

From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 591[1,529 words]

Chapter 591 The Death of Jeff?

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“Is he dead?” The black mushroom cloud in the sky lingered, refusing to dissipate. After a long moment, Ophelia finally snapped back, a mix of regret and sheer terror etched across her expression.

She had seen clearly just how powerful Leander was. Even Darian, the Master Valor of the Bulwark Sect, had bowed under him in their gamble. Darian had even stood guard outside after Leander entered Sandsong Oasis. That alone showed the massive influence Leander wielded.

Just now, a single move from Leander had torn a chasm right in front of them. That demonstrated his strength. But she hadn't expected that even among the strong, there were ones stronger still. Leander had already reached the peak of strength, but clearly, there were even greater powers beyond that.

The Twin Reapers' strike hit like a sudden detonation of about 22 pounds of Composition C-4. The power was beyond terrifying. Even someone as strong as Leander-she didn't believe he could survive an explosion like that.

The small mushroom cloud drifting upward only hinted at the utter devastation that had just ravaged the sky. Leander had vanished in the chaos, leaving no trace behind. The odds of survival were almost nonexistent.

"D*mn it!" Darian's eyes widened, and he couldn't help shouting in anger, but fear gnawed at him even more.

He had never imagined that after a century, the Twin Reapers would have developed their synergy technique to this level.

Back in the day, the Great Equilibrium was formidable, but it had only the first stage of transformation. Darian and the Eastern King Phase had teamed up. They couldn't fully counter it, but they could just barely manage.

A hundred years later, the Twin Reapers had added a second stage. On top of the already powerful Great Tai Chi Diagram, it could now explode.

That massive Tai Chi Diagram had been forged from the Twin Reapers' Primordial Energy. The blast was enough to shred a several-dozen-meter Divine artifact into pieces in an instant. The aftershocks could even make a Transcendent Realm master cough up blood and sustain grievous injuries. Leander's cultivation was intense, but being at the center of that explosion, he suffered damage beyond imagination.

He was sure that even if Leander had not died on the spot, he was still gravely injured. At least

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ninety-nine per cent of his combat power was gone, and the damage might have reached his cultivation foundation. From this day forward, he might fade into complete obscurity.

At that moment, Darian felt more than just overwhelming fury. There was also a trace of grim relief. If he had stood beside Leander and taken the Great Equilibrium head on, he would have been caught at the center of the blast as well. Even with the strength of his physical body, severe injuries would have been unavoidable.

"Hahaha!" The Twin Reapers threw their heads back and laughed, clearly satisfied with the destructive power of their synergy technique.

Back when they fought Darian and that Eastern King Phase expert, they had realized that the Great Equilibrium still had room to evolve. Over the next hundred years, they devoted themselves entirely to martial cultivation, focusing on refining their synergy technique. In the end, they successfully developed the second stage of the Great Equilibrium.

The two of them glanced at the slowly rising mushroom cloud before turning their attention back to Darian.

"Darian, you should be glad you did not take the Great Equilibrium together with Jeff just now. Otherwise, you would be in the same state as him. Even with your Ironclad Body Art, you would still be seriously injured on the spot," Elwin said coldly.

Darian did not argue. His eyes narrowed slightly, and his voice sank into a low, heavy tone. "I never imagined that in just a hundred years, you would create a technique like this. I regret that Aaron and I defeated you back then. Because of that, Astria has now lost a newly risen powerhouse."

Guilt weighed heavily on his heart. As one of the senior members of the Martial Alliance, he knew that almost everyone within had spoken with the Dragon Emperor. The instruction had been explicit. They were to secretly lend Leander their support and make sure he was not killed by the Western King Phase.

Yet today, right in front of him, Leander had been obliterated by the Twin Reapers' synergy technique, blown away without a trace. All Darian could do was watch it happen, powerless to stop it, and the regret gnawed at him relentlessly.

"Jeff was one of Astria's finest, and he was meant to be part of the Martial Alliance's future. You killed him. From today on, the Martial Alliance officially treats Netherweb as a mortal enemy." Darian locked eyes with the Twin Reapers, his voice steady, the killing intent beneath it impossible to miss.

The Twin Reapers reacted with nothing but contempt, a hint of mockery in their expressions.

"Darian, we go way back. Do you really think threats like that mean anything to us? Besides,

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Netherweb and the Martial Alliance already stand on opposite sides of the East- West divide. We were enemies long before today." Elwin glanced at Darian, a smile playing at the corner of his lips.

Donard was smiling just as broadly. Leander had been blown apart by their Great Equilibrium, wiping out a significant threat to Netherweb. Of course, he was in a good mood. He lowered his gaze toward Celia below, where despair spread across her stunning face.

Donard bared his teeth in a vicious grin. "Ripper, you were once one of Netherweb's trump- card assassins. You ranked on the International Assassin Leaderboard, and yet you chose to become his slave. By Netherweb law, your cultivation should be stripped, and you should be thrown into the

dungeons for the rest of your life to rot in suffering. So make your choice. Come with us, or we do this the hard way."

Elwin looked over as well, his eyes devoid of warmth. "Ripper, you know this already. Struggle all you want, it will not change a thing. With Jeff gone, I am curious to see who you think is still coming to save you."

Celia felt her heart sink. Facing two Netherweb Guardians, she could not even summon the thought of resistance. The gap between an Infernal Crown Transcendent and a hundred-year King Phase was simply too vast.

With Leander gone, there was no one left to protect her-a helpless target with no escape.

Celia stared at the mushroom cloud that still had not faded. The image of Leander stepping forward to protect her replayed in her mind. He had faced the Twin Reapers for her sake, and that was why he had died. Grief flooded her chest, heavy and suffocating, and a single tear slipped down her cheek.

She drew in a slow breath and lifted her head to the sky. A flicker of resolve flashed through her eyes. "I will not go back to the Netherweb with you. Master Leander died because of me. As his servant, I no longer have the right to keep living. Go ahead. Kill me."

She dispersed all the Primordial Energy within her body, leaving herself completely unguarded. Her eyes closed slowly as she bared her throat to death, her expression calm and utterly devoid of fear.

a century of "Oh?" The Twin Reapers were mildly surprised by her reaction. After more than cultivation, they had long seen through the rise and fall of the mortal world. Human lives meant nothing to them. They were as insignificant as insects. Even though Celia was an Infernal Crown Transcendent and once one of the Netherweb's top assassins, to them she was nothing more than a slightly sturdier

ant.

Seeing how resolute she was, the two let out a cold laugh. Primordial Energy began to gather

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in their palms.

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"Ripper, this is your own choice. Jeff is already dead. Since you insist on following

him into hell, we will grant your wish." Elwin spread his fingers. A massive hand formed from condensed Primordial Energy coalesced in the sky and descended toward Celia.

At that exact moment, a sharp, piercing sound tore through the air.

Ching!

A streak of blue sword light slashed out from within the mushroom cloud. In that instant, the Twin Reapers felt an overwhelming sense of danger crash over them. Every hair on their bodies stood on end.

Donald was farther away and managed to retreat in time. Elwin, who stood at the front, barely twisted his body aside. The blue blade of light swept past his left arm and severed it cleanly at the shoulder.

"What?"

Everything happened in the blink of an eye. No one present had seen it coming.

"You think a mere synergy technique is enough to kill me?" A cold, indifferent voice echoed from within the mushroom cloud. The crowd stared in shock as a figure slowly came into view.

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 592[1,553 words]

Chapter 592 One Sword, the Twin Reapers Defeated

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A streak of blue sword light tore through the air at near light speed. It flashed past everyone's eyes in an instant, followed by a piercing shriek as it cut through the sky. Elwin's left arm was severed cleanly at the shoulder.

Elwin stared at the stump where his arm used to be. The pain finally hit, sharp and

overwhelming, yet he barely reacted. What filled him instead was pure shock. His expression froze in disbelief. "How is that even possible?"

He turned toward the rising mushroom cloud. A silhouette slowly emerged from within it as a sweeping gust tore through the dark mass, scattering the black clouds completely. A tall, lean young man came into view. It was no one but Leander.

