

From Outcast to Overlord: The Unyielding Heir Novel

Chapter 291 The Man Behind the Title The midday sun was merciless , but no one dared to shift a muscle . The entire Southern Wyvern Blade squad stood ramrod straight on the training field , sweat dripping down their backs , breaths shallow , still dazed by what they had seen . Boomer gritted his teeth , his heart still racing . " What the hell was I thinking , trying to challenge someone like Chief Ashcroft ? I must've been dropped on my head as a kid . " Vane laughed next to him , shaking her head . " Seriously . I still can't believe it .

Just imagine your face if he actually took you up on that fight . " Even now , the memory of that strike had their stomachs doing flips . The shock hadn't worn off . Brute chimed in , half joking , " Think about it . General Leon has ruled over the Crestgate Military District for over a decade . You think a guy like that would hire some random nobody as our instructor ? No chance . We were way out of line earlier ... and I've got a bad feeling training's about to get brutal . " Boomer gave a wry snort , his eyes gleaming . " Let it be .

If it means getting even a tenth of Chief Ashcroft's strength , I'd crawl through broken glass . The Northern Wyvern Blade boys better start running . " No one argued . No one cared how tough things would get . They had seen what real power looked like . Leander didn't just raise the bar - he kicked it into orbit . This was the kind of strength

they'd all dreamed of chasing . Vane glanced at Skyler . " Now I get why you've been moping around .

If I saw a guy like him show up as my competition , I'd probably pack my bags and go home too ." Skyler clenched his jaw , swallowing the bitter taste of reality . He wanted to argue , but couldn't . Deep down , fear sat heavy in his chest . That palm strike ? It rewrote everything he thought he knew about strength . Still , one thing kept bugging him . He turned to Torre . " Captain , I get that Chief Ashcroft is a big deal . He's got Jeff Enterprises , took Mornwick by storm ... but why was Chief Hooper so terrified just now ? Like ... knees- buckling , begging - for - his - life scared .

What does he know that we don't ? " The squad fell quiet , their curiosity suddenly sharper than before . They'd all been too caught up in their own panic to notice Larry's reaction . Now , the image of him dropping to one knee replayed in everyone's mind . Torre raised a brow . " You didn't catch what he called him ? " 1/4 14:12 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 291 The Man Behind the Title Boomer frowned . " Wait , what's that supposed to mean ? You know Chief Ashcroft ? " 62 Finished Torre nodded . " Most of you just started tapping into inner strength a few months back .

So , you're not really ' martial world ' folk yet . I've been in this game a while . Picked up things here and there . " He took a breath , voice dropping like he was about to spill a secret . " In Astria , Martial Sovereigns sit at the top . Once you hit that level , you're a king among men . No one stands above you . " Everyone nodded . That was common knowledge - even rookies like them knew that . Torre continued , " There's a ranking list

- Astria Power Index . It ranks the top fifteen Martial Sovereigns across the whole country . Updates every twenty - five years .

" That got a reaction . Eyes widened . Brows lifted . No one dared speak , but the thought was the same across the board . Hitting Martial Sovereign and making that list ? That's the big one . Every drop of blood , sweat , and bone- grinding training , just to get a shot at that kind of recognition . Boomer scratched the back of his neck . " So ... Chief Ashcroft's on it ? " Torre smirked . " After what you saw earlier ? Of course he is . No doubt in my mind ." He paused for effect , then dropped another name . " And you remember Maximilian Morgan- Royce , right ?

Our Chief Instructor from a decade ago ? He's a Martial Sovereign and third on the Astria Power Index . " That name hit hard . Maximilian was more than just a legend . He was the reason the Southern Wyvern Blade once dominated . A Highcliffe prodigy . The man who trained half the current military elite . Under his watch , they crushed the Northern Wyvern Blade five years straight . Then he vanished - retired to run the family in Seagate . Not even Darrow's personal visits could lure him back . So , when Torre said he was ranked third ? Everyone nodded . It checked out .

