

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 571[1,208 words]

Leander didn't show the slightest bit of pity even after killing Cedric. Only cold, detached contempt for someone beneath him.

He walked straight into the oasis after that message. Not a soul dared to speak. The bodyguards didn't even breathe too loudly.

Darian stood with his hands behind his back. His face didn't move, his voice as calm as ever. "Tell the Montgomery family if they don't want their entire bloodline wiped out, they'd better let this go.

"They have no idea who they're dealing with."

More than half those guards were hired by the Montgomerys. Hearing Darian's warning, they all nodded silently and committed it to memory.

Ophelia stood frozen in place. A long time passed before she snapped out of it. Her face was filled with frustration and helplessness.

She looked toward Evren and asked in a quiet voice, "Mr. Westvale, who is Leander, really? Why do you guys keep calling him Jeff? What's with the 'Sovereign Ashcroft' thing?

"Is he some kind of royal heir or something?"

Evren took a deep breath before he finally spoke. "He's no royal heir. But even if he was, he'd still outrank them by a mile.

"I'm not familiar with the name Leander. Maybe it's his real name. But in the international martial world, he's better known as Jeff. One of the most secretive organizations in Astria-Divine Loom-gave him a unique title: Iron Sovereign.

"You've seen how strong he is. If he says we're not allowed in, then I'm afraid this oasis trip ends here."

Evren gave a slow shake of his head. His tone carried a touch of regret. Even Rupert Collins, the legendary old master of the Bulwark Sect, had lost in a public bet with Leander. As for the rest of them, people who hadn't even reached King Phase? They had no say at all. Who'd dare go against him?

Ophelia bit her lip. She still couldn't let it go. Just as that frustration started to rise, Evren suddenly added something.

"By the way, that viral clip from a few days ago—the one of that blue-glowing superhuman taking down ten supersonic jets all by himself? That was him."

The words hit Ophelia like a bomb. Her heart practically stopped.

"What? That glowing guy... was Leander?"

Her eyes went blank. She couldn't speak another word.

Inside the oasis, Leander continued alone. The deeper he went, the richer the spiritual energy became. It was a complete contrast to the barren desert surrounding it. Every now and then, a small animal would scurry by, only to bolt the moment Leander's icy stare fell on them.

Nothing got in his way. He went straight to the center of the oasis. After walking through dense forest, a clear lake came into view. It stretched 300 yards across. In the middle of the desert, it was a rare and precious sight.

Leander looked up at the sky. It was bright and blue, a world away from the storming winds and dust clouds outside. As he walked forward, the branches and vines in front of him parted on their own, as if an invisible force was clearing a path just for him.

He stopped at the edge of the lake. The water was crystal clear, almost transparent. He could see the bottom. Fish and shrimp darted playfully through the depths. The grass around the lake was lush and green.

"So this is the famous Westerian Divinity Vault?"

Looking around at the peaceful scenery, Leander shook his head slightly.

There was definitely powerful spiritual energy in the air. There might even be sacred treasures hidden here. But after walking this far, he hadn't noticed anything truly extraordinary. It didn't seem much different from any other desert oasis.

Then he paused.

He felt something. His senses picked up on something strange behind the cliff wall across the lake.

He raised his palm.

A burst of force exploded outward, blasting across a hundred yards and smashing straight through the rocky wall.

Chunks of stone shattered in every direction. And the moment the cliff broke apart, a fist-sized stream of water burst out, shooting straight into the lake.

The surface of the lake, once calm

and clear, began to ripple violently. Flecks of phosphorescent light danced across the water, and flashes of silver began to glow beneath the surface. A massive surge

of spiritual energy erupted and spun outward from the lake, forming a towering beam of radiant power.

"Is that... the spring of life?"

Leander's eyes lit up. A smile tugged at his lips.

Now he understood why he couldn't sense the spring before. Over time, the sacred water had been absorbed into the stone walls. Wind, erosion, and age had sealed it deep within the cliff. It had fused into the rock and become an underground flow, hidden away from the outside world.

The person who'd found the spring of life before must've just gotten lucky and scooped up a few leftover drops without even realizing what they were.

But now that the stone wall had been blown apart and the spring was gushing straight into the lake, everything had changed. The entire lake had been soaked in it. That kind of spiritual energy wouldn't just fade. It would spread through every inch of the water.

At this point, the lake had turned into one giant pool of high-density spiritual energy. That thing was priceless. No King Phase alive could turn their back on it.

And Leander was no exception. He wanted it too. But with the level of control he

had, he stayed completely composed. He lifted his hand. A strong pull burst from his palm and locked onto the center of the lake.

A moment later, the force erupted.

The water reacted instantly. The lake started to churn, then spiral. It looked like it was about to collapse in on itself. A heavy current of

spiritual energy broke loose and surged straight toward his hand like

a vacuum had torn open the surface.

The sound of water twisting and tearing filled the air.

The energy collected into a pale-blue beam, narrow and sharp, and it slammed into Leander's palm. His body absorbed the force like a magnet. Inside him, the Devourer's Ninefold Path roared to life, sucking it in and converting it all into clean, pure Primordial Energy.

If any other martial artist had seen this happening, they would've been floored.

Natural energy was everything in this world. Fighters trained their bodies and minds to pull in spiritual energy and refine it into inner strength, innate vitality, or Primordial Energy. That was how they got strong enough to flip tanks or split open concrete with their bare hands.

The more energy around them, the faster they advanced.

But even the best techniques had speed limits. Trying to absorb too much too fast would just clog up the process. Their bodies wouldn't be able to convert it fast enough the pressure would build up and turn lethal. Every martial artist had to know their limit and pace

themselves accordingly.

Leander didn't care. He was devouring energy like a black hole, shoving everything

into himself as if his body were bottomless. Any other fighter would've exploded by

now.

But Leander didn't even flinch. Not a crack. Not a twitch. And instead of slowing down, the absorption rate just kept rising. It was absolutely terrifying.

As he kept pulling, the surface of the lake started to drop. Vapor hissed upward as the liquid volume shrank.

Leander's gaze sharpened. Deep below the surface, a blurry shape began to form. It was a woman.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 572[1,082 words]

"Hm?"

He didn't stop pulling energy from the lake. His hand was still locked in place, spiritual energy still swirling as the water boiled beneath it. And in that rising turbulence, she appeared. A female figure. Just like that. Out of nowhere.

Leander froze. He had checked earlier. The water had been clean and clear. Nothing had been hiding down there. His senses were tuned like radar, and he hadn't picked up a single thing. All he'd sensed were fish.

But now, a woman with long hair was floating upward. Naked. Pale. Slow. He lowered his hand a little. The suction stopped.

Most of the energy from the spring of life had already been pulled out. Now his focus was fully on her.

This Oasis was part of the Westorian Divinity Vault. Hardly anyone in the world even knew it existed. He'd been the only one to step in. No one else had made it inside. So how the hell was there someone in the lake? And why was she sitting upright as she rose?

Leander stood at the edge and watched. Her hair shimmered in soft, icy blue. Her body was flawless, sculpted like it belonged in a gallery. Her skin gleamed under the sunlight.

Her eyes were closed. Her face looked almost unreal. Her hands rested on her knees as she hovered, still seated, just inches above the water.

Leander didn't move. He kept a thirty-yard distance, his face unreadable. He didn't care about her body.