Leander's upper clothes had been completely shredded, as if incinerated by an enormous blast. Only scorched fragments still clung to him. His casual pants were burned short at the calves, making him look slightly disheveled. Yet his expression was bright with confidence. His eyes gleamed like lightning. Not a single wound marked his body. He was completely unharmed.

When Celia saw this, her expression lit up with uncontrollable joy. Only then did she fully remember the Soulbound Pact she had formed with Leander. If he had died, the pact within her body would have vanished on its own. But it was still intact. That alone proved he was alive. In her panic earlier, she had almost forgotten about it entirely.

As Leander stepped into view, tears welled up in Celia's eyes again. Just moments ago, she had truly been prepared to die with him, to follow him into death without hesitation.

"Jeff? You're not dead?" Elwin clutched his severed shoulder and staggered backward, retreating nearly ten meters until he stood beside Donald. His expression shifted again and again, unable to settle.

Donald's pupils shrank sharply. He could barely believe what he was seeing. Leander had been standing at the very center of the explosion. The Great Tai Chi Diagram had been formed from the combined Primordial Energy of the two of them. When it detonated, the blast radius was enough to level three or four large villas. Everything within dozens of meters should have been wiped out.

Even a King Phase cultivator would have faced near-certain death under that kind of impact, suffering catastrophic injuries at best. Only those who had reached realms like the Dragon Emperor, Supreme Arbiter, or High Priest could hope to walk away unscathed.

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Yet Leander stood there without the slightest injury. His aura remained steady and unbroken. Not only that, but he had also just swung a single sword strike and instantly severed Elwin's arm. The shock of it left them reeling.

"A mere synergy technique, and you thought it could kill me?" Leander stepped through the air itself, walking out of the dissipating clouds one step at a time. His gaze was calm and distant, deep as the stars.

When Darian saw Leander appear in such perfect condition, his eyes went wide. A surge of disbelief washed over him. "He's actually fine?" He swallowed hard, the tremor in his gaze growing stronger.

Darian was the Master Valor of the Bulwark Sect, its sole leader for over a century. He had mastered every core art of the sect and pushed his physical cultivation close to the Ironclad Body Art.

Earlier, Leander had already shocked him by confronting the Great Equilibrium with his bare hands. Now, Leander had faced the full force of its explosive backlash and taken no damage at all. That level of physical strength was far beyond anything Darian could comprehend.

"Could he be a god-level being? Has Jeff truly transcended the limits of the human body and stepped into a god-level being?" Darian's eyes burned with intensity as his thoughts raced. "A god-level being exists, not even twenty years old. Even during the ancient era when Divine and Immortals ruled side by side, someone like that might never have existed."

According to the historical records of the Bulwark Sect, only one sect master over three hundred years ago had ever managed to cultivate a god-level being. He was also the first person in the sect's history to possess one in its entirety.

That man had vanished from the world for three centuries, with no one knowing whether he was alive or dead. At this point, he existed only as a historical reference. Yet now, a living bearer of a god-level being was standing right in front of them. Elwin and Donald stood side by side. Donald stared at Elwin's severed arm, his expression growing more and more horrified. When he looked back at Leander, the arrogance in his gaze disappeared altogether, replaced by a caution he had never felt before. "Jeff, what kind of monster are you?" His fists clenched tightly, and his voice was low and heavy.

"Hmph." Leander did not answer directly. He raised his right hand, pinching his index and middle fingers together in a sword gesture as specks of blue light flickered around them. "This is all you have? Pathetic. You cannot hurt me. Killing you, on the other hand, would be effortless."

Elwin and Donald's expressions changed instantly. Almost without realizing it, both of them took half a step back.

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Just that half step was enough to make Darian's gaze stiffen again. He knew that the Twin Reapers had already developed a psychological fear of Leander. That earlier sword strike had been far too terrifying.

There had been no warning and no buildup. It had erupted out of nowhere, the sword light sweeping across the sky. Its speed rivaled the propagation of light itself, so fast that the naked eye could not even follow it.

If Elwin had reacted even a moment slower, he would have been cut cleanly in two. It was obvious that Leander's cultivation far exceeded anything they had imagined.

"Jeff, just how far has his strength reached?" Darian could not help but wonder silently. He had thought he had already grasped the limits of Leander's power, yet every time, he realized that what he had seen was nothing more than the surface. At this moment, only a few words could describe the feeling Leander gave him. Unfathomable. Aside from the Dragon Emperor and

who had ever made him feel this way. David, this was the first Eastern martial artis

"I told you, anyone who touches my people, dies! Now, get ready to meet your end!" Leander's gaze was ice-cold, the blue glow at his fingertips flaring even brighter. A sword intent unlike anything else radiated outward, filling half the sky. It was like the world itself had been swallowed by a domain of blades, every strike of air sharp enough to cut skin.

This was the swordsmanship Leander

Origin Realm, powered by his immend discovered on his own after stepping into the spiritual strength. He called it Dominion Blade, but

he had never used it before. It wasn't fully matured yet, and many of its techniques were still beyond his complete understanding.

But today, to kill both hundred-year King Phases, he held nothing back. He unleashed his ultimate move.

The Twin Reapers' expressions shifted. Leander had emerged from the explosive

aftermath of their Great Equilibrium completely unharmed, and that alone had crushed most of their fighting spirit. On top of that, his previous strike had severed Elwin's arm, leaving both of them completely shaken and robbed of any confidence to face him head-on.

At this moment, Leander looked to them like a monster who should not exist in this world. Their only thought was to get away from him, not to challenge him. The moment he spoke, both of them instinctively tried to retreat. In a blur, their forms became streaks of light, racing toward the distant horizon.

"Trying to run now? Bit late for that, don't you think?" Leander's eyes were cold as ice, but a wicked smirk curled the corner of his mouth.

As they turned to flee, he lifted two fingers and slashed diagonally. "Dominion Blade Voidcleaver!" He brought his fingers down, and the blue sword light ripped across

the sky

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again, faster than his previous strike.

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The blade streaked straight after them. The Twin Reapers could feel the slicing sword intent closing in from behind. They had no time to think. Using all their strength, they channeled their Primordial Energy into massive glowing shields, planting them in front of themselves.

Clang!

The blue blade struck the blue shields. The sound of metal on metal rang out, but the shields crumbled like paper under the sword's overwhelming force, scattering into a million sparks.

The blade stopped in its path, but the sword intent inside it exploded outward, creating a blue shockwave that engulfed the Twin Reapers.

“Ugh!” Both hundred-year King Phase spewed blood, their bodies flung back dozens of feet through the sky. This confirmed it: the two guardians of Netherweb were defeated.

In an instant, the entire desert fell into silence.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 593[1,319 words]

Chapter 593 Humbled Herself

Chapter 593 Humbled Herself

In the sky, a spray of blood rained down, and two streaks of crimson shot out from the mouths of the Twin Reapers.

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The potent energy shields in front of them were sliced clean in half the instant they met the blue-glowing sword energy, splitting apart as if cut through with a blade. Their potent energy shields exploded midair, and the two of them shuddered as if struck by a heavy hammer, flying backward more than ten yards, leaving two streaks in the sky.

"This..." Darian's eyes went ice-cold, his expression frozen in shock as he took in the scene.

The Twin Reapers were legendary figures, each a Legend King Phase from a century ago, infamous across Westerian, holding the power of Netherweb between them. And now, here they were, facing a junior from a hundred years later, blasted back with blood in their mouths, one of them even losing an arm. Darian had never imagined this.

Earlier, he had assumed Leander would struggle against the Twin Reapers, maybe even be completely crushed. But now, the outcome was the exact opposite.

Leander didn't just survive their deadliest attacks. From start to finish, he only needed two moves to leave both of them badly wounded.

"Did he actually win?" Ophelia's eyes flickered, bright and sharp. The battle had been full of twists and turns, but in the end, one single, earth-shaking strike from Leander had turned everything around.

Everyone stared at Leander in stunned silence, unable to speak a word.

Celia's breathing had returned to normal, and about eighty percent of her injuries had healed. She looked at Leander, his clothes torn and ragged in the sky, and her eyes were filled with endless respect. She felt a quiet relief at her choice. She had picked a truly extraordinary figure. Leander's presence had already brought her countless advantages. Even the formidable Netherweb, unbeatable by many, he could defeat one by one.

