

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 549[1,140 words]

"That's... a homing missile?"

Leander felt it the instant his spiritual strength dipped.

A spike of danger stabbed through his senses.

He barely managed to pivot and slip a half-step aside before a black blur ripped past his flank, missing him by inches.

The thing was moving at an insane pace-three, maybe four times the speed of sound-pure supersonic terror.

As it screamed by, its shape burned into his vision.

A missile.

One meant to turn everything within dozens of yards into scrap.

Even his spiritual strength couldn't lock onto it in time. If he hadn't trusted that first warning and forced his body into a burst far beyond its limits, he would already be dead.

Devourer Form or not, Leander knew better than to think he could take a weapon like that head-on.

The rocket he had blocked earlier was a toy by comparison—maybe a tiny fraction of this thing's punch, if that.

Not even close.

A clean hit... and I'm finished.

The thought settled cold in his chest as the roars of its passage still shook the air. "A homing missile? How can that be?"

Far below, Torre and the rest saw only a faint slit in the air, a blur streaking past Leander too fast for the eye to follow.

They were special operations soldiers. They knew weapons.

That was no gunship rocket.

It was a cruise homing missile, and something like that would never be mounted on an AH-1 Cobra attack helicopter. Only fighter jets—assets controlled by major military powers could deploy a weapon of that class.

"They've brought in fighters, too?" someone whispered. "What kind of superpower is this desperate to take out our chief instructor?"

Skyler and the others stood numb, shock washing over their faces as the weight of it finally sank in.

They had started with armored columns and heavy vehicles. When that failed, AH-1 Cobra attack helicopters followed. Now, even fighter jets had been thrown into the hunt.

It was beyond extreme.

Leander was no longer regarded as a person. In their view, he had transformed into a hostile entity, a tangible danger requiring a complete military crackdown. What they employed now wasn't traditional combat but rather intense suppression—a barrage of fire designed to block all routes and eliminate him without mercy.

Whooooosh!

The missile shot forward for several hundred yards—then snapped around in a brutal arc, engines flaring as it locked back onto Leander.

This was the nightmare of it.

A homing missile earned its name because once computers and radar locked onto a target, it would hunt without mercy. The weapon carved across the sky, dragging a long plume of smoke behind it, like a steel spike being driven straight through the clouds—its tip aimed at Leander's chest, and that spike carried a warhead. One warhead was powerful enough to tear a 300-foot building clean in half.

The moment the missile swung back toward him, Leander reacted.

No pause.

He dropped.

His body plunged nearly 300 feet from the sky in a heartbeat.

The missile shot past his head, missing by just inches. It then sharply turned again, engines blazing as it continued its pursuit.

Leander slammed into the ground.

Boom!

His foot slammed down, causing the earth to cave inward and create a nearly 100- foot-wide pit. Before dust could rise, he moved on once more.

The ground burst.

His body surged forward like a cannonball, tearing through the desert while the missile roared behind him, relentless and fixed on its target.

Leander could drive his body to two, even three times the speed of sound—but only

in bursts. It was intense, explosive surges that his flesh could trigger momentarily, rather than a sustained pace he could hold.

The missile had no such limit.

It ran on pure kinetic force, built to maintain full speed for a solid twenty minutes without fading.

If the chase dragged on, the ending was already written.

Less than thirty seconds later, the missile closed the gap. It roared in from behind so close that its heat washed over Leander's back, ready to smash down on him from above.

Then he did the unthinkable.

He stopped.

From full supersonic sprint to absolute stillness in a heartbeat.

It was like slamming the brakes on a bullet train. The recoil alone could liquefy organs and shatter bones. Even Infernal Crown Transcendents or ordinary King Phase masters-would never dare attempt something so insane.

Leander survived only because Devourer Form had remade his body into something closer to living steel.

The instant he halted, he stamped forward with dust kicking up beneath his foot and then snapped back like a coiled spring.

At that same moment, the missile plunged into the crater he had left behind.

Boom!

A fierce fireball erupted, with sparks and sand flying upward as a dense mushroom

of flame spread across dozens of yards. Leander tore away along the edge of the

shockwave, wind howling around him as he cleared the blast zone.

