild lost to me nine months ago . You all went quiet real fast . Now , you think you're ready for round two ? " He tilted his head slightly , eyes half - lidded . " So , that's the trick , huh ?

Dig up an old master and hope he can do what none of you could ? " 1/5 14 15 Wed Oct 15 ched Olivia straightened her posture . He's stepped into the Transcendent Realm . He told me to deliver one message . No matter what happens in this fight - win or lose - it ends here . The grudge is settled . " Larry's breath caught . Transcendent Realm ? Someone in the Tarlyn Guild actually reached that ? No way ... right ? Leander stood up

slowly , lips pulling into a lazy smirk as he rolled his shoulders like he'd just woken from a nap . " So , that's what's giving you all that courage , huh ?

" His tone was light , almost amused . " I already buried this grudge when Mason died on Mount Lurvale . After that , your whole guild went quiet . As far as I'm concerned , it was done . " He tilted his head slightly , eyes narrowing as they settled on Olivia . " Now you want to drag up the past again ? " Fine . Go back and tell your so - called master this- if he stays where he is , I won't go looking for him . " A beat passed . " Yet if he shows up ... I won't pull my punches . When it's done and if he falls , there won't be a Tarlyn Guild left in Mornwick . " He didn't raise his voice .

There was no threat in his tone . That made it even scarier . Olivia felt her stomach tighten . Her confidence shrank with every word . She understood what he meant - clear as day . If Tristan stayed away , peace would hold . If he came , the Tarlyn Guild wouldn't survive . So , this was Jeff Ashcroft , the man sitting at the top of Astria's martial world . No bluster or theatrics . He didn't need to raise his voice or make grand threats . He just existed - with a presence that said everything . 2/5 14 15 Wed , Oct 15 76 Whey canbe Mov #Finished " Understood . I'll pass the message along .

Thanks for your time , Sovereign , Olivia said , calm and steady . She gave a subtle how and walked off without another word . Leander didn't move . He stayed where he was - leaning back against the tree, legs stretched out , half - sunk into the dirt . Olivia gave him one last sharp look , then glanced at Leona and Larry . A beat later , she was gone - swift and silent , like a breeze that never lingered . An awkward silence hung in the air . Larry shifted uncomfortably , rubbing the back of his neck . " Chief Ashcroft ...

I swear , I didn't know she came for that ." Leander waved it off like it was nothing . " No big deal . You're not them . " He turned to the squad , who were still frozen mid - stretch . " Why are you all standing around ? Get back to work . " His voice snapped them out of it . They returned to training , though their minds clearly hadn't left the conversation . Chief Ashcroft is already sitting at the top of Astria's power rankings , and now someone thinks it's a good idea to challenge him in broad daylight ? Seriously ? The thought wouldn't leave them .

Torre stood at the edge , brows furrowed . He thought , Tarlyn Guild's making a move on Chief Ashcroft ... this is going to shake the whole dmn martial world . High up on Mount Lurvale , inside the Tarlyn Guild's inner hall , Olivia finished her report to Tristan - every word , just as Leander had said it . The old man sat still , but the pressure in the room doubled the moment she finished . " Erase Tarlyn Guild from Mornwick ? " Tristan muttered , eyes cold . He flexed his fingers once . The sound of bones cracking echoed through the stone floor .

Thin fractures spidered outward from his chair . " Jeff Ashcroft , you've had a good run , I'll give you that . Young , victorious , and sharp . " His voice dropped an octave . 3/5
14:15 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 297 When Diant's Move Finished " Maybe a little too sharp ... You've gotten so used to winning , you've forgotten what real power feels like . " Tristan rose to his feet , slow and steady , like a storm gathering on the horizon . " So , let me remind you what a true Transcendent looks like . " Tristan sat nearby , silent . He didn't say a word , but his mind was racing . He's going .

There's no question about it . Great - grandpa's already made up his mind . This time , we can't afford to lose . If we do , that's it . The Tarlyn Guild won't just fall . It'll disappear - like we were never here to begin with . Thirty days passed in a flash . Leander's time at Wyvern Field Camp had come to an end . In just a month , everything changed . Boomer , Torre , Brute , Skyler , Vane ... each had surpassed their previous limits . Their strength , energy flow , and fighting instincts became sharper , faster , and stronger .