Leander still held the sword technique in one hand, his eyes cold and detached. "Netherweb's people... worthless."

The Twin Reapers had made their names in just over a hundred years. They never expected that a junior from a century later would treat them with such scorn and disregard. Though their hearts burned with shock and rage, it was fear of him that dominated

above all.

They joined forces to form a defensive shield, pouring all their potent energy into holding it up. Still, they couldn't withstand Leander's strike and were both slammed into the ground, badly wounded. If he had struck again, they weren't sure they would have been lucky enough to survive.

They had no confidence left in facing Leander. Blood trickled from the corners of their mouths, yet they didn't look back. As they were forced to retreat, they spun on their heels, slammed their feet into empty air, and shot off into the distance, putting over a thousand meters between themselves and Leander. Their forms gradually shrank into the horizon.

"Jeff, the debt you owe us today is seared into our minds. One day, we will come for you. And when we do, you'll pay tenfold!" A voice full of venom carried from far away. Everyone's eyes widened for a moment. The Twin Reapers had thrown out harsh words, but it was clear-they were retreating.

"One person forced the Twin Reapers to flee? Jeff, what kind of monster are you?" Darian's eyes tightened as he watched their figures shrink into black dots. His heart churned with shock and disbelief.

"Trying to run?" Leander's eyes flickered with killing intent as he saw them dart away. He was ready to take a step forward and chase them down.

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At that moment, Darian finally reacted. He stepped in front of Leander, holding up a hand. "Sovereign Ashcroft, wait!" His expression was grave. His voice was firm. "You've already won today. The Twin Reapers are retreating in disgrace. There's no need to pursue them. They will come back to challenge you. You can settle this then. I'm worried that if you chase them now, something unpredictable might happen."

Netherweb continuously operated in strange, mysterious ways. Even though the Twin Reapers had chosen to back off and no longer dared to fight Leander, they were still King Phase masters from a hundred years ago. None of these people was to be underestimated.

If Leander had cornered them and forced a fight to the death, the battle that erupted would have been far more potent than what had just happened. Besides, apart from these two guardians, the Twin Reapers, Netherweb had a hidden master who had yet to reveal themselves. That being was on the same level as Dragon Emperor, Chief Arbitrator, and High Priest.

Darian's warning was meant for Leander. He didn't want Leander to rush after them unthinkingly and trigger an even bigger

disaster.

"Hmm?" Leander's gaze flickered, landing on Darian. He stayed silent for a moment, feeling a subtle ripple of spiritual energy stir within him. Only then did he shake himself out of it and let go of the pursuit.

The Dominion Blade I just unleashed isn't fully mastered yet. So I had to trigger it using the spiritual energy I just absorbed. That caused the energy already fused in my blood to flare up again, almost breaking free of my body. If I keep chasing them, I could probably kill the Twin Reapers, but my cultivation would take some damage. They've already made themselves my sworn enemies today. Next time we meet, taking their lives will be just a matter of time. There's no need to rush this.

With that, Sebastian gathered his focus, the sharp light in his eyes dimming gradually. The blue spark at his fingertips vanished, and the clouds and rain overhead cleared. "For today, they can go. Next time, they won't walk away alive." He stretched his neck, then descended smoothly, landing back on solid ground. "Thank you, Master Leander, for your protection!" Celia said, bowing deeply when she saw him approaching.

"No need for all that," Leander said with a dry chuckle. "Since I've taken you under my wing, your life is mine to protect. Nobody else gets a say. If they try to kill you, I'll protect you. That's just how it is."

He yawned lazily and tore the tattered remains of his clothing, revealing a solid, well-defined torso. Ophelia's cheeks flushed, and she could barely look away.

Leander, however, didn't even notice her. He waved at Celia. "Get up. It's settled here. Let's head back to Astria."

Celia nodded lightly and fell in step behind him, ready to climb into the off-roader with him.

Before getting in, Leander glanced toward Darian on the horizon and gave a faint smile. "If we meet again, I'll buy you a drink."

Darian laughed freely, a rare spark of joy in his eyes. "Haha, I won't pass up your drink. It's a deal."

Leander nodded and opened the car door.

Right at that moment, a figure appeared, and in front of a dozen men, she went down on her knees right behind Leander.

"Sovereign Ashcroft!" It was Ophelia. She pressed her hands to the hot sand and bowed deeply to Leander. "I've been foolish, blind, and rude to you before! Everything was my fault, but I still dared to beg you, please, have mercy and give me the spiritual elixir to save my grandpa! This is the Snowbrooks' only hope. I beg you to grant us mercy and give the Snowbrooks a chance to

survive!"

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If the high-society elites of Bladewick were watching, seeing the Snowbrooks'

prized daughter bowing and begging like this would shock everyone to their core.

The proud, phoenix-like heiress of the Snowbrooks from Bladewick had finally lowered her haughty head and humbled herself before Leander.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 594[1,567 words]

Chapter 594 Time to Meet

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Leander climbed into the car without a care, ignoring Ophelia's calls behind him. He flicked a hand at the driver, signaling him to start moving.

At first, he had a little respect for Ophelia. She seemed devoted enough, willing to risk herself in the endless desert just to find a spiritual elixir for Celvon. That kind of loyalty and determination was rare.

But her attitude afterwards crushed that respect. His impression of her plummeted. He wasn't interested in the Snowbrooks' golden girl from Bladewick anymore. He just wanted to show her the harsh reality of the world.

The driver caught Leander's signal instantly and started the off-roader. Celia sat silently in the back, feeling a pang of sympathy for Ophelia sprawled on the ground, but she didn't show a trace of it.

By the time someone reached Leander's realm, ordinary people like them had no way of understanding or touching him.

Leander didn't leave room for second chances. Even kings or nobles in person would be powerless.

As the off-roader began to move, Ophelia froze in panic. She had already begged as much as she could. She had even dropped to the sand, desperate to get Leander to give the spiritual elixir. She knew he had it from Sandsong Oasis. It was Celvon's only hope.

After seeing the cold, unreadable look in Leander's eyes, Ophelia lost control. She dragged herself across the sand on her knees, inching forward until she blocked the vehicle. "Sovereign Ashcroft, please, I'm begging you. The Snowbrooks can't fall. Please, have mercy!"

Her voice cracked, almost crying as she pleaded with him, hoping against hope that he would change his mind.

Her knees dragged across the yellow sand. The rough grains chewed into her skin until it split and bled, carving two vivid streaks of blood across the ground. It was a brutal sight.

More than a dozen bodyguards in black stood nearby, swallowing hard, shock written all over their expressions. None of them had expected this. No one could have imagined that Ophelia would lower herself so completely for Celvon. She was the kind of woman. who had never even been shouted at before. Yet here she was, suffering in the endless desert. In the end, she was even bowing down and prostrating herself before a young man barely in his twenties. If this ever made its way back to Bladewick, no one would believe it.

"Mr. Ashcroft, what do we do..." Ophelia blocked the road. The driver could not bring himself to press the accelerator and could only turn to Leander, his expression full of helpless uncertainty.

Leander lay back in the front passenger seat, bare-chested, his arms folded behind his head like a pillow. He paused for a moment, then spoke in a flat, indifferent tone. "Ophelia, since you are willing to humble yourself like this to save your grandpa, I will give you a chance. What you want, I can give it to you. I can help your grandpa extend his life."

At those words, Ophelia's expression lit up with wild relief. She immediately bowed three times toward Leander. "Thank you, Sovereign Ashcroft. Thank you, thank you..."

Before she could finish the last word, Leander lifted a hand and cut her off. "Do not thank me so quickly."

His voice remained calm and detached. "I can give you what you want, but you need to understand one thing. If you gain something, you pay a price. If you want your grandpa to live longer, what are you offering in return?"

"Huh?" Ophelia froze for a beat, then it clicked. "Sovereign Ashcroft, you may name any condition you wish. As long as the Snowbrooks can fulfill it, we will do everything in our power. Please, say the word."

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Chapter 594 Time to Meet.

Even as she begged him, there was still a quiet trace of confidence in her heart.

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Because the Snowbrooks from Bladewick were not just any family, they might not have ruled all of Astria, but they were easily among the top twenty great houses. Power, influence, connections, money. They lacked none of it. If Leander wanted something, the Snowbrooks would exhaust every means to put it in his hands.