What caught him off guard was the spiritual strength coming off her. It was huge. Her spiritual strength was on par with an Origin Realm.

But something didn't add up. The energy she was giving off didn't feel like it came from her. It felt forced. Like it was trying to slam its way into her mind and take over her spirit core from the inside.

Leander stared longer. His eyes narrowed.

"Is this a takeover?"

Everything made sense. The spirit he was sensing wasn't hers. It belonged to someone else. A soul that didn't belong to this body. One that had died already and was now trying to steal her body for itself.

When spiritual strength practitioners got strong enough, they could hold onto their consciousness even after their bodies died. Some turned into pure energy. Others stuck around, wandering.

Just like the so-called spirits in old Eastsun folklore. The kind people feared and worshipped.

Leander didn't expect to find one in a place like this. Especially not one powerful enough to force a possession. But that was exactly what was happening. The spirit was attacking her spirit core. It was trying to break through.

If it succeeded, everything she was her mind, her memories, her soul-would disappear. She'd be wiped clean as time passed. The spirit would take the reins, fully possess her body, and come back to life using her form. That was the ancient process called takeover.

Leander had read about it in old records. He didn't find it surprising. It wasn't common, but it wasn't unheard of either.

Still, for something like this to show up in the middle of a desert? He kept staring. This woman came all the way here just to get taken over by a wandering spirit.

Her original spirit was slipping. The invader was closing in. One more hit, and it would be over.

Leander didn't lift a finger. She was a stranger. Not his problem. The world had its own way of balancing things. He wasn't about to interfere.

If she hadn't tried to get into the Divinity Vault, she wouldn't have caught the spirit's attention.

That was her mistake. Not his burden.

He stepped forward. His foot landed on the surface of the lake. He was heading to the other side. There was still more energy left in the shattered stone, and he planned to drain every drop of it.

But right as he lifted his other foot, the girl opened her eyes.

There was no sound. Just a wave of spiritual pressure that blasted out from her.

It hit the forest like a bomb. The trees cracked and shattered. The mountainside shook. It felt like the air had been ripped apart.

Leander turned his head. She was staring straight at him now. Their eyes locked. And what he saw behind hers was brutal. Hunger. Greed. Wild, unfiltered desire.

So it worked, Leander thought.

It was done.

The takeover had succeeded. The girl's own soul had shrunk to almost nothing. In

its place was a volcanic tide of raw spirit energy. The foreign soul now controlled her completely.

Her consciousness was barely hanging on. A single thread was all that remained. It wouldn't last much longer. Total domination was coming fast.

Leander hadn't planned on stopping. He kept walking, but the woman suddenly grinned wide, dragging her tongue across her lips. The way she looked at Leander was straight up ravenous like she was staring at the juiciest steak she'd ever seen.

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"God-level being? You're kidding me! You actually have a god-level being? This is amazing! I've been waiting. nearly a hundred years for this.

I get a one-of-a-kindcial form,

and now, right after, a flawless god-level being shows up? God really is looking out for me today!"

It was a woman's body, but the voice that came out of her mouth belonged to a gruff man—and it was all foreign-accented, weirdly forced, and completely out of place.

"God?" Leander's eyes twitched at the word.

"So, you're the Western divinity that went down here?"

Only Westerners ever brought up "God" when they spoke. That pretty much narrowed it down.

"Well, look at you. You're not that dumb after all."

The woman's lips stretched into a twisted smile, and the fire in her eyes flared as she stared at Leander like she couldn't wait to rip into him.

"Listen, kid. I don't want to kill you. I can feel how strong your soul is. All I need is for you to separate your soul on your own and hand over that god-level being. If you do that I'll spare your life. With your soul intact, you could even do a takeover down the line!

"Think about my offer."

"Offer?" Leander's brow lifted, his smile tinged with mockery as he shook his head.

"So, you're basically telling me to give up my body and just let you have it?"

The woman didn't even blink. She looked hungry, like she was entitled to it. "Exactly.

"If you won't give it up on your own, I'll shatter your soul myself. Once you're gone, the god-level being still ends up mine.

"Two choices. Pick one. It's not that hard, right?"

She gave Leander a smug look like she already had him cornered and wrapped up with a bow.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 573[1,121 words]

"Two choices?"

Leander stared at the silhouette in front of him, completely unfazed.

Her eyes sparkled like crystals, and her face looked like it belonged on a magazine cover. With that naked body, she was basically designed to drive men crazy. A woman like this could make guys line up to die for her without hesitation.

But right now, she was grinning like a predator, her gaze filled with raw hunger. She looked less like a woman and more like a beast ready to devour him whole. The whole thing was eerie as hell.

No surprise there. Her body was being controlled by a spirit, and she'd completely lost her mind. That spirit wasn't some nobody, either-it used to be one of the actual gods who ruled the Western world.

The guy's spiritual sense was off the charts. The moment he saw Leander, he knew that this wasn't some average body. The strength Leander had already blew past the limits of normal physical training, and it made the guy practically drool.

Even back in his time, god-level beings were crazy rare. And someone this young already had one? That was unheard of.

He was sure of it-if Leander had lived in his era, he would've been a legend.

But the more extraordinary Leander was, the more obsessed he became. If he could get his hands on that god-level being, it'd be like hitting the freeway with no speed limits. His path to power would be smooth, fast, and unstoppable.

"You do have to make a choice."

He stared right at Leander.

"Pick right, you live. Pick wrong, you die.

"I was forced to fall here back then, but my soul never faded. I've been alive for over

two centuries inside this Oasis, forging my spiritual strength. I'm unbreakable now. Your soul might be decent, but it's nothing next to mine. Don't even think about trying to fight me.

"Hand over the god-level being. It's the only shot you've got."

Leander looked bored. Then he slowly lifted a hand and wagged a finger.

"I've gotta admit, this is actually kind of funny.

"You laid this whole trap to make people think there's treasure here. You dressed it up as the Western Divinity Vault, but the only thing really worth anything is that spring of life.

"You used it to lure martial artists here so you could hijack their bodies and come back to life.

"Honestly, your plan's airtight. But the problem is, you got greedy."

Leander shook his head like he pitied the guy-or maybe just thought he was pathetic.

"With the kind of spiritual strength you've got now, wiping out this woman's mind completely and taking her over would've been easy.

"I only came here to absorb some spiritual energy from the spring of life to evolve my Nirvana Energy. We had nothing to do with each other.

"But you just had to push it and target me."

Leander grinned again, his smirk pure mockery.

"You're not the only one who wants something here.

"Today, I'm going to rip every bit of your spiritual strength out and feed it to mine."

The woman burst into laughter, but it came out as that same gruff man's voice, loud and jarring.

"You? Take my spiritual strength? What a joke!

"Spiritual strength is one of the most mysterious and complicated forces in the world: I've already stepped into the Origin Realm. Even if one of the top spiritual strength masters from the West stood in front of could crush them like nothing. You really think you can beat me?

"And even if you somehow manage to win, how would you steal my spiritual strength? Who do you think you are, one of those Eastern immortals or a Western divinity from two hundred years ago? You

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think you can just devour me and turn me into fuel? Keep dreaming!"

Her laughter thundered across the area, shaking the clouds above and sending the lake into a boiling frenzy. Waves rolled and crashed around them in a violent spiral.

