

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 581[1,295 words]

Chapter 581 Withstand One Strike

Chapter 581 Withstand One Strike

59

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Leander didn't spare the young woman behind him a single glance. Power surged through his palm as he drew in the spiritual energy leaking from within the stone wall, swallowing it with even greater ferocity and forcing it into his body, strengthening his aura until it grew vast and overwhelming.

Such pure spiritual energy. With Earth so depleted of it now, any place that still had even a tenth of this density would've been considered a miracle. To think there'd be a treasure like this hidden in a desert oasis.

The thought delighted him.

As for this so-called Divine Vault, his interest in it was mostly curiosity-he simply wanted to see what an existence strong enough to dominate an era beyond the King Phase might leave behind. But even if he managed to find whatever relics that being had stored away, he doubted he would care much for any of them.

What he truly needed was the Verdant Dew. The Devourer's Ninefold Path he cultivated demanded an endless supply of spiritual energy-the richer it was, the faster he progressed, and the more wildly the Nirvana Energy within him roared through his meridians.

The Verdant Dew acted like a performance drink tailored just for him, flooding every cell in his body with vibrant vitality. His strength climbed steadily, and he was now only a single step away from reaching the Infernal Crown Transcendent realm.

Before even reaching that level, he had already been able to stand toe-to-toe against Kings,

power would sometimes even overwhelm them. Once he truly broke through, his combat skyrocketed. Even if a veteran King stood before him then, far less of their intimidation would remain.

The young woman's eyes twinkled as she watched him absorb the energy like a bottomless

abyss, unable to look away for a long while. She thought this man-this person from the ordinary mortal world-radiated a mystery and might unlike anything she had ever encountered, stirring in her a deep urge to understand him, to draw closer. Unbidden, she found herself comparing Leander to the many prodigies from her homeland. And in that comparison, every one of them seemed a step weaker than him. At the very least, she was certain none of those so-called geniuses could have so effortlessly destroyed the spirit of an Origin Realm the way he just had.

Leander had no idea what she was thinking. Maintaining the same posture, he continued drawing in spiritual energy for a full 30 minutes. During that time, the suction force in his palm never faltered-not once.

1/3

14:15 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 581 Withstand One Strike

59

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When the energy hidden within the mountain wall had been devoured clean, he finally released his palm. Then, a long, thunderous shout erupted from his chest, piercing straight into the sky and scattering every cloud overhead. The mountain wall before him trembled under the shockwave of his voice before exploding outward, collapsing into a storm of rubble.

Leander's eyes sharpened, the confidence on his face now purer, fiercer. He was finally now a true Infernal Crown Transcendent. D

Crack!

He stretched lightly, and a chorus of crisp pops rippled through his entire frame, as though every joint in his body had sprung to life. His aura swelled massively, startling the young woman behind him.

"This aura... he just broke through to the Infernal Crown Transcendent?" Her eyes disbelief.

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She could evidently sense his cultivation realm-only at Infernal Crown Transcendent, with nowhere higher to go within that stage, yet still far from the King Phase. She couldn't understand how someone at this level had been able to confront—and effortlessly destroy—a spirit condensed from the Origin Realm.

While she still wrestled with her confusion, Leander had already turned around. His gaze didn't land on her, not even once. He simply swept past her and stepped onto the lake, walking across its surface as if it were solid ground, heading toward the opposite shore.

As far as he was concerned, this trip to the Divine Vault had already achieved its purpose. He had consumed every trace of the Verdant Dew's spiritual energy. As for the remaining scraps of energy, treasures, or techniques scattered around the oasis... he couldn't be bothered with any of them.

The Devourer's Ninefold Path he cultivated was the most powerful technique in the universe, and he had absolute confidence in that truth.

Leander was nearly across the lake when the young woman finally snapped back to herself. Her gaze steadied, and after a brief pause-as though making up her mind- she slid sideways across the water. Her movement left behind a trailing streak that lifted into the air as drifting mist, the vapor crystallizing into countless shards of cold frost that curled around her body. They cloaked her graceful figure in a hazy, dreamlike veil.

She stepped directly into Leander's path, her beautiful eyes set with stubborn resolve. "We haven't finished talking. Where do you think you're going?"

Leander halted at last and looked at her, a flicker of impatience already forming between his brows. "Do you think that just because you're a woman, I won't strike you?"

2/3

14:15 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 581 Withstand One Strike

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He had saved her life, yet not only had she shown no gratitude, but she'd also clung

to him relentlessly-and all because he had glimpsed her body. Leander's patience with her had long since frayed.

"I already told you this ends here. You and I owe each other nothing. We go our separate ways. Simple enough?" His tone was cold, as though she were nothing more than a passerby rather than a breathtaking beauty standing directly before him.

"Impossible!" She dismissed his words without hesitation. Spreading her palm, she roused her Glacial Primordial Energy. The surrounding air froze at once as frost surged outward from beneath her feet, blanketing hundreds of feet of land and trapping Leander within it.

Leander narrowed his eyes, his voice dropping a shade. "You want to fight me?"

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can't,

She nodded without hesitation. "We can go our separate ways, but only if you will strike from my sword. If you can take it, I won't pursue this matter anymore. But you'll return to the Lesser World with me, meet my clan's elders, and explain everything. Whether you stay or go afterward will be up to them."

Leander let out a quiet laugh. "One sword and

To avoid dragging this out, he crooked his

You could make it ten, and it wouldn't matter."

I've already stayed in the Sahar Wastes long enough at her. "If you're going to make a move, do it.

strongest attack. Let's finish this in one go."

99

enough—I'm not wasting any more time. Use your

He never took her seriously. The spirit that had borrowed her body earlier had used killing arts and a domain, yet he had broken them with ease. Taking one strike from her was hardly worth mentioning..

The woman remained indifferent to Leander's dismissal. But an icy gleam flickered in her eyes as powerful Glacial Primordial Energy surged upward, spiraling into the sky and forming a massive vortex of frost.

Roar!

A dragon's cry split the heavens as a ten-yard-long frost dragon twisted downward from the maelstrom. Under the cold blue radiance that washed across the world, the dragon rapidly dispersed into formation lines before recombining into a crystalline longsword forged entirely of ice. It gleamed sharper and colder than the blade that the spirit had summoned earlier—its very presence seemed ready to carve open the sky.

"This is my clan's ultimate ancestral technique. If you can withstand this attack, I'll have nothing more to say." Her voice softened into a chill whisper as her hand closed around the hilt.

3/3

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 582[1,478 words]

Chapter 582 The Martial Alliance Badge

Shing!

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Sword hums rippled through the space, echoing again and again, the vibrations churning the lake beneath them until the water boiled and heaved.

A blast of icy energy swept outward. The young woman had pushed her Primordial Energy to the extreme-so much so that the temperature in the area plummeted instantly to freezing, and the lake's surface had already begun to solidify.

“Hm?” Leander's eyes shifted slightly, a hint of surprise flashing through them.

Earlier, when the spirit had controlled the woman's body in their fight, neither th unleashed nor the sharpness of its sword energy had come close to what he fel power she released under her own control was on an entirely different level.

ill it

he

As he focused on her movements-the fluid arc of her arm, the precision in her stance-understanding dawned on him.

That spirit's cultivation had been formidable, yes, but it had only taken over her body for the first time. It didn't understand her strength or limits, couldn't manipulate them smoothly, and certainly couldn't draw out a full hundred percent of her power. But this woman knew her own cultivation better than anyone. Naturally, she wielded it with ease.

Buzz!

Cold energy cascaded downward as she spread her hand and grasped the crystalline ice sword. Blue light flared in her eyes, making her look like an ice queen.

A fierce wave of sword force descended from the sky. The blade hadn't even touched the ground, yet the earth beneath Leander's feet split cleanly in two. Grass shattered into fragments, and a massive ravine carved its way from beneath Leander's step all the way across the frozen lake behind him, stretching for a hundred yards.

But even with the powerful pressure bearing down on him, Leander merely showed a flicker of surprise, nothing more.

As the sword light fell, his robes fluttered violently despite the still air, and he lifted his hand, long pale fingers unfolding.

Clang!

A thunderous crash shook the sky. Leander's index and middle fingers separated slightly, his

1/4

14:16 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 582 The Martial Alliance Badge

arm lifting as he blocked overhead.

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59

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The massive ice sword-its aura stretching dozens of yards-was abruptly halted midair above him. His two fingers locked around the blade like an iron clamp, stopping her attack cold. The terrifying sword energy dissolved instantly, leaving only the fading remnants of a blue glow.

