

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel Chapter 9 - Chapter 9 (English Translation)

Chapter 9 Martial Sovereign Leander pulled himself out of his reverie, continuing along the riverbank, admiring the lights on both sides. About ten minutes later, he received a call from Frankie. "Mr. Leander, we're still working on identifying the most fertile land within the state, which will take a bit more time. As for the girl you asked about, we've gathered the information. She's a senior at Ravenridge Senior High in Class 4. I've already arranged a transfer student identity for you, and your student ID is ready. I'll have it delivered to the villa tonight." Leander nodded. "Got it."

There's no rush on the land; accuracy is more important. Make sure all the information is thoroughly verified." Frankie quickly acknowledged before Leander ended the call. Just as Leander turned his head, a sharp gust of wind whooshed past his face. An iron ball narrowly missed him and smashed into the ground behind him, cracking the stone pavement. "Kid, are you alright?" A middle-aged man hurried over, apologizing to Leander. The man had a square jaw and piercing eyes, exuding an aura of authority. His every movement carried a sense of dignity.

Beside him stood a young girl of about 17 or 18, with delicate features, fair skin, and dressed in black martial arts attire. Her slender hands were gripping another iron ball. When Leander didn't respond, and since the ball had only hit the ground, the girl frowned. "Dad, he's not hurt, so why apologize?" Her voice was tinged with a hint of petulance, the kind that suggested she was a spoiled young lady used to getting her way. "Shut up, Ivy! The ball slipped from your hand-that's your fault. Even though it didn't hurt anyone, you startled him."

Apologize right away!" The middle-aged man's voice was stern, full of righteousness. The girl named Ivy looked reluctant but muttered a half-hearted apology to Leander, her voice lacking any sincerity. Leander glanced at the man, then at Ivy, and said calmly, "If you're going to practice punching with iron balls, you should be more careful and find a place where there are no people." Ivy's temper flared instantly. She had been pampered all her life and had never been reprimanded by anyone outside her family. Ignoring her father's presence, she snapped at Leander, "I already apologized."

Don't push your luck! Where I practice is none of your business. What's it to you?" Just as she finished speaking, she frowned, puzzled. "Wait a minute, how did you know I was practicing my punches with iron balls?" Her family was special, with a lineage steeped in martial arts. The method of practicing with iron balls had been passed down by her martial artist relatives. It was a technique only a few martial artists used to refine their control over their punches, demanding precise mastery of their strength.

It was a highly advanced training technique, and Leander, with his scholarly appearance and no obvious connection to martial arts, shouldn't have known about it. But Leander didn't bother to answer her question, merely smiling and shaking his head as he walked

away. "What's his problem? I grudgingly apologized, and he really thinks he's something special, acting all high and mighty!" Ivy grumbled as she watched Leander walk away. "Dad, I'm going after him!

He needs to learn what happens when someone disrespects the Halloways!" Unable to contain her frustration, she was ready to chase after him and teach him a lesson. But before she could move, a strong, broad hand settled on her shoulder, holding her in place. "Dad..." Ivy turned back, a touch of frustration in her voice. "Ivy, how many times do I have to tell you that you need to change your attitude?" The middle-aged man withdrew his hand, his expression serious.

"Just because you've learned the family's techniques and developed inner strength, and because our family has your back, doesn't mean you can act recklessly and disregard others. The world is full of hidden talents, and with that attitude, you're bound to run into trouble." Ivy, however, didn't take her father's words to heart, dismissing them with a shrug. "Hidden talents? Dad, look at that guy-does he look like anything special? He's just some weakling. Why should I care about him?" Her father didn't argue with her this time.

He had only stopped her because he wanted her to learn some humility and avoid unnecessary trouble. As for Leander, with his light steps and casual demeanor, he didn't seem like a martial artist at all. If not for the near-miss earlier, the man wouldn't have given Leander a second thought. Given his status, even the most promising young talents in Mornwick wouldn't catch his eye, let alone a seemingly insignificant boy like Leander. Leander spent the rest of the evening wandering through the bustling city, enjoying the sense of rediscovery that came with returning to urban life.

After years spent either in deep mountains or perilous situations, being back in the city brought a refreshing change. His stroll lasted until well past 11 p.m. when the streets had mostly emptied. As he passed a quiet alley, the scent of food wafted through the air from a small late-night food stall at the end of the street. With nothing better to do, Leander sat down at the stall and ordered a bowl of spicy chili, savoring each bite. Not long after he sat down, two other people arrived, coincidentally the same father and daughter he had encountered earlier.

The middle-aged man nodded at Leander with a polite smile before sitting at a nearby table, but Ivy rolled her eyes, clearly uninterested in acknowledging him. Ugh, I can't seem to avoid this guy-what bad luck! Leander continued to enjoy his meal, seemingly oblivious to the father and daughter's presence. Ivy, having trained all night, was famished and began eating ravenously as soon as her food arrived while her father smiled at her from across the table. Nearby, a construction site was still active despite the late hour, with workers continuing their tasks.

As Ivy was finishing her meal, her father stood up and walked to a nearby store to buy some energy drinks. He had only taken about a hundred steps when a loud crash echoed through the street. Startled, the man looked up to see that the crane at the

construction site had snapped, and a massive steel beam was plummeting straight down toward where Ivy was sitting. "Ivy!" the man screamed, his eyes wide with horror. Though he was quite powerful, he was still a hundred yards away from Ivy, and the falling steel beam was as fast as a runaway horse. He knew he wouldn't reach Ivy in time to save her.

Ivy also realized the danger. She tried to move out of the way, but after squatting in a horse stance for six hours and practicing with the iron ball, her body was exhausted. Her reflexes couldn't keep up, and she could only watch helplessly as the massive beams descended upon her. "No!" she screamed in despair, closing her eyes as she braced for the impact. Sigh. A soft sigh reached her ears, and she felt a gust of wind rush past her. After what felt like an eternity, the expected weight never came crashing down. Cautiously, she opened her eyes and was stunned by what she saw.

Standing beside her was Leander, his figure calm and composed. With one fair, slender hand, he caught the massive steel beam, holding it effortlessly in mid-air. A hundred yards away, the middle-aged man was equally shocked, his voice trembling as he spoke. "To be so graceful and yet so powerful, lifting tons as if they were nothing-this boy must be a Martial Sovereign!"