Leander didn't say a word. He just raised a hand, curled his fingers, and beckoned her to come at him.

"Hmm?"

The woman's gaze turned razor sharp. A chilling, bloodthirsty edge spread across her face.

"So, you've picked the dumb choice. Fine. I'll send you off myself. You won't leave a trace behind!"

Her expression went cold in an instant. No hesitation. No drag. She raised her hand and struck without warning.

As her pale hand moved, a green aura twisted through the air and formed two whips

of glowing Primordial Energy. They sliced through the air and coiled straight toward Leander's neck.

It was one of her signature martial techniques. But now, twisted by the Western divinity's spirit, it had become a deadly weapon. The moment he hijacked her spirit core, he gained full access to her skill set. With his own overwhelming spiritual strength added in, the fusion pushed his combat power through the roof.

Leander's eyes flickered. He was a little surprised. Judging by her original level, she'd just broken into the King Phase. Around the same ballpark as Neil, the Demon Hunter he'd killed earlier.

But now that her body and power were under the Western divinity's control, she was fighting at 120% capacity. This wasn't just some rookie King Phase. She was now on par with Darian, who had just bet his life against Leander.

Even though he was caught off guard, Leander didn't move an inch when those two green whips of energy flew at him. He didn't dodge. He simply raised one hand.

He spread his fingers and grabbed the whip coming from his left. With a quick twist of his wrist, he yanked it across his body and swung it into the second one. There was a sharp crack as both energy whips collided midair and canceled each other out.

Leander stood firm on the water's surface. He didn't budge.

"Well, now we're getting somewhere. You're even stronger than I expected. I'm starting to really like your body."

The woman's eyes gleamed. Leander had just taken her attack head-on. No weapons. No shields. Just bare hands. He should've been torn apart. But his hand hadn't even flinched. That alone made her want his body even more.

If he could seize Leander's body and complete the takeover, it would only be a matter of time before he returned to the Divine Realm. He might even one day rival the dominant powers of the world.

Fueled by that thought, the spirit instantly formed a hand seal. Her ice-blue hair fluttered in the wind, and a giant triangle-shaped ice drill began to form in front of

her.

It spun wildly. Ice shards burst out around it like jagged knives, tearing through the

air like they were made of tempered steel.

Then she raised her hand again and slashed forward. The ice drill exploded into thousands of needle-thin ice blades.

"Cryofrost Saber-Heartpiercing Blizzard!"

She shouted low, and the swarm of icy blades shot straight at Leander!

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 574[1,151 words]

Sharp bursts of air broke through the sky.

Thousands of tiny ice swords filled the space overhead. Each one was only about three inches long, but they were solid, compact, and glowed with a cold blue light under the sun.

The woman's attack sealed off the entire area within a hundred yards. The blades stretched for dozens of yards, covering the lake like a massive wall of frozen death. Then she shoved her hand forward, and the storm of blades lunged toward Leander. The sound of the blades tearing through the air echoed nonstop. They flew in such a tight formation that there wasn't even a sliver of space between them. Above, below, left, right—Leander was boxed in from every side.

This wasn't new to him.

Back when he fought the Cobra helicopters, fifteen of them had opened fire at once. Grenades, rockets, shrapnel, steel pellets—he'd been buried in a full spread of explosive firepower. Dodging was impossible. This was the same thing. Full-scale saturation assault.

Right now, he could either take the hit head-on or force himself to endure it. Dodging wasn't on the table.

There were so many ice blades it was hard to count. And they weren't just flashy. Each blade had enough power to rip through steel and tear through tank armor like paper.

With that many coming at him, even an aircraft carrier would've taken a direct hit and ended up with a giant hole in its hull.

But he didn't flinch. There wasn't a trace of fear in his eyes. He wasn't the least bit worried about his god-level being getting wrecked.

These blades were lethal, sure, but they couldn't destroy his body completely. At most, they'd wound him.

That was exactly what the spirit wanted. Hit him hard, catch him off guard, and sneak in with spiritual strength to lock him down. That was the plan.

"Hmph!"

As the blades closed in, the wind roared through the battlefield. Leander let out a cold laugh. His right foot slid half a step back before stomping down on the lake.

A column of water 30 feet tall shot up behind him. With a wave of his hand, the water curled into a massive serpent. A huge dragon head formed at the front.

The water dragon let out a deep roar that shook the whole area as it surged forward to shield him.

The ice blades slammed into the dragon's head in rapid waves.

One crash after another. Muffled thuds rang out nonstop.

The dragon swayed like a boat in a hurricane. Blow after blow knocked it back, and Leander followed its movement, stepping backward with it.

But no matter how brutal the assault got, no matter how fierce the storm, the water dragon held. Not a single blade broke through.

"Hmm? You blocked it?"

The spirit was stunned. Leander had just tanked the Cryofrost Palm, one of her signature moves. But she didn't stop there. Instead, she flung the woman's body into the air like a missile.

Under the sunlight, her pale skin shimmered with a sharp glow. Her arms opened wide like a swan about to take flight. A soft light spread from her as she soared upward.

"Phoenixfall Heavenrend!"

She crossed her arms in front of her like she was lifting a giant sledgehammer overhead.

The pose looked like something a ripped construction worker might use, but when this completely bare woman pulled it off, it didn't seem awkward at all. It looked powerful. Dominating.

Then she swung down with full force, arms locked together like a wrecking ball.

A crushing wave of Primordial Energy surged forward and took the shape of a massive sledgehammer. Crimson light pulsed inside it, radiating the overwhelming pressure of raw, brute force. It was unstoppable.

The lake under Leander's feet rippled outward in wide arcs, currents shooting off in every direction. But he just scoffed and raised one hand.

Three water pillars erupted from the lake and shot straight into the sky.

They joined above Leander's head and transformed into a massive, translucent water shield suspended in the air.

There was a deep, thunderous boom as the blood-red hammer came crashing down and slammed into the barrier.

The water shield trembled violently. Waves spun and churned along its surface, bubbling aggressively. The shockwave from the impact ripped outward and tore through the surrounding forest, snapping every tree within a hundred yards.

The force behind that hammer felt like a mountain collapsing, but Leander didn't flinch. He held his ground and absorbed the full hit head-on.

His foot pressed into the lake, forcing a huge dip beneath him.

A crater almost ten feet wide caved in under the surface.

But that was it. He didn't take a second step.

"So this is what the great Westerian divinity amounts to?"

Leander stood calmly inside the water shield. Through the curtain of water, he looked straight at the woman's icy, flawless face.

His eyes were cold.

His fingers curled into a tight fist.

The water barrier above him

shattered like glass, crashing down in a rush that splashed back into the lake the red hammer came crashing down again, headed

straight for his skull.

At that exact instant, Leander's feet slammed into the lakebed. The crater under him sank another foot.

His entire body tensed as he charged power into his palm. Then his legs suddenly snapped upward, and the blast of water beneath him hurled him into the air.

He shot skyward, his fist clenched like iron, flying straight into the incoming hammer. This time, there was no blast, no wide-scale destruction. Leander simply punched. One hit. That's all it took to smash the red hammer apart midair.

"What?"

The spirit's face finally twitched. That red hammer hadn't just been powered by the girl's own Primordial Energy. He'd added a surge of his spiritual strength too.