At the gate , more than twenty squad members stood tall in formation , saluting as Leander prepared to leave . Darrow arrived with several generals to see him off . " Chief Ashcroft ... what you've done here ? It's ' honestly beyond words , " Darrow said , gripping Leander's hand firmly . " That Devourer's Flow of yours ? After seeing how these guys trained with it , it's the real deal ." He hesitated for a second . " I'd like to recommend it be locked in as a top - tier military secret . Something only the Southern Wyvern Blade has access to . What do you think ?

" Leander gave a lazy nod , adjusting his shoulder bag . " I left everything at the base . Do whatever you need to . " Darrow beamed and nodded gratefully . Once the formalities were over , Leander turned to face the squad . " I've been here for a month . It doesn't matter how you feel about me - what matters is you made it . From here on out , it's 4/5 ^{on} ^{you} ' He paused , eyes sweeping over the group . One last thing . " He raised a finger . A gust of invisible force shot out , carving words into the earth beneath their feet . " The brave have no fear . The fearless are invincible .

" With that , he turned and walked away . Two steps in , voices rang out behind him . "

Chief Ashcroft ! No matter how long you're gone , you'll always be our Chief Instructor! "

The entire squad shouted in unison . Even Skyler , who rarely raised his voice , joined in without hesitation . Leona stood off to the side , arms crossed , eyes filled with emotion she didn't quite know how to name . Leander slowed for just a moment . A small smile pulled at the corner of his mouth . He didn't look back , just raised a hand in silent farewell .

Right as he reached the edge of the camp , he stopped cold . A sudden gust tore through the air . The wind howled , kicking up dust and debris - something twisted above , like a storm winding its way down from the heavens . Darrow's face shifted . His eyes narrowed . What in the world ? Leander clenched his fists . " He's here . " Send Gifts 60

Chapter 298 Settle Old Scores on the Stormcairn River High above the clouds , the sky twisted and shifted . The wind howled fiercely , lifting grains of sand off the ground and whipping dust into the air , sending it hurtling toward the gates . Leander didn't move a muscle , yet a wall of wind suddenly rose in front of him , blasting the dust away with force . Darrow and several other generals , along with members of the Southern Wyvern Blade and personnel from the special ops training base , all looked up in unison - only to see a lone figure materialize out of thin air .

Though he hovered a hundred yards away , he wasn't standing on anything - his feet rested on thin air as he rode the wind directly toward them . Eventually , he drew close .

He was an elderly man with an otherworldly presence : white robes billowing , long silver beard flowing , hands clasped behind his back . Under his feet , swirling air pulsed like ripples in a pond . " What in the world ... " The crowd was stunned , jaws nearly hitting the floor . This man floated in midair without the aid of any equipment or visible support .

To them , it was the kind of scene one'd only expect in one of those foreign superhero blockbusters . None of them had ever imagined such a thing was possible in real life . Could he be ... some kind of earthly immortal ? Only Darrow and the other generals managed to keep calm . As high - ranking figures , they had access to top - level secrets and knew that extraordinary beings like the elderly did exist in the world . But even so , their eyes still flickered with awe . After all , they'd only seen records and descriptions - never the real thing . " Jeff Ashcroft , one month has passed .

I've come as promised ." The elderly man's voice rang out like thunder , his very presence exuding an oppressive force strong enough to crush stone beneath his feet . His energy was barely contained , flaring in and out like a flickering flame . " So , you came after all ." Leander stood on the ground , slowly shaking his head . " Looks like you've made your choice ." The elderly man's eyes glinted with a strange light . Energy surged through his body so fiercely that the ground beneath him buckled ever so slightly . The wind picked up , clouds swirling overhead .

1/5 14:15 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 28 Settle old scores on the Stormcaim River * FinGhad
You massacred the Tarlyn Guild back then and left us so disgraced we couldn't lift our heads . You wiped out a century of our glory in a single day . Why wouldn't I come ?

Today , I will take back everything you took from us . And I'll show you what a real Tarlyn Guild master looks like . Remember my name - Tristan Tarlyn ! " The visitor was none other than Tristan , the second guildmaster of Tarlyn Guild , an Ember Transcendent .