Torre wasn't finished . " Now remember who led Northern Wyvern Blade in the last Wyvern Cup ? " He didn't wait for a reply . " Gareth Ashcroft . Patriarch of the Ashcroft family from Highcliffe . He's also a Martial Sovereign . Ranked second , one spot above Maximilian . That's why we got wrecked last time . 2/4 14:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 291 The Man Behind the Title We weren't just unlucky . They had a monster on their side . "

It clicked instantly . Finished Larry Hooper had been their Chief Instructor - an Elite Grandmaster at best . Talented , sure , but nowhere near a Martial Sovereign .

He was outmatched before the fight even started . Looking back , their crushing defeats didn't seem so one - sided anymore . They were just outclassed . Skyler blinked . "

Captain ... so where does Chief Ashcroft actually rank on the Astria Power Index ? " All eyes swung to Torre . No one expected a jaw - dropping answer . Just the fact that Leander had made it onto the Astria Power Index while still in his twenties was already unreal . Most of them figured he ranked somewhere below Gareth or Maximilian , which was still miles beyond anyone they'd ever trained under .

As long as his name was on that list , that alone meant they were in for the kind of training Larry couldn't even dream of delivering . Maybe , just maybe , when the next Wyvern Cup rolled around , they wouldn't go down like a joke again . They'd go down swinging or , better yet , win . Torre stepped forward , turned his back for a beat , then spun around to face the squad . He stood tall , chest out , every inch of him locked in . There was a grin on his face , but in his eyes ? Fire . Blazing , hungry , and itching for payback . " I didn't just tell you all that for fun .

I told you because we've got a real shot at crushing the Northern Wyvern Blade in the next Wyvern Cup ." The squad blinked , stunned . Torre added , " You all know who's leading Northern Wyvern Blade - Gareth Ashcroft . Head of the Ashcroft family from Highcliffe . Ranked number two on the Astria Power Index ." He leaned in slightly , voice steady . " Well , our Chief ? He's number one . Name's Jeff Ashcroft . Or , as the whole

martial world calls him - the Iron Sovereign ." Boom . Just like that , the squad exploded into a thousand thoughts .

Chapter 292 The Technique That Eats Everything The sun was still blazing , but no one was sweating it anymore - not because they weren't hot . but because they were too stunned to feel it . " Wait ... number one ? " someone whispered , voice barely holding it together . The whole squad stood there , jaws slack , brains short - circuited . The name Leander Ashcroft was now echoing in their heads louder than ever . Maximilian , Gareth ... Those guys were already walking legends . Ranked third and second on the Astria Power Index ? Yeah , no surprises there .

They had braced themselves to hear that Leander was maybe in the top ten . Instead ? He wasn't just on the list . He was sitting at the top , above Maximilian and Gareth . Boomer blinked hard . " Captain , you serious right now ? " Torre raised an eyebrow . " What , you think I'm cracking jokes ? " He smirked . " Weren't you listening earlier ? Chief Hooper called him ' Sovereign . " That hit like a slap . Now that they thought about it , Larry had literally dropped to his knees . Guy looked like he'd seen a ghost and was ready to write his last will . Torre crossed his arms .

" Chief Hooper is strong , sure . But up against a Martial Sovereign ? Especially the Iron Sovereign ? He wouldn't even try . He'd get flattened . Why else do you think he dropped to his knees looking like he saw a ghost ? " The mood shifted in an instant . Silence shattered . Then the yelling started . " Holy hell , we actually lucked out ! " Boomer forgot all about standing at attention - he was practically bouncing , fists in the

air like he'd just won the lottery . " Northern Wyvern Blade always walking around like they're royalty , right ?

Just because they've got number two training them . Well , guess what ? We've got number one . This next Wyvern Cup ? I'm going to stomp those arrogant clowns into the dirt . " Brute cracked his knuckles , grinning ear to ear . " D * mn right ! With Chief Ashcroft leading the charge , we're taking them down . Six - zero , no less . I don't want a win - I want a clean sweep . We're going to wipe the floor with those guys .

" 1/5 14:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 292 The Technique That Eats Everything 162
Finished Torre didn't say anything at first , just stood there watching them lose their minds . Inside , though , he was buzzing too . Man ... never thought General Leon and the other big shots would actually go this far . Bringing in Jeff freaking Ashcroft ? That's not just serious - that's full - on war mode . This time , we're gunning for the top . Southern Wyvern Blade's done playing backup . We're going to take center stage . Someone in the crowd shouted , " Captain ! Come on , tell us more !