It should have shattered Leander's body. It should have torn into his soul. But it did nothing. Leander was still in one piece. And the hammer was the one that broke. Leander burst out from the crumbling hammer and shot toward the spirit. He left a sharp streak of pressure behind him.

Trinity Strike Technique, Third Form-Earthshaker!

He twisted his arm and threw a straight punch right at the woman's chest.

The Trinity Strike Technique was infamous. Every form of it was brutal, but the third one-Earthshaker-was the deadliest.

Leander packed a surge of his spiritual strength into that single blow. A bright blue glow exploded from his arm and formed a massive energy fist more than 100 feet wide.

It came crashing down.

"Cryofrost Shield!"

The spirit was stunned by Leander's sudden counter. But he didn't panic. He calmly controlled the woman's hands forming seals with her fingers right in front of her chest.

Cold energy shot out from her body and up into the sky, then swept back down. In a blink, it had formed a thick, frozen barrier right in front of her.

"You think some cheap ice shield's gonna stop me?"

Leander narrowed his eyes. His punch didn't slow. He didn't even hesitate. The air let out a harsh snarl as his strike tore through it.

There was a sharp crack.

His punch hit.

The shield shattered. The spirit's expression finally dropped.

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Another crack rang out.

Leander's punch split the air open and carved a massive hole across the surface of the lake. The shockwave slammed straight into the Cryofrost Shield.

That shield had been forged from pure cold vapor. It was backed by a solid King Phase foundation and reinforced with unformed Primordial Energy.

But Earthshaker tore through it like it was nothing. A single crack split the surface of the shield. Then more. Thin lines spread out like a spiderweb.

"You really think you can block me?"

Leander's lips curved into a wicked smile. His arm flared blue again as Nirvana Energy surged.

The frozen shield couldn't hold. It crumbled under the pressure and exploded. The woman behind it stumbled back immediately. She barely touched the lake with her toes before launching herself ten yards backward like a water-skimming dragonfly. She narrowly escaped the blast zone of Leander's punch.

"What the hell is this kid?! He's young, but how is he so powerful? Is he from 'that place', just like this girl is?"

The spirit's expression stayed neutral, but his heart was racing.

That one punch from Leander had enough force to split mountains. Even at his peak, the spirit could count on one hand how many people he'd seen with that kind of power. And Leander wasn't even in the King Phase yet. His strength was already matching it. It made no sense.

"This kid already reached god-level being, and he's got power to match a real King Phase?" The spirit kept staring at him. "There's no way. He must be from that place too..."

He narrowed his eyes as his thoughts spun fast. "Everyone from that place is insane. They can flatten ninety percent of the top martial artists out there. If he really is one of them, and I take his body, I'll have to completely reinvent myself. I can't let them find out. If they do, I'll be hunted to the ends of the earth."

To him, "that place" was more terrifying than any global superpower on Earth.

Modern countries might be able to go toe-to-toe with top-tier martial artists, but only by using high-grade military-grade weapons. Weapons with massive destructive power. Weapons that could wipe out cities in the blink of an eye. But the problem with using those was always collateral damage. Too wide. Too deadly. Too many civilian casualties.

Sure, they couldn't take a direct hit from micro-nukes or laser weapons. But they didn't have to. All they had to do was vanish into a busy city or urban sprawl. Once they were in the crowd, even the strongest nation on Earth couldn't touch them.

But "that place"? That was different. That place didn't rely on tech or weapons. They relied on power. They would crush you with sheer force. Back then, dozens of Eastern immortals and Western divinities had died at their hands. The memories were burned into his brain. Brutal. Bloody. Unforgettable.

As scared as he was of them, he hadn't backed off from trying to take Leander's body. He just wanted it over fast. Clean. Quiet. No witnesses.

"What's wrong? Didn't you want my body? Then come and get it!"

Leander rolled his neck and cracked a smile, mocking him.

"Hmph. Cocky little punk."

The woman's stunning face twisted into a cold sneer. She lifted one hand, and a swirl of icy air spun in her palm. The lake beneath her began to freeze over in seconds, spreading straight toward Leander.

Leander stared at the frozen water around him. In the blink of an eye, the entire 1000-foot lake turned into solid ice. Frozen World.

"Frostborne Epoch!"

Her eyes gleamed with blue light. The ground under her feet exploded into frozen shards and launched into the sky.

Tens of thousands of ice shards locked the entire area down. A sealed zone formed around Leander. There was nowhere to run.

Each shard was sharp as a razor and shimmered with killing intent. They spun and slashed and howled as they danced in midair.

They whirled into a giant vortex. Leander stood at the eye of the storm.

"A domain?"

Leander narrowed his eyes and watched the shards spin around him. He muttered softly.

This was her King's Domain. It might not have looked as overwhelming as Blood Demon's or the Hermit's, but this one was something else. This wasn't about territory. This was pure, lethal intent.

It was a death trap.

Every shard had enough force to kill someone like Nicholas or Toru in seconds. And there were thousands of them. Enough to tear a fleet of tanks into scrap metal.

"This is the Frostborne Epoch," the spirit bragged. "It's the ultimate kill move this girl created after stepping into the King Phase. I figured I'd use her little gift on you."

He laughed wildly. His eyes burned with murderous heat. He planned to finish Leander in one strike.

The King Phase wasn't called the King Phase for nothing. It came with a domain. And that was something no Transcendent could ever access.

"Frostborne Epoch?"

Leander lifted his gaze, his expression calm again.

The storm of ice shards started to solidify. The swirling fragments transformed into massive ice spikes. They aimed straight at him and shot forward from all directions. Leander threw the first punch.

Hundreds of incoming spikes shattered into snowy dust under the force of his fist.

But the fragments didn't stay down. They pulled together again, turning right back into sharp spears and flew at him once more.

Ice spikes rained from every

angle-above, below, behind, ahead. Every punch and every kick Leander threw destroyed, hundreds of them but no matter how many

he

smashed, they just kept multiplying. Denser. Tighter. Closer.

Within minutes, the swirling cage

around him shrank from 150 feet

wide to less than 30. His punches

we strangled by a giant python. The
still strong, but it was like being
more he fought, the more trapped he
became.

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He was running out of room. The ice spikes locked around him. He was boxed in. It
looked like the end.

"Hah! Break as many as you want. They'll always reform!"

"No matter how strong you are, if the frost keeps flowing, nothing you do will matter!"

"Once I break your body, I'll rip your spiritual strength apart too!"

The spirit let out another crazed laugh. His eyes burned with greed. He could already picture it-taking over this god level being, returning to the surface, and standing at the top of the world again.

But just as the words left his mouth, a wave of heat rushed through the air.

"What?"

He snapped back to attention. A massive flaming hand burst out of the storm of ice.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 576[1,157 words]

Straight ahead, a fire-covered hand exploded out of the ice storm. It stretched over 100 feet long and burned with blinding heat, like a god's fist breaking through the
sky.

A wall of flames burst from its palm and swept across the battlefield, blasting hundreds of feet in every direction.

All those ice shards and ice spikes-shards that were nearly impossible to destroy, shards that regenerated over and over-instantly vaporized. The flames erased them. Nothing but steam remained.

Dragonfire could incinerate anything in its path.

"What... what the hell is that?!"

The spirit's eyes went wide with panic. The flames had swallowed the entire frozen land. Frostborne Epoch was getting torn apart in seconds.

