

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel Chapter 8 - Chapter 8 (English Translation)

Chapter 8 The Package's Content Yvette stood on her balcony, leaning against the railing, lost in thought. Earlier, she had thought of Leander as shameless, someone with no dignity, clinging to her mother for support and even brazenly wanting to stay at their house. She had taken it upon herself to lecture him, telling him he needed to learn how to stand on his own two feet. Later, she vented her frustrations to Ginny, who went over to Leander to offer her unsolicited advice. But in the end, Leander hadn't come to seek help; he had come to repay a debt-a debt he repaid tenfold.

From the beginning, he hadn't offered a single word in his defense, nor had he explained anything. And when she was in danger, he stepped forward and saved her, yet she hadn't even managed to say a simple "thank you." Yvette sighed, rubbing her forehead. She had never felt this conflicted before. "Leander, where did you go?" Meanwhile, Leander walked alone along the lakeside in the eastern district, the night breeze cool against his skin as his thoughts wandered in solitude. The person he was eight years ago felt like a distant memory compared to who he was now.

Before his tenth birthday, his every belief and ambition had revolved around his family-the mighty Ashcroft family of Highcliffe. He had once vowed to grow stronger for the sake of his family, to rise to the peak of power. He believed that one day, he would bring unparalleled glory to the Ashcroft family, elevating them to become the true number one family in all of Astria. But all those dreams had been brutally shattered eight years ago, on that stormy night. The Ashcroft family of Highcliffe was a prestigious clan with a history spanning centuries.

They were one of the top aristocratic families in Highcliffe, renowned for their strength and influence, on the verge of surpassing other noble houses. While most families established their power through business, politics, or military connections, the Ashcrofts were different. They excelled in all these areas, but their true strength lay in something far more unique-they were a martial family. The Ashcrofts had practiced martial arts for generations, not just any martial arts but the true internal martial arts, focusing on cultivating inner strength.

In each generation, at least three or four Ashcrofts were born with martial power, making them naturally gifted in the martial arts. Combined with their influence in various fields, this made the Ashcroft family strong and formidable. Leander had been the most outstanding member of the Ashcroft family's third generation, beloved by his grandfather and the family patriarch, Reginald Ashcroft. The family had high hopes for him, seeing him as the future leader who would lead them to even greater heights.

From a young age, Leander had shown exceptional talent, excelling in all aspects and surpassing his peers. Born with martial power, he began his martial training at the age of four under the guidance of his father, Gareth Ashcroft, becoming an internal martial

artist. His martial arts talent was considered among the best in the history of the Ashcroft family, even surpassing that of his younger brother, Ethan Ashcroft, who was also highly regarded but still fell short of Leander's abilities.

Almost everyone in the Ashcroft family believed that a new star was rising, one that would shine brightly across Astria and lead the Ashcrofts to unprecedented heights. But on Leander's tenth birthday, when he joyfully approached Reginald to ask for a gift, the usually doting grandfather showed him a coldness he had never seen before. The words that followed left Leander stunned, bewildered, and utterly lost. "Leander Ashcroft, of the third generation of the Ashcroft family, is a curse upon our family, the root of our future turmoil.

By family law, I hereby declare that Leander Ashcroft is expelled from the Ashcroft family, his martial power abolished, and all resources stripped away. No one in the Ashcroft family shall have any contact with him, and anyone who does will be expelled as well. The third generation of the Ashcroft family will be led by Ethan Ashcroft alone." Reginald's face was cold as he looked at Leander as if he were a virus, a plague upon the family. Leander was completely bewildered. He had no idea what he had done wrong or how he had brought turmoil to the family.

But everything happened so quickly that he didn't even have a chance to defend himself. His father, Gareth, who had always nurtured him with care, suddenly turned on him with brutal force, using his bare hands to tear open Leander's chest and extract his innate martial power in front of everyone. In this modern world, ancient martial arts practitioners were exceedingly rare, and only those born with martial power could train in these arts, cultivating inner strength.

Such fighters were one in a million, but once a fighter lost their martial power, it was akin to losing their entire foundation, rendering them incapable of ever practicing martial arts again—a devastating blow for any martial artist. At just ten years old, Leander was stripped of his martial power, rendering all his skills useless. Then, in a final act of heartlessness, Gareth abandoned him in a desolate mountain north of Highcliffe, essentially leaving him to die.

Leander was filled with confusion and rage, unable to comprehend why his once-loving grandfather had condemned him as a sinner of the family or why his father, who had always cared for him, had turned so cruelly against him. To this day, he remembered every detail of that cold, heartless expression on Gareth's face as he left him to die in the wilderness. Most people would have given up on life after enduring such a traumatic blow, but on that fateful night eight years ago, Leander, despite the excruciating pain, leaned against a tree and made a vow to his departing father.

"Gareth Ashcroft, everything I have learned, even my very body, comes from you. You took away my martial power, and I don't hate you for it. But whatever debt I owed you, I've paid in full today. From this moment on, I, Leander Ashcroft, have no connection to you or the Ashcroft family. I swear I will not die—I will live on, stronger and higher than

anyone else, and one day, you and the entire Ashcroft family will look up to me with regret for what you did today!" With that, he punched the tree with all his strength, his hand scraped raw and bloody, the sight of it shocking.

But he felt no pain, only a burning fire in his eyes. Gareth had paused momentarily upon hearing his words but didn't turn back, leaving with the same cold indifference. Perhaps Gareth believed there was no way Leander could survive in such conditions. Even if Leander did survive, with his martial power destroyed and no one to rely on, the best he could hope to become was a regional tycoon-hardly enough to garner the attention of the mighty Ashcroft family, let alone their respect. To Gareth, Leander's vow had been nothing but a laughable joke.

But neither Reginald nor Gareth had ever anticipated that the ten-year-old boy they had cast out to die would survive. As memories of Reginald and Gareth's cold, heartless faces resurfaced, Leander's lips curled into a cold smile. "Reginald, Gareth, Ashcroft family-when I stand before you again, your expressions will be priceless, won't they?" The thought stoked the fire in Leander's heart. He knew that one day, he would return to Highcliffe and reclaim everything that had been taken from him.