All this while, Leander hadn't even taken half a step back nor used any technique or defense. With just two fingers, he had taken full control of the battlefield.

"How... is this possible?" The woman gasped, unable to comprehend what she was witnessing, horror filling her eyes as she was suspended in midair upon ice shards.

She had suggested that he take one strike so she could confirm his strength for herself. She knew he would be able to withstand it. But she had never imagined this-that he would catch it effortlessly, shattering the frost sword she had spent twenty painstaking years in nothing but two fingers.

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"This is your full-strength?" Leander lifted his gaze slightly, a faint, mocking curl touching his lips.

As he spoke, his two fingers tightened. A sharp crack rang out, and the ice sword snapped cleanly in half. He crushed it effortlessly, the shards falling and scattering into drifting frost.

The woman's body trembled as the backlash hit her. She stumbled backward ten full steps, retreating out of Leander's ten-yard radius. Her eyes shifted wildly, shock giving way to disbelief, and then something far more complicated.

"To think... the mortal world really had such a genius. Our elders always said the talents of the mortal world couldn't compare to the prodigies of the Lesser World- but seeing you now, it's clear they were wrong. Even the brightest of the Lesser World would pale next to someone like you." It took her a long moment to fully recover, her gaze soft as she watched Leander stand unmoving.

"I've withstood your attack. We're even. If you get in my way again, I won't hold back." Leander withdrew his hand and walked forward, his voice cold as ever.

This time, she didn't try to stop him. She remained silent for several seconds-then suddenly smiled, her voice turning soft and warm. "You keep your word. You won't cling to this matter. But at least tell me your name."

Leander didn't look back. He didn't slow down. Only his voice drifted across the lake. "Leander Ashcroft."

The young woman whispered softly to herself, repeating Leander's name as a breathtaking smile curved at the corners of her lips. "I'll remember that name well."

2/4

14:16 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 582 The Martial Alliance Badge

My name is Genevieve. Leander, I'm sure we'll meet again soon."

69

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Leander's gaze flickered slightly, but he ultimately didn't ask anything. He simply walked straight out of the oasis.

Outside the oasis, the group had not left. Ophelia remained with over a dozen bodyguards, anxiously peering toward the depths of the greenery.

Dusty and worn from the journey, Ophelia finally lost her patience and turned to Evren. "Mr. Westvale, can you please talk to that senior and ask if he can make an exception-just this once -and let us in?"

She spoke in a hushed voice, but Evren's expression tightened with visible discomfort.

"Ophelia," he sighed helplessly, shaking his head. "I'm afraid I can't help you with this. You saw it yourself: Sovereign Ashcroft fought my grandmaster, and my grandmaster conceded of his own free will.

"In the martial world, a warrior's word is iron. And when it's spoken by someone like Sovereign Ashcroft or my grandmaster—both King Phase experts—their word is heavier than any imperial decree from the ancient past. Who would dare defy it? This is something I truly cannot do."

It wasn't a joke. Rupert was a King Phase expert from a century ago, a man who had survived battles at that level—his status was terrifyingly high. And Leander..... Leander was a living legend, someone who could wipe out an entire army alone. His position was at least equal to Rupert's, if not higher.

The two of them had already agreed: no one else was allowed to enter the oasis. Rupert had personally stepped forward to enforce it. Even though Evren's name appeared on the Astrian rankings, before beings like these, he had no right to speak—his own mentor, Matthias, could only stand silently at the side. How could Evren possibly interrupt Rupert, much less challenge Leander?

Earlier, Leander had casually killed Cedric—the Montgomery family's heir apparent—without blinking. If someone now dared defy his command and stepped into the oasis, Evren had no doubt Leander would kill them instantly.

That was the overwhelming dominance of a living legend—untouchable and absolute.

Ophelia bit her lip. She still felt shaken by Cedric's death, yet her unwillingness lingered. "Does Jeff Ashcroft really get to call all the shots? The oasis is huge. Even

if we went inside, he wouldn't necessarily know. Aren't we being a little too cautious?"

3/4

14:16 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 582 The Martial Alliance Badge

59

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Evren's bitter smile deepened. Just as he was about to explain, a cold voice rolled out from within the oasis.

"I already said-no one is allowed inside but me. Did you really think I wouldn't notice? Huh! Go ahead and bring your men in if you dare."

Ophelia froze, her eyes widening. The others stiffened as well. A moment later, a figure emerged from the trees-Leander, with his hands clasped behind his back.

Rupert looked toward him at once. "It seems the Divine Vault treated you very well, Sovereign Ashcroft."

As a genuine King Phase expert, Rupert could vividly sense Leander's aura—it had grown even more formidable than before.

"It was alright," Leander replied lightly, neither proud nor modest. "I've taken what from the Divine Vault. If you want to go in and search for treasure, feel free."

With that, Leander turned to head back toward the off-road vehicle. He planned to return to Yelem at once. But he had only taken a single step when Rupert suddenly spoke again. "Sovereign Ashcroft, please wait."

Leander turned. Rupert's expression had grown solemn, his tone heavy. "Not long ago, received confirmed news. The Westerian martial world, led by the Arbitration Office, has formally announced the dissolution of the King Phase Accord.

"Because of that, Astria's Martial Alliance is about to return to the world. Sovereign Ashcroft, as an Astrian martial practitioner, you are meant to be part of the Martial Alliance. I speak these words on behalf of the Dragon Emperor himself." Rupert reached into his inner pocket and took out a finely crafted badge. A maple leaf was engraved on it, shaped like a crown, and at the crown's peak were two carved letters-MA.

"This is the Martial Alliance badge. On behalf of the Martial Alliance, I respectfully invite you to join."

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 583[1,368 words]

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Chapter 583 The History of the Martial Alliance

Chapter 583 The History of the Martial Alliance

59

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Darian's voice echoed across the desert. The moment he said "Martial Alliance," everyone present turned to look at him, curiosity and confusion written all over their faces.

There were plenty of well-traveled, knowledgeable people among them, yet none had ever heard of anything called the Martial Alliance.

That included Leander, who raised an eyebrow slightly.

"Martial Alliance?" Leander asked. "What is that?"

A faint glint flashed through Darian's eyes as he replied calmly, "The Martial Alliance is a martial coalition formed voluntarily by us in Astria.

"When the West invaded Astria, they didn't come with armies alone. Alongside their troops were many of the West's top martial artists. King Phase masters were among them. They infiltrated Astria from all sides, planning to crush us completely-both militarily and in the martial world.

"At that time, the leading King Phase masters of the West were mostly commanders from two major forces: the Arbitration Office and the Church.

"To resist the Western martial artists' invasion of Astria's martial world, many of Astria's King Phase experts answered the call of two men. They united and formed a coalition of their own -the Martial Alliance.

"Because of its existence, Astria's strongest martial forces were gathered together, giving us the power to stand against top global powers like the Arbitration Office and the Church."

Ophelia and the bodyguards listened in a daze, struggling to follow. Only Matthias and Tobey's expressions changed sharply-they finally understood.

Back then, Western powers were overwhelming. The invaders joined forces and ravaged Astria at will, trampling its land so brutally that even the kingdom of Orenthall was crushed into submission, reduced to nothing more than a puppet of the Western powers.

Yet despite marching into Astria, the West had always fallen just one step short. They never truly gained control of Astria.

Most of that was due to Astria's unyielding national spirit and its resistance forces. A smaller- but crucial-part was because of the Martial Alliance.

The Martial Alliance held back the Western elites. Its existence kept the people of Astria

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59

Chapter 583 The History of the Martial Alliance

burning with the will to resist, like sparks that grew into a raging wildfire.

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It could be said that the Martial Alliance greatly slowed the advance of Western rule. Even the warships and heavy artillery sent by the West were forced to retreat in defeat because of Astria's top martial experts within the alliance.

Although some of them had heard fragments of this hidden history before, this was the first time they had ever heard the name “Martial Alliance” spoken aloud-from Darian himself.

Leander's face remained calm, but deep down, a sense of respect rose within him for the Martial Alliance.

It was obvious that, back then, the alliance had given everything to protect Astria's martial world. Its members had risked-and sacrificed-their lives for the people. Every one of them deserved admiration.

"You said the Martial Alliance was founded by two people,” Leander said after a m silence. "Who were they?"

Darian paused briefly before answering, "One of them was the supreme leader of Astria's Ancient Lingster Sanctum-Master Branson."