The missile was gone.

Still, Leander did not smile.

His gaze only darkened.

He knew that was just the first move.

High beyond his sight, at least ten supersonic fighter jets—some three to four miles out—already had him locked in their sights.

The hunt was far from over.

Those supersonic fighter jets

dwarfed the AH-1 Cobra attack helicopters, in every way. They flew at more than twice the speed, and

the cruise homing missiles they carried delivered firepower on an entirely different scale—hundreds of times deadlier.

What made them truly terrifying was that they never had to come close.

From three to four miles out, radar alone was enough to tag Leander's position. Once locked, they could fire and let the missiles do the rest.

That was the trap.

He would not even know where his enemies were.

Before he could spot a single jet, the sky started raining missiles relentlessly, leaving no chance to escape.

They could kill him without ever letting him see them.

That was what weighed on Leander now—not the missile he had just dodged, but the invisible hunters waiting beyond his reach.

Leander's spiritual strength

cultivation had already stepped into the Origin Realm. At his peak, his spiritual strength could spread far enough to cover an entire small city. Yet the earlier use of Windchaser Arrows had drained him brutally, burning through nearly two-thirds of his spiritual strength.

Now, his perception barely reached two miles.

The fighters were waiting beyond three to four miles.

That gap changed everything.

They could find him with radar and hammer his position with tracking missiles

whenever they pleased. Leander, meanwhile, had no way to return fire—no eyes on them, no path to strike.

He wasn't facing opponents anymore.

He was trapped inside their kill zone.

Whoosh!

As he anticipated, the skies parted once more. A piercing, ripping noise echoed from beyond the clouds, and three faint streaks surged across the sky so quickly they

were almost imperceptible.

They vanished for a heartbeat, then dove straight at him.

Leander's eyes sharpened, a cold

gleam flickering within. He hadn't expected the enemy to deploy such

significant elite firepower solely to eliminate him. What they were

unleashing now was the deadliest

anti-air force this world could

produce.

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Three cruise homing missiles cut through the sky, their paths locked firmly onto his

position.

This time, there was no more waiting.

Leander finally made his move.

**From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding
Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 550[
1,099 words]**

Three white trails ripped open the clouds.

Cruise missiles screamed downward, smoke tails carving straight lines toward Leander.

His gaze hardened.

"So this is how you play it," he muttered. "Then I'll turn those ten supersonic fighter jets into your warning—and make sure you remember what it means to provoke Jeff Ashcroft."

Leander had already steeled himself.

Even if it meant staking everything, he would carve a warning in blood for whoever thought they could hunt him.

However, resolve alone wasn't enough.

They move at over 600 miles an hour. I can burst faster briefly, but that's only for a moment. I can't keep up by chasing them like that.

Plus, their range is worse. Three, maybe four miles out. They can hit me without ever showing their faces. Even a Dragonfire spear won't reach that far. Two miles and it's already losing power. After that? Might as well be throwing air.

Which means there's only one real option left.

Windchaser Arrows.

Still, that thing eats energy. I've got to lock onto them first... and I need at least half my spiritual strength to fire another round.

What do I have right now?

Not even a third.

Not enough to strike.

Not enough to even find them.

That's the trap.

The entire analysis flashed through his mind in a heartbeat.

His body never slowed.

While tracking the diving homing missile, Leander was already moving, adjusting his position and getting ready for what might happen next.

Three cruise homing missiles were pursuing him when he suddenly changed course, spun in midair, and dashed toward the ruins of the town ahead.

The area had once served as Torre's refuge, a spot to hide and buy time. Now, Leander charged into it too, his silhouette quickly engulfed by the shattered streets.

"What?"

Up in the cockpits, the fighter pilots all went still.

"What? He can't outrun radar."

They crowded around the radar console, staring as if their eyes might force the answer out of it.

A moment earlier, a bright marker had been tracking the target's path across the screen. Now the display was empty—no signal or return.

That made no sense.

Radar wasn't fooled by walls or rubble. Its electromagnetic sweep could accurately map distance, direction, and velocity, similar to how a bat uses sound to detect its surroundings ahead. From miles out, it had given them a perfect lock to guide their missiles.