"Is that so?" Leander tapped his fingers lightly against the car window, a faint smile playing at the corner of his lips. "You should know exactly who I am by now. Tell me, what do you think the Snowbrooks have that could actually interest me?"

Ophelia's expression shifted subtly. For a moment, she had no answer. Leander's cultivation stood at an overwhelming level. He was a living legend, someone who wielded power capable of leveling cities and reducing a mansion to rubble with a single move. Whatever such a person lacked would be something vanishingly rare in this world. Even a family as formidable as the Snowbrooks could not be sure they could provide it.

Before Ophelia could decide how to respond, Leander spoke again, "Since you want to cure your grandpa and keep the Snowbrooks from declining, I will be clear. The Snowbrooks from Bladewick will give me thirty percent of the shares of the company. In addition, the Snowbrooks will spare no cost and place all their commercial resources at the unconditional disposal of Jeff Enterprises. I want you to act as my representative and work for me without conditions for six months. Think carefully. Nod or shake your head. You have ten seconds."

He did not make this demand on a whim. Jeff Enterprises had already launched across major nations and grown into a global commercial powerhouse. Yet in Bladewick, a region with an unusually delicate balance, progress remained slow. The structure and power dynamics that had taken root in Bladewick over the years could not be shaken by money alone. Breaking through that entrenched order would take at least another six months at Jeff Enterprises' Bladewick branch's current pace.

Before he traveled to the Sahar Wastes, Frankie had called him to report on this very issue. At the time, Leander's thoughts were consumed by the Divine Vault, and he had brushed it aside. Now, with the favored daughter of the Snowbrooks from Bladewick standing right in front of him, he saw the perfect chance to push things forward.

Leander's words left Ophelia completely stunned.

30 per cent of the Snowbrooks' corporate holdings was an astronomical figure. Its value was measured in the tens of billions.

The moment Leander spoke, he demanded thirty per cent of the Snowbrooks' shares. That meant 30 per cent of everything the Snowbrooks' enterprise earned. Every profit, every stream of income, all of it would funnel straight into his pocket. Handing over that kind of money to Leander was unthinkable. Forget the elders in her family, those penny-pinching parasites who clung to wealth and did nothing all day. Even she, a seasoned business professional, had no intention of backing down. What made it even more outrageous was that Leander also wanted her to work for him unconditionally for half a year. That was unpaid servitude, plain and simple. It was exploitation, nothing more.

"Sovereign Ashcroft, your conditions..." She lifted her beautiful eyes and met his gaze, clearly trying to say something.

Leander did not react at all. He looked calm, assured, completely in control. "I am giving you my terms. You can call them harsh, or you can refuse them. But that is how life works. There is no such thing as a free favor. If you want your grandpa to live, the Snowbrooks have to pay the price. Ten seconds are already up. This is your last chance. If you do not agree, step aside and stop blocking my way."

His tone left no room for negotiation. He had no intention of changing a single condition.

Ophelia remained pressed to the ground. She loathed every part of his demand. Yet at this moment, she had no choice. Everything had reached a point of no return. If she rejected him, he would walk away, and Celvon would lose his only chance to survive.

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Chapter 594 Time to Meet.

+10 Free Coins

"Fine." Her thoughts raced as she made her decision. She nodded firmly. "Sovereign Ashcroft, on behalf of the Snowbrooks, I accept your terms. Please grant us the spiritual elixir."

The instant she finished speaking, Leander acted without hesitation. He raised one hand, and a surge of powerful spiritual energy gathered in his palm, condensing into a clear, crystal-like bead.

With a flick of his finger, the bead drifted forward and came to rest in front of her. "This is an elixir formed from the spiritual energy of Verdant Dew. You may call it the Eclipse Elixir. It will allow your grandpa to live for another three years. Remember our agreement. And remember this as well. No one ever owes me anything." Ophelia did not truly agree with him, but she still nodded and offered her thanks. Inside the off-roader, Leander stretched lazily. His eyes shifted as he looked toward the distant Eastern lands.

This trip to the Sahar Wastes had come to a satisfactory end. It was time for him to return to the Astria. He knew that somewhere on that faraway land, someone was waiting for him. The thought of that meeting filled him with anticipation.

"Dragon Emperor, it is time we finally meet."

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 595[1,431 words]

Chapter 595 Airplane Encounter

+10 Free Coins

On the flight returning from Yelem to Astria, Leander and Celia were not seated together. Their seats were staggered, one in front of the other.

Leander leaned back in his chair with his eyes lightly closed, looking relaxed, almost as if he were dozing off. In truth, his body was steadily refining pure natural energy, drawing it in and converting it into his own power without pause.

The spiritual energy he had gained from the Divine Vault had been nothing short of a massive boost. It was like swallowing a powerful tonic, and it played a decisive role in elevating his overall strength.

By any measure, the trip to the Sahar Wastes had been more than worth it. He had gained far more than expected, and the journey had not been in vain.

This flight went straight to Highcliffe and would last seven hours. At the persistent urging of several of Yelem's major families, Leander had reluctantly agreed to wear a custom handwoven suit commissioned in Enatria. It was the kind of garment reserved for royalty and the highest nobility.

The suit was not flashy or ostentatious, and it lacked the fame of well-known luxury brands. Yet on him, it radiated an unmistakable air of refinement. Paired with his naturally distinctive presence, it made him stand out effortlessly.

Several young flight attendants stole glances in his direction, and a few female passengers passing by slowed their steps, drawn in by his striking appearance.

Leander, however, paid none of it any attention. He never even opened his eyes. The moment he sat down, he entered a cultivation state, completely cut off from his surroundings, deaf to everything around him.

With about ten minutes remaining before takeoff, a young woman in her early twenties walked down the aisle. She wore an ancient-style silk dress that flowed softly against her tall, slender frame. Each step carried a quiet elegance and charm. Behind her followed a young man in a well-tailored suit, his hair meticulously styled. He looked every bit like someone from the upper class, polished and confident. It was clear he was accompanying her, never straying far from her side.

The woman's beauty could not rival Celia's, who possessed the breathtaking allure of a seasoned practitioner, but she was still stunning by any standard. She was easily the kind of woman who would be crowned the pride of a university department. A faint trace of melancholy lingered between her brows, as if something weighed heavily on her mind.

She scanned the row numbers as she walked, searching for her seat. Seeing this, the man behind her spoke with a hint of arrogance. "Sophia, I told you already. We could have booked the tickets last night and gone straight for first class. With our status, how can we possibly sit in a low-end economy cabin?"

He made no effort to lower his voice. Several nearby passengers heard him clearly. Almost at once, more than a dozen irritated and hostile looks turned in his direction, carrying quiet resentment and undisguised annoyance.

Isn't what the young man says basically an insult to everyone sitting in the economy? What does he even mean by a low-end economy cabin? Does that make everyone here low class, while he alone gets to call himself superior?

The people around them did not speak up to argue with the man, but their displeasure was evident.

Sophia noticed the mood shift as well. She frowned slightly and said to the man, "Cyrus Parker, I never asked you to follow me. You came on your own. To me, economy or first class makes no difference. If you are unhappy, you can upgrade your seat yourself. I am not entertaining this."

She was clearly not fond of Cyrus at all. After saying that, she continued looking for her seat and eventually stopped beside

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Chapter 595 Airplane Encounter

+10 Free Coins

Leander. "Here it is." She had finally found it, right next to him. Leander was seated on the aisle, while her seat was closer to the

window.

"Excuse me, could you let me in?" Sophia saw that Leander had his eyes closed and seemed to be resting, so she spoke softly and asked politely. As she spoke, her gaze lingered on his face, and a flicker of surprise crossed her expression.

Leander sat there, eyes closed, his expression calm and composed. He was still and serene, carrying an effortless presence that felt soothing and inviting, the kind that made people want to drift a little closer without realizing it. His features were striking as well, sharp and well defined, his face sculpted as if by a blade. Compared to the so-called heartthrob celebrities on television, he stood

out even more.

Given Sophia's background, she had seen plenty of good-looking men. Someone like Leander, though, felt different. This was her first time encountering someone quite like him.