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"Oh?" A flicker passed through Leander's eyes. "Then you don't need to name the other one. It was the Dragon Emperor, wasn't it?"

Leander didn't need to think. To create something as vast as the Martial Alliance, one had to rally the top martial artists from all across Astria. That required overwhelming strength—and the kind of authority that made powerful figures willingly

unite.

In Astria, aside from Master Branson, only one person fit that description.

The Dragon Emperor.

Only the Dragon Emperor had that level of qualification and capability.

“That's right—the Dragon Emperor,” Darian confirmed.

When he spoke those words, a trace of reverence entered Darian's voice. It made Leander glance at him in mild surprise.

Given Darian's cultivation and strength, he ranked among Astria's very top experts. Yet even he showed open respect and admiration toward the Dragon Emperor. Clearly, the Dragon Emperor's status among these elites far exceeded what Leander had imagined.

For the first time, Leander felt a powerful curiosity about this legendary figure who

had

2/4

14:16 Wed, Feb 11...

Chapter 583 The History of the Martial Alliance

dominated Astria for more than a century.

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"The Martial Alliance was founded by the Dragon Emperor and Master Branson," Darian continued. "They recruited extraordinary experts from the East to resist the West.

"This Martial Alliance badge was handed to me by the Dragon Emperor himself. He told me that if I ever had the chance to meet you, I should invite you to join the alliance.

"I thought that day was still far off. I didn't expect it to come so soon."

As he spoke, Darian raised one hand. The badge lifted into the air, carried by an invisible force, and floated in front of Leander.

Leander stood still and did not reach out to take it.

He looked at the finely crafted badge and smiled faintly.

"The members of the Martial Alliance once joined forces to defend the honor of Astria's martial world against the West," he said. "For that, I hold them in great respect.

"But as for joining the Martial Alliance—sorry. I refuse the invitation."

His refusal was clean and decisive, without the slightest hesitation.

"Oh?" Darian paused, clearly surprised.

"Sovereign Ashcroft, having you join the Martial Alliance would be of enormous significance.

"The Arbitration Office has publicly declared that it has torn up the King Phase Accord. King Phase masters around the world are already on the move. The Western King Phase masters have mobilized in full force. The world is on the brink of chaos.

"If this continues, another War of the King Phase will inevitably erupt. Once that happens, East and West will stand in complete opposition. You are an Eastern powerhouse—there is no way the Western King Phase masters will let you off.

"If you join the Martial Alliance, you gain another layer of identity. Even if forces like the Arbitration Office or the Church want to surround and attack you, they'll have to think twice about the Martial Alliance's strength.

"Within the alliance, if any member is in danger, the others will rush to support them.

For you, this has nothing but benefits. Why refuse?"

What Darian said echoed exactly what the Dragon Emperor had once said.

3/4

14:16 Wed, Feb 11 a

Chapter 583 The History of the Martial Alliance

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Leander shone too brightly. And when someone stood out that much, they inevitably drew the storm. That was what the Dragon Emperor and the others feared. Leander was the present and future pillar of Astria's martial world. He was the one meant to shoulder everything. The Dragon Emperor and the others knew this—and so did the Western King Phase masters.

Back then, it was the emergence of the Dragon Emperor that reversed the East's desperate disadvantage. During the War of the King Phase, he preserved most of the East's peak combat power, forcing a mutual destruction with the West that ultimately ended the war.

Without the Dragon Emperor stepping forward to take control and lead the situation, Eastern martial artists would have been crushed one by one under the joint assault of the Church and the Arbitration Office. Astria itself would have fallen.

1. d. Even In the War of the King Phase a hundred years ago, the Dragon Emperor truly led though he was eventually hunted down by the 16 Supreme Arbiters and forced to retreat into seclusion, his contributions to that war were undeniable.

The Western elites had learned from the lesson of a century ago. They would never allow the East to produce another "Dragon Emperor."

And the strength and potential Leander had now displayed already surpassed what the Dragon Emperor showed at the same age. The Arbitration Office's public destruction of the King Phase Accord was meant to unleash the hidden Western King Phase masters-to target Leander.

Darian believed Leander understood this clearly. That was why he appealed to both reason and emotion.

Leander's expression did not change in the slightest after he heard it all. His voice carried softly, his stance unwavering.

"I refuse."

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 584[1,369 words]

Chapter 584 Touch My People, and You Die

"I refuse."

Leander answered without hesitation, lifting a hand to stop him on the spot.

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Even after Darian had laid everything out so clearly and analyzed the situation in painstaking detail, Leander still had no intention of agreeing.

"Why?" Darian frowned, clearly puzzled.

"Sovereign Ashcroft, you should understand better than anyone that, in today's world-among the nations and the underworld-you're standing in an extremely delicate position

"It's no exaggeration to say that if you look around the globe, you're surrounded
mies.

"To the great powers of this era, aside from Astria, you're a direct threat to every other nation. Especially after the battle in the Sahar Wastes, where you faced an army head-on and cut down ten supersonic fighter jets with a single sword strike. That alone made the major powers realize that their authority had been openly challenged.

"And global hegemony like Agylae will never tolerate someone provoking their dominance in public. This military encirclement may look like a campaign against terrorists in the Sahar Wastes, but the real identities of those people... I don't think you're unaware of them."

Leander did not respond. He simply listened.

Darian's voice grew heavier as he continued, "In the eyes of the great powers, you're the single greatest threat.

"And in the underworld, you're even more of a thorn in the side of countless King Phase existences. Among the International Combat Units, you're the only one of your kind-and on the newly released King Phase Rankings, you're the sole name on the list.

"To the world's elites, that makes you the target they must challenge and replace. Every eye will be on you. There's no way to avoid it."

Darian paused, letting out a quiet sigh.

"Sovereign Ashcroft, you're undeniably strong, but no one can stand alone forever. Even the Dragon Emperor, as powerful as he is, fears no single one of the 16 Supreme Arbiters. Yet if all sixteen strike together, even he has no choice but to withdraw and defend himself.

"You're the future ruler of Astria's martial world. To the Western King Phase masters, you're a

1/5

14:16 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 584 Touch My People, and You Die

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must-kill target. If you join the Martial Alliance, you can be spared most of these troubles.

After listening to all of it, Leander suddenly let out a soft laugh.

"So, you're saying I should join the Martial Alliance and seek your protection?"

He shook his head lightly. His eyes were unwavering, brimming with unshakable confidence.

"I appreciate the Dragon Emperor's goodwill, but I still refuse to join the Martial Alliance.

"I know exactly what kind of position I'm in right now. I know how the great powers and the underworld elites see me. But so what?

"There will always be dangers in this world. If I have to cling to others and hide behind their protection because of that, then I'm no different from anyone else."

He took a step forward. Yellow sand filled the sky, stretching his shadow long across ground. The expressions of Ophelia and the others shifted. For a split second, it felt as if Leander had grown into a towering giant nearly ten feet tall, a majestic silhouette flashing before their eyes.

With his hands clasped behind his back, Leander stared ahead, his voice calm and steady.

"Whether it's the great powers of this era, the Western King Phase masters, or even the Eastern King Phase experts...

"Whoever wants to touch me-come ahead. No matter who wants my life, my answer is the same. I'll crush everything."

Behind him, Darian's pupils shrank. For a moment, he found himself completely speechless.

At times, it felt as though he was facing an ancient monster. At others, an ignorant young upstart who knew nothing of the world.

Those words-'I'll crush everything'-laid bare Leander's arrogance in full.

Though Darian admired Leander's spirit and bearing, he still shook his head with a helpless sigh. He could not agree with him.

Back then, the Dragon Emperor had been exactly the same.

Although his talent did not match Leander's, he had still stepped into the King Phase at sixty, a once-in-a-generation prodigy who dominated Astria and shook the underground world of his

time.

2/5

14:16 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 584 Touch My People, and You Die

59

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The Dragon Emperor had also been wildly arrogant, his presence overwhelming. The Arbitration Office and the Church had meant nothing to him. He had once declared that he would stand alone against both Western powers and become the greatest in history.

But ideals and reality were different.

Faced with the combined might of the Arbitration Office and the Church, even someone as proud as the Dragon Emperor had been forced to bow his head and rally the Eastern experts to resist together.

What Leander said today was no different from what the Dragon Emperor had once said.

Sensing Leander's resolve, Darian knew there was no point in continuing. He shook his head, reached out, and took the Martial Alliance badge back into his robes.