What else has Chief Ashcroft done ? " The floodgates opened . Torre didn't hold back . One story led to the next - each more outrageous than the last . Meanwhile , Skyler stood frozen as Torre's words kept coming . Every story hit like a gut punch . At Mount Lurvale platform , he dropped Mason from the Tarlyn Guild with one punch . Just one . Glidewing Mountain - Grayson didn't last a minute . Even the Sword Master of Jesund got tossed like scrap . Then there was West Listin : seven Martial Sovereign arbitrators , one Transcendent ... all swept aside like they were nothing .

Leander walked away without a scratch . Ravenridge ? He tore the whole Umbral World apart , forcing the Lord of Umbral to show up in person and apologize . Skyler couldn't breathe . What the hell am I even doing here ? Every story felt like another nail driven into his confidence . He used to think getting selected into the Southern Wyvern Blade made him something special . Maybe he'd finally caught up . Maybe if he kept grinding , he'd have a shot at overtaking Leander someday . Now ? That dream was in shambles . This was no longer a small gap . It was a chasm , a galaxy .

They weren't even playing the same game . He looked around . His teammates were practically glowing with awe . Leander was a legend now , not just a man . Skyler exhaled sharply and dropped into a crouch , arms resting on his knees . " Yvette ... you were right ." 2/5 14 13 Wed , Oct 15 4 The Yartelique that Eated very There was no bitterness left in his voice - just clarity and acceptance . He stopped chasing . 必 零 Leander was already dancing among the stars while he was still scrambling up foothills .

Even if he climbed to the peak of his own mountain , Leander would be somewhere far beyond , breaking through the sky itself . Skyler closed his eyes and gave a weak smile . There's no shame in standing at the base and admiring someone who's born to fly . That quiet moment didn't last . Leander's voice sliced through the air like a whip . " Is this what I asked you to do ? Stand and gossip ? " The whole squad snapped up straight as if a jolt of lightning had struck them . Leander was already there - arms crossed , gaze calm and unreadable , a roll of papers tucked under one arm .

" Chief Ashcroft ! " they called out , voices sharp . " Another hour , " he stated coolly . " Since you all look so relaxed ." No yelling . No scolding . Just stone - cold authority . He

walked forward , still calm . " I've put together personalized training plans for each of you . Based on your body type , fighting style , everything ." He raised the roll of papers slightly . " These are yours ." " Brute . " A sheet peeled off and floated through the air , landing neatly in Brute's hands . Mouths dropped . Leander didn't even blink . " Vane . " " Torre . " " Boomer .

" One by one , the papers danced through the air , guided by nothing but Leander's presence . 3/5 14:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 292 The Technique That Eats Everything 经 Finished Then- " Skyler . " The last sheet floated toward him . Skyler looked up , hoping - maybe - for a glance , a nod , something . Leander didn't even look his way , acting like he were any other face in the squad . It hurt more than any punch . Skyler's throat tightened as he thought , He doesn't see me , neither as a rival nor as a threat - just another rookie among the crowd . That realization stung worse than defeat .

He then looked down at his paper . His hands stopped moving . The sheet was packed with notes on his stance , his habits , weaknesses , and strengths . Everything lay bare , as if Leander had studied him for years . Skyler wasn't the only one frozen . Everyone stood staring at their own sheets in awe . They were all thinking the same thing . We just met him - barely thirty minutes . Maybe said a few words . Yet he's already got us figured out . Every stance . Every habit . Every flaw . This isn't a Chief Instructor doing his job .

This is someone playing chess while the rest of them were still learning how to move the pieces . Chief Ashcroft is definitely a legend - no doubt about it . Leander stepped forward again . " Those are your personal roadmaps . But now , I'll teach you something

you'll all share . " He raised his hand . " I built this myself - a breathing method that works no matter your path . Whether you use inner strength , magic , or some rare talent ... this will push it further . " From across the field , a massive scroll came rolling in like it had a mind of its own .