From afar , Tristan and Olivia were already watching , eyes fixed in anticipation . This duel was tied to their guild's hundred - year legacy and future destiny - there was no way they'd miss it . " Well , this just got interesting . " Leander narrowed his eyes at Tristan , a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth . From what he could sense , Tristan ' power eclipsed even the Lord of Umbral by several levels . In fact , if he had to compare , even three Lords of Umbral together might not measure up to one of the elderly men .

Tristan was , without a doubt , the most formidable opponent Leander had faced since he left seclusion . But there was no fear on his face - only growing excitement . The thrill of battle surged in his chest . " Jeff Ashcroft , this fight between us is inevitable . Let's not waste any more time . This is a military zone - too sensitive a place for us to fight . Let's take it to the Stormcairn River and settle things there ! " Almost instantly , he turned and soared into the sky , a white streak flashing across the horizon . Leander didn't follow right away .

He stood there , lost in thought , as if weighing something in his mind . Darrow and the others looked toward him , thinking he might be hesitant . So , Darrow spoke up at once . " Chief Ashcroft , even though you're stepping down today , your contributions to the Southern Wyvern Blade have already been reported to the nation . You're a pillar of this

country . If you don't wish to take this fight , I'll step in and negotiate on your behalf ." As a captain general - one of the most senior commanders in all of Astria - Darrow carried weight even in front of a martial powerhouse like Tristan .

He feared Leander might lose this battle , so he was ready to intervene . Behind him , the core members of the Southern Wyvern Blade were visibly shaken , their expressions shifting in uncertainty . No one knew what to do , Leander's strength had long been seared into everyone's minds . They held nothing but admiration for him , firmly believing he was the strongest fighter alive . 2/5 14:15 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter FOR Semte Dia Scores on the Stormcaith River ๗๕ .

0 61 Finished But now , with Tristan descending like a force of nature , walking on air and radiating divine power , the sight was too overwhelming . He looked like a celestial being stepping down into the mortal world . Leander was strong , yes - but at the end of the day , he was still just a man . How could he possibly defeat someone who seemed to float like a god ? " General Leon , stay out of this , " Leander said . " I'm a fighter . For someone like me , fists do the talking . " The next second , he stomped the ground .

A deep crater exploded beneath his feet , and in the next breath , he shot into the sky like a cannonball , slicing through the air toward the distance . Compared to Tristan , he was no slower - in fact , he was moving just a bit faster . " Holy hell ... Chief Ashcroft can do that , too ? " Members of the Southern Wyvern Blade gasped , their faces filled with disbelief . Darrow and the other generals exchanged looks . Then Darrow raised his hand and gave a crisp command . " Listen up ! All Southern Wyvern Blade members are to suspend training immediately .

Form up and head to the Stormcairn River - we're going to back Chief Ashcroft with everything we've got ! " Every soldier roared in response . " Yes , sir ! " In an instant , winds whipped through the special ops training base . Military trucks rumbled to life and roared out of the compound , speeding toward the Stormcairn River . At a calm stretch of the river , nestled between scenic banks , several cafes stood with open balconies for guests to enjoy the view .

Poets , scholars , and martial travelers alike would visit this part of Cranfordale for a refreshment , admire the sweeping vistas , and soak in the grandeur of the Stormcairn . At one of the viewing platforms , two men sat alone , quietly sharing drinks . Both carried an air of distinction . One of them wore a blue , traditional robe and had a gentle , refined face . He was none other than the master of the Hall of the Healing Sage, Roman Fleming . The man across from him had a rougher face and a faintly dangerous edge .

He was Atlas Leynthall , head of the Leynthall family - one of the Great Seven Martial Clans of Cloudveil . The Hall of the Healing Sage was based not far from Cranfordale , and Atlas had recently obtained a rare spiritual herb . He had specifically requested to meet Roman , hoping the master alchemist could refine it into a pill to boost his cultivation . The platform belonged solely to them . No one dared approach . Near the railing stood Theresa , her gaze fixed on the vast river below , eyes shadowed with thought .