"Fame comes early, your blood runs hot-how could you not be proud at your age said. "I get why you see things this way, Sovereign Ashcroft.

rian

"Since you won't join the Martial Alliance, there's nothing more I can say. Just be careful-especially with the Arbitration Office. You're on a collision course with them, and they won't ever let this go.

"I'll keep this Martial Alliance badge for now. If you ever change your mind, come find me at Swallow Dock in Astria. That's the ancestral land of the Bulwark Sect."

With that, he clasped his fists toward Leander.

"I'll take my leave for now. I'm heading into the Divine Vault to see if I can find any treasures that might improve my cultivation."

Leander returned the gesture with a calm nod.

"Please."

At that moment, both men suddenly stiffened and turned their gaze toward the sky off to the side.

A slender figure streaked through the air, tearing through the atmosphere, moving at over three hundred feet in a single second, her body wrapped in surging blood energy.

The others followed their line of sight and saw the same scene, their expressions filled with shock.

Several hundred feet behind her, two streaks of light followed closely, neither speeding up nor falling back, maintaining the same distance as if bound by invisible chains.

3/5

14:16 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 584 Touch My People, and You Die

Leander's expression darkened as recognition set in.

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The blood-soaked figure was Celia, who had parted ways with him just half a day earlier.

Blood spilled from the corner of her mouth. A deep mark was visible on her shoulder, and her core energy was nearly thirty percent weaker than usual. She had clearly suffered serious injuries.

"Master Leander, save me!"

Her face was deathly pale, terror written all over it. When she saw Leander below, relief burst from her lips as she cried out for help.

"Haha!"

As she spoke, a strange, grating laugh echoed from behind. The two streaks of light suddenly accelerated. One of them condensed into a man dressed in black robes, who raised a single hand and struck toward Celia's back from afar.

With a roar, a massive hand formed from Primordial Energy took shape in the sky, blotting out the heavens. It spanned nearly two hundred feet, engulfing Celia as it descended, poised to crush her completely.

"Hmph!"

Just as the giant hand was about to fall, a cold snort filled with boundless killing intent rang out. A flash of blue lightning tore through the air, and a figure appeared abruptly in front of Celia.

That figure seemed to hold up heaven and earth itself, as though even the collapse of the world could be suppressed with a single hand.

It was Leander.

As he faced the overwhelming Primordial Energy hand, Leander's gaze was icy. He raised his arm and struck forward with one palm.

The explosion shook the skies. Power surged violently, and the surrounding wind and sand were flattened by the shockwave.

The Primordial Energy hand shattered instantly, dissolving into nothingness. Standing before Celia, Leander looked toward the two figures in the distance. His

eyes were calm, but killing intent gathered drop by drop.

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14:16 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 584 Touch My People, and You Die

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"Touch my people, and

you

die."

575

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 585[1,461 words]

Chapter 585 The Twin Reapers

"Touch my people, and you die."

59

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Leander raised one hand and struck out with a single palm. The massive Primordial Energy hand dissolved on contact, scattering into nothing. He stood squarely in front of Celia, and the moment he did, her heart finally settled. The panic on her face faded at last.

High in the sky, two figures halted and faced Leander.

One wore black robes. A black skull was etched between his brows, flickering with a faint, sinister glow. Killing intent rolled off him in heavy waves-so sharp that even from over a hundred feet away, it chilled the bone.

Beside him stood a man in white. He wore an ancient-style Taoist robe, yet his features were unmistakably exotic. The contrast made him look oddly unsettling.

Standing together, the two radiated overwhelming pressure. Sand whipped violently through the air, yet not a single grain could cross within six inches of their bodies. Their gazes lingered on Leander, and then, with faintly mocking smiles, they spoke.

"You're Jeff Ashcroft?"

There was no need to guess. Someone so young, yet able to dissolve their attack with ease- within today's martial world, aside from Astria's Iron Sovereign, there could be no one else.

Leander gave them a brief glance but did not answer. Instead, he turned to Celia, concern threaded through his voice.

"Are you hurt?"

Celia's blood surged. She wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth and shook her head.

Earlier that day, she had followed Leander's orders and prepared to board a flight back to Astria, escorting Nathan and the others. But just before departure, these two middle-aged men

-one in black, one in white-had ambushed her, forcing her into a desperate retreat.

With no other option, she had unleashed her life-saving escape art and fled nonstop from Yelem, racing toward this desert oasis to seek Leander's protection.

Without Leander here, she would be easy prey-completely at their mercy.

Below, Darian's pupils shrank when he saw the sudden appearance of the black- and-white duo.

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14:16 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 585 The Twin Reapers

Chapter 585 The Twin Reapers

"Touch my people, and you die."

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14:16 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 585 The Twin Reapers

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Shock flashed across his face, followed by grim recognition.

"The Twin Reapers of Netherweb?"

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He murmured the name softly. Beside him, Matthias and Tobey stiffened, their expressions changing instantly.

That name summoned an ancient legend of Netherweb.

A century ago, King Phase masters dominated the world. The West, in particular, was overflowing with power. The Church and the Arbitration Office stood like rival empires, shaping the global balance between them. Yet amid these giants, Netherweb rose abruptly, standing toe-to-toe with both.

The Arbitration Office had the 16 Supreme Arbiters, ruling the West with iron au Church had its High Priest and Enforcers-numerous King Phase masters station. Angleland. But Netherweb's rise rested on only two people.

The Twin Reapers.

They had hunted and slain more than ten King Phase masters across the Western world- never failing once. Whenever they struck, their target died. One hundred percent success.

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Those they killed were all veterans, figures who had ruled for decades and carried worldwide fame. Yet without exception, every one of them fell to these two.

For a time, Western King Phase masters lived in constant fear. With that terrifying record, the Twin Reapers made the entire West shudder at their name. Netherweb once again loomed over the world's strongest powers, becoming the undisputed benchmark of the Assassin's World.

To raise a dominant force with just two people-what kind of absolute rule was that? The Twin Reapers' names shook the world to its core.

"It's really the Twin Reapers," Matthias said grimly. "They've been hidden for over a hundred years. And now they show up here, hunting a young woman?"

He found it impossible to stay calm. These legendary King Phase figures were standing right in front of him.

As someone from their era, Darian understood better than anyone what kind of power they represented.

In a one-on-one fight, he might not fear either of them. But the Twin Reapers never acted alone. Even if he faced them himself, he wouldn't dare claim victory. Retreat would be the far

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14:17 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 585 The Twin Reapers

more likely choice.

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Almost instantly, Darian recalled what had happened in Yelem not long ago.

The Hermit-Netherweb's chief assassin, ranked first on the International Assassin

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Leaderboard-had been killed by Leander. That blow hadn't just rocked the Assassin's World; it had utterly crushed Netherweb's pride.

Now, with the Twin Reapers-Netherweb's ultimate pillars, who had guarded it for over a century-standing before Leander, an explosive clash was inevitable.

In the sky, Leander placed one hand on Celia's back. Nirvana Energy flowed through her meridians, spreading throughout her body. Warmth surged within her as her injuries began to heal.

"Master Leander, they are-

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She tried to explain who they were, but Leander gently raised his hand.

"Go down. Leave this to me."

Celia glanced at the two figures in the sky, pure terror flashing through her eyes.

She soft "Mm" and descended to the ground.

Leander lifted his head and met the Twin Reapers' gaze.

"You dared touch my person. Did you ask me first?"

His expression was calm and cold. At his words, the man in white let out a light laugh.

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"Jeff, not long ago you killed two of Netherweb's top powerhouses. The Hermit and

the Blood Demon-ranked first and second-both died by your hand. We've wanted to meet you for a long time.

"We are punishing a traitor of Netherweb now, and you still dare interfere. Do you truly believe there's no one left in this era's King Phase?"

The man in black stepped forward, his vertical pupils gleaming as he fixed on Leander, like a predator stalking its prey.

"Jeff, you're protecting a traitor of Netherweb. Traitors get punished. There's no gray area-just enemies and allies.

"You're supposed to be the top-ranked King Phase master on the International

Martial Network. Let's see if you really live up to that reputation.

3/4

14:17 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 585 The Twin Reapers

"Netherweb is more dangerous than you think."

Facing both of them alone, Leander remained indifferent. He raised his hand.

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+10 Free Coins.

"Save your breath. The moment Celia joined my sect, her fate became my call-not

yours. "Touch her, and you'll pay the price."

Whoosh.