As she spoke, Leander had already opened his eyes. A pair of dark, deep eyes, black as ink and reminiscent of stars in a night sky, looked straight at her and met her gaze.

With just that single look, Sophia faltered. Her mind went blank for a brief moment, and she stood there, frozen.

"Go ahead," Leander said. He had already stood up, stepping aside to make room for her to pass.

"Ah, okay." Sophia snapped back to herself when she heard his voice. A faint blush crept onto her cheeks, and she quickly moved into the row.

Just as she sat down, Leander was about to return to his seat. At that moment, Cyrus suddenly stepped forward and blocked his way. "Bro," he said. His expression was arrogant, and his tone leaving no room for refusal.

"I am taking this seat. I will give you five thousand. Move over there instead. That is my fiancée, and I want to sit with her. Do me a favor." His words sounded polite on the surface, but the half smile in his eyes carried a clear threat, as if Leander had no choice but

to agree.

"No," Leander said. He did not even spare Cyrus a glance as he sat back down. What does some so-called engaged couple have to do with me? Normally, Leander might not have minded accommodating this, but right now, he was at a crucial point, absorbing spiritual energy. Being asked to switch seats was the last thing he was willing to deal with.

"You..." Cyrus' eyes darkened as he saw Leander remain completely unmoved, sitting there like a mountain. He spoke in a low, tense voice. "I called you bro to give you some reputation. Offering five thousand to get you to move is me trying not to look like a jerk in front of everyone. But you, you're just refusing? Not enough money? Fine, ten thousand. That's your seat. Swap with me. Happy now?"

Cyrus assumed Leander's flat-out refusal stemmed from his thinking the pay was too low. So he raised the offer by another five thousand. He fixed his gaze on Leander, eager to see his reaction. But Leander stayed still, eyes shut tight, not saying a single word.

"You..." Cyrus snapped, anger flaring. He lifted his hand, reaching for Leander's collar. Before he could even grab, Sophia had already stood up beside him.

"Cyrus, enough. This is Yelem, not Goldenridge. Don't go pulling your Goldenridge tricks here. This is our first flight together. I don't want any trouble. Sit back down and behave. I'm only saying this once. If you don't, you'll never know where I go from now on. Good luck finding me." Sophia's words hit sharply and firmly. Just one sentence froze Cyrus in place.

Cyrus paused for three seconds, glared hard, and finally stepped back two paces. "Fine, fine, Sophia. You win."

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Chapter 595 Airplane Encounter

+10 Free Coins

He forced a smile, way too fake. "I was just joking with him here. I just wanted to switch seats to sit closer to you, that's all. No harm meant. If he doesn't want to move, I'll go back to my own seat. No pressure."

Cyrus spread his hands like he was being reasonable and hurried back to his own seat, but inside, he was already memorizing Leander's features.

After seeing Cyrus finally settle, sitting four rows away from her, Sophia exhaled in relief. She turned to Leander, extending her delicate hand with a hint of apology. "Hi, friend. I'm really sorry. Please forgive his rudeness. I'm Sophia Larson from Goldenridge. Meeting you here is fate. Let's get to know each other."

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 596[1,102 words]

Chapter 596 Do You Think Superman Exists?

Chapter 596 Do You Think Superman Exists?

"Should we introduce ourselves?"

Sophia looked at Leander and extended her hand.

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She actually wasn't someone who usually struck up conversations. Back in Goldenridge, it was rare for anyone to get her to speak first, and hardly any guys her age had ever managed to get close to her.

She'd decided to talk to Leander today because there was just something special about him—a kind of quiet magnetism she couldn't explain. It was like there was a pull that made her want to know more about this calm, striking young man.

Leander heard Sophia's voice and knew she was talking to him, but he didn't show much reaction- not even opening his eyes. He just said, quietly, "We're just strangers passing by. As soon as we get off this flight, we go our separate ways. Why bother swapping names?"

Sophia froze for a moment at his answer.

She'd imagined a hundred ways he might respond, but she hadn't expected this.

Leander was right-they were just two random strangers who happened to cross paths on the same flight. Striking up a conversation was simply her way of passing the time and making the trip a little less boring.

Once the plane landed, they'd both go their own way, probably never crossing paths again.

That was the reality, but she never expected Leander to say it out loud so bluntly. Sophia was a total head-turner. Usually, if she walked up and introduced herself, most guys her age would at least be interested, if not flattered. They'd never turn her down flat. But Leander wasn't like most guys.

She stood there stunned for several seconds before snapping out of it. But instead of turning her off, Leander's cold attitude only made her more curious.

"Come on, it's just an introduction. It makes the trip less boring. What's the harm in talking to someone new?" she said lightly, a playful smile on her lips.

"Even if we're just strangers now, who's to say we won't run into each other again? Next time, maybe I'll even be able to call you by name."

She tilted her head and watched Leander, feeling even more intrigued.

Leander had just about finished absorbing and refining the energy inside him. Now, with Sophia still trying to chat, he finally opened his eyes.

"Leander Ashcroft."

He kept it simple, saying his name as he shook Sophia's hand. Unlike most guys, he let go right away. There was nothing lingering or flirtatious about it-just a calm, polite handshake.

"Leander? Great name! Nice to meet you!"

Sophia definitely picked up on all those little details, and it only made her opinion of Leander rise. She pulled her hand back, the worry in her eyes replaced by something lighter.

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Chapter 596 Do You Think Superman Exists?

+10 Free Coins

Somehow, just meeting Leander had somehow taken her mind off her problems, and she felt genuinely happy for the first time in a while.

"You're here in Yelem for sightseeing, too?"

She glanced over at Leander, keeping the conversation going. The two of them already sounded like old friends.

"Yeah." Leander stretched lazily. "I spent about a week in the Sahar Wastes. I am heading back to Astria today."

Sophia blinked, studying him. "You know, from your accent, I can't quite place you as being from Highcliffe. Are you local?"

"You could say that or not."

Leander answered casually. He'd been born into the Ashcroft family in Highcliffe, so technically, he was from there. But he'd been kicked out as a kid and spent eight years drifting on his own. He no longer felt any connection to the Ashcrofts, or to Highcliffe at

all.

Sophia didn't know any of that. She just figured Leander didn't want to get into his background, so she didn't push. Instead, she switched topics.

The flight lasted seven hours. With nothing else to do, Leander didn't mind chatting with Sophia. They covered everything-history, culture, world politics, you name it. As they talked, Sophia realized her curiosity toward Leander was turning into genuine admiration.

She'd grown up surrounded by culture and knowledge, so she takes pride in being smarter and more perceptive than most people her age.

But sitting here with Leander, she felt outsmarted. His perspective was always one step ahead, cutting straight to the heart of things-like someone with decades more experience than anyone else on board.

Coffee, wine, world traditions, obscure cultures-Leander knew them all inside and out. Sophia had always thought she was the most well-read person in any room, but next to Leander, she felt like she was playing catch-up.

They kept talking, and hours passed without either of them noticing. Before they knew it, three hours had gone by, and Sophia was genuinely delighted. She felt as if she'd met a true soulmate on

this trip, and if she'd known Leander longer, she probably would have spilled secrets she'd kept for years.

“Leander, I'm so glad I met you. I honestly didn't expect this trip to Yelem to be so worthwhile. Meeting you really does feel like a gift dealt by fate.”

She looked at Leander, a strange feeling blooming in her heart-one she hadn't recognized yet.

Leander just smiled, calm as ever.

“Life's unpredictable. Wherever you go, whatever you do, you'll meet all kinds of people. The only real difference is whether they

turn out to be friends-or enemies.”

Sophia's gaze sharpened. There was something profound in what Leander said, something she couldn't fully grasp, even with her experience. Sitting across from him, she suddenly felt like a little kid-while Leander seemed above it all, like he'd seen through everything life had to offer.

Is he really just a college student? Or something more?

She shook the thought away, then broke into a mischievous grin.

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Chapter 596 Do You Think Superman Exists?

“Leander, can I ask your opinion on something?”

Leander shrugged. "Go for it."

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Sophia's expression turned serious for a second. "I'll be honest—I arrived in Yelem two days ago, and I've spent a lot of time exploring the Sahar Wastes. I just wanted

to see if there really are any impossible things out there in the world."