Inside the blaze, a figure stepped forward through the air like he owned it. Fire swirled around him, licking at his limbs, but not a single flame touched him.

Leander looked like a god of fire. A glowing ball of flame burned in his hand. Then he clenched his fingers, and the wall of flames spiraled back into his palm and vanished.

He looked down, eyes glowing, lips curled into a smirk.

"Your Frostborne Epoch relies on Glacial Primordial Energy to keep it running. Sure, brute force won't break through it. It'll only suck you in deeper the harder you push!

"But too bad for you... Ice and fire are total opposites. Your frost might be strong, but in the face of true firepower? It's just weak trash!

"Your domain doesn't work on me at all!"

Leander's voice cut through, packed with raw dominance. As he spoke, his long fingers curled into a fist. Blue light flared across his knuckles, and the Nirvana Energy inside him surged to its peak.

"I'm sick of your gimmicks. If you've got nothing new to show me, then that's it for you. You're done!"

The second those words dropped, killing intent flashed in his eyes.

The spirit's pupils shrank. This was the first time he'd felt such a terrifying threat.

"Don't get cocky, kid. If my body hadn't been destroyed and my power wasn't stuck at half of what it used to be, killing you would've taken less than a second!"

He locked eyes with Leander, his gaze growing colder by the second.

"Even though I can only borrow someone else's body to fight you, you seriously think you've already won?"

A mocking laugh escaped him. His eyes suddenly gleamed with power.

"Don't forget... My strongest weapon isn't Primordial Energy. It's my spiritual strength!"

A wave of spiritual energy rippled out from him, barely visible to the naked eye. The frozen lake cracked in an instant, then melted into flowing water again.

That was the power of spiritual strength.

One thought, and winter turned to spring.

"I thought using this girl's Primordial Energy would be enough to take you down. But

now I see it-your power's just as strong. Maybe even stronger.

"In that case, I'll keep it simple. I'll crush your spiritual strength head-on!"

A fiery red hand surged out from thin air, bursting with ancient, weathered energy. It slammed toward Leander with terrifying force. No Primordial Energy backed it, but it carried a deep, primal vibration.

That wave of spiritual strength pulsed through the hand like a storm and shot straight for Leander's spirit core.

The spirit core was everything to a practitioner of spiritual strength. Just like martial artists relied on their cores for martial power, it was their most critical weak point.

Ordinary people had spirit cores

too-just underdeveloped and fragile. Martial artists had tougher cores and stronger spiritual strength, but they still couldn't compare to the condensed, solid cores of actual spiritual strength users.

When two spiritual strength users clashed, it came down to whose spirit core broke first. Lose that, and you were dead. No way around it.

That was why battles between them were never about winning or losing. They were always about life or death.

In front of Leander, a savage beast opened its bloody jaws wide, ready to devour him whole. It wasn't real. Just a psychic illusion, formed by the spirit's power and thrown straight into Leander's mind.

When the spirit saw Leander's face twist in shock, he lit up with joy. His attack had landed.

In this world, the path of martial arts started hard but got easier. Spiritual strength worked the opposite way-easy at first, then impossible.

Practitioners of spiritual strength could weaponize their minds, striking silently, with no form, no trace. They'd sneak into your head and snatch your sanity before you even knew what hit you.

Martial artists, though, stood by brute force. They crushed the earth with their fists and kicked the skies down. Two extremes.

Once someone hit the Transcendent Realm, their body, mind, and soul would reach a new height. At that point, the line between martial artist and spiritual strength practitioner blurred. But once they stepped into the King Phase, that line became a canyon again.

Reaching the King Phase through spiritual strength was a whole different level than through martial arts.

Someone who made it into the King Phase using spiritual strength could easily overpower three King Phase martial artists on their own. That was the difference between the two paths.

That was why spiritual masters were so revered in the West. They stood at the very top.

And this was just one illusion. Just that alone would take a regular King Phase martial artist everything they had to break through. That level of power was as elite as it got.

The spirit stared at Leander. The guy hadn't moved. Looked completely trapped in the illusion. A smirk crept across his face.

"That god-level being... It's finally mine!"

With that thought, his toes tapped the water. The girl's delicate feet skimmed the lake as he flew forward and stopped right in front of Leander, just inches away.

She reached out, her pale, flawless fingers aiming for the crown of his head. She was about to use Primordial Energy to shatter his spirit core. Once that was done, he'd hijack the body and rebuild a core of his own.

But right before her hand could land, a slender, pale hand clamped down on her wrist.

"Aren't you jumping the gun?"

Leander stared into her eyes, a wicked smirk playing at the corners of his mouth.

"What?"

The spirit froze. He couldn't understand it. Leander had clearly been swallowed by the illusion. So how was he reacting?

Like he'd read his mind, Leander's cold stare cut right through him. "You really thought some cheap illusion was gonna hold me?"

"You're not the only spiritual strength practitioner out there."

"You're at the Origin Realm? Well guess what—I am too."

"You-what?!" The spirit's face turned pale in an instant. He couldn't believe what he was hearing.

Leander's martial power was already insane. How could his spiritual strength be that strong too?

A chill ran down his spine. A sinking dread crept in as he tried to pull back. But it was too late.

An overwhelming suction burst from Leander's hand, pinning him in place.

Then, Leander's eyes lit up with a

fierce blue glow. He stared him down and in that moment the spirit

felt everything he'd built his century-old spiritual strength-get ripped out of his core like water draining from a broken pipe.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 577[1,100 words]

11:38 Mon, Feb 9

Chapter 577 Destroyed Easily

Chapter 577 Destroyed Easily

"What the hell?!"

+10 Free Coins

The spirit, whose body had perished over a hundred years ago, was stunned. None of it felt real.

Spiritual strength was one of the strangest and hardest powers to explain. It was way more elusive than a martial artist's Primordial Energy. Nearly impossible to track, totally intangible. But right now, he could feel something pulling on it. Something was slowly yanking it out of his control. His spiritual power was draining fast.

Leander stared him down. His eyes gleamed like two black holes, pulling everything in, sucking the spirit's energy straight through.

Not even back when he ruled the world like a god had he ever run into anything like this.

"What did you do?! How are you controlling my spiritual strength?! Are you absorbing it?!"

He couldn't even shout properly. The body he was using was pinned-both arms locked in Leander's grip. His original spirit was frozen in place under Leander's stare. He couldn't even slip out of the woman's body.

All he could do was watch his power vanish. His soul force was draining out of him chunk by chunk. Every ounce of spiritual strength he'd built in this sanctuary over a hundred years was now fueling Leander's own spirit.

Leander didn't flinch. He stayed locked in, calmly and relentlessly absorbing the spirit's power. In less than three minutes, the spirit had already lost thirty percent of his strength. At this rate, Leander would completely drain him, and once that happened, there'd be nothing left of him.

If Leander took every drop of his soul force, that would be the end. He'd vanish from existence.

"You b*stard! What kind of freak are you?! What even are you?!"

He fought to break free. The fear in his eyes deepened until he almost screamed. The woman's stunning face twisted in panic.

"This is no freakish technique."

Leander scoffed. "This is just one of the uses of spiritual strength. Too bad for you, even though we're both at Origin Realm, you're nowhere near my level of mastery."