The instant his words fell, Leander stepped forward. Light flared in his eyes as vast Primordial Energy condensed in midair, forming a blue torrent that surged ahead like a raging dragon.

1-on

The Twin Reapers' expressions darkened. The man in black stepped forward, clenched his fist, and unleashed Primordial Energy behind him. It roared into a black vortex, collid with the blue torrent.

Boom!

A thunderous explosion shook the sky. The howling sandstorms were smashed flat against the ground, and even the wind itself fell silent.

Below, Darian sighed softly and shook his head.

"He's really planning to fight the Twin Reapers alone?"

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 586[1,247 words]

Chapter 586 Full Moon Slash

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+10 Free Coins

Darian shook his head slightly, letting out a quiet sigh as he watched Leander's actions.

He knew all too well how formidable the Twin Reapers were. And yet, facing both of them head-on, Leander didn't retreat-instead, he struck first. To most King Phase masters, that was a death sentence.

The Twin Reapers were apex fighters on their own. Together, they were nearly unstoppable, even armies from the Western powers had clashed with them and barely held their ground. Leander's achievements were impressive, but compared to these two, he was still untested.

Darian's gaze darkened, sensing the recklessness in Leander's move, but he didn't feel genuine worry. Though Leander faced two opponents alone, Darian was here, ready to intervene. If Leander fell into danger, he would act without hesitation.

The two of them fighting together might not guarantee a win against the Twin Reap they were by no means weaker. Darian kept his eyes fixed on the horizon, focused solely on the battle.

Beside him, Ophelia and the bodyguards watched in stunned silence, as if they had stepped into a world they'd never known existed.

Boom!

Primordial Energy tore through the air as the black-robed middle-aged man struck, the force exploding outward. The gust of wind slammed forward, halting the swirling sand around them.

"Jeff, you're looking for death!"

The white-robed man's eyes glinted coldly, a murderous spark hidden beneath their calm. It had been years since he felt this thrill of the hunt.

As the black-robed man attacked, the white-robed man stepped forward in perfect sync, his fingers curling into claws that swept through the air.

"Dreadsky Claw!"

A shadowed claw formed, the veins between its fingers like streaks of blood, a demonic hand aiming to trap Leander in a cage of space itself.

Leander showed no fear, no anger. The black hand lunged-he simply punched.

1/4

14:17 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 586 Full Moon Slash

Trinity Strike Technique-Soulbreaker!

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The punch tore through the air, twisting the sky. Sand and wind rose from the ground, forming a horizontal tornado several yards wide, carried along the force of his strike, smashing directly into the black claw.

Within the Divine Vault, he had absorbed immense spiritual energy. His Nirvana Energy had undergone a second transformation, purer, denser, and far stronger. A single punch could pulverize an Infernal Crown Transcendent.

The black claw, though powerful, was pierced cleanly, and the residual force surged forward, the tornado racing toward the white-robed man.

"Huh?"

A flicker of surprise crossed the white-robed man's face, but he remained composed. His palm, his arm suddenly extended several inches, energy spiraling around his firm form five blazing spears.

Whoosh!

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The five streams of energy tore through the tornado, detonating within and shredding it into nothingness.

The spectators below gawked, particularly Ophelia and the others. To ordinary people, a clash between Leander and the Twin Reapers was nothing short of divine combat.

Darian's eyes shifted, a faint nod forming. Leander truly had the strength to contend with the King Phase masters of a century past. That single punch alone would rank among the top of the King Phase Rankings from over a hundred years ago.

"Jeff, you've held off armies, taken down ten supersonic fighter jets-you're no slouch," the white-robed man said, adjusting his sleeves. Exchanging strikes with Leander, they were evenly matched, and his respect for Leander grew.

"Indeed," the black-robed man added, nodding. "In this new era of the King Phase Rankings, you are the only one to ascend the list-your fame is well-earned."

If any of the King Phase masters who had faced the Twin Reapers in the past were here, they would be utterly astonished. The Twin Reapers, after all, were Netherweb's top assassins, their power even surpassing Heaven-Rank-and their pride was higher than the sky.

For most opponents, their names were barely worth remembering. Even the King Phase masters they had hunted a century ago had never earned a single compliment. Yet now, after just one exchange with Leander, they actually spoke in praise. For the Twin Reapers, such

2/4

14:17 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 586 Full Moon Slash

acknowledgment was extraordinarily rare.

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"King Phase masters from a hundred years ago are so overrated."

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Leander, however, remained unmoved. He shook his head slightly, his tone laced with faint disdain.

"Oh?"

The Twin Reapers raised their brows, not angry, but their murderous intent deepened, almost tangible.

"When we made our names, your ancestors weren't even alive. You actually think a few flashy feats put you on the same level as us? Ridiculous!"

After finishing his words, the white-robed man stomped his foot. Tens of feet of sand beneath him, and countless grains swirled skyward, coalescing before him. The wh

grew, twisting and expanding, until it formed a colossal dragon of Primordial Energy, shaped entirely from wind and sand.

The black-robed man moved at the same time, forming hand seals. Energy rippled outward, and the air above them shimmered with power.

"Drake's Hook!"

"Skybreaker Seal!"

Both thrust their palms forward in perfect synchrony.

The sand-and-wind dragon formed from condensed Primordial Energy let out a thunderous roar, its massive body coiling as it surged forward like a world-shaking beast, intent on devouring Leander whole.

The other hand seal carried an entirely different pressure, as if it could suppress heaven and earth alike. Obscure letters shimmered across its surface, and faint chanting seemed to echo through the air.

In their youth, the two had once stumbled into a vault that seemed to be the final resting place of an Eastern immortal. There, they inherited the techniques of the Tiberran Tantric Sect. From that moment on, they devoted themselves to mastering those arts, and it was through these lethal signature moves that they finally secured their place on the world stage.

Yet after hunting down countless King Phase masters a hundred years ago, they had never again used the martial techniques taken from the Immortal Vault. More than a century later, they were unleashing them once more-this time against Leander.

3/4

14:17 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 586 Full Moon Slash

"Tricks like these are beneath me."

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10 Free Coins

After absorbing the spiritual energy within the Verdant Dew, Leander underwent a fundamental transformation. Both his body and his Primordial Energy had evolved, elevating his strength to a level far beyond what it had ever been before.

Even as overwhelming attacks crashed toward him, he didn't retreat a single step. Instead, he lifted his left hand slightly, drew his right into the shape of a blade, and slashed forward in a slow, deliberate arc.

Full Moon Slash!

This was Leander's own creation, a technique he had envisioned long ago while traveling across the world. Full Moon Slash demanded an immense reserve of Primordial Energy; without reaching the Infernal Crown Transcendent Realm, one simply lacked the cultivation to unleash it.

After stepping into the Martial Sovereign Realm, Leander had sealed this technique away never using it even once. Now, having ascended to Infernal Crown Transcendent, his cultivation peerless, he finally released the killing move that had lingered in his mind for

years.

With a single sweep of his hand, the palm blade cut through empty space. Light flashed before everyone's eyes, and brilliance spilled out behind Leander, like a crescent moon hanging high above, slicing across the sky.

Whoosh.

Moonlight swept past with a soft, piercing sound. The two incoming attacks were halted midair as a massive crescent-shaped energy blade manifested out of nowhere, cleaving them cleanly apart.

Once again, heaven and earth churned, the winds and clouds thrown into chaos.

4/4

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 587[1,244 words]

Chapter 587 Synergy Technique

Whoosh.

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A soft hiss cut through the air as a white, crescent-shaped energy blade swept across the sky. The two massive hands of Primordial Energy-each glowing in a different hue-were sliced clean across, severed straight through the middle and split into two.

The sky had been cloudless moments ago, yet everyone felt a strange illusion, as if night had suddenly fallen and a new moon had risen. A flash of pale light skimmed past their eyes, fleeting and cold.

"Hm?"

The Twin Reapers' expressions changed at once. They stomped hard against the air and retreated together, pulling back more than thirty feet in a blink.

As they fell back, the semicircular energy blade stretched forward with them, chasing relentlessly and hovering just ahead of their bodies, refusing to let go.

"Hmph!"

The man in black did not continue retreating. He let out a low snort and struck first, beating his white-robed counterpart by a split second.

Buzz!

His fist shot out, making the void tremble. A dark-glowing fist imprint tore through space and slammed straight into the thinnest point of the crescent blade.

Clang!