"Oh?" Leander looked up, actually interested. "Like what?"

Sophia pulled out her phone, still on airplane mode, and opened her gallery. After scrolling for a while, she found a saved video.

"Do you think Superman exists in real life?"

She handed him the phone. Leander glanced down and immediately froze.

It was a video of him-bathed in blue light, cutting a fighter jet in half with a single strike.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 597[1,228 words]

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Chapter 597 That's Me

Chapter 597 That's Me

+10 Free Coins

On her phone, Sophia played a video-Leander was bathed in blue light, wielding a blade of pure energy as he sliced through ten supersonic fighter jets before rocketing into the sky.

Sophia kept her gaze on Leander, a smile on her face, clearly waiting for his answer. She looked genuinely interested in his opinions.

Leander glanced at the video and couldn't help but laugh to himself. After all, the guy in the video was him.

Without giving anything away, he looked away and didn't answer directly. Instead, he asked, "Whether or not Superman exists in real life doesn't matter. The question is, do you believe it?"

Sophia's eyes sparkled, and she smiled.

"As soon as this video hit the internet, people went nuts. Some say it's all fake and edited, while others are convinced Superman really exists. I lean toward the latter."

She tucked a lock of hair behind her ear and continued, "I minored in photography in college, so I know a thing or two about video editing and image analysis. At Goldenridge University, our photography club did a full forensic breakdown of this video..We went over it again and again, and every time, we reached the same conclusion-it's real.

"And not just that-the camera that shot this video creates an effect almost identical to a military-grade eagle-eye camera. So I'm convinced this footage is legit. There really are people out there with extraordinary powers.

"Based on the town hidden behind the blue light, I figured this had to be somewhere in the Sahar Wastes. That's why I came here. I wanted to see if I'd get lucky and run into the Blue-Light Superman."

"Blue-Light Superman?" Leander couldn't help but smile at the nickname, both amused and at a loss for words.

He turned to Sophia and asked, "Why do you want to meet the person in that video?"

"Why?" Sophia's smile turned a little self-mocking, almost like she was talking to herself. "No real reason, I guess. Maybe I just wanted an adventure for once in my life, something exciting. I wanted to do something that felt brave."

Leander found her answer a little odd, Sophia was in her prime, young and full of life, but her tone sounded like someone who'd already lived a full life and was nearing the end.

"You sound like you're carrying a lot of burden," he said.

Sophia's eyes grew sad and a bit tired. "It's a family thing.

"I was born in Goldenridge, and ever since I was little, my family arranged for me to be engaged. My fiancé, Cyrus Parker, is the same guy who tried to buy your seat earlier.

"There's nothing I can do about any of it. For my family's sake, I have to go along with it, even though I don't want to. My opinions never matter when it comes to what's best for the family.

"Maybe I came out to the Sahar Wastes because I was hoping for one last adventure-something wild, something to remember for the rest of my life. I wanted

to see if I could run into the Blue-Light Superman.

"But after three days, nothing happened. I know it was all just wishful thinking."

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Chapter 597 That's Me

+10 Free Coins

There was a hint of melancholy between her brows-she looked like someone who had been carrying too much for far too long.

Her family's plans meant doing things she never wanted-like an engagement she couldn't refuse. It weighed on her, and she hadn't found what she was looking for on this trip. She'd have to go home empty-handed.

She'd even dreamed that if she ever met the hero from the video, maybe he could help her out, maybe even set her free.

But her journey to the Sahar Wastes had left her with nothing but disappointment.

Leander had no idea that the video of him taking down those fighter jets had gone viral across the world, inspiring countless people and making him a legend.

He just gave Sophia a calm smile. "That Blue-Light Superman doesn't know you, so even if you met him, he might not help you. Don't let it get you down.

"And besides, just because you think you didn't see him physically doesn't mean you didn't meet him. Maybe you've already met him-you just don't realize it yet."

"You think I've already met him?" Sophia's expression changed, but then she shook her head and laughed quietly. "I'm being silly. I thought if I came to the Sahar Wastes, I'd find some clues about the Blue-Light Superman, but someone like that would never show up for a random fan like me. He's a myth, not someone in reality." She looked out the window, watching clouds race past, her thoughts drifting. "Actually, you have already met him," Leander said, his voice calm.

"I have?" Sophia asked, surprised. "Don't tell me you're going to say you're the Blue-Light Superman?"

She meant it as a joke, but Leander's face was totally serious as he nodded.

"Yeah. That's me. The guy in the video was me. Ten supersonic jets attacked me, and I had no choice but to bring them all down."

Leander shrugged, like he was describing something totally ordinary.

"You?"

Sophia stared at him for a long moment, then suddenly burst out laughing, sweet and infectious.

"Leander, you really are something else!"

She couldn't help but laugh. "Honestly, I thought you were such a straight shooter with no sense of humor at all. I never would've guessed you could tell a joke with a straight face. For a second, I almost believed you!"

Leander just smiled and shook his head. He knew Sophia didn't believe him, but he didn't bother to explain.

"I'm telling the truth. If you don't believe me, I can't help it.

"But hey, even if we are just two people who met by chance, I can talk to your family for you, if you want me to. I could get your engagement called off and help you get your freedom back."

Sophia laughed even harder and gave Leander a playful tap on the shoulder.

"Leander, it's sweet of you, really.

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3:23 pm

Chapter 597 That's Me

"But there's nothing you can do about my family. That's just how it is."

She was being polite, but it was clear she didn't take his offer seriously.

+10 Free Coins

"I'm serious," Leander replied, his tone even. "If you want me to, I could make it happen. No matter how powerful your family is in Goldenridge, if I say the word, they'll change their mind and let you go."

Sophia's smile faded a bit.

Earlier, she'd thought he was just trying to cheer her up, and she'd given him an easy out. But now he was doubling down, insisting he could change everything with a word. It didn't sound like comfort anymore-it sounded arrogant.

With that, her feelings toward Leander cooled, and the friendly vibe between them faded.

Leander noticed the change in her and knew she didn't believe him. He didn't explain further. He was about to close his eyes and rest when a cold voice suddenly

cut through the air behind him.

"Hey, kid, what did you just say?

"I think I heard you say you want to break off my engagement with Sophia?"

It was Cyrus, the guy in the suit from earlier. He was standing right next to Leander now.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 598[1,075 words]

Chapter 598 The Dragon Emperor

Chapter 598 The Dragon Emperor

"I think I heard you say you want to break off my engagement with Sophia?"

Cyrus was standing next to Leander's seat, towering over him, his tone icy and full of threat.

To Cyrus, Sophia was everything.

+10 Free Coins

She was famous in the Goldenridge social scene, she was famous-whenver she showed up at an event, there were always guys hovering around, hoping to get her attention. He was one of those guys, but thanks to an old family agreement, he'd managed to secure the role of her fiancé.

For him, this engagement was his one shot at being with Sophia. As long as he got her to sign the marriage certificate, she'd be his -and he planned to make sure of it.

He knew Sophia wasn't interested in him, but he clung to the engagement for dear life, since it was the only way he could get close to her.

Now, out of nowhere, some kid he barely knew was talking big, promising to help Sophia break the engagement? No way he was going to let that slide.

It didn't help that he and Leander had already clashed earlier. To make things worse, Leander had spent the whole flight chatting and laughing with Sophia. Cyrus' temper was already at the boiling point.

"I'm Sophia's fiancé. If you're so tough, say that again to my face!"

He jabbed a finger at Leander, his glare sharp and full of warning.

Leander didn't even bother to look up. His voice stayed calm, almost bored. "Yeah, I did say that. What are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, really?"

Cyrus smirked, his eyes cold. He looked at Leander like he'd already won.

"All right, kid. I like a good challenge. We're still on a plane, so I'll let you off for now. But once we land in Highcliffe, you'll find out what happens when you mess with the wrong person."

Leander raised an eyebrow, meeting Cyrus' gaze with a hint of a smirk.

"Is that so? I'll be waiting."

With that, he shut his eyes and ended the conversation right there.

"Fine. Very good."

Cyrus repeated himself, his voice getting colder with each word.