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Chapter 577 Destroyed Easily

+10 Free Coins

"You handed me your spiritual strength, and I'm gonna take it. Now you get to feel what it's like to be wiped out... to get your spirit hijacked."

The spirit was horrified. He could feel his power draining even faster now. At this pace, he'd lose almost all of it in just ten minutes.

"No!"

He roared inside. He'd been training here as a spirit for over a century, all to get another shot at life and the top. He'd finally found a body to hijack-how could he lose it all now?

Furious and desperate, he suddenly twisted both hands in the opposite direction.

"Huh?"

Leander blinked. He felt the woman's arms suddenly turn slippery, like a snake, slipping right out of his grasp.

"Wait... Boneshrink?"

Leander's eyes narrowed. He looked surprised. The woman's bones had just gone soft like silk, letting her slither free with insane flexibility.

She broke free in a blink.

The spirit didn't hesitate. He yanked the woman's body back and shot away from Leander like a rocket, putting nearly a mile between them in seconds. He stared at Leander like he was staring down death.

"You think it's that easy to kill me?"

He grinned. "I don't know how the hell you did it, but now that I'm out of your grip, you've got no way to do it again. Killing me? You're a hundred years too early."

Leander stood on the surface of the lake and gave a playful smirk.

"Didn't

you want the god-level being? Go ahead. I'm right here. Come take it."

He lifted his hand and curled his fingers at the spirit, daring him to come closer.

The spirit didn't move. He wasn't about to charge back in recklessly. That last spiritual strength clash had nearly wrecked him. Leander had stolen more than ten percent of his soul force before he even noticed.

It was obvious now. Leander wasn't just equal in spiritual strength-he was even stronger.

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Chapter 577 Destroyed Easily

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Sure, the spirit could still control the woman's body. But her power barely qualified as King Phase. Nowhere near what he'd once had.

Given the current conditions, beating Leander and taking his god-level being? Total pipe dream.

But this spirit wasn't some idiot. He'd ruled the western world as a living god. He knew when to fold.

He didn't attack again. Instead, he gave a charming smile.

"This isn't over, kid."

As his voice dropped, the lake exploded beneath his feet. He launched away like a missile, vanishing into the distance with nothing but his voice echoing behind him.

He knew that forcing the issue now would get him killed. He had zero confidence in winning against Leander.

Against someone like Leander, who had mastered both martial power and spiritual strength, the only smart move was to walk away.

The body he'd stolen was a glacial form. Nowhere near as rare as a god-level being, but still one of the better ones out there. With it, he could tap into plenty of potential. There was no need to die over a stronger shell.

Leander watched him run and nodded with faint approval.

A real powerhouse knew when to bow out. A man of strength didn't throw himself at hopeless odds. Charging in blindly wasn't bravery. It was stupidity.

But admiration or not, Leander had already spoken. His word was law. Not even the heavens themselves could change it.

The second the spirit tried to flee with the woman's body, Leander moved.

He raised one hand, and a column of water shot straight up into the sky, over thirty feet high.

His fingers clenched. The water twisted and churned, then reshaped itself into a towering sword made entirely of water.

"Deluge Sundering Slash!"

With a swift pull of his arm, the massive sword sliced through the air. A jet of water tore across the lake like a flood, cutting a hundred-foot trench into the surface. Water exploded in every

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Chapter 577 Destroyed Easily

direction.

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The spirit, still flying with the woman's body, felt a terrifying force closing in behind

him. He spun around without thinking.

A sharp flash of blue light streaked

past.

A burst of sword energy exploded from it and slammed straight into the center of the woman's forehead. A jagged crack split open from that spot, slicing clean through her nose, lips, chin, and throat-until her body tore in half.

Just like that, a woman with a face to die for got cut down in a single blow by Leander. Or did she?

Olivia Harris is an emerging author celebrated for her captivating romantic and steamy novels. With a talent for crafting deep emotional connections and fiery chemistry between her characters, Olivia's stories offer readers an escape into worlds filled with passion, intrigue, and heart-stopping drama.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 578[1,299 words]

Chapter 578 Total Annihilation Chapter 578 Total Annihilation

A blinding light exploded again.

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Blade force ripped through the air. The space between Leander and the woman froze for a second, then a massive wave of water-like sword energy tore across the lake, splitting the hundred-yard surface right down the middle.

That flawless body-pale and delicate, with a stunning face-was instantly severed by the sword wave, clean in two.

Leander had used this move once before, back in the day during his fight with Douglas at Stormcairn River. He had used it then to take out a Transcendent threat.

Now, here at an unnamed lake inside Oasis, he used it again.

And this time, he slashed down a King Phase.

There wasn't a single splash of blood. Only the two halves of the woman's body dropped into the lake, creating two massive splashes that disappeared fast.

Leander landed a single blow, then lowered his arm and stood there with both hands behind his back. He didn't strike again.

He stared straight ahead, expressionless, with no sign of joy or sorrow. It was like he hadn't just killed a person, but swatted a fly that wasn't worth his time.

The wind moved gently across the water. The waves shimmered under the sun, and Leander stood alone in the middle of it all, unmoving, completely still. Everything around him seemed to go silent.

And in that tense stillness, Leander suddenly broke into a grin.

"You really don't crack under pressure, do you?"

His voice carried a mocking chill as he locked eyes with the empty space ahead.

"You might be able to fool some people with cheap illusions. But using that trick on me? That's just plain stupid."

As the last word left his mouth, Leander threw out his right hand and launched a punch forward.

A deafening boom followed.

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Chapter 578 Total Annihilation

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The space in front of him rippled as the force from the punch crashed across the area, shaking the air. Then a furious, blood-curdling roar erupted, echoing across the sky. A distorted, ghostlike face of a middle-aged white man surfaced out of nowhere, flickering in and out like a bad projection.

But Leander knew exactly who it was. That was the real face of the spirit hiding in the shadows. That was what he used to look like years ago.

"How the hell did you see through my disguise?!"

The spirit's face twisted in disbelief, clearly rattled.

He'd realized he couldn't dodge Leander's lethal slash earlier, so he came up with a last-second bluff. He conjured up an illusion of himself as a young woman, made it look like she was getting sliced in half, and tricked Leander into thinking he'd landed the kill.

Any other expert probably would've turned and walked away right there, thinking the fight was over.

If that had worked, the spirit could've slipped away unnoticed and found another place to recover without being bothered again.

But he didn't expect Leander to see through what he thought was a perfect illusion. "You look surprised."

Leander stood directly in front of the phantom's giant face, a cold smile playing on his lips.

"You pulled off a clever move in a life-or-death moment. I'll give you that. It would've fooled nearly all of the high-tier martial artists out there.

"But not me. I told you already. When it comes to understanding and controlling spiritual strength, you're way out of your league."

As he spoke, he raised his hand with his palm facing outward and pointed it toward the massive ghostly face.

Strange pulses rippled through the air.

Then the space around the phantom face spun into a vortex of swirling wind, twisting tighter until it formed a black hole that started pulling toward Leander's palm.

"You're pulling my spiritual strength out of thin air?!"

The spirit's voice cracked with panic. He thought Leander would have to make physical

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Chapter 578 Total Annihilation

contact to strip him of his spiritual energy.

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But now, with just one hand from across the space, Leander was pulling him in like a d'mn gravity well. There was no resisting it. Even spirit energy wasn't safe from being sucked dry.