The sound rang out like steel crashing against steel. Those on the ground felt a crushing force slam downward, flattening the surrounding sand until it lay pressed tight against the earth. Yet in the sky, the crescent blade only shuddered slightly. It did not break. It remained firm and sharp, slicing another Primordial Energy fist cleanly in half.

The man in white narrowed his eyes and moved at once. He clenched his hand, then flicked his fingers lightly. Three invisible bursts of force shot out in rapid succession, striking the same weak point of the crescent blade.

Pff! Pff!

11. J. more than thirty feet long-finally shattered. Its

14:17 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 587 Synergy Technique

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fragments dissolved into nothingness, fading into the sky.

The sight left everyone below stunned.

+10 Free Coins

Between Leander and the Twin Reapers, the dragged path of the crescent blade had carved a trench nearly three hundred feet long through the yellow sand.

Ophelia and the other spectators stood frozen in shock. Even Matthias and Tobey— Infernal Crown Transcendents only one step away from the King Phase-stared in naked horror.

"So, this is what a clash between the world's strongest looks like?"

To them, the King Phase was a dream etched into their bones. They racked their brains and pushed themselves to the brink, all for the chance to complete the triple turn after the Infernal Crown Transcendent Realm and step into the King Phase.

Earlier, when Leander and Darian had exchanged a single punch, they had sensed the c power of two King Phase masters. But that moment had been far too brief. How coul compare to this-where ultimate techniques collided in full force?

Watching Leander face off against the Twin Reapers, they finally began to understand what the King Phase truly meant, and just how much weight the King Phase masters of a century ago had carried in the underground world.

Darian's gaze was deep and unreadable. Hearing their hushed awe, he shook his head faintly.

"Jeff and the Twin Reapers are indeed powerful," he said calmly. "But they're still some distance away from what you'd call the world's strongest.

"Only those whose names were carved into the King Phase Rankings a hundred years ago deserve that title. The Twin Reapers once stirred up storms in the West, true-but they never made it onto the King Phase Rankings. That alone disqualifies them."

Matthias and Tobey shuddered, their expressions shifting again and again.

"But Jeff is the only one on the current King Phase Rankings. Doesn't that make him the world's strongest?"

Darian shook his head once more. "The rankings you see today were deliberately arranged by the one pulling the strings behind the International Martial Network.

"Jeff's strength-whether it would have earned him a place on the rankings a century ago—is still debatable. This modern list exists for one reason only: to draw the attention of the world's King Phase masters and the major nations onto Leander. That's why Jeff stands alone on it.

2/4

14:17 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 587 Synergy Technique

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"To be called truly unrivaled, you'd need to match figures like the Dragon Emperor, the High Priest of the Church, or the Supreme Arbiters of the Arbitration Office. Jeff still falls a bit short."

Despite his words, Darian's eyes were heavy with gravity. Seeing Leander force the Twin Reapers back with a single strike-making them unleash several moves just to shatter that crescent blade-raised Leander even higher in his estimation.

He couldn't help but wonder-if their earlier clash had been a real battle instead of a wager, would he have been able to defeat Leander at all?

In the sky, Leander slashed once more, driving the Twin Reapers back dozens of feet and seemingly seizing the upper hand. Yet Darian felt no joy. Only those who had lived through that era truly understood how terrifying the monsters of that time had been.

The Twin Reapers had dominated the West, earning the fear of both the Church and +1 Arbitration Office. Their true strength could not possibly end here.

High above, Leander formed a sword gesture with two fingers. Watching the black- and-white figures retreat, he curled his lips into a scornful smile.

"So, this is all the King Phase masters of Netherweb can do?

"And with skills like that, you thought you could touch my people?"

The Twin Reapers locked their gaze onto Leander, killing intent surging once more. Being driven back together by a single sword strike filled the two prideful men with a deep, unspoken sense of humiliation.

"Jeff, you're more interesting than we thought," the man in black said.

He licked his lips, a bloodthirsty smile tugging at the corner of his mouth.

"We assumed your place on the King Phase Rankings was inflated and treated you like a junior. Looks like we underestimated you.

"That sword strike alone puts you on par with the King Phase masters of a hundred years ago. You've earned the right to know my name.

"I am Elwin Jonas, Left Warden of Netherweb."

As his words fell, the man in white spoke clearly and firmly.

"I am Donard Byrd, Right Warden of Netherweb."

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14:17 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 587 Synergy Technique

Darian's gaze sharpened again.

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Long ago, at the Golden Canal, he had fought these two Netherweb's Wardens alongside an Eastern King Phase master. The battle had raged for a full day and night without a victor. Only at the very end had the Twin Reapers revealed their

names.

Darian knew what that meant.

For the Twin Reapers to speak their names was a mark of recognition- acknowledgment of an opponent's strength.

In this world, anyone treated this way had once stood at the peak of the King Phase era a century ago. And now, Leander stood at the very top, granted the same rare honor.

"There's no need to waste time on introductions," Leander replied coldly, unmoved.

"I'm not interested in your names. To me, you're already dead. And I don't remember names of the dead."

His arrogant words echoed across the sky. The Twin Reapers' pupils shrank, their faces turning utterly grim.

"Bravo, Jeff Ashcroft. You really think you're capable of taking our lives?"

The two exchanged a single glance.

Just one-and it was enough.

In that instant of shared intent, they thrust their palms forward together. Their

Primordial Energies merged seamlessly, fusing into one.

Leander felt their auras unite, and his expression finally tightened.

"A synergy technique?"

4/4

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 588[1,226 words]

Chapter 588 I Alone Am Enough

Chapter 588 I Alone Am Enough

"A synergy technique?"

+10 Free Coins

Leander stared ahead. Within his perception, the Twin Reapers' Primordial Energies had completely merged. Their auras fused into one, inseparable, as if two people had been forcibly forged into a single being. The sight was both astonishing and deeply unsettling.

A person's aura was unique from birth. Later experiences and the environment only magnified those differences. In the entire world, finding two identical auras was nearly impossible- unless they were twins who ate, slept, and trained together since childhood, and even then the odds were slim.

Yet now, the Twin Reapers had blended their Primordial Energies, strengths, and wills into perfect unity. They were one entity. Reaching this level demanded decades-if not a century- of relentless cultivation.

In the martial world, when two fighters merged their auras and unleashed a supreme technique together, it was known as synergy.

From ancient records, Leander had learned of a few legendary pairs who once used synergy techniques, but they all belonged to myths from centuries past-names long sealed in history.

And now, he was witnessing such a technique with his own eyes.

"Jeff, at least you have some insight," one of the Twin Reapers said coldly. "You recognize a synergy technique. Then you should also know how terrifying its power truly is."

Their palms met.

Like a surging river bursting its banks, their Primordial Energy poured outward, flooding the space for hundreds of feet in every direction. Black and white energies intertwined, balancing hardness and softness like Yin and Yang. As the power spun, it formed an exquisite Tai Chi Diagram in midair-profound, flawless, and complete.

"A Tai Chi Diagram?" Below, Matthias and Tobey both blanched.

"Master Valor, that's a Taoist supreme art from Astria's martial tradition," Tobey said in disbelief. "The Twin Reapers are Western powerhouses-Netherweb's Wardens. How can they use a Tai Chi Diagram?"

It made no sense to them. It felt as jarring as hearing a foreigner speak Astrian with a flawless native accent.

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14:17 Wed, Feb 11

+10 Free Coins.

Darian stood with his hands behind his back, eyes narrowed as he looked up at the Tai Chi Diagram. He let out a low sigh.

"The Twin Reapers may be Western fighters, but they have deep ties to the Eastern martial world," he said slowly.

"It's rumored they once entered an Immortal Vault in Tiberran and obtained a legacy there. That's why their cultivation methods and techniques carry an Eastern essence.

"Their martial path blends the strengths of East and West into something entirely their own. Jeff will find it extremely hard to withstand this Tai Chi Diagram."

Years ago, Darian and an Eastern King Phase master had faced this very synergy technique. The image of that Tai Chi Diagram was burned into his memory.

Back then, even after exhausting every means at their disposal, they had only barely to block that heaven-shaking strike-and still suffered near-fatal injuries. And that the Twin Reapers had yet to reach their peak.

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A century had passed since then. Now, their mastery was complete. The power before them was on a wholly different level.

Darian's gaze darkened. He stepped forward, crossing hundreds of feet in an

instant, and shot into the sky, positioning himself squarely between Leander and the Twin Reapers.

"Hm?"

Black and white light swirled around the Twin Reapers as the Tai Chi Diagram expanded and

spun

faster. Their Primordial Energies had fully fused into one.

