

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel Chapter 7 - Chapter 7 (English Translation)

Chapter 7 The Hostage Situation Leander's sudden interjection took everyone by surprise. All heads turned toward him. Leander remained with his back to the group, calmly sipping his coffee, but everyone knew the voice had come from his direction. Yvette's heart swelled with a mix of emotions. In this moment of crisis, while Ginny's boyfriend Hendrix had fallen silent and Shiloh, who usually showered her with attention, had backed down without a word, it was Leander-the very person she had looked down on-who stood up. But her gratitude was quickly overshadowed by worry.

These four men were evidently dangerous, exuding an aura of violence that suggested they had blood on their hands. Even Shiloh, with his years of martial arts training, couldn't match them. What could Leander possibly do against such formidable foes? "Kid, was that you just now?" the scar-faced leader of the group sneered, licking his lips with menace. Leander set down his coffee cup with deliberate calm, slowly rising to his feet and turning to face them. "Yes, it was me." Then, he pointed to Yvette. "Let her go. I don't care what you do with the others, but you're not taking her.

You have ten seconds to decide: either accept my offer and leave, or I'll deal with you myself." He spoke with calm indifference as if stating something completely ordinary, leaving everyone stunned momentarily with varied expressions. This guy must be a whack job! Hendrix sneered internally, thinking Leander was an absolute fool. Not only had he tried to play the hero at such a dangerous time, but he had also challenged these hardened criminals, claiming he could take them all on by himself. It was the height of arrogance.

These men were far stronger and faster than the average person, and even Hendrix, with his athletic prowess, and Shiloh, with his martial arts training, couldn't last more than a few moves against them. How could someone like Leander, who looked like a bookish student, possibly stand a chance?! "What an idiot," Shiloh muttered under his breath. To him, Leander was making a suicidal mistake by trying to play the hero in such a dire situation. The four men exchanged amused glances.

Though Leander was tall, standing at about six feet, his frame was lean compared to the more muscular builds of Hendrix and Shiloh. The men clearly didn't see him as a threat. The scar-faced leader's eyes narrowed dangerously, a sinister smile playing on his lips as he brandished his knife. "Kid, I've been in this business a long time, and you're the cockiest fool I've ever met. Playing the hero without knowing your limits-what can you possibly do? Not only will we not let her go, but I'll make sure you don't leave this cafe alive!" His words dripped with murderous intent.

Yvette's heart pounded in fear. Though she had looked down on Leander, she didn't want him to lose his life for her. She frantically signaled him to flee, but Leander paid her no mind. He simply smiled and said, "I see you've made your choice." "Kid, next

time you're reborn, don't try to play the hero. It's a price you can't afford!" The scar-faced man cruelly laughed as he moved to strike Leander, but suddenly, his wrist was seized. "What?" He gasped in shock, turning his head to find that Leander had somehow closed the distance and now held his wrist in an iron grip.

He tried to break free, but Leander's slender, pale hand might as well have been an iron clamp—he couldn't move at all. Snap! Leander gave a slight twist of his wrist, and a sharp crack echoed through the cafe, followed by the scar-faced man's scream of agony as he was flung backward. He crashed through several tables before landing unconscious. The sudden turn of events left everyone in stunned silence. No one had expected Leander to take down the fearsome leader so easily. "You..." The remaining three thugs quickly realized they were up against someone far beyond their expectations.

The two who were holding Yvette and Ginny moved closer instinctively, hoping to use them as leverage. But before they could act, Leander's hands were already on their wrists. Snap, snap! Two more cracks filled the air as Leander swiftly broke their wrists. Then, with two powerful kicks, he sent them sprawling to the floor, clutching their stomachs and retching, completely incapacitated. Yvette and Ginny were frozen in shock, watching Leander as if he were a superhero who had just stepped out of a movie, saving them from certain doom.

Hendrix and Shiloh were utterly dumbfounded, unable to comprehend what they had just witnessed. In mere moments, Leander had dispatched three of the most dangerous men they had ever encountered with the ease of someone swatting a fly. Without so much as a glance at Yvette, Leander calmly walked past her and stood before the last remaining thug, his eyes cold and distant, like stars in the night sky. "Your turn." The thug's mocking grin vanished, replaced by sheer terror. He was the weakest of the group, and seeing Leander take down his companions so easily left him paralyzed with fear. Thump!

Leander wasted no time, delivering a swift kick to the thug's face. Blood spurted as the man was sent sprawling to the floor, unconscious. In just one minute, Leander had single-handedly defeated all four thugs. Yvette's heart raced as she watched Leander, his hand casually tucked in his pocket, his expression as calm as ever. She felt a deep sense of shame as she recalled all the disdainful thoughts she had harbored toward him. Now, he had saved her life. Leander never once looked back at her.

Instead, he walked to the cafe door, where the security guards and newly arrived police officers had gathered, blocking the exit. "They're no longer a threat. Go ahead and arrest them," he said flatly. His words left everyone outside confused, and it took them a moment to process what he had just said. Eventually, they cautiously entered the cafe, only to be left in stunned silence by the sight of the defeated thugs. After giving a brief statement at the police station, Leander declined any commendations.

Yvette and Ginny also wanted to thank him, but he had already left when they looked for him. When Yvette returned home, she still felt dazed, replaying the events at the cafe in her mind as if it had all been a dream. "Yvette, you're back. Where's Leander?" Monica asked as she emerged from the kitchen, having just returned home herself. She was puzzled to see Yvette alone, with no sign of Leander. "Leander? He's probably gone," Yvette replied absentmindedly.

Just a few hours ago, she had been adamantly against the idea of Leander staying at her house, but now she found herself wanting to see him again, a desire that felt completely contradictory. "Gone?" Monica's face filled with concern. "He's all alone in Ravenridge, with no one to turn to. Where could he possibly go?" Yvette, feeling agitated, shrugged. "Maybe he has somewhere to stay. Oh, by the way, he left something for you before he left. It's over there." She pointed to the brown paper package Leander had left behind. Monica quickly opened the package, curious about its contents.

When she saw what was inside, she was momentarily stunned, but her expression soon softened into a smile of relief. "What's in there, Mom?" Yvette asked, her curiosity piqued. Monica spread the contents out, revealing bundles of Benjamins—ten stacks in total—alongside the thousand dollars she had given Leander earlier. Monica set the money aside and found a note underneath. Yvette hurried over, eager to understand what was going on. The note read, 'A good deed deserves another. I will always remember your kindness, Ms. Hollis. Here's the money I owe you.'

'I'll visit again when I have the chance!' Monica sighed. "Back then, I got lost in the mountains, and it was Leander who led me out. I gave him ten thousand dollars as a thank-you, but he insisted it was a loan he would repay. I didn't take it seriously at the time, but now, years later, he's come back and repaid ten times the amount. Boys like him are truly rare in this world." Yvette stood frozen, her face paling as if struck by lightning. The memory of her harshly ordering Leander to leave her home played over and over in her mind.

Regret gnawed at her like a venomous snake, wrapping around her heart.