"Ahhhh!"

The spirit screamed in horror. He could feel it now. His energy was being drained fast, like he was being torn apart from the inside, and he had no way to stop it.

"Please! Kid-no, no, honored one! Please, let me go! Spare me!

"If you let me live, I'll serve you! I'll do whatever you want! I'll be your slave, your servant, your follower! I'll pledge loyalty for life!"

His voice was shaking now, thick with fear. Leander's technique was unreal-nothing like what anyone had seen even a hundred years ago. There was no defense against it.

He was stalling. He was hoping Leander would lower his guard just long enough for him to break free and vanish. He had no intention of staying loyal. He just needed one chance to bolt.

"My slave?"

Leander's eyebrows lifted. Then his smile widened-darker, colder.

"You're a little late for that. I already have one.

"You want to be my slave? Never."

And with that, his voice stopped cold. The giant face in front of him began to shrink. The spirit's expression twisted in horror. He knew it now. Leander wasn't going to spare him, no matter what. There was no escape. His glare turned vicious as he hissed out his final words, filled with hate.

"I curse you! I curse you with the might of a master of spiritual strength! May you fall into an abyss of eternal d*mnation, and may God Himself bring down judgment upon you!"

His voice weakened with every word until it was barely more than a whisper. "Cultivation is about defying fate, challenging the heavens. If that so-called God of yours really exists, I'd like to see Him.

"Too bad... you won't live to see it."

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As Leander spoke the final word, the massive face-over 100 feet wide-vanished completely.

Chapter 578 Total Annihilation

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In its place, shards of radiant blue spiritual energy drifted like glass splinters, swirling into thin threads that streamed into Leander's palm before traveling straight into his mind and embedding themselves into his spirit core.

He had just drained all the spiritual energy from an Origin Realm spiritual master

and claimed it for himself. With that, Leander's own strength took another leap forward.

Suddenly, a splash echoed across the lake.

A young woman's limp body fell from the air and crashed into the water, sending up

a wave of frothy spray.

Leander instantly reached out. A formless force lifted her from the lake and gently laid her down on the grass by the shore.

She was completely naked, her body exposed. She lay on the ground, motionless, her expression twisted in pain.

Leander understood what was happening. This was the backlash from spiritual strength. Her spirit core had been overtaken by the spirit formed from that Western divinity. Now that Leander had destroyed it and reclaimed her body for her, her original consciousness had returned.

It was like slamming a sledgehammer into someone's spirit core. The agony was beyond words.

By all accounts, any man would've been stunned by the sight of her lying there. But Leander barely spared her a glance before turning toward the rocky cliff, ready to continue absorbing the potent energy from the spring of life.

Just as he stepped forward, the girl's eyes suddenly flew open.

They were clear and blue like polished gemstones-bright, alive, and nothing like the bloodthirsty malice from before.

She looked around in confusion at first. Then her gaze landed on Leander, who stood a few feet away.

Their eyes locked. Leander didn't say a word. Her eyes followed his down to her

own body.

And the moment she realized she was completely naked, her scream exploded through the entire Oasis.

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Chapter 579 Lesser World

Olivia Harris is an emerging author celebrated for her captivating romantic and steamy novels. With a talent for crafting deep emotional connections and fiery chemistry between her characters, Olivia's stories offer readers an escape into worlds filled with passion, intrigue, and heart-stopping drama.

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 579[1,190 words]

Across Shadowed Lakes We Find Strength Buried Daeep Within by Ere

Chapter 579 Lesser World

Chapter 579 Lesser World

"Aaah!"

The scream pierced the air like a blade, ripping straight through the sky.

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She threw both arms in front of herself, trying to cover as much of her body as possible. Her flawless face flushed red with embarrassment.

She never imagined she'd ever wake up in such a humiliating situation.

Leander just rubbed his ear casually, not the least bit moved. He was already at the far side of the lake, heading for the stone wall ahead.

Suddenly, there was a loud whoosh.

A burst of wind cut through the air. Something sharp hurtled straight for Leander's back.

He didn't dodge. Instead, he slowly turned around, and in the time it took him to face the danger, the blade of wind had already reached his throat.

A metallic hiss rang out.

A long ice blade stopped right at Leander's neck, its tip only half an inch from piercing his skin.

The attacker was the young woman. She was now wrapped in an aura of frigid cold that clung to her like mist, hiding most of her body.

Her face was still flushed with shame, but now her eyes were burning with fury. She glared at Leander without blinking.

"You pervert! You saw me naked! I'm going to kill you!"

Her voice trembled with fury, as if she'd just been violated.

Frost gathered around his throat, but Leander's expression didn't change. He spoke calmly, "I have zero interest in your body. If I were you, I'd lower that sword.

"This isn't how you treat someone who just saved your life."

Her eyes flickered. His words stirred something in her mind. Suddenly, broken fragments of memory rushed back. The hostile spirit. The possession. The pain. The moment of release.

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Chapter 579 Lesser World

He had destroyed the spirit that was taking over her. He had saved her.

She looked stunned.

The man who had seen her naked... was her savior?

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Her brows furrowed in conflict. How could this be happening to her? She had always guarded her purity. The idea of someone seeing her exposed-let alone a man-was already horrifying. But that man turning out to be her savior?

It felt like some twisted nightmare she couldn't wake up from. Her hands trembled, still holding the icy blade to his throat. But no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't bring herself to strike.

Her family had rules. If anyone ever saw her like that, they were to be killed without hesitation. But she couldn't do it.

At last, her arm lowered. The ice blade shimmered, then dissolved into flakes of snow drifting away in the air.

The cold mist around her gathered and formed a translucent suit of ice armor, wrapping around her body and covering her curves. It didn't make her feel dignified, but it at least spared her some shame.

"You... you saw me naked. So what are you going to do now?" she asked, biting her lip.

Leander's expression changed slightly. Then he let out a short laugh.

Seriously?

He saved her life, and the first thing she did when she came to was threaten him over a naked body?

Guess to her, modesty ranked higher than life itself.

Leander's expression turned mocking. His lips curled into a half-smile as he said, "I save your life, and what you're hung up on is your body? That's either old-fashioned or just plain dumb."

He gave her a quick glance, clearly done entertaining her nonsense, and started walking straight toward the cliff face.

A sharp gust split the air.

The woman's figure blurred, and the next second, she landed right in front of him.

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Chapter 579 Lesser World

"Stop right there!"

She spread her arms wide, blocking his path.

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"We're not done talking! You saw my body! What are you going to do about it? How do you plan on taking responsibility?"

Leander looked like he'd just heard the dumbest thing on Earth. He shook his head and spread his hands with a sigh.

"Let's keep this simple. I saved your life, and I don't need your gratitude. I just want you to stop bothering me. As for your body? Consider us even. We're square. That clear enough for you?"

He had zero intention of humoring her melodrama. Right now, the only thing on his mind was the spring of life ahead.

"No way!"

She stretched her arms out again, still clinging to the issue.

"You think saying a few words makes it all go away? I'm grateful you saved me, I really am. But that doesn't cancel out the fact that you saw me naked. They're two separate things! You're not walking away until this is resolved!"

Leander's patience finally ran dry. His gaze turned cold, his tone flat.