When they saw Darian appear, their expressions shifted.

"Darian? It's you?"

They recognized him at once.

A hundred years ago, during the Western invasion of Astria, Darian had been their formidable foe. His body-tempering arts had pushed his physical form close to indestructible, leaving a lasting impression on them. He was one of the few King Phase masters they truly regarded as a worthy enemy.

"Twin Reapers—after a hundred years, you're still fond of fighting two against one, bullying the outnumbered."

Darian raised one hand beside him, his gaze icy. His voice carried neither anger nor warmth,

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14:17 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 588 I Alone Am Enough

as calm as if he were paying a casual visit to old acquaintances.

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Yet his aura stretched out across the distance, locking onto both of them at once and settling into perfect balance-sliding neatly into the very center of the clash between Leander and the Twin Reapers, standing in direct opposition to them both.

"Hmph!"

Donard sneered, unfazed by the jab. "Every King Phase master in the underground world knows we always act together. No matter how many opponents there are, we strike as one. That's no secret—and hardly bullying."

"As for you," he continued coldly, "you and Aaron Montane once joined forces against us. We remember that clearly. A hundred years have passed—your cultivation must have advanced. We're quite curious how strong you've become."

Elwin spoke next. "Darian, you're an old rival. But our target today is Jeff. Are you really to interfere?"

There was not the slightest hint of fear in their voices. That battle at the Golden Canal had ended without a clear victor, but in truth, the Twin Reapers had held the upper hand.

Back then, even facing Darian and his companion, they had not retreated. Now that Darian stood alone, why would they fear him?

"Hahaha!"

Darian threw his head back in laughter, his expression turning icy.

"You two gang up on a junior, feel no shame, and still dress it up with such noble words?

"Jeff is a powerhouse of Astria-he belongs to the Eastern camp. If two Western King Phase masters want to attack him together, I won't stand by and watch.

"Today, I'll take your Great Equilibrium head-on-together with Jeff!"

ing

As his words fell, his aura erupted. Primordial Energy surged violently as a faint bronze sheen spread across his entire body, radiating an ancient, desolate power. The Great Equilibrium was the name of the Twin Reapers' synergy technique. Darian knew its terror well. That was why he had stepped forward-to help Leander block it and ensure his safety.

"Oh?"

3/4

14:17 Wed, Feb 11

Chapter 588 I Alone Am Enough

The Twin Reapers' sneers deepened.

(58)

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"Darian, even when you and Aaron joined forces, you were nearly crippled by our Great Equilibrium," one of them said mockingly. "Now you want to repeat history with Jeff?"

Darian remained unmoved, standing shoulder to shoulder with Leander, his expression resolute.

"Why not?"

The Twin Reapers fell silent, savage grins spreading across their faces.

"Very well. If you want to die alongside Jeff, we'll grant your wish."

Their confidence was absolute. Over the past century, their synergy technique had been refined to perfection, its power far surpassing anything from before.

They believed that even if Darian and that Eastern King Phase master stood before them again, they could crush them in a single blow.

The Tai Chi Diagram before them grew ever more solid, spinning at blinding speed like a massive black-and-white shield. Its power reached its absolute peak. Then, a cold snort sounded beside Darian.

"A mere synergy technique," Leander said flatly. "Why would I need help? To break your synergy-I alone am enough."

He stepped forward calmly, passing Darian and facing the Twin Reapers head-on.

In the next instant, Leander lifted his right foot and stomped down as if swinging a heavy hammer into the void itself.

The moment his foot fell, the Twin Reapers' faces changed in shock. 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 589[1,137 words]

Chapter 589 Barehanded Against the Great Equilibrium

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Chapter 589 Barehanded Against the Great Equilibrium

Boom!

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As Leander took a single step forward, the space before him shuddered violently, erupting with a thunderous sound.

The yellow sand over ten yards away churned and rolled like ocean waves crashing sideways. In the middle of it, a massive footprint sank deeply into the sand, sharp and unmistakable.

"You alone are enough?"

Darian let out a wry smile at Leander's words.

"Sovereign Ashcroft, I know your cultivation is unmatched, and you hate relying on others, but now is not the time to play the hero," he said, his tone serious.

"The Twin Reapers' synergy technique completely overwhelmed me and my old friend over a hundred years ago. Now, after a century of refinement, it's far more terrifying. For you to block their synergy technique alone, it's far too risky!" He stood behind Leander, face solemn, hoping his warning would sink in. Leander, however, only gave a faint, disdainful smile. His eyes held no fear.

"We are different," Leander said calmly. "Just because you couldn't withstand their synergy technique back then doesn't mean I can't today. Did you really think that punch just now showed my true strength?"

He smiled lightly, and a flash of divine light sparked in his eyes. At that moment, he stepped forward again.

That single step made the Twin Reapers' expressions change drastically. Their confidence seemed to crumble in an instant.

"Huh? How?"

They exchanged a glance, each catching a flicker of surprise and unease in the other's eyes. Leander's first step had merely touched the outer edge of their energy field, barely eliciting any reaction.

But his second step? It landed directly on the weakest point in their energy field.

It was as if someone had found the opening in an impenetrable shield, discovered the secret of

1/4

15:52 Thu, Feb 12 d

VPN

37

Chapter 589 Barchanded Against the Great Equilibrium

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a formation, or grasped the snake's vulnerable spot. The Twin Reapers' synergy technique was crushed at its weakest node. The sensation was maddening, almost sickening.

This kid actually saw through the weakest point of our synergy technique in a single glance? How? Does he have Falcon Sight or something?

The thought surged through both their minds, their faces twisting in shock.

The Great Equilibrium they created with their synergy technique had once required Darian and another powerful Eastern King Phase master to join forces to confront it—and even then, they could only meet it head-on with sheer brute force to withstand its overwhelming power. Leander, however, stepped in before their attack had even fully formed, stopping the peak of their energy precisely at a single, critical point.

"Still hesitating?"

Leander's lips curved in a teasing smile. He had clearly noticed the subtle shifts in their expressions.

The Twin Reapers' synergy technique was like merging their Primordial Energies and auras into a single realm, forming a specific, self-contained domain—essentially the same principle as a formation.

Leander, a master of formations himself, could see through ordinary array points at a glance, breaking them either with brute force or clever technique. Their synergy technique was no different from a formation, and as a spiritual master in the Origin Realm, he could naturally spot the weakest point in their energy field at once.

The spot he stepped on was perfectly positioned to interrupt the Twin Reapers' strongest point before they could unleash their full assault.

"We can't wait any longer. Full power!"

The Twin Reapers didn't respond to Leander, but a single glance between them was enough— they were perfectly in sync, silently calculating their next move.

At that moment, Leander's danger level spiked sharply. They knew they couldn't hesitate even a second longer. If Leander struck first, their synergy technique would

fall completely into a passive position—a first in over a century. Even the true master of Netherweb had never made them feel this threatened before.

Whoosh.

A thought passed between them, and their feet slammed down in unison. Two thunderous booms shattered the air as they exploded backward simultaneously, every movement perfectly

2/4

15:52 Thu, Feb 12 d

Chapter 589 Barchanded Against the Great Equilibrium

synchronized-their rhythm, their speed, even their breathing matched flawlessly.

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They pushed their combined energy field ten yards away from Leander, and the black-and-white Tai Chi Diagram before them spun at a blinding speed, drawing in every scrap of spiritual energy from the surroundings, growing ever more immense. "The Great Equilibrium!"

Murder blazing in their eyes, they struck at the same time, palms pushing forward in perfect unison.

Above, a colossal black-and-white Tai Chi wheel, over ten yards across, spun with a speed almost impossible to track with the naked eye. Then it solidified into a massive, earth-shaking imprint, surging straight toward Leander.

It was like an unbreakable wall barreling forward faster than the top speed of a supercar. Every gust of air was pushed aside before the diagram, and anything in its path was obliterated. A few birds caught in its range didn't even have time to escape-they were shredded instantly.

The Tai Chi Diagram moved at terrifying speed, covering dozens of yards in moments, closing in on Leander.

"What terrifying power... After a hundred years, their Great Equilibrium has truly reached a higher, almost unfathomable level!"

Darian's eyes widened in shock. Even with his indestructible body, he knew he wouldn't have had a thirty percent chance to survive if he tried to meet this Tai Chi Diagram head-on.

The Twin Reapers had been notorious in the West for over a century. Their synergy technique - there was nothing exaggerated about their fearsome reputation.