" Roman , " Atlas said , " it's been nine months since we last met on Glidewing Mountain . Your 3/5 14.15 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter at Settle Old Scope on the stormcam Rheet

Finised cultivation seems even harder to read now . Don't tell me - you've reached Elite Sovereign ? " He looked at Roman with a hint of envy . Though both of them were Sovereigns , Roman had clearly advanced further . Roman chuckled . " You flatter me , Atlas . I'm still a step away from that ." They spoke like old friends , the conversation smooth and familiar .

" Honestly , watching Jeff ascend to legendary status during that fight at Glidewing Mountain shook me up more than I care to admit , " Atlas said with a sigh . " Sometimes I wonder if all these years I've spent training ... have just been a waste . " Roman let out a quiet sigh as well , his smile tinged with self - mockery . Compared to that monstrous talent , he and the other so - called Sovereigns were just decoration - no real presence , no true weight . Theresa looked over at the two men , and her thoughts drifted back to the young man whose presence had shaken the heavens .

Ever since the battle on Glidewing Mountain , she hadn't seen Leander again , but his image lingered in her mind more often than she liked to admit . Lately , stories of his legend had only grown more extraordinary , yet she hadn't been able to see him in person since . That lingering sense of distance tugged at her heart . " I wonder when he'll shake up the martial world again , " she murmured with a soft sigh , her eyes shimmering . Just then , she noticed something overhead - above the rooftop across from them , a streak of white was rushing through the air .

It was someone flying , riding the wind . " What is that ? " Her eyes widened . It was the first time she'd ever seen someone flying like that . Roman and Atlas turned sharply , stepping toward the railing as they focused their gazes skyward . Their expressions

shifted in shock . " Transcendent Realm ? " Though still Sovereigns themselves , both had studied the Transcendent Realm enough to recognize what they were seeing . Walking on air was the hallmark of that level . It was the first time in all their years that they had ever seen someone from the Transcendent Realm in person .

" What's a Transcendent doing here ? " Their eyes fixed on the unfamiliar figure of Tristan , both were stunned . But before they could process it , another streak of light soared in from behind him - faster , sharper . 4/5 14.15 Wed , Oct 15 tere Seite Old Scores on the Stormcaim River 19 Finishedt All three of them narrowed their eyes , and when they finally caught a clear look at the second figure's face , their hearts jumped . " That's ... Jeff Ashcroft ?! " Send Gifts 。 60 A

Chapter 299 You're an Ember Transcendent Too ? That's Jeff Ashcroft ?! " Finisher Theresa's eyes widened as she stared into the sky . Two figures streaked across the heavens , one behind the other , soaring without aid , riding the wind as if it were solid ground . She didn't recognize the elder in front , but the young man trailing behind - she couldn't have been more familiar with him . Leander ? What's he doing here ? Roman and Atlas exchanged a look , each seeing the same shock mirrored in the other's eyes .

The elder clearly radiated the aura of someone in the Transcendent Realm , his body suspended mid - air . As for Leander , news of him having slain a Transcendent had already spread throughout Astria's martial world - it was well known , if still hard to fathom . But now , seeing Leander appear alongside another Transcendent ? That could only mean something major was about to unfold . " Look - what is that ?! " All

around the cafes lining the riverbanks , countless spectators had spotted the two figures in the sky .

Heads turned , voices rose , and within seconds , the once - serene waters of the Stormcairn River were surrounded by a surging wave of commotion . Everyone stared at the two figures descending from above , mouths hanging open in awe . It looked like gods descending from the heavens . Whoosh ! The sound of the air splitting echoed through the valley as the two silhouettes shot across the sky . They dropped toward the Stormcairn River in nearly perfect unison - moving so fast they seemed like comets crashing down from above .

But just before they hit the water , both men seemed to slow mid - fall , their descent soft and effortless . Like feathers drifting on the wind , they landed atop the river's surface - so gently , not even a ripple appeared . Only then did the crowd see clearly : one was an elder , the other a youth . They stood nearly ten yards apart , both standing atop the river as if it were solid ground , defying all reason . Scenes like this only happened in fantasy dramas . But now , it was happening before their very eyes . 1/5
14:15 Wed , Oct 15 Charter 2010 Youre an Imber Transcendent Too ? Z 5 .