Ten feet wide , glowing symbols floating off it like fireflies . He pointed toward the scroll . " Starting tomorrow , you'll meditate every dawn . Follow every breath , lock in every rhythm , and 4/5 14:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 202 The Technique That Eats Everything make it muscle memory . " He let the silence settle for a beat . " I call it ... the Devourer's Flow . " 零四 Finishan Send Gifts 1 60

Chapter 293 Ashes Beneath the Flow " Devourer's Flow ? Seriously ? " That name hit like a bolt of lightning . Everyone froze . 零 團 Finister Until now , their training under Larry had been all muscle and grind - basic routines , repeated endlessly , building raw strength brick by brick . Then Leander waltzed in and , without so much as a drumroll , dropped a full - on strength cultivation technique on their laps , just like that . In the martial world , this kind of technique was the crown jewel of any sect .

Everyone would guard it like it was sacred , but Leander tossed it out as if he were handing out candy . The squad stared at him , their admiration rising by the second . A few of them couldn't resist . They sat down right then and there , followed the blueprint , and started channeling their strength . The effect was ... immediate . Even after just half a cycle , their energy was flowing twice as fast as it usually did . It felt cleaner , too . No murkiness , no resistance - just pure , focused power coursing through them . It made their eyes light up .

Some even looked like they'd just been hit with a shot of clarity . Everyone wondered , Who is this guy ? Leander watched from the side , hands behind his back , lips tugging into a small , knowing smile . He had already prepared the notes for Devourer's Flow before arriving . This wasn't some last- minute idea . It was the toned - down version of something way more intense - The Devourer's Ninefold Path . That one ? Yeah ... total beast . Most people wouldn't last a second with it . He knew that better than anyone . The original method chewed through your insides like a storm .

No ordinary body could handle the punishment . It didn't just test your endurance - it flat - out tore you apart . He only made it through that nightmare by sheer grit , crawling back from the edge of death more times than he could count . It nearly broke him . Actually , it did break him . His martial power ? Gone . His body ? No longer anything close to normal . Whatever he had been physically had been burned away in the process . What came out the other side wasn't the same man . Stronger , sure , but definitely not human in the usual sense .

1/5 14 13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 297 Ashes Reheath the Flow 2 The Devourer's Ninefold Path wasn't just a technique - it was born from desperation . A wild shot in the dark that somehow landed . It worked , but only for him . Anyone else who tried it would just end up scorched from the inside out . So , he went back to the drawing board , taking the best parts - the way energy rebuilt itself , the unique rhythm of recovery - and softened the edges . He adjusted the intensity and removed the elements that could break bones or overwhelm martial power .

What came out the other side was Devourer's Flow - refined , deadly , and finally usable by someone other than him . Even watered down , it was worth more than gold to any clan or martial family . He gave it away not for glory , but because these soldiers needed to grow fast .

They had a month . That was it . Within four weeks , he'd be walking back through the gates of the Ashcroft Residence in Highcliffe . Not as a disgraced heir looking for redemption , but walking in like he had never lost his position in the first place . Leona stood a little way off , watching him closely .

" That's Jeff Ashcroft ? The villain my guild has been hunting for months ? " She couldn't believe it . She had joined the military at eighteen , climbed ranks fast , and got pulled into the Southern Wyvern Blade to help with logistics . Darrow had seen her potential early . What he didn't know was that she had another identity . She was a Tarlyn . The news of Mason's death had hit her hard nine months ago . Her second uncle had been everything to the family . She thought her father , Tristan , would rise up , take revenge , and lead the charge . Instead , they pulled back .

She couldn't believe it at first . Then she learned why . The man they hated had climbed straight to the top of the Astria Power Index . Jeff Ashcroft wasn't just a threat - he was untouchable . She hated that feeling of helplessness and watching the guild fold without a fight . 215 14:13 Wed , Oct 15 a 61 Chapter 203 Ashes Beneath the Flow Finished Even now , watching Leander calmly instruct soldiers like some war - hardened sage , she wanted to hate him . She should hate him . Yet , he didn't act like the monster she imagined . He didn't sneer or boast .