Now, the black-and-white Tai Chi Diagram was barely a yard from Leander. In half a heartbeat, it would strike, flattening everything in its path.

And then Leander moved.

Unhurried, deliberate, he raised his palm. It seemed almost painfully slow-but in reality, his hand moved with a speed equal to the diagram's forward charge. The visual contradiction was shocking, leaving anyone watching breathless.

His long fingers spread, and his palm pressed straight into the very center of the spinning diagram.

Bang!

3/4

15:52 Thu, Feb 12 d

Chapter 589 Barehanded Against the Great Equilibrium

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The explosion of energy ripped outward. Winds surged along Leander's palm, flapping his robes violently and tossing his hair like a storm-but his expression remained utterly calm.

The Tai Chi Diagram had been moving faster than sound itself. The moment Leander pressed his hand against it, its motion came to a screeching halt. He planted his feet in the air, sliding back against the immense energy wall, leaving streaks of force in his wake.

Three minutes passed. Leander finally stopped moving. The massive Tai Chi Diagram ground to a halt as well, no longer advancing, its spin slowing and its power dissipating.

"What?"

The Twin Reapers and Darian were pale with shock.

Leander-barehanded-had stopped the Great Equilibrium.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 590[1,312 words]

Chapter 590 The Great Equilibrium-Second Layer

In the desert, aside from the roaring wind, not a single person spoke.

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Below, Ophelia and the others stared blankly at the scene, frozen, their reactions long gone. Matthias and Tobey's gazes were locked on Leander, their eyes heavy with emotion, and neither made a sound.

Darian and the Twin Reapers-three King Phase masters from a century ago-were equally silent, their expressions filled with awe.

They had all imagined that Leander might unleash some divine technique or a powerful ultimate move to confront the Great Equilibrium. Judging by how he had fought in the Sahar Wastes against an entire army, they believed Leander could pull it off.

But the reality was far more outrageous than anything they had anticipated.

Faced with the Twin Reapers' nearly unstoppable synergy technique, Leander didn't retreat or dodge. He didn't use a single secret technique. With just one outstretched hand, he halted the Great Equilibrium in its tracks. Even these three century-old King Phase masters found such a feat unbelievable.

"How exactly did Jeff train?"

Darian's gaze stayed fixed on Leander. His palm trembled slightly as his eyes shifted again and again.

Having fought the Twin Reapers back in the day and experienced the Great Equilibrium firsthand, he understood its power better than anyone and spoke with the authority of experience.

The Bulwark Sect, which Darian led, was famous for its body-tempering arts. Their methods had been passed down since the Warring States Era. Almost every generation of the sect's strongest disciples possessed near-invincible bodies, capable of withstanding sniper bullets- and at the pinnacle of training, even tank shells could be endured, ten or more at a time.

In the present world, only body-tempering sects like the Adamantine Order or the Draconic Order could even compare to the Bulwark Sect's mastery. Few, if any, could truly match them.

As the leader of the Bulwark Sect, Darian had long reached the peak of cultivation. His body was as resilient as any legendary weapon of the era, yet even so, he had never dared to confront the Great Equilibrium head-on with his flesh alone. Now, he had even less confidence in doing so.

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15:52 Thu, Feb 12 d

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37

Chapter 590 The Great Equilibrium-Second Layer

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But Leander had done exactly that. With nothing but his bare hand, he completely resisted the terrifying force contained within the Great Equilibrium.

"What kind of monster is Jeff?"

The Twin Reapers felt the energy of the Great Equilibrium gradually dissipate, their expressions growing even more intense-part awe, part disbelief.

They could hardly imagine that anyone in the world could stop their synergy technique with just a single hand.

At this level, even Astria's Dragon Emperor, the Church's High Priest, Netherweb's ruler, or the Supreme Arbiters of the Arbitration Office might not be capable of it.

If anyone could truly counter their ultimate move with bare hands, it would only be the Eastern immortals of a distant age or the Western divinities-beings of unimaginable power.

Yet Leander had shattered all their assumptions with reality.

"The Great Equilibrium? That's your so-called synergy technique? Pathetic."

In front of the Tai Chi Diagram, Leander's palm remained pressed against its center, his voice calm yet carrying a hint of mockery.

Their synergy technique was indeed formidable, but since leaving the Divine Vault, Leander had already fully integrated the spiritual energy within Verdant Dew. It flowed freely through his limbs and bones.

Half of the spiritual energy had been absorbed and transformed by his Nirvana Energy, mutating it into something far stronger. The other half had been assimilated into his body, enhancing his cellular structure and elevating his Devourer Form to a new level.

The Great Equilibrium might be strong enough to effortlessly destroy more than ten AH-1 Cobra attack helicopters-but against him now, it was little more than a trifle. "Hmph!"

At his words, Donard sneered.

"Jeff, do you really think that stopping the Great Equilibrium means you've stopped our synergy technique? You're thinking far too simply."

"Oh?" Leander's eyes lifted slightly, a trace of surprise in his gaze.

Donard crossed his arms, a cold, dark aura radiating from him. Beside him, Elwin's voice cut

2/4

15:52 Thu, Feb 12 d

Chapter 590 The Great Equilibrium-Second Layer

through the tense air, calm yet deadly.

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"Over this past century, we've upgraded it. The Great Equilibrium once had only the first layer, but what you're facing now... is the second layer of the Great Equilibrium! Jeff, today is the day you die."

As his words fell, he clenched his palm sharply.

The spiritual energy of the heavens seemed to leak like punctured balloons, all rushing violently toward a single point-the Tai Chi Diagram.

The Tai Chi Diagram, now empowered by the flood of spiritual energy, spun faster than ever. Leander's palm pressed against it, and the friction sparked golden and metallic flashes that shot into the air.

"Huh?"

Leander paused, sensing a subtle yet immense force erupting from the Tai Chi Diagram, like a torrent breaking free.

Rumble!

Before he could react, his pupils contracted. A deafening blast shook the surroundings.

The Tai Chi Diagram exploded in a violent flash of black-and-white light, engulfing half the sky. The area within dozens of yards was completely submerged in its radiance. In an instant, it detonated like a massive high-explosive grenade.

A small mushroom cloud shot upward, the shockwave radiating outward in all directions, whipping the desert winds into a frenzy. Sand and debris were hurled into the sky, turning the battlefield into a storm of flying grit.

Darian stood over a hundred yards from the epicenter, yet he could still feel the sheer terror of the energy contained within the blast. The force of the explosion pushed him back half a step, a stark testament to its raw power.

Ophelia's eyes trembled as she stared, unable to believe what she was seeing. She had understood, in theory, that some martial artists could wield godlike power, controlling life and death-but that was only an idea. The explosion of the Tai Chi Diagram made that idea a terrifying reality.

The

power of the Tai Chi Diagram's explosion alone was enough to level three or four buildings outright-equivalent to dozens of pounds of Composition C4. That kind of destructive force was no different from a battlefield detonation. How could it not leave her shaken to the core?

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15:52 Thu, Feb 12 d

Chapter 590 The Great Equilibrium-Second Layer

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The other bodyguards were equally terrified, their faces pale, a sudden, almost uncontrollable urge to kneel and worship overtaking them. Most were retired elite soldiers, well aware of the destructive power of modern weaponry-and yet the force of the Tai Chi Diagram's explosion far exceeded ninety percent of contemporary arms.

In other words, the two middle-aged men clad in black and white, standing high in the sky, possessed enough power to annihilate an entire town-or even devastate a city.

They were almost godlike.

"Hahaha!"

Leander had vanished into the mushroom cloud of the explosion. Seeing this, the Twin Reapers laughed out loud, their voices echoing across the sky.

"Iron Sovereign? Nothing more than a rising star with some fleeting fame. Sure, he's managed to frustrate the Arbitration Office and even us at Netherweb, but that's hardly impressive in the grand scheme!

"Against us, King Phase masters from a century ago, he's still just a newcomer. This is the difference between the old and new generations of King Phase masters!" Their raucous laughter carried through the air. Only then did Darian come back to himself, his face grim, pupils trembling.

He could hardly believe that the Twin Reapers had developed the Great Equilibrium

to such an extent-enough to unleash a second-layer explosive force.

"Jeff?"

He stared at the slowly rising mushroom cloud, shock etched into his features. Within that black smoke, he could sense no trace of Leander's presence.

Could it be that this newly risen super warrior of Astria's martial world was already dead?

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