"Fine. You want clarity? Let's cut the crap. Lay it out for me.

"I saw your body. Now what? Name your terms."

He spread his hands again, totally unfazed.

"Terms?"

A flicker of hesitation crossed her flawless face. She paused for a moment before answering. "In my family, there are rules. If a man sees a woman's body, he either joins the family and becomes her husband, or she kills him. No exceptions.

"Those are your two options. Pick one."

Leander's face shifted into something between disbelief and amusement.

"Join the family or die?"

He almost laughed. She looked barely older than him, maybe by a couple years at most, and

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Chapter 579 Lesser World

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she was already in the King Phase-real, actual King Phase. That kind of power didn't come from nowhere. Her family clearly wasn't some ordinary household.

But even with all that power, they were still clinging to ancient, backwater customs? See a woman naked and suddenly you were either married or buried?

His stare stayed icy as he shook his head.

"Neither of those is happening.

"I already have a fiancée. I'm not marrying into your family. I'm not marrying you at all.

"And if you're thinking about killing me, good luck. You might want to ask yourself if you're even capable of that."

His words left her frozen. She hadn't expected him to already be engaged.

But it was that last line that really hit her.

That spirit had completely taken over her spirit core. She couldn't stop it. She had lost control of her own body. And yet, Leander had wiped it out like it was nothing- soul and all. She didn't need anyone to explain the gap in their strength. Trying to kill him was nothing short of suicide.

But she wasn't ready to let this go. She'd kept herself pure for over twenty years. Back in her world, she had more suitors than she could count. Every young elite treated her like some goddess, the perfect woman, their lifelong goal.

And now? A random guy from the outside world had seen her naked. How was she supposed to live with that?

She stood in silence for a while, then finally spoke.

"I don't care if you're engaged or not. You saw my body. You're responsible for that.

"One day, I want you to come to Lesser World."

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n Vale Frost 578

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 580[1,134 words]

Chapter 580 I Like Him

"Lesser World?"

Leander's eyes narrowed. His brows drew in.

That name meant nothing to him. He had never even heard of it before.

10 Free Coins.

The woman clearly noticed his reaction. A flash of pride crossed her face as she teased, "Wait. Don't tell me you've never heard of Lesser World?"

Leander stayed calm and said flatly, "No. I haven't. And so what?"

"Just give me the time and place. Even if it's a death trap, I'll show up. But you'd better give me a real reason.

"If this is about making me take responsibility or trying to marry me, not happening. And if you're planning to kill me, then do it now. Why wait for some Lesser World nonsense?"

He still didn't know what that place was, and he honestly didn't care. He was staring at her like she could either act now or get out of his face.

"Is this

guy for real?"

She stared at him, stunned. Out of every man she'd ever met, this one had to be the most cold-blooded, emotionally detached person she'd seen.

They didn't know each other, sure. But she wasn't just some random woman. She was drop-dead gorgeous. Even in her world, she was the one every top-tier guy had their eyes on. She was the pride of her family, the untouchable queen everyone worshipped.

Even in her world, the most elite men treated her like a goddess. But standing in front of Leander, all her pride and so-called status felt like nothing. He didn't care at all.

She found herself wondering just how stunning Leander's fiancée had to be if a man like him could look at someone like her and still feel nothing.

She paused, hesitating for a moment. But her pride wouldn't let her say what she was really thinking.

toward a She stared into Leander's twinkling eyes. For the first time, she felt something strange man. A hint of curiosity sparked inside her. In Lesser World, people like her were considered top-tier talents, and there weren't many who could stand on her level. Everyone there looked down on martial artists from the outside world. That kind of superiority complex had been

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Chapter 580 I Like Him

drilled into them from birth.

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10 Free Coins

Compared to them, most martial artists outside Lesser World were embarrassingly weak. Nearly all of them couldn't even come close to matching the talent or power of those born in her world.

But Leander? He flipped everything she thought she knew on its head.

That spirit had taken over her spirit core. She threw everything she had at it—every bit of her spiritual strength—and still failed. It invaded her body, used her power, and went toe to toe with Leander.

And even with all that, Leander crushed it. Every attack, every deadly move, he countered with ease. He didn't even get scratched. Then he wiped it out completely—body and soul. Didn't that mean Leander was stronger than her?

In her world, people like her were the top of the food chain. No one ranked higher among the younger generation. But Leander... he had already surpassed her like it was nothing.

Her eyes flicked over his ridiculously handsome face, and a faint blush crept up her cheeks.

Back in Lesser World, she had suitors lined up for miles. Young geniuses, elites, heirs to powerful families-they all chased after her. She turned them all down. Even the strongest among them only ever made it into the friend zone.

But today, something shifted. For the first time, she felt something stir for a man.

Leander had the looks. He had the power. He'd seen her naked. And now, the thought of him marrying into her family didn't feel like an insult. She was actually starting to look forward to

1. it.

Her expression softened. The icy pride in her gaze melted just a bit as she said, "I'm not going to kill you. But you have to come to Lesser World.

"No matter what, you saw my body. You'll need to explain that to the elders of my family. Even if you don't plan on marrying me, you still need to face them.

"Of course, if you're just a coward and don't have the guts to show up, then fine. We'll act like this never happened. You go your way, I'll go mine. You were never here."

She was trying to provoke him. No proud young man would accept being called a coward.

She fully expected him to agree without hesitation. But Leander's response made her expression freeze.

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"Well, that makes it easy. I'm a coward."

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He raised his hands and shrugged. "I have zero interest in meeting your family. I don't care about the Lesser World. You want to call me gutless or not a real man? Go ahead. We're done here.

"Let's pretend we never met."

He stepped right around her without waiting for a reply and walked straight up to the cliff face.

Her frustration hit its peak. She hadn't expected a flat-out rejection. Her little bluff had completely backfired.

"You..."

She opened her mouth, ready to say something else, but the scene in front of her made her words catch in her throat.

Leander raised his hand. Faint blue light shimmered between his fingers as he pressed his palm against the cliff.

That light spread fast, crawling up the surface of the rock until it covered the entire cliff wall, which stretched over 100 feet tall. A moment later, she felt a powerful wave of spiritual energy rushing out from inside the stone, pouring into Leander like a raging current.

He looked like a living conduit, pulling in all that energy faster and faster. There was no sign of strain, no discomfort-just raw absorption.

"What... how is this even possible?"

Her eyes widened. She stood frozen in place.

Back in Lesser World, she had always been taught that martial artists from the outside world were beneath them. Her elders drilled it into her head since she was a child. She believed it completely.

And even in Lesser World, she'd never seen anyone absorb spiritual energy like this. Not even the people from the Mandate Devouring Sect, who were famous for their energy-devouring techniques.

No one dared to channel energy like this-pure brute force, using their body as the medium, flooding their system nonstop. But Leander? He wasn't just fine. His absorption was speeding

1. up.

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His energy didn't show any signs of overflow or fatigue. On the contrary, his aura kept growing

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stronger by the second. The pressure he gave off spread across the area like an in

She stared at his back, eyes locked on him.

She had made up her mind. She wanted this man.

Olivia Harris is an emerging author celebrated for her captivating romantic and steamy novels. With a talent for crafting deep emotional connections and fiery chemistry between her characters,

Olivia's stories offer readers an escape into worlds filled with passion, intrigue, and heart-stopping drama.