

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel Chapter 6 - Chapter 6 (English Translation)

Chapter 6 I'm Not Interested in Knowing You Leander's voice was cold and disinterested, leaving no room for further conversation. Hendrix was momentarily stunned, his expression turning strange. Usually, when he extended an invitation like that, people were eager to accept, or at the very least, they would politely decline. But Leander's response-'As for you, I'm not interested in knowing you.' -was something Hendrix had never encountered before. Those words were, without a doubt, the most arrogant thing he had ever heard.

His family owned a successful clothing brand with stores all over the city, and his parents had extensive connections, even within political circles. Usually, anyone he wanted to meet would consider it an honor. But Leander? He dismissed Hendrix outright, stating he wasn't interested in even knowing him. "Dude, I heard you just got to Ravenridge. Maybe you've spent too much time in the backwoods and don't realize your place in the city," Hendrix said, narrowing his eyes.

"Being too arrogant can cause you more trouble than you think." Leander didn't even bother to look at Hendrix as he replied flatly, "I've always talked big. What's your problem with that?" Hendrix's face twisted into a smirk as he nodded. "Fine, you've got guts. Since you're in Ravenridge, we'll see plenty of each other. I'll make sure you understand the difference between a big city and a small village!" With that, he returned to Ginny's side. Even though he was annoyed with Leander, he wasn't about to start a public altercation in the cafe.

Besides, finding Leander again in Ravenridge wouldn't be difficult-he had already made up his mind to remember this slight. "So, how did it go?" Ginny asked eagerly, clearly hoping Hendrix had put Leander in his place. "That guy's got a tough attitude, but don't worry, there'll be plenty of chances to deal with him," Hendrix replied with a cold grin. Ginny nodded, trusting that Hendrix wouldn't just let this slide. "Don't go too far, Hendrix. He does know Yvette's mom, after all," Shiloh interjected, his voice calm and diplomatic, earning a glance of approval from Yvette.

"Don't worry, Shiloh. I know where to draw the line. I'm just going to teach him a little lesson," Hendrix assured him, though in his mind, he was already plotting how to really make Leander pay. He wouldn't be satisfied until Leander was left battered and bloody. Meanwhile, Leander continued sipping his coffee and scrolling through his phone, completely unfazed by Hendrix. To him, the young man was nothing more than a minor annoyance, a pest not even worth acknowledging. The idea of feeling threatened by someone like him was laughable.

As Leander finished his coffee and was about to pay the bill and leave, he glanced toward the cafe's entrance, sensing something off. "Get out of the way, all of you!" A loud, angry shout suddenly echoed through the cafe, followed by hurried footsteps.

Yvette and her friends exchanged worried glances just as the cafe door was thrown open. Four burly men, each wielding a knife, stormed in. The sight sent the cafe staff scrambling behind the counter, and even Yvette and Ginny were startled, their faces pale with fear.

The four knife-wielding men scanned the place quickly, their eyes locking onto Yvette and Ginny's table. They marched toward them, and Shiloh, the captain of the martial arts club, quickly rose to his feet, delivering a swift kick at the closest thug. Hendrix, being an athlete with quick reflexes, also stepped forward, aiming a punch at another man's temple. Smack! Shiloh's kick was fast, but just as his foot was about to connect, the scar-faced man grabbed his ankle effortlessly. "You think your amateur moves are worth anything here?"

"Get lost!" The man sneered, delivering a sharp blow with the hilt of his knife to Shiloh's abdomen. Shiloh doubled over, feeling a wave of nausea as his insides churned, and he dropped to his knees, vomiting bile. He hadn't expected to be overpowered so easily. Despite his training, Shiloh's martial arts experience was mostly in competitions, with little real-world combat experience. Against these hardened criminals-men who had taken lives-he was utterly outmatched.

Hendrix fared even worse; a casual kick from one of the men sent him sprawling to the floor, where he lay groaning in pain, unable to get up. Yvette and Ginny were paralyzed with fear, unable to scream as two of the thugs pressed their knives to their throats. Outside the cafe, a commotion could be heard as more than a dozen mall security guards, armed with batons and a few with sidearms, surrounded the entrance, blocking any escape. "Please, don't do anything rash!"

"If it's money you want, I can give it to you-just don't hurt them!" Shiloh pleaded with the scar-faced man, struggling to regain his composure as he saw Yvette and Ginny being held hostage. "Shut up! We're already in deep; what good is money going to do us now? Keep talking, and I'll slit your throat!" the scar-faced man barked, waving his knife at Shiloh, who shrank back in fear, his face pale with terror. Hendrix, meanwhile, was too frightened to make a sound, his earlier bravado completely gone.

Despite being held at knifepoint, Yvette managed to keep some composure, a testament to her upbringing. However, seeing Shiloh, who had always been so attentive and protective toward her, now cowering in the corner filled her with disappointment. Shiloh couldn't even meet her eyes, turning his head away in shame. Ginny, on the other hand, was nearly hysterical, her eyes brimming with tears as she begged for mercy. "Please don't kill me! I'll do anything you want, just don't kill me!" "Don't worry, girl," the man holding her sneered, licking the blade of his knife.

"We just hit the jewelry store upstairs, and now these guards have us trapped. You're just temporary insurance to get us out of here. We'll let you go once we're safe-maybe." His sinister laugh made Ginny's blood run cold, and she didn't believe his promises for a second. Yvette forced herself to stay calm, knowing she needed to keep her wits about

her in this situation. She glanced around and noticed Leander sitting at a table in the back, still leisurely sipping his coffee. Is he an idiot?! she thought in frustration. Leander seemed completely oblivious to the danger unfolding around him.

"Listen up, all of you! We've got two girls here, and I'm counting to ten. If you don't clear a path, I'll start killing them, one by one!" the scar-faced man shouted toward the security guards outside negotiating. The guards exchanged uneasy glances. They had already called the police, who would arrive soon, but they knew the gravity of the situation. One wrong move and innocent lives could be lost, a responsibility none of them wanted to bear. After a brief, tense discussion, they decided to back off to ensure Yvette and Ginny's safety.

"Hey, grab the girls and get out of here!" the scar-faced thug ordered, signaling his accomplices to drag Yvette and Ginny toward the exit. Yvette's heart sank. She knew that once they were taken outside, the chances of being released were slim to none. But with a knife at her throat, she had no choice but to comply. Just as all hope seemed lost, a calm voice suddenly spoke up. "I'm not interested in what you four are doing. But if you want to walk out of here unharmed, release her right now." Yvette's heart skipped a beat. That voice, Leander!