0 Finished Phones were already out . Dozens of people raised their cameras , zooming in , desperate to capture this jaw - dropping moment . But no matter how sharp the lens , both the elder's and the youth's faces appeared veiled by a mist , impossible to see clearly . " So still , so balanced ... As expected of Transcendents , " Roman murmured , eyes locked on Leander and Tristan standing weightless on the river's surface , not so

much as a ripple beneath them . His heart filled with longing . This was the realm he had spent his entire life chasing .

" Jeff , " Tristan called out , gesturing toward the misty , rolling waters around them . "

The Stormcairn River is grand , vast , and shrouded in fog . Seems like a fitting place for a grave . " " A grave ? " Leander's lips curved into a casual smile . " So , you're that confident you can kill me ? " Tristan didn't answer directly . He simply replied , voice calm and steady , " You may be gifted beyond belief , but you're still far too young . How could you possibly understand the deeper truths of the Transcendent Realm ?

Today , I'll wash away the shame you brought to the Tarlyn Guild - with your blood . "

The Tarlyn Guild had once dominated Stonebrae and ruled over the state of Mornwick with an iron fist . They were known for their brutal efficiency , never showing mercy . If they acted , it was a fight to the death - no backing down , no second chances . " Now this is getting interesting . " Leander spread his arms , a look of mock indifference on his face . " If you're so eager , what are you waiting for ? " As the words left his mouth , Tristan ' eyes suddenly sharpened .

A flash of murderous intent surged through them . Whoosh ! He remained still , yet a whirlpool began swirling beneath his feet . The water churned wildly in a ten - meter radius around him , drawn into a vortex by a powerful , unseen force that radiated from his body . Splash ! With a swift motion of his hand , a massive wall of water shot up in front of him . It soared several stories high , forming a towering screen of crashing waves . Splash ! Tristan tapped his fingertip lightly against the water wall in front of him .

Instantly , the sound of air being torn apart echoed across the river . Countless droplets condensed atop the wall , transforming into sharp , conical water spikes . 2/5 14:15 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 200 you're an Ember Transcendent Too ? Whoosh ! Y Finished
Thousands of them fired all at once . It was a stunning sight - spectators on both sides of the Stormcairn River could only gape as a dense barrage of water spikes swept across the surface . A few wooden boats drifting near the center of the river were instantly shredded into splinters . " So , this is the power of the Transcendent Realm ...

" Atlas murmured , his voice low with awe . " With just a gesture , they can command the forces of heaven and earth . " In less than a heartbeat , the water spikes closed in on Leander . " Hmph . " Leander's lips curled into a scornful smile as he raised a single hand . Before him , a wall of water rose just as swiftly , forming a shield between him and the incoming barrage . The barrage slammed into the wall . Though it looked fragile , each impact only sent faint ripples across its surface .

No matter how many spikes hit or how fast they came , the wall held firm , absorbing every strike without breaking . " Break ! " After about a minute , as the last wave of pressure faded and the next had yet to arrive , Leander suddenly clenched his fist and shouted . Boom ! The water wall exploded into a mist of droplets , scattering in all directions . At that same moment , the remaining spikes that had yet to land dissolved into thin air , turning into harmless rain that fell gently onto the river's surface . " Well done , Jeff Ashcroft .

Top of Astria's rankings - you truly live up to the name . " Tristan ' eyes flickered , his words praising , but his tone was cold as ice , devoid of the slightest warmth . He

slammed a foot down on the river . Waves surged behind him as he shot forward like a loosed arrow , launching high above Leander's head . " Close ! " He clapped both hands together . Innate vitality surged from within him as two towering walls of water rose on either side of Leander , then closed in from both sides , aiming to crush him where he stood . 3/5 14:16 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 200 You're an Ember Transcendent Foo ?

Finished These weren't ordinary walls of water - they were fused with Tristan ' refined energy . Even a tank would've been flattened in an instant . Just then , Darrow and several other generals arrived on the scene , along with members of the Southern Wyvern Blade . They arrived just in time to witness the attack . Every one of them stood frozen , eyes wide in disbelief . That kind of force ... It's already beyond what a human should be capable of . Leander's strong , but can he really hold his own against a monster like this ?