He just trained people as if their future depended on it . She walked over , quietly slipping into her assistant role . Standing this close , watching the way he moved - calm , precise , completely in control - it was getting harder to hold onto the image she'd built in her head . She thought , This is the guy we feared all this time ? He doesn't look anything like the villain I pictured . " From the Tarlyn Guild , huh ? " Leander's voice broke through her thoughts . Her heart skipped .

" How'd you know ? " He gave a gentle chuckle . " The technique you use is just like Mason Tarlyn's .

It's not exactly subtle . " Then he glanced sideways at her . " I'm just surprised someone from the Tarlyn Guild is serving in the military . " His tone shifted , eyes sharpening . " I killed Mason at Mount Lurvale . Since then , your family's had it out for me . You might be in uniform , but you're still a Tarlyn . I'm sure you've got your own reasons to hate me . " " You're my assistant now . You're handling my logistics . That means I need your head in the game . If personal feelings are going to get in the way , I'll have General Leon transfer you elsewhere .

Don't force yourself to play nice just for show . " Leona's jaw tightened , a flicker of irritation in her eyes . " Chief Ashcroft , don't question my professionalism , " she snapped . " I know how to separate my duty from personal stuff . " I've got a job to do , and I plan to do it well . Besides , I'm a soldier before anything else . Being a Tarlyn doesn't change that . So don't talk to me like I'm some ticking time bomb . " Leander nodded slightly . " Fair enough . " He turned back to the squad like the conversation had never happened . Leona's fists curled at her sides .

One part of her wanted to yell at him . The other ? Couldn't help but respect the hell out of him . She let out a low mutter under her breath , " He's so d * mn infuriating . " 3/5 14.13 Wed , Oct 15 194 Chapter 93 Ashes Beneath the Flow Finished Down below , at the base of Mount Lurvale , a faint shadow drifted through the mist . A figure in white robes moved like smoke , silent and fluid . He looked ancient , hair like snow , robe fluttering as he scaled the cliff face without a sound .

Each step carried him dozens of feet upward , tapping lightly from ledge to ledge until he stood at the summit . The winds howled . Clouds wrapped the peak like a crown . Yet his robe didn't so

much as ruffle . " Forty years , " he murmured , eyes scanning the view . " Didn't think I'd ever return here ." With a sigh , he vanished . High atop the mountain inside the Tarlyn Residence , Tristan sat cross - legged on a stone bed , steadying his newly awakened Martial Sovereign realm . His aura pulsed , deep and rooted . Next to him stood Olivia , calm and focused .

Her aura flickered between soft glows and fades as her cultivation steadily rose . After a long silence , Tristan finally opened his eyes . He let out a slow breath through his nose , releasing the stale energy he'd been holding in . " Dad , " Olivia said gently , handing him water . He took a slow sip , wiped his lips , and smiled faintly . Besides , there was a sharp gleam in his eyes - renewed and confident . " I've made good progress . My inner strength is steady and full . Later this week , you're coming with me to Fellridge Highland . I want to test myself against Serik Darnor .

A real spar might be exactly what I need to break through again . " His energy had already reached its peak . The only way forward now was to fight someone strong enough to shake the foundation . Olivia nodded , then paused as her expression shifted . Her voice lowered slightly , hesitant . " Leona called earlier . The new Chief Instructor of the Southern Wyvern Blade has officially taken over . " She glanced at him . " It's ... Jeff Ashcroft . " " What ?! " Tristan's eyes narrowed instantly .

4/5 14:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter : 2003 Ashes Briveath the Flow Finished It took him a moment to respond . " Darrow really pulled out all the stops . To get Ashcroft on board ... impressive . " He paused , then gave an order . " Tell Leona to treat him with absolute respect . I don't want anyone provoking him - not even your Uncle Larry . " His tone grew heavier . " Mason already crossed that line once , and we saw how that ended .

We can't afford to repeat it . Not with him . " Olivia nodded . She already knew how dangerous Leander was .

The Tarlyn Guild had thrown everything at him and still failed . She turned to leave , then froze . A voice , calm yet sharp , echoed through the chamber . " Who said the Tarlyn Guild fears anyone ? " Both Tristan and Olivia tensed on instinct . One was a Martial Sovereign , the other just half a step away - yet neither of them could tell where the voice had come from . Worse still , they hadn't sensed a single thing approaching . Tristan shot to his feet , energy surging around him as his eyes swept the room , searching for the source .