"Cyrus, don't do anything stupid," Sophia snapped, glaring at him. "Leander was just joking, okay? I'm warning you-don't touch

him."

"Sophia, this isn't about you. He's the one who crossed the line," Cyrus shot back, his tone icy. "After we land, he's going to see exactly what happens when he disrespects me. Don't try to stop me."

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Chapter 598 The Dragon Emperor

He turned and walked away, already picturing Leander begging for mercy at the airport.

+10 Free Coins

As soon as Cyrus left, Sophia turned to Leander, her voice low and urgent. "Leander, when we land, get out of the airport as fast as you can. That guy is seriously unhinged. Just promise me you won't stick around, all right?"

"What I do is my business. Don't worry about me."

Leander's tone was cold, brushing off her concern without a second thought.

Sophia realized it was pointless to argue with him. Frustrated, she turned to look out the window, her earlier warmth toward Leander gone.

Leander enjoyed the silence. They didn't speak for the rest of the flight, and after a few hours, the plane finally landed in Highcliffe.

Leander ignored Sophia completely. He got up and walked down the aisle with the rest of the passengers, Celia following closely behind.

Sophia looked at Leander, wanting to say something, but the words caught in her throat. Remembering Cyrus' threat, she hurried to catch up with him, hoping to stall him at the airport.

As Leander and Celia left the plane, Celia leaned in and whispered, "Master Leander, want me to take care of that guy?"

She'd seen everything that happened. Since Leander hadn't given any signal, she'd kept quiet, but she was clearly ready to step in.

"No need. I'm actually curious to see what he's going to do."

Leander grinned, a hint of amusement flickering in his eyes.

He waited in the airport lobby for Cyrus to show up. As he was scanning the crowd, his eyes suddenly narrowed.

"Wait here."

Leander's voice went from relaxed to serious, and Celia looked confused. Before she could say anything, he was already walking off

in another direction.

"Huh?"

She followed his gaze and spotted a tall, plain-looking middle-aged man coming toward them.

Leander and the man locked eyes, tension crackling between them. As they walked toward each other, their steps fell into perfect sync, shoulders brushing as they passed.

In that instant, both Leander and the middle-aged man's expressions changed at the same time. Surprise and a hint of astonishment flashed in Leander's eyes.

The moment the middle-aged man's shoulder touched Leander's, a powerful surge of force shot straight through, colliding at the point of contact.

Both men controlled their strength with absolute precision, not letting even the slightest bit of force leak outward. This silent clash -an unspoken contest between the two-ended in a perfect draw.

Yet no one else in the airport sensed a thing. Only Celia noticed that something was off.

The middle-aged man gave Leander a look of genuine respect. Then, he said something softly, only loud enough for Leander to

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Chapter 598 The Dragon Emperor

+10 Free Coins

hear,

"So, we finally met."

Leander grinned, his smile bright.

"Dragon Emperor? Is that you?"

The man looked completely average, his clothes simple, but the energy rolling off him was undeniable.

As far as Leander knew, there was only one person in all of Astra with that kind of presence-the legendary Dragon Emperor.

"Oh? And how did you figure that out?"

A look of surprise appeared on the middle-aged man's face. As soon as his shoulder touched Leander's, they broke apart and stood back to back.

He moved his lips slightly, channeling his inner strength to compress his voice into a narrow thread, sending it straight to Leander's ear. No one else in the entire airport could hear their conversation.

The middle-aged man was deeply curious. Although he had been quietly tracking Leander for a while and had learned a great deal about him through various channels, this was his first time meeting Leander in person. He hadn't expected Leander to recognize him right away and call him by his name.

"Wasn't too hard," Leander said, still grinning. "Honestly, I didn't think we'd cross paths so soon."

For the first time, two of Astra's greatest figures, from different generations, finally stood face to face.

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From Outcast to Overlord The Unyielding Heir (Leander Ashcroft) - Chapter 599[1,259 words]

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Chapter 599 Sanctuary Guardian

Chapter 599 Sanctuary Guardian

"Our meeting came sooner than I imagined!"

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Leander and the middle-aged man were thirty feet apart, backs to each other, footsteps echoing farther and farther away.

In the eyes of others, they looked like strangers-no one would have guessed the two of them, drifting apart with each step, were quietly conversing in voices no one else could hear.

"I've always wanted to meet you, but never got the chance. Because of the King Phase Accord, I couldn't show myself before."

The Dragon Emperor's voice came through, calm and unhurried.

Leander stuck one hand in his pocket and unwrapped a piece of gum, popping it in his mouth. It was something the flight attendant gave him on the plane to help with ear pressure, and he only took it out now.

He chewed and smiled. "Are you looking for me for a reason?"

As their voices drifted, the distance widened by another twenty feet.

The Dragon Emperor's voice stayed steady, but there was no hiding his presence. "I wanted to meet the man standing at the peak of the Astria martial world of this era. I want to see what you're really capable of."

"Oh?"

"You want to spar with me?"

Leander's lips curved. "That's not what I expected, but if you want a fight, I'll oblige."

Leander had been interested in the legendary Dragon Emperor of Astria for a long time. The Dragon Emperor was the undisputed top Astrian martial artist of the past; Leander himself was now the top martial artist in Astria.

He was eager to see just how far this legendary man—who had once swept through Astria, defeated countless foreign martial artists, founded the Martial Alliance, and defended Astria's honor—had come in his cultivation.

As a fellow King Phase martial artist, he genuinely wanted to know what set the Dragon Emperor apart from everyone else.

Dragon Emperor laughed. "You truly live up to your reputation as the Iron Sovereign. Every opponent looks the same in your eyes. No wonder you can defeat so many strong fighters across the world and stand at the top of the Astrian martial world!"

The Dragon Emperor laughed, his tone softening. "I didn't come to fight, just to confirm something."

"I already got my answer just now."

The Dragon Emperor was smiling. Earlier, when he and Leander brushed shoulders, their strength met, and neither side had the upper hand. That moment gave him a deeper understanding of Leander's strength.

Since it was just a light test, he hadn't used his full power, and Leander hadn't revealed much either, but even his hundred years of cultivation couldn't suppress Leander. That proved Leander was truly among the world's elite martial artists.

"Speaking of which, I owe you thanks for settling an old regret of mine."

The Dragon Emperor went on, "A few decades ago, the Hermit, Dennis Allen, stirred up trouble all over Astria and assassinated a lot

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of our people. Because of the King Phase Accord, I couldn't intervene and couldn't kill him. When I finally decided to make a move, he'd already gone into hiding and vanished!"

"Luckily, two weeks ago, he died by your hand!"

Leander's expression stayed flat as he replied calmly, "I don't need flattery. If you have something to say, just say it."

Leander always wanted to challenge other top fighters. But the Dragon Emperor was a senior who had defended Astria's honor; he respected him deeply.

"I came today to see if you're really qualified to take my place. Now, I have no more doubts."

The Dragon Emperor spoke softly, "It's good for Astria to have you."

"Take your place?"

Leander wondered to himself. Does the Dragon Emperor have some special identity in Astria that I don't know?

The Dragon Emperor went on, "Before you came on the scene, I planned to make your father, Gareth, my first choice as a successor. I never expected that in just 20 years, someone like you would rise and dominate the world."

He smiled faintly. "Your father's talent was already top tier in my eyes, but you're even more domineering than him. And you've got an even wilder, deadlier aura-your killing intent is unmatched."

"What the Sanctuary Guardian of Astria needs is a ruthless heart, always pressing forward. Any outsider who dares set foot in Astria

-kill!"

The Dragon Emperor's presence suddenly surged, his tone full of icy intent. "Sanctuary Guardian?"

Leander's brow furrowed a little.

"The Sanctuary is a hidden, blessed ground in Astria. It's tied to the fate of the ancient martial clan. There's a divine artifact inside that anchors our fortune, keeping the clan alive so the ancient martial bloodline never dies out.

The Dragon Emperor continued, "For nearly a thousand years, foreign powers have tried to get their hands on it, so that they can cut off our foundation and strengthen their own fate. Even the

Western Church and the Arbitration Office have coveted it for years, but without knowing its location-and because of the Martial Alliance-they never succeeded.