As the two walls closed in , Leander stood between them , expression calm . Without the slightest panic , he simply stamped his foot . Boom ! A shockwave burst out from beneath him , rippling outward in all directions . A surge of pure force exploded upward from the riverbed . The two water walls crumbled from below , scattered like torn paper . As they broke apart , a powerful fist shot through the falling curtain of water , driving straight for Leander's chest . Tristan had used the water walls as cover , launching this surprise attack in the instant they collapsed .

It was one of the many cunning tactics he had developed through countless life - and-death battles . His combat sense , like his strength , had long since reached the pinnacle . This punch carried nearly 80 % of his innate vitality - strong enough to smash

through an armored vehicle . Bang ! Just before the blow could land , another fist collided with his from the opposite direction- clear , flawless , and solid as jade . It arrived a split second later , but struck true , perfectly meeting Tristan ' strike head - on . A heavy thud rang out across the water .

Everyone on the banks could feel the river itself tremble . Splash ! Twin waves exploded outward , parting the river down the middle . Tristan was hurled backward from the mist , retreating over 30 feet before skidding to a halt across the water's surface , leaving behind a long , pale trail . He steadied himself , his right arm trembling faintly , eyes filled with shock he couldn't suppress . " You're ... an Ember Transcendent too ? "

Chapter 300 Crimson Wingstorm You're an Ember Transcendent too ? " Tristan narrowed his eyes , his voice tinged with disbelief Finished That last punch he'd thrown had carried nearly 80 % of his innate vitality - enough to split mountains and flatten villas . Even a lesser Transcendent would've been seriously injured . Bin Leander had countered effortlessly - with a single casual punch - and sent him flying . That level of power ... was every bit on par with his own . " Ember Transcendent ? " Leander shook his head lightly . " I've read about the four stages of the Transcendent Realm , sure .

But I haven't even stepped into that realm yet - let alone reached the Ember stage . " Tristan ' eyes flickered with visible doubt . " That's impossible , " he said coldly . " If you're not a Transcendent , how could you take that punch ? " Leander gave a faint , almost mocking smile . " Do you really think you can grasp what I'm capable of ? " The path he had forged was his own creation - the " Devourer's Ninefold Path " . It didn't just temper the spirit and refine energy ; it also strengthened the body , forging the flesh itself into a weapon .

The Devourer Form born from the " Devourer's Ninefold Path " was a body unlike any other in the world - far surpassing even the most renowned body - tempering arts . Compared to it , even the most elite martial sects specializing in physical cultivation couldn't match one - tenth of its effectiveness . And what Leander cultivated wasn't inner strength , nor innate vitality . It was something even more pure and potent - Primordial Energy . Primordial Energy was the essence from which all things were born , infused with the five elements . It was the most fundamental force of nature .

Combined with the power of the Devourer Form and the " Devourer's Ninefold Path " , even though his realm was only at the Pre- Transcendent stage , he had more than enough power to face a true Transcendent - Ember tier or not . " Quit bluffing . " Tristan sneered , pushing aside his shock . Without hesitation , he launched another punch . This one tore straight across the river , cutting a tunnel through the rain and mist that extended about 50 feet ahead . 1/4 14:16 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter the crimson Windstorm 00 It Finished Roman and Atlas stood frozen in astonishment .

With their current strength , even projecting inner strength 30 or so feet was already the limit . And even then , the force drastically weakened the farther it traveled - by the time it reached the target , it was a fraction of what it was at the start , nearly useless in real combat . But Tristan ' punch ? It was sent from over 50 feet away , and yet its power remained undiminished . It hit just as hard at the end as it did when it left his fist . That feat alone left both men in utter awe .

Leander didn't back down in the slightest . He responded with a punch of his own .

The two fists collided . Wind howled and power exploded . The Stormcain River , which had been calm moments before , instantly erupted in towering waves . The clouds above churned ,

and massive sheets of water flew skyward . What had been a peaceful river transformed into a violent , churning battlefield . They exchanged blow after blow , neither yielding , both relying solely on raw force . The clash of their fists made the river surge wildly . Waves slammed against the banks , boats rocked violently , and some nearly flipped over entirely .