Once a target was painted, hiding was pointless.

Yet the instant Leander slipped into the town, the trace vanished-clean and total.

No fade, no scatter-just gone as if he had stepped out of the world.

"Hell... what just happened?"

The pilots kept their distance with steady throttles and focused on their instruments. However, the radar screens showed a different picture.

Empty.

No signals. No traces.

They adjusted, rescanned, widened their sweep-but Leander was gone.

Seconds later, the three missiles in flight hit the town's edge, causing a chain reaction of fire that destroyed a nearly 300-foot-long row of buildings.

Dust and flame rolled upward.

Still nothing.

"We've lost him," a voice crackled over the channel. "How did Jeff vanish like that?"

Deep underground, officers leaned forward, disbelief etched across their faces.

Radar blindness?

On this scale?

Impossible.

We've got the best tracking and anti-stealth tech ever built—stuff made to hunt jets, missiles, even things that are supposed to be invisible. And now we can't even keep a lock on one martial artist?

It's absurd.

They all remembered the events years ago on Agylae soil when a King Phase master attempted chaos. Just one fighter jet was sufficient. Despite his efforts to escape or hide, radar tracked him incessantly. Ultimately, a missile obliterated him. That was how it always went.

Yet, now?

Leander wasn't driven away or trapped. He just vanished entirely—no way back, no signs, and no reason given.

None of them realized it yet, but this was his own unique method—something modern warfare had never learned how to face.

Inside a half-collapsed building,

Leander pressed his back to a cracked wall. Blue light flowed across him in slow waves, spreading outward like a veil. Invisible pulses rolled from his body, swallowing every electromagnetic trace that passed through—no echo, no reflection.

Radar needed a return, but he gave it none.

Every signal passed straight through him, leaving no trace to bounce back. To the scanners above, he had simply vanished.

That was why he had rushed into the town first. With ruined buildings everywhere,

the pilots had already lost any chance of spotting him by sight. Now even their instruments were blind.

Leander took the moment.

He lowered himself to the floor, crossed his legs, and relaxed his breathing until his mind quieted. Spiritual strength emanated from him like a rising tide, flooding the room and extending through the streets, enveloping the entire town in his awareness.

Every pebble shifting, every breath of wind-no movement was too small for him to sense.

Simultaneously, the power of heaven and earth surged around him, pulling in from all directions and gradually restoring his depleted spiritual strength.

"Command, this is Falcon Lead. Target lost. No radar return. Requesting orders— over!"

The pilots remained at a high altitude, engines humming as they circled. No one dared to approach the town any closer. They maintained a distance of about three to four miles, observing the ruins below while awaiting further instructions.

In the operations room, officers clustered around the screens. The town remained quiet and motionless. Leander was nowhere in sight, and a growing sense of unease filled the room with each passing moment.

"Tch."

The senior officer at the front finally broke the silence. His eyes were cold as he lifted his hand.

"All ten fighter jets," he stated flatly, "Switch to saturation fire, level that town, and leave nothing standing."

The pilots immediately took command. Their formation changed as engines flared, with fighters curving inward to prepare for an attack run. High-yield bombs were armed, poised to obliterate the town.

For a heartbeat, the battlefield went eerily quiet.

Then shapes began to gather around the distant perimeter.

One after another, figures stepped through the air. They claimed the high ground far from the ruins, watching the scene below.

Each of them was a master of the

Transcendent Realm, including one

with the Infernal Crown Transcendent title. These elite martial artists of the Sahar Wastes were drawn here by the intense

upheaval to learn from the one whose presence heavily influenced the atmosphere witnessing whatever was unfolding.

When their eyes fell on the ten supersonic fighter jets converging overhead, their

expressions froze.

"Since when do fighter jets show up in battles here?"

Disbelief spread through the group. Even in the bloodiest conflicts the Sahar Wastes had seen, aircraft had never been part of the fight. This was entirely outside the rules of this land.

While they were still trying to make sense of it, the supersonic fighter jets had already taken position above the abandoned town.

Then-

A streak of light erupted from the ruins below.

A glowing crescent sliced through the sky.

All Transcendent Realm masters froze stiff.