"The Sanctuary Guardian exists to protect the divine artifact. Every generation of Sanctuary Guardians has carried this responsibility on their shoulders."

Leander's face barely changed. He asked, coolly, "So you're the current Sanctuary Guardian?"

"That's right. I am the Sanctuary Guardian for my generation."

The Dragon Emperor turned, and so did Leander. Their eyes met again.

"A Sanctuary Guardian doesn't just need talent and strength. They must have no connection to any ancient sect. Across all of Astria, you're the only candidate for this role-no one could compare to you."

He looked up a little, eyes clouded by time.

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"I've guarded the Sanctuary for more than a hundred years. I was 60 years old when the last Sanctuary Guardian gave me this task.

"I never imagined my successor would be under 20 years old."

A smile spread across the Dragon Emperor's face.

Even with all his experience, he never dreamed the world would produce a young prodigy like Leander.

"Jeff, this is the Sanctuary Guardian's emblem. If you accept it, you'll be Sanctuary Guardian from today on."

The Dragon Emperor turned and pulled out a brooch from pocket. Leander turned back at the same time, his gaze falling on it. The brooch was exquisitely crafted, with a pair of dragon and lion figures on it, radiating an unmistakable sense of majesty.

Even if they were 30 feet apart, Leander could see it clearly.

The Dragon Emperor was just about to toss the brooch when Leander suddenly raised his hand.

"Wait!"

He looked over calmly and shook his head slightly. "I think you're mistaken. I am who I am. I'm not interested in being the Sanctuary Guardian.

"Today in the Sahar Wastes, I met Darian Valor from the Bulwark Sect, a Martial Alliance member. He showed me a Martial Alliance badge and invited me to join. I didn't accept it.

"I'm not interested in being a Sanctuary Guardian either."

He stretched, nodded to Celia in the distance, then walked away without looking back.

"Dragon Emperor, you're a legend of Astria. You and your people have sacrificed so much to protect Astria, and I respect you. But I won't agree to be the Sanctuary Guardian or join the Martial Alliance because of that.

"But I can promise you as Jeff Ashcroft: if anyone try to cause trouble in Astria, I will never stand aside and do nothing -no matter if it's the Arbitration Office, the Western Church, or any foreign power.

"I think we've talked enough. As for this Sanctuary Guardian business, you should find someone else."

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 600[1,213 words]

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"I think we've talked enough. As for this Sanctuary Guardian business, you should find someone else."

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Leander kept one hand in his pocket, striding off with a casual ease, Celia following behind. As he spoke, he'd already walked out of the airport, never looking back at the Dragon Emperor.

The brooch stayed in the Dragon Emperor's palm. His expression froze, carrying a trace of surprise.

Leander's attitude was far beyond what he'd expected.

He froze for more than ten seconds. After Leander's figure disappeared from view, he suddenly let out a quiet laugh, put the brooch away, and turned to leave in the opposite direction. A single line of sound traced through the air, chasing after Leander.

"Jeff, we will meet again. Remember my name!

"My name is Lucas Vaughn!"

Once he'd finished, it was as if he'd vanished into thin air. No one at the enormous airport noticed as he simply disappeared.

"Lucas Vaughn?"

Outside the airport, Leander murmured the name softly, committing it to memory. This was the first time he'd ever learned the Dragon Emperor's true name.

Lucas dressed plainly and had an ordinary face. By rights, a middle-aged man like him should have been the sort of person no one would ever remember after a glance.

But he radiated a strange and commanding presence naturally. People couldn't help but glance his way. As he walked, nearly every passerby he brushed past would turn for a lingering look.

Lucas kept his eyes straight ahead, hands behind his back, until he arrived at a café in Highcliffe.

The café had an old-fashioned, antique look, with classic décor everywhere. It had clearly been around for years. The customers inside were sparse and quiet, the huge lobby holding fewer than ten people.

Lucas went straight up to the third floor. At a street-facing table sat an elderly monk, his eyes were closed, and he was softly murmuring some prayer, one hand upright at his chest.

This was David, the head of the Ancient Lingster Sanctum.

As Lucas reached the top of the stairs, David happened to open his eyes, his face wearing a smile.

"Well?

"Does he have what it takes?"

He was straight to the point, asking what he wanted to know.

Lucas sat down, took a sip of tea, and the corners of his mouth lifted again.

"David, you once took my request and met him in Highcliffe. You even traded a blow with him. You didn't go all out that time, but you know what kind of man Jeff is. Do you really need to ask me that?"

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"Ha!"

David threw his head back and laughed, looking nothing like an enlightened monk he should be.

After a couple of laughs, he lowered his head, expression turning serious.

"It's been two months since I last met him in Highcliffe. His cultivation was extremely strong then, and he was able to rank top among the Transcendent Realm fighters, but he was still a long way from a true King Phase fighter!"

"But today you met with him again. I want to know your opinion of him."

He fixed Lucas with a steady gaze, waiting for his answer. He knew well that Lucas' meeting with Leander would shape the future of the Martial Alliance and the eastern martial world.

"Today I had a brief exchange with him. In terms of raw strength, he's already the equal of a King Phase who's trained for a century -maybe even better than some of the old King Phase fighters."

David had expected as much, but hearing it directly from the Dragon Emperor still shook him.

The last time he met Leander was two months ago. At that time, he had intervened to stop the Grandmaster of the Wanda Sect, Galen, from blowing himself up, and ended up exchanging blows with Leander.

At that time, Leander clearly hadn't reached this level. Yet in just two months, he'd grown into someone who could rival a century-old King Phase fighter. Such talent and cultivation made him an unmatched prodigy.

With even the Dragon Emperor so unequivocal, David understood at last-after a century of their hidden existence, Astria had produced another extraordinary genius. Lucas poured David a cup of coffee, his eyes growing distant, a tinge of awe in his voice. "If we're talking about pure talent... three of me wouldn't equal one Jeff!"

Hearing Lucas' unexaggerated praise, David fell silent.

Clearly, he had underestimated Leander's potential!

Lucas might have an utterly plain face, but his strength was unmatched. He'd thwarted countless foreign masters who tried to invade Highcliffe. Not even double-digit King Phases sent by the Arbitration Office or Western Church could take him down-he'd always broken through.

Lucas' pride was sky-high.

But now, he spoke with a rare note of conviction, sincerely praising a junior much younger than him. In all the hundred years David had known Lucas, he'd never seen Lucas acting like this.

Even when Gareth shook the Astria martial world at the age of 35, the Dragon Emperor hadn't said a word. But Leander had caught his eye the moment he debuted-he'd watched his every step, even meeting him in person and passing on a message.

Such treatment was as good as announcing Leander as his next successor. David could hardly imagine a prodigy under twenty inspiring this from the Dragon Emperor. "Are you truly set on having Jeff take your place?"

David pressed.

Lucas nodded lightly, not exaggerating at all. "Astria-no, the whole world-has never seen a genius like this, not in all of history.

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"I'm starting to feel old myself."

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David felt a surge of emotion. In all his years guarding Highcliffe's martial world, he

had never heard the Dragon Emperor praise anyone like this-except for Leander.

"So did Jeff agree?"

Lucas gave a wry smile and shook his head.

"Jeff is even wilder than I thought. Someone like him will never be bound by any burden or responsibility. In his eyes, only friends and family matter-everyone else is nothing.

"With his strength, he could take over my place right now, but he refused. It's not something you can force."

David understood. He'd only met Leander once, but that was enough to leave a strong impression.

If Leander was truly as powerful as Lucas claimed, and if he was willing to take on the role of Sanctuary Guardian, he and Lucas could join forces. Combined with David's century of cultivation, their strength would be unmatched. The Sanctuary and Astria Martial World would become unbreakable. No enemy would dare to threaten them.

If Leander joined the Martial Alliance as a member, then even if the Western Church and Arbitration Office returned in force and tried to reignite the King Phase war, the Martial Alliance would stand a much better chance of winning.

But Leander refused to take on the position. It was a real pity.

While the two of them were lost in thought, a streak of red light suddenly flashed

from the side of the café, like a rainbow after rain, shooting through the rooftop and landing beside them.

"Master Malone has arrived!"

The two men exchanged a look, and both smiled—the three giants of the Martial Alliance had finally gathered again!

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