Spectators on both banks stood rooted in place , eyes wide with disbelief , hearts pounding . The world they lived in was one ruled by science and logic . A world where Newton's laws were gospel and everything had to be grounded in evidence . And yet , right before their eyes , something completely beyond science was happening . In the middle of the raging waves , two blurred figures clashed again and again , half - shrouded in mist . And for the first time , many couldn't help but wonder - were they really witnessing mortals ... or gods come to war ?

Tristan and Olivia had just arrived when they caught sight of the two figures clashing on the river , their gazes sharpening with focus . This was their first time witnessing a battle between fighters at the Transcendent Realm . The area surrounding the two combatants was completely saturated with violent energy . If a Sovereign like them had been caught in the middle of it , they'd have been torn to pieces in an instant . The members of the Southern Wyvern Blade stood in stunned silence as they watched the chaos unfold across the river .

They had always known their Chief Instructor was strong . But aside from the day he shattered mountains and crushed a bronze cauldron with one palm , Leander had never revealed his full power . None of them had a clear idea of just how strong he truly was . 2/4 14:16 Wed , Oct 15
Chapter 300 Crimson Wingstorm 61 Finished Now , they finally saw it with their own eyes - just how powerful Leander really was . The truth hit them like a brick wall : they weren't even in the same universe as him . Skyler lowered his head in shame .

He had always known he couldn't compare to Leander- probably never would , even if he spent a lifetime trying . Still , he had held on to a sliver of pride . But now , watching Leander unleash blow after earth - shaking blow , he finally let go of all his illusions . The longer the fight went on , the more unsettled Tristan became . With every strike he threw , Leander met him head - on , countering punch for punch .

Each collision sent waves of unshakable force crashing through his arms - Leander's fists carried an unrelenting , weightless might that made Tristan ' energy feel sluggish by comparison . They had already exchanged over a hundred punches . At first , Tristan still felt in control . But the more they traded blows , the more pressure he felt . Leander's strength only seemed to grow heavier , more suffocating - bottomless like the sea , limitless as the abyss .

No matter how much innate vitality he summoned , Leander absorbed it all , matching every ounce of force with eerie precision , never once wavering . D * mn it ... what kind of freakish training did this kid go through ? Only now did Tristan realize just how badly he had underestimated him from the very beginning . At last , with the hundredth punch , Tristan abandoned the direct clash . With a sharp cry , he slammed a foot against the surface of the river and shot skyward . Leander's next punch struck the spot he'd just left , sending up an eruption of water . " Great - grandpa ...

avoided Jeff's strike ? " Tristan's eyes narrowed . A sense of unease crept over him . That evasion might have looked harmless on the surface , but he knew what it meant - Tristan had just backed down from a frontal exchange . He was losing ground . Leander lowered his hand , clasping both behind his back . He lifted his gaze , calmly watching

Tristan rise through the air . Tristan soared like a giant hawk spreading its wings . He swept both arms wide , and an immense surge of innate vitality erupted around him .

A crimson sphere of energy formed visibly around his body , pulsing with terrifying pressure . 3/4 1418 WWL ON 15 W gratui Crimson Wingstorm AV Finistied His voice boomed through the valley . The red sphere suddenly exploded . Countless crimson Fragments shattered outward , converging and reforming into sixteen enormous feathers - each several meters long , glowing with sharp light and flowing blood - red energy . The sixteen feathers didn't wait for formation - they launched forward in a deadly straight line , hurtling toward Leander like guided missiles .

This time , the attack was at least ten times faster than the water spikes Tristan had used before . In the blink of an eye , the feathers were already inches from Leander's chest . Two targeted his legs . Two locked onto his arms . Others shot toward his eyes , ribs , heart , core , lower abdomen , throat , even his mouth and nose . In an instant , every vital point on Leander's body had been surrounded . One more inch - and it would've been a kill shot . Jeff Ashcroft ! " Tristan roared with laughter , his voice echoing across the river . " This is the Tarlyn Guild's ultimate technique .

Feel it for yourself ! " His eyes burned with cold malice as the feathers closed in . Send Gifts 60 H