Then , in the span of a breath , a figure appeared - white robes , long silver hair , and a presence that felt ancient . His gaze was calm , his voice cold . " Forty years gone ... and I come back to find the once - mighty Tarlyn Guild trembling inside its own home . " He looked Tristan over with quiet disappointment , slowly shaking his head . " Tristan , you've really let me down . " Tristan's heart dropped . He stared in disbelief , voice dry and shaking . " Great - grandpa ? " Send Gifts " 60

Chapter 294 Vengeance Runs in the Blood Great - grandpa ... is that really you ? " 日 零

Tristan froze . The calm , composed Martial Sovereign of the Tarlyn Guild looked like the ground had just disappeared under his feet . His voice cracked , eyes wide in disbelief . Olivia blinked , confused . She had no idea what was going on . After her grandfather's death , the only elders in the Guild were from his generation - men her

father always referred to as uncles . Not once had she heard him use the word " grandpa ." So , who was this man ?

" Forty years , Tristan , " the old man spoke as he gently stroked his beard , voice flat and distant . " Didn't think you'd remember me after all this time . " " Great - grandpa , it's really you ?! " Tristan's voice wavered . For a man who never flinched in battle , he looked like his world had just tilted sideways . His knees nearly buckled . Without a second thought , he stepped forward and dropped into a deep bow , right in front of Olivia . He grabbed her arm , pulling her down beside him . " Tristan ... pays his respects . " His voice was low , almost shaky .

Then he glanced at her , eyes sharp with urgency . " This is my great - grandpa . Olivia , show your respect . " Still stunned , Olivia dropped into a bow , though her mind was spinning . Her father - a Martial Sovereign - was kneeling without hesitation . That alone told her all she needed to know , Whoever this man was , he wasn't just a relic from the past . He was the relic . " Get up , " the old man ordered . His voice didn't really match his age - didn't sound old , didn't sound young . It had a strange , timeless quality to it , as if it had been echoing through the decades .

Tristan stood slowly , eyes still shining with emotion . " Great - grandpa , after you vanished from the Tarlyn Guild all those years ago , Grandpa and Father tried everything to find you . We thought ... " His words stalled in his throat . 1/5 14:13 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 204 Vengeaner Runs in the Blood AG Finished The old man cracked a thin smile . " What ? You figured I was dead ? " He clapped a hand on Tristan's

shoulder , then turned his gaze to Olivia . His eyes narrowed slightly , sharp as blades .
The second he looked at her , Olivia felt like her soul had been peeled open .

Her thoughts , her cultivation , her flaws - everything felt exposed . Even her father's pressure never felt this overwhelming . " Impressive , " the old man suddenly laughed . " So young , already knocking on the door of half - Sovereign . If she's nurtured right , the Tarlyn Guild might see its prime again in fifty years . Maybe even produce another one who reaches the Transcendent Realm . " That made Tristan's brow twitch . His gaze sharpened . " Great - grandpa ... are you saying you've ... ? " The old man didn't respond .

He just turned around and lowered himself into the chair beside the stone bed - calm , deliberate , like the whole place still belonged to him . " I heard what you were saying just now , " he said , settling in . " Someone the Tarlyn Guild can't afford to mess with , is that it ? " His gaze locked onto Tristan - sharp , unreadable . There was no warmth in it . Tristan's head dipped in shame . " It's my failing , Great - grandpa . I've let things slip too far . If I've embarrassed the Tarlyn Guild , I'll take whatever punishment you think I deserve .

" The guilt had been eating at him for years . Leander had killed his own brother , and not once had he dared retaliate . Even now , knowing where the man was , he was sending his own daughter and brother - in - law to play nice with him . For a clan that once ruled Stonebrae with absolute dominance in Mornwick , this was humiliation . Still ,

what could he do ? Leander's strength wasn't something you could challenge . He wasn't just stronger . He was untouchable . Pushing back would mean risking the entire Tarlyn Guild .

The old man responded calmly , " Tristan , there aren't ten people in all of Astria who can outmatch you right now . You're telling me you're too scared to fight ? " His tone didn't rise . His body didn't move . 2/5 14:14 Wed , Oct 15 Chanter 204 Vengrance Runs in the blood Yet the room suddenly felt heavier . 2 Finished Tristan sighed , voice low . " It's not about fear . It's about reality . The man we're talking about he's on another level . " He laid it all out - Mason's death , the fallout with Leander , the weight of the title Iron Sovereign . The old man raised an eyebrow .

" Jeff Ashcroft ? You mean the kid who sits at the top of the Astria Power Index ? " Tristan nodded . " So , it's him ." The old man's eyes glinted , the name clearly familiar . " I've spent years wandering the peaks , chasing realms beyond the Sovereign path . I've ignored worldly affairs for decades ... yet even I've heard his name . " " Jeff Ashcroft . The kid who tore through half of Astria's Sovereigns and climbed straight to the top of the power index . That kind of feat ? It hasn't happened in centuries .

" He paused , then added with a hint of admiration , " Even back in my prime , I wasn't on his level . He's the real deal - a living legend . You're right ... You're nowhere near strong enough to take him on . " His words sounded like praise , but there wasn't an ounce of awe in them . It felt more like he was sizing up a promising junior - gifted , no doubt - but still just a junior in his eyes . Tristan lowered his head , jaw tight with frustration . Now over fifty , he was a leader and a Martial Sovereign .

Yet he still had to bow to a man in his twenties just to keep the Tarlyn Guild alive . In front of his ancestors , he felt like a joke . Olivia stayed silent , eyes bouncing between the two . She still didn't know who this man was or why he held such weight in her father's eyes . The silence dragged on for a while . The old man tapped the armrest with his knuckles . Then he stood , turning his back to them as he slowly walked toward the door and asked , " Tristan , do you even understand how the Tarlyn Guild once ruled Mornwick and Stonebrae with an iron grip ?

" Tristan stood behind him , puzzled . He wasn't sure where this was going , so he said nothing . " My father left Highcliffe when the kingdom of Orenthall was on its last legs , " the old man 3/5 14:14 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 204 Vengeance Runs in the Blood finished continued , his voice calm , tone drifting like smoke . " He came to Stonebrae - a land in chaos , torn apart by warlords and splintered clans . " " In under a year , he brought them all to their knees . No politics , no schemes - just fists . That's how the Tarlyn Guild was built . " " We held that seat for over a century .

No one dared challenge us . Every generation , we produced giants . " He paused for a beat . " Then your father's generation came along . " Tristan's hands balled into fists , his face full of shame . " You want to know why you and your father failed ? " the old man asked , voice turning cold . " It's because you forgot how we got here . " " It all started with my father , then my grandfather , and even I - each of us trained hard , building our strength with our own hands . It's about actual martial skill , not just tricks .

" " Yet , your father turned the Tarlyn Guild into a den of poison masters and hidden weapons . You let them mock us with words like ' crafty ' and ' dishonorable . ' You

leaned into it . Wore it like a badge . " The words landed like hammer blows . Tristan opened his mouth , but no words came . Then the air shifted . Without warning , the old man's aura exploded outward . Tristan , a full - fledged Martial Sovereign , stumbled back several steps just to stay standing . Olivia didn't even get that far - she was thrown to the wall by the sheer pressure .

They barely had time to recover before the old man raised his right hand and threw a punch into the forest . Boom . The world shook . Wind roared , trees shattered , and leaves flew like ash in a storm . A chunk of forest , maybe 60 feet wide , got flattened like it had been crushed under an invisible mountain . Tristan and Olivia stared in disbelief . That punch didn't just hit hard . It tore through the forest like a divine judgment .

4/5 14.14 Wed , Oct 15 Chapter 244 Vengeance Runs in the Blood ๗๕ Finished Dristan , even as a Martial Sovereign , could barely bring down a few trees with a full - powered strike . Yet this old man had wiped out a whole stretch of forest with a single blow . The same question echoed in both their minds : What kind of strength is this ? Before either of them could speak , the old man's voice cut through the silence . " Find Jeff . The name of the Tarlyn Guild won't stay buried under his shadow . I , Tristan Tarlyn , will take it back -with my own hands . " Send